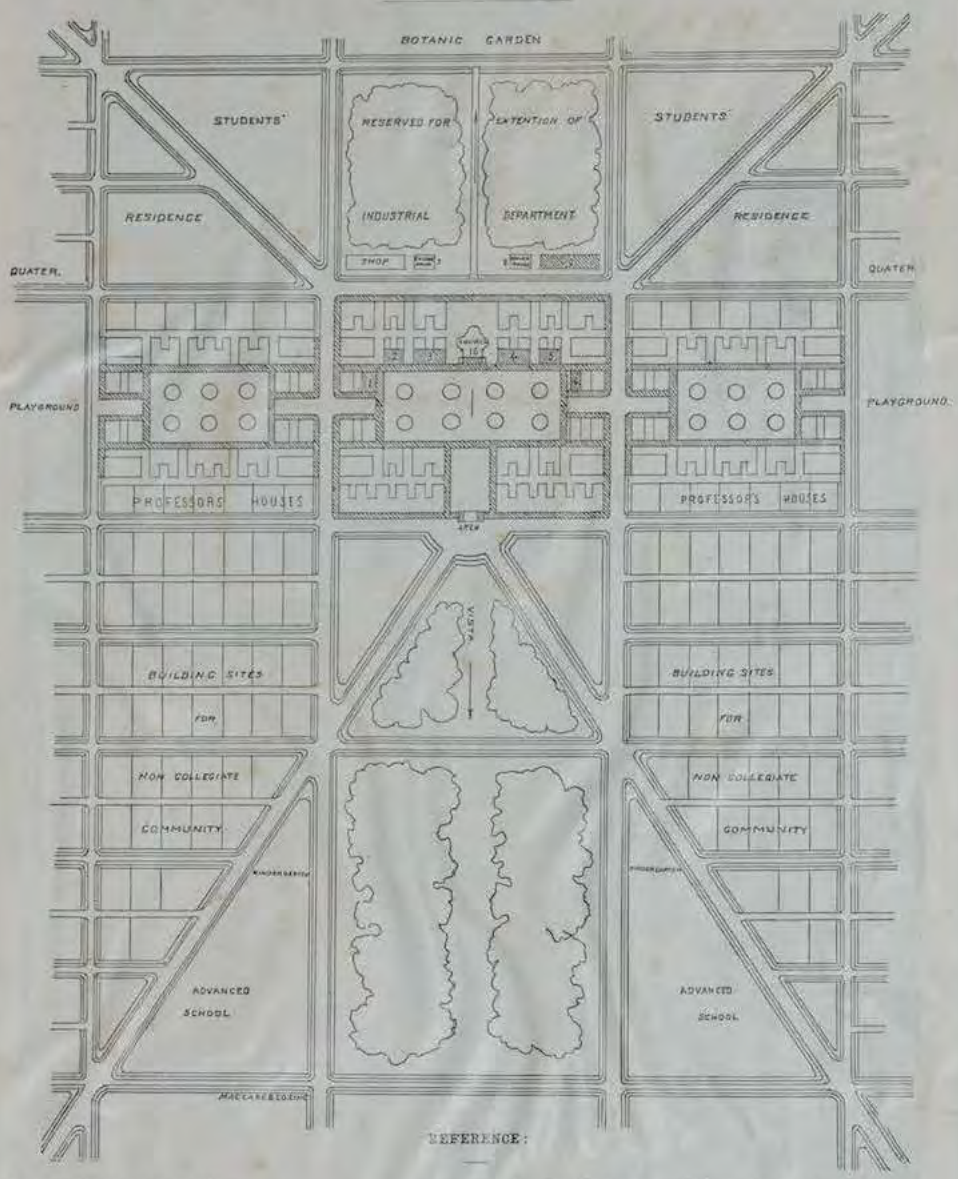
GROUND PLAN OF THE LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY.

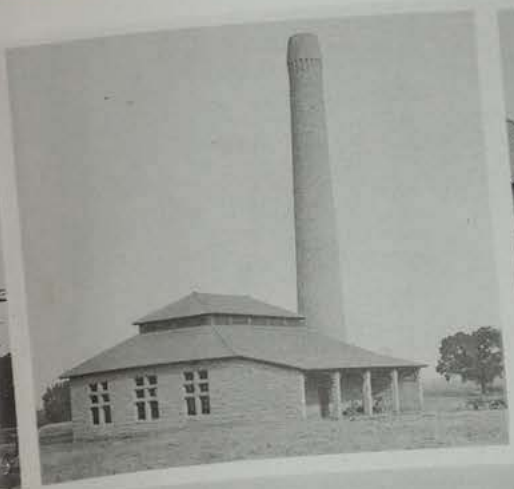


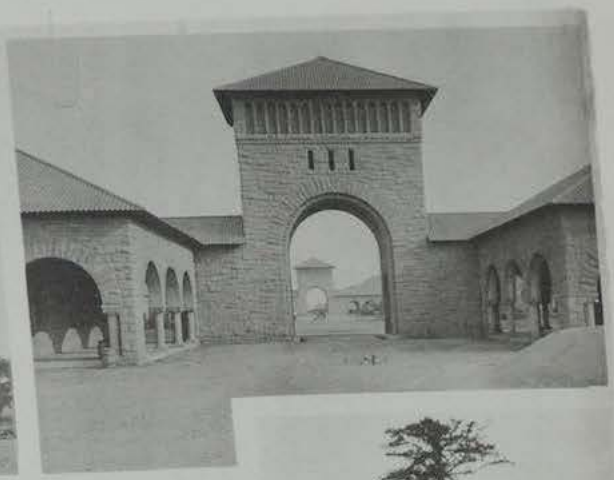
REFERENCE:

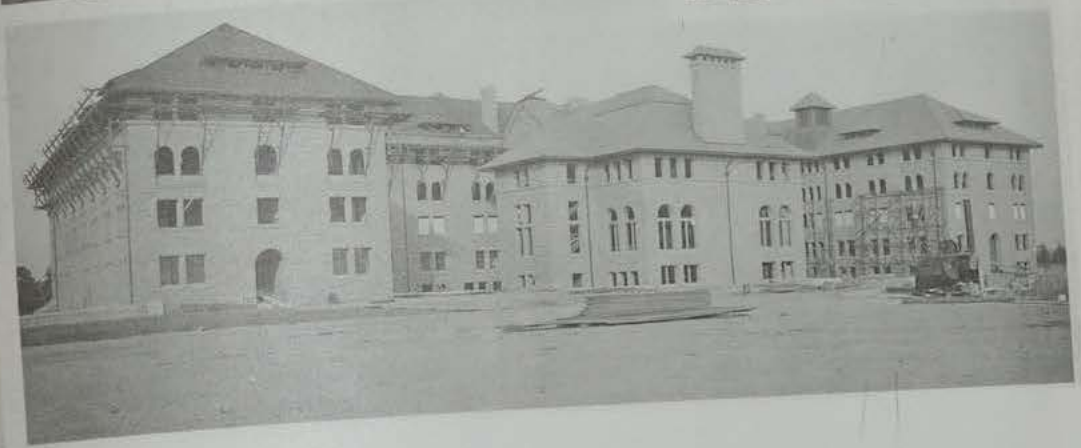
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. Recitation Buildings.
7. Engine House.
8. Boiler House.
9. Machine Shops. (All of these Buildings are now in course of construction.)
10. Church. (Front of Church, as far as Staircases also in course of construction).

80ft. of Arch at entrance of Main Quadrangle, 80x80 feet.
Main Quadrangle is 800x1000 feet.
Interior of Main Quadrangle, 400x600 feet.
Rings in Quadrangle represent Flower-beds, 50 feet in diameter.
Shaded lines around Quadrangles show Arcades.
Distance across grounds, one-half mile.

THE
Leland Stanford Junior
UNIVERSITY
PALO ALTO
SAN MATEO CO. CAL.
1890







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THE EXAMINER, SAN FRANCISCO: SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 5, 1895.

TWO WOMEN WHO SIT UP ALL NIGHT.

How Two Plucky California Ladies Watch Over the Safety of Those Who Go Down to the Sea in Ships.

There are two women in California who are regularly authorized keepers of lighthouses, and upon whom depend the personal care of the great lamps and the safety of uncounted numbers of lives.

They are Miss Hecox, stationed at Santa Cruz, and Mrs. Fish, at Monterey.

They are two very remarkable women. In the first place, because they are an absolute refutation of the time-worn slander of "tyrant man" as to a woman's reliability in responsible places; in the second place, because they are content to pass their lives so far from human companionship, and in the third place, they know the points of the compass.

I spent a night in each of those lighthouse towers watching the women take care of the light and keep it bright for the lonely ships that pass in the night in the dark, and which but for it might be lying in the gray of the dawn shattered wrecks on the cruel rocks. If anybody thinks that a lighthouse-keeper's life is a merry and frolicsome one, let him go down there and see if it is. The worry and care of keeping that light lit is bad enough, but the daily attendance on it is an added strain. There are rules for the ceremony of lighting it and rules for the ceremony of putting it out, and more printed rules in a great book for keeping it clean and free from dust, one speck of which, they say, might cost a good crew their lives. The bother of an ordinary lamp pales into insignificance beside this solemn duty, where no less a housekeeper than the Government is to be pleased, and everybody knows what a strict master that is.

The first night I spent at the Santa Cruz lighthouse I arrived there just before sundown, in time to see the light lit. Sundown may be a very picturesque time for the scenery-mad person, and for the horny-handed son of toil it means dinner time, and there its interest for people usually stops, but to the lighthouse-keeper, burdened with the anxiety of keeping the life-saving lamp trimmed and shining it is a most critical and important period.

Miss Hecox, the quiet little dark-eyed woman with the grave responsibility, didn't do any guessing about what moment that Santa Cruz sun would go down. She frowned in a calculating way over a book full of dry looking columns of figures and nodded briskly to show that the moment had nearly come.

"It's nearly time to light the lamp—the sun is almost down now," said she as she shut the book up and set down a few more dry figures of her own on a slate. Outside of the lighthouse it was foggy and gray, and the sun, if sun there was, showed not the slightest sign of what it intended to do.

"That was the log slate," she explained as we started up the stairs; "that is where I prove mathematically the correctness of the time set down in the charts. I will explain more about it when we come down."

By this time we had climbed one flight of narrow, winding stairs and were in a small, dark room lit by the feeble light from one little window.

"This is the 'service room,'" said Miss Hecox.

The "service-room" had a tiny cupboard and nothing else in sight but another flight of stairs. In the cupboard were wicks and chimneys and shining brass things whose uses could not be guessed at. From this storehouse Miss Hecox took a well-packed brass basket and started up the next flight of steps.

"I will go up first," said she, "because the keeper must be the first to enter the presence of the lamp."

In a moment more we were in the lamp-room—if room it could be called. A small, septagonal place in the top of the lighthouse tower, about six feet in diameter. There was nothing particular to be seen at first, for the blinds were down at all the panes. Miss Hecox lifted them carefully up, closed the trap-door near which she stood with great deliberation and exposed the panorama of the harbor view. The mist drove against the panes of glass on the outside of the tower, the clouds scudded rapidly along and the surf broke with a mighty roar on the giant rocks of the lonely little promontory.

The little room was exactly like a pilot-house, with only the sky and the seagulls to be seen and the sullen water. To add to the illusion the fittings were all shining brass and copper, and everything was polished like a black shoe of a Sunday.

"It lacks two minutes and a quarter of being sundown," said Miss Hecox, consulting her watch methodically, and smiling that enigmatical smile that people who live lonely, retired lives are prone to smile at worldlings; "it looks dark, of course, but it lacks two minutes and a quarter of lighting."

This sounded rather minute, but, then, a lighthouse-keeper's life is laid along lines of exactitude that would fret the ordinary person into fidgets in a week.

The two minutes and a quarter seemed like ages. The lines along the horizon grew darker, the sails on the water less distinct, and the whitecaps could hardly be seen any longer. The buoy disappeared, but its meaning could be heard mingling with the pounding of the breakers on the shore.

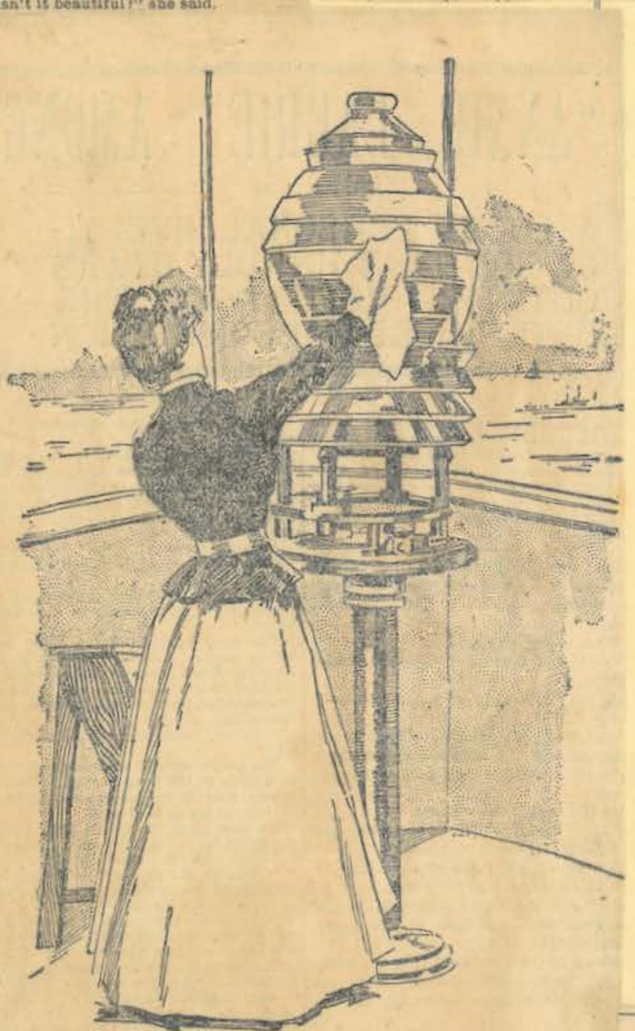
"It is time to light the lamp," said Miss Hecox, suddenly.

Then she took off the white covering that had hidden the lens from view and folded it and put it away in the brass basket. She looked up silently at the lamp with a look of positive adoration.

"I have grown to love it in all these years," she murmured apologetically. "And I cannot understand people who sometimes come up here and say, 'Now, you must tell me what to admire.'"

All this time she was preparing her matches and unfastening the rear of the lens, which was in the shape of a brass door.

"Isn't it beautiful?" she said.



Miss Hicox of Santa Cruz.
[From a photograph.]

In the dim little turret the body of the unlit lamp shone like a giant bubble. It was about the size and shape of a small keg, to be more exact, with a middle part of smooth, gleaming glass as clear as spring water, while at the upper and lower ends there were corrugations made of fitted lenses, separate and of a triangular shape. This all stood on a pedestal about a woman's waist from the ground.

Poof! The lamp was lit. And the ruby light of the chimney, reflected from the countless sides of the prisms and shining through the clear crystal, made the whole look like some great jewel glowing and sparkling up there. As Miss Hecox had said, it was certainly beautiful.

"That lens is made in the same way as the telescope ones—it is a Fresnel," she said, "and polished with the thumb. It is so soft and fine. It cost $5,000, I think, and came from Paris twenty-five years ago or more. I have tended it twelve years myself."

Then she started down the stairs again and left the light steadily burning and alone in the quiet tower, the outside world having apparently fallen away, for nothing could be seen but impenetrable darkness.

"I will go last," said the little keeper, "for I must be the last to leave the presence of the lamp."

Again that peculiar personification of the lamp, bred by that twelve years' fellowship.

We went immediately to bed, for the lamp had to be tended in the night and we would have a broken rest at best.

At 3 o'clock Miss Hecox called me, and hurriedly dressing we went up again.

"It is all right," said Miss Hecox as she examined the light with wide-awake, critical eyes—singularly wide-awake, it seemed—and then went down again.

"It is good to fall asleep," said the little woman, "with that light burning so steadfastly above my head, warning the mariner from death and peril, and with the sound of the whistling buoy and the surf in my ears."

That might exhilarate some women.

At sunrise Miss Hecox consulted some more mysterious charts and put the lamp out and the curtains were drawn again in the silent little turret chamber. Then we went out on the little balcony that runs around it up there.

"It always seems like a corpse to me," said the strange little woman as she closed the door behind us and we stood in the wind and wet. "I mean the lamp, after it is put out," said she. Then she shivered and shaded her eyes with her hand and looked out over the tossing water.

"I must record the weather 'foggy,' variable winds, north to northeast," she said, slowly. It seemed more like a pilot-house than ever then.

Once downstairs she wrote this down in a great daily journal that she keeps, and the night's vigil was done.

"Isn't it all a dreadful responsibility?" I asked.

"Well," said the little keeper, slowly, "it is always there."

And so it is, sleeping or waking, it is always there.

The second night was spent at Monterey Lighthouse, the oldest one on the coast and of a higher order than the one at Santa Cruz. There the lamp is so large that Mrs. Fish can stand in it when she dusts it. There they sometimes have heavy storms owing to the large exposure to the ocean on one side. The little house stands white and shining in a tiny green inclosure, for Uncle Sam is very particular about his housekeeping, and flowers bloom in the damp winds that blow across the headland.

"Here is where we are," said Mrs. Fish, pointing out Monterey lighthouse on the map, a curious, figure-dotted affair with arrows and stars and very little else on it.

Monterey lighthouse was represented by a little red tongue and a huge circle drawn around it.

After lighting the lamp, which was a white one, and the lens of which was very much like the one at Santa Cruz, only it was larger, Mrs. Fish explained a good many things about the light and its care that only a person who knew it all intimately could repeat. Things that one would never think of asking, for, as she said, "there are more things about the lamp than one would ever imagine. It is the most important thing in the house. Everything else is subordinate to it." And so it proved.

"We are ninety-one feet above the sea level and the light can be seen fifteen and one-half miles out. This light is 1,000 candle power and is a fixed white of the third order," and Mrs. Fish amiably rattled off a great deal more of equal mystery and technique, but then she says "there are so many visitors that she knows just what questions they will ask."

"The lamp burner rests every month or so," continued Mrs. Fish, "it always burns the brighter for it—it is just like a person, you know." And the wonder was that they didn't *salaam* to it as they entered its throne room.

"See these clamps," she said, "they are for use in great storms. When a pane is broken we can fasten an extra one in by means of these. Every precaution is taken to prevent the light being hurt or disabled for an instant. I have storm-panes at my hand when I wake in the night and can put them in in a few minutes. There are duplicates of everything besides."

The "service-room" in this case was a very large storeroom, with linen and oils and glittering brass measures and tools for every use and emergency imaginable.

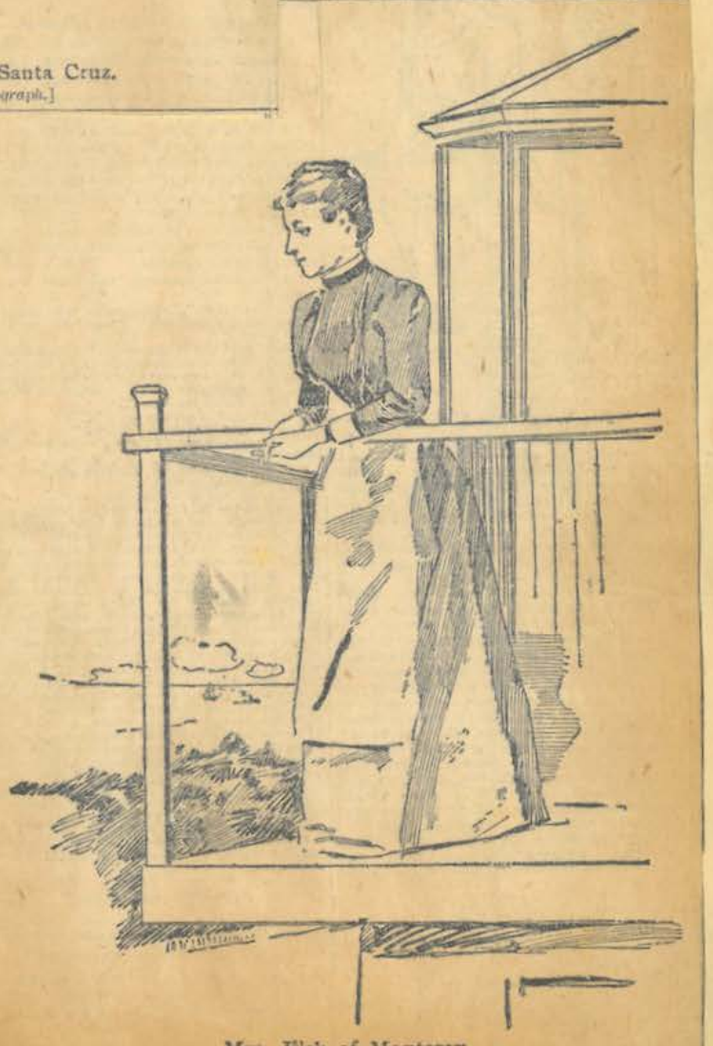
"All of this as well as the house and grounds must be kept like wax," said Mrs. Fish, "for the Inspector insists upon these things."

Then she went up and looked at the lamp again. "Though I would know without looking at it just what it was doing," said the woman keeper.

Outside the lateen sails of the fishermen were bobbing up and down, the horizon showed one vivid streak of red, and 'Cypress point" with its monkish associations still was outlined against the gray and lowering sky.

Some microscopic speck of dust may have lingered on the lens that throbbed like a great diamond above us, for before we left Mrs. Fish swept a gossamer fine duster over it; though the common eye would never have discovered anything.

During the night it was necessary to ex-



Mrs. Fish of Monterey.

amine the light twice, for the post is a very important one, though the anxious stewardess always found it in the same position that her "fixed threads" and "lovoler" had left it in in the morning previous.

At sunrise she was again in the turret. The oil was slowly turned off and the light went out of itself.

The pale dawn slowly straggled in through the ten windows at the sides, the white line of the breakers grew visible, and in the distance one or two sails beckoned like white hands and disappeared.

I do not know what minute it was or what second of time, but Mrs. Fish said, "It is morning now." And somehow there was about that simple little statement the impressiveness of an augur. No high priestess just finishing an incantation could have announced the fact with more solemnity. Then she covered the lamp and pulled down the shades just as Miss Hecox had done.

"It is never off my mind, sleeping or waking," said Mrs. Fish, and I knew she meant the lamp.

And that's the way they live—those unusual women, with no noise but the sound of the waves going past their doors, with no voices but the cry of the seabirds as they whool by, and not a shop window to look into. Polishing and cleaning all day, and with the lamp on their minds at night; for "it is always there."

GENIE CLARK POMEROY.

A NIGHT IN A LIGHTHOUSE.

Looking at a Midnight Storm From Point Bonita.

MARCH 19, 1893.

WILD WAVES AND AN INKY SKY.

Annie Laurie Talks With Grizzled Captain Brown, Who Has Tended The Sailors' Signal for Twenty-One Years—The Keeper of a Lighthouse Who Has a Wife and All the Comforts of Home.

We had been driving through the pelting rain for hours. The bay was hidden; the green hills rose around us and there was no sign of the sea. Suddenly the driver spoke:

"We're coming in," he said, pointing with his whip.

Lightkeeper Brown.

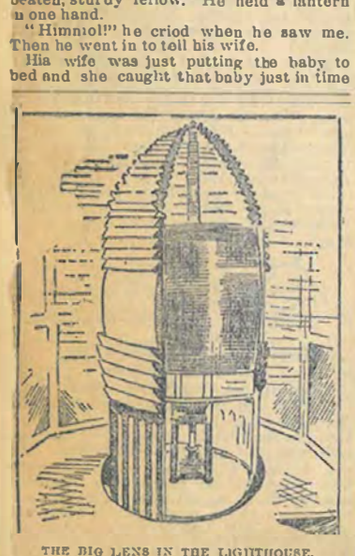
The air was full of feathery floating things, as white as milk and as delicate as the finest lace work.

"Sea foam," said the driver; and so it was. It floated over the hills as gayly as dandelion silk flies on a June day. "Over the hills and far away" it bore its message from the wild sea to the quiet valleys. Sure enough we were "coming in." A light twinkled from behind a hill, the tired horses pricked up their ears and in a few minutes we were shivering outside a wee white house that shone enticingly through the rain.

"All ashore," cried the driver, wringing his drenched gloves, and all ashore it was. Ashore in the pelting rain, with soaked feet and dripping mackintoshes. The artist and I wished the driver wouldn't be quite so cheerful. We weren't cheerful at all. We rapped pettishly at the door of the wee white house. "Will they never come!" we cried, after the fashion of the storm-beaten heroines of melodrama. Presently they came. The door flew open with a bang. A terrified looking German stood before us gasping with bewilderment. He was a weather-beaten, sturdy fellow. He held a lantern in one hand.

"Himmel!" he cried when he saw me. Then he went in to tell his wife.

His wife was just putting the baby to bed and she caught that baby just in time



THE BIG LENS IN THE LIGHTHOUSE.
[Sketched by an "Examiner" artist.]

to save it from landing on the floor. "Ach lu lieber," gasped the wife, and then she said in very good English: "Where do you come from?"

"From the city."

"Himmel!" muttered the man.

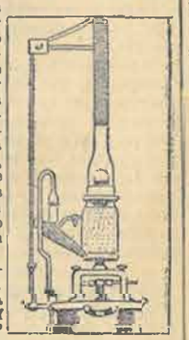
"You drive in the rain?" said the woman. "Ach, but it is cold. Come by the fire."

I don't think either of them ever thought of asking us what we had come for; they looked upon us somewhat in the light of a visitation of providence—weird beings not to be lightly questioned.

Mr. Brown was at the light, they said, when we asked for the lighthouse-keeper. He did not live in the wee house; he lived in a big house further up the cliff. I was rather castdown at this news. I had hoped to find the lighthouse-keeper living all alone in the tall lighthouse, eating by the rays of his light and sleeping in its shadows.

"Mrs. Brown is in the city," said the woman. "She went yesterday." Misery! There was a Mrs. Brown. The lonely light-keeper of my fancy was turning into a very prosaic man, with a wife and a house with a parlor in it. Worse than all, there are three families besides his own at the light. I was quite indignant. So was the artist.

"A lighthouse-keeper with all the comforts of home!" he cried. "Why, it's against all the ethics of art." He was for coming straight to town again, but I reminded him of the miles of wet weather that lay between us and home, and he became more reasonable. He grumbled a good deal, though, while the man of the wee white house was putting on his oilskin and sou'wester to take us to the fallen "keeper."



"A house," he muttered, "and a wife. I suppose he'll wear a top hat, and lilies of the valley in his coat."

"Ready?" said the *The Lighthouse Lamp.* man of the house, holding up his lantern to see that the flame was steady. He was buried in coats and comforters. His face shone red and cheery from a wilderness of mufflers. He looked at my hat with a disparaging smile. "You like that?" he said, pointing to it.

"Not particularly," said I.

"You want to loose?"

"No," I confessed. "Not just now."

The man of the house blew through his teeth, "w-h-it," he said, and he made a gesture that was a photograph of a flying hat. I tied my hat on with a big silk handkerchief. The artist tied his on with a big silk handkerchief. We gave a farewell glance at the stove and the smiling baby and out we went.

"W-h-e-w," shrieked the wind. And then it began to grow interesting. We blew along a wet path a minute or two, and then the guide turned around. He put his hands to his mouth and made a trumpet. "Follow in my steps," he shouted. "Be careful."

"Be-e ca-re-f-u-l," wailed the dismal wind. The rain came down in positive torrents. It was bitterly cold and I could hear the "slosh" of the water in my shoes at every step. I felt miserably dejected, so I trudged behind the guide, watching the rays of his lantern with painful concentration.

All at once there came a new sound. Right under our feet came the steady cra-sh-sh-sh, cra-sh-sh-sh of the breakers. I clung to a friendly ledge of rocks that guarded the path on one side. "Cra-sh-sh, cra-sh-sh;" the steady rythm of the breaking waves began to creep into my blood. "Be careful," moaned the pitiful wind, but I did not listen. I forgot all about my wet feet and drenched hair. I could not wait upon the slow steps of the guide. I wanted to run. "Heigh-ho, the wind and the rain." How the old song surged through my brain. "Heigh-ho, the wind and the rain." The friendly rocks were gone. We walked upon a narrow ledge between two lines of storming waves. Once we blew through a windy tunnel cut in the solid rock and the guide's lantern made fantastic shadows on the whitened walls. The lighthouse is nearly three-quarters of a mile distant from the wee white house, and all the way the sea storms on the rocks 100 feet below.

The lighthouse-keeper was at the fog-signal house. He gazed upon us with a face of awe and amazement. We handed him an important-looking letter, addressed to "Captain Brown, Keeper of Point Bonita Light," and he looked at the envelope for full a long minute.

"If you will open it," suggested the artist—something in the voice of the artist made me look at him. He was mollified, decidedly mollified. In five minutes after he first saw Captain Brown he forgave him his wife and "home comforts."

"I've been at this light twenty-one years, if I live till a Tuesday," said Captain Brown, speaking with a strong Yorkshire dialect. "I am out in all weathers at all hours, and I'm the happiest man alive today."

He's spare and grizzled and stamped with the seal of sixty years, but his hale old face looks out as bravely from his sou'wester as if he were only twenty-one and the world before him.

The broad "a's" and chopped consonants of his speech are unwritable, but they give his speech a quaint charm of its own. "Come to see the light!" he said when he had read the letter. "Come and I will show you." He was not astonished then. It was to him a perfectly natural thing that one should so want to see the light that the night and the storm only made the journey more certain. For twenty-one years Captain Brown has watched the light at Point Bonita. For twenty-one years he has climbed to the tower at sundown and lit the great lamp that shines so fair in the eyes of sea-faring men. When he first came to "the light" (it is always "the light" with him, never Point Bonita) the lighthouse was standing on a rocky point on a lofty head land. The old white tower is still standing, but the light burns in the newer lighthouse out on the point.

"The old lighthouse was too high up," said Captain Brown. "The fog used to rise and hide it. Fog's queer; as queer as the wind and the water, and there's no telling its ways. So they put the new house out on the Point; it's steadier there, too. Why, I've seen nights in the old house when I've stood my watch outside in the storm rather than be inside when the walls was rockin' like the cradle in the deep. The new one is just 126 feet from the sea. It's solider than the other and you can see the light a great deal better, so the ship masters say."

The way to the lighthouse from the fog signal station was wilder and stormier than the path down.

"Hang on to the railing!" shouted Captain Brown, as the station door slammed after us.

We fought our way against the storm, as a stout swimmer fights the beating waves. The sky was full of skurrying clouds and rain stung like sleet.

Inside the lighthouse it was snug and warm. The store rooms, white as snow and arched like the roof of a cave, led into a round white room, from which the steep iron steps ascended into the watch room.

There was a loud, monotonous whirring sound, like the noise made by huge wheels in machinery.

"What is that?" I said.

"What?" said Captain Brown.

"That buzzing noise?"

"That is the wind," said Captain Brown. "Is it always like that—so loud and steady?"

"No," he said; "sometimes it whispers like. Then I know that my barometer is right. Sometimes it moans as if it felt sad over something and was trying to tell you about it. Then's the time I look at the clouds as often as I can. The wind says a good many things to a man that's acquainted with it. So does the sea, for that matter. Take the potato patch down there, the place where the water breaks so white over the rocks. When there's a kind of a high, steady singin' like from the potato patch I watch the barometer, no matter how the sun shines. Sometimes it seems as if the water and the wind got sort of friendly like with a man that's watched them so long and tries to tell him what's coming. The fog's the only thing that you never can get acquainted with. Some fogs creep in slow and steady. You can see the big white clouds a rolling up, and a-rolling up, and a-rolling up till it seems as if the sky wasn't high enough to hold them. Other times it's clear as a bell, the sun's a-shining and everything is bright, bang, the fog's upon you. Seems to drop right out of a clear sky, and in half a minute you can't see a foot beyond the light."

There are two fog horns, great trumpets sixteen feet long. They are blown by steam, and there are two of them, so that there is little chance of disastrous consequences in case of accident to one.

We clambered the steep, slippery stairs to the watchroom. The watchroom is a round, cozy little room, as white as snow and as snug as a ship's cabin.

The man on watch sits there and reads and smokes the night hours away. Above him is the great shining lamp. Outside is the wind and the sea. Every once in a while he steps out on a little balcony and watches for the fog.

Captain Brown sent the man who was on watch to bed. "I'll stay out the rest of the watch," he said.

"There are four of us," he explained. "We divide the night into four watches. A lighthouse night is from sundown to sunup. The light is never left alone for an instant after she's lit. We take the most careful pains to have everything shipshape. We know just how much oil is required to keep 'er through the night, but we can't run any risk. Little things may happen. The lamp is a complicated bit of mechanism, and a bit of lint getting into the wrong place might make the light go out. That light means life and death to a many people, and life and death can't be trifled with." The light itself is reached by a little flight of steps from the watchroom. I was amazed to find that it looked not much bigger than an ordinary large-sized lamp. There are three wicks and the lamp burns just two gallons of oil in one night. It is surrounded with a huge crystal globe, so big that three or four people can stand erect within it.

The glass of the globe is cut in such a manner that it magnifies immensely. Back of the lamp, on the shore side of the globe, there is an enormous reflector. Captain Brown showed us how the glass magnified. He stood outside and looked in at the flame and his shrewd old face grew enormously broad and took on the frightful aspect of the faces I have seen in a fever. He showed us how to look at the gusty sky and the wild waves through the glass, and all the world was a waste of gray waters and black sky.

There's a lookout rail outside the lamp, but it was too wild a night to hazard an instant on that dizzy rail above the clamoring water. Every object in the light tower shone. There wasn't a speck or a grain of dust to be seen. The whole place is immaculately clean and shining with scrupulous neatness.

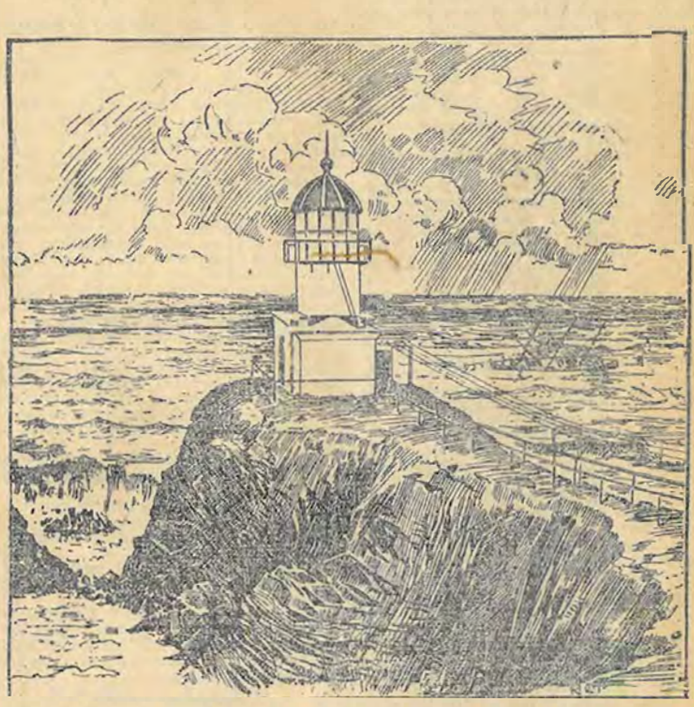
"I'm surprised that they don't use some kind of an electric light in the lighthouse," I said, when we had seen the wicks and the filling cans and all the things that go with an oil-lamp. "Electricity is too uncertain," said Captain Brown. "We burn mineral oil, made specially for the service."

Nothing but the finest linen and the softest chamois-skin is good enough to use in cleaning the lamp.

"Mind," cried Captain Brown, as we climbed down the steps into the watch-room, "those iron steps are slippery; we can't seem to keep them dry, try as we may."

We sat with him on his watch. He told us stories of strange birds that beat their lives out against the shining glass globe.

"There's one sort," he said "that I don't know. Nobody seems to know 'em for matter o' that, for I've



POINT BONITA LIGHTHOUSE THE MORNING AFTER THE STORM.
[From a sketch by an "Examiner" staff artist.]

asked all sorts of bird men about 'em. I find 'em lying under the light in the morning. They're pretty little brown fellows, with white specks sprinkled thick all over 'em, for all the world as if they'd been caught in a snowstorm. Where they come from is a mystery. I never can find a trace of them in the hills hereabout, or in the water either. Queer, how they'll shake things up, just flying against the light. They're little bits of fellows, but they'll scare a new watchman nearly to death, they come with such a 'thump.' It sounds just as if some one hit the glass with a big hammer. I've been watching for an old albatross lately. He's 'round here all the time. I never saw one so far north before. I don't see how he came here. He flies 'round and 'round, but he knows enough to keep away from the light. Sometimes he acts just as if he was trying to peek in the window and see what we look like in here—the old lamp and me."

The artist and I looked at each other.

"I fear thee, Ancient Mariner," muttered the artist.

"What's that?" said the Captain.

"I was wondering," said the artist, "if you believe in ghosts."

Captain Brown laughed. "Not I," he said; "if I did, I'd be wae to stay here alone o' nights. There's the potato patch down there—hear it singing now. How many bravo fellows do you think have gone home from there? Do you remember the Elizabeth? I saw her go to pieces on those rocks. It was a bright day; you could see for miles; but the good ship pounded herself to death on the potato patch. I watched her die—the Captain was lost, you know, and a lot of his men. Listen! Do you hear that low, gurgling noise like a dying man groaning? That's the fisherman's rock. That's where the fisherman hung for hours, with the waves breaking over him every second. I saw it all. It looks a stone's throw from here, but I couldn't get anywhere near him. You know how he was saved. I wonder if he would like to sit here and listen to the waves breaking over that rock?

"Did you notice that cliff on the way down, the one where the rock goes straight down to the water, as smooth and slippery as a

piece of ice? I had a queer time there. A schooner went to pieces on the patch and the captain clung on to one of those jagged rocks out there. He was too weak to pull himself up and he just hung there, fighting for a chance to breathe. I got a rope and tied it around my waist, and they held me fast and firm from the top of the cliff and down I went.

"I got out on to that rock some way—I don't know how—and I grabbed the man and pulled him up on to the rock.

"The first thing I found out was that the schooner was loaded with fifty kegs of giant powder, and there she was, pounding away on the rocks right below us. And what do you think that man said? He said he wouldn't go up the rope.

"'Very well,' says I. 'I'm sorry I troubled you. Good morning.'

"'Where are you going?' says he.

"'Up that rope,' says I.

"'And leave me alone?' says he.

"'Not quite alone,' says I. 'There's that fifty kegs of giant powder to bear you company,' says I. He came up the rope."

"And did the schooner blow up?"

"No," said Captain Brown; "that's the queer part of it. She didn't. She went down as peaceable as a lamb. Ay, ay," and the old keeper shook his head. "Many's the wreck I've seen. Many's the gallant ship that has gone to pieces almost before my eyes. I saw the English steamer sink with twenty souls aboard; saw it as plain as I see you now. Ghosts! No, I don't believe in ghosts. If I did I'd think the dead sailors were crying for help when the wind howls as it does to-night."

At the end of the keeper's watch we left a sturdy Dane in charge of the lamp and went out into the storm again. The way to the keeper's house was steep and the wind was rising higher every minute. The keeper walked cautiously up the trail, holding his lantern so as to throw a light on every step.

We fought our way along the narrow path between the calling waters. All my joy in the storm was over. All the wild exhilaration of the wild night was gone. The rhythm of the breaking waves was no longer full of music. "Hu-sh-sh," they said. "Hu-sh-sh," and I found myself listening with tense nerves for—what!

ANNIE LAURIE.

POLICE OF THE SEAS.

New Departures in the Light-house Service.

Steam Propeller Lightships for the Coast.

Novel System of Lights and Fog Whistles.

A New Kind of Light.—Electric Buoys.—Wrecking Done Away With.—Isolated Lighthouses and Their Keepers.

Special Correspondence of The Hartford Times.
WASHINGTON, May 20, 1892.

One item in the sundry civil bill now pending — namely, that appropriating money for the lighthouse system of the country—has not been and cannot safely be pared. Far from crippling the service, which costs $2,500,000 a year without counting new lights, Congress seems disposed to increase its efficiency. Many novel improvements are soon to be adopted. Four steam propeller lightships, the first ever built, are nearly finished. Each of them will have an electric plant on board and eight electric flash-lights, controlled by an intermittent current; also a search-light for sweeping the sea at night, a steam windlass, and a steam fog whistle. It is soon to be arranged that the fog whistle or fog bell of every lightship shall sound her number always. Toot, toot; toot, toot, toot; will signify No. 23. "What is No. 23?" the captain of a vessel gone stray may ask. He looks up the number in his Light Book, with which every skipper is provided, and finds that it is the Cape Charles lightship. Then he knows where he is. Lighthouse No. 2 will have three red stripes and then two more, to identify it by in the day time, and at night its light will flash three times and then twice after a moment's interval. It will be the same with all the lighthouses and lightships, only small and easy numbers being used because they can be repeated every 100 miles without danger of causing mistakes.

The lighthouse board has just sent to the French Government for information respecting a newly-invented kind of light, said to be vastly more brilliant than any hitherto discovered, which is produced by automatic explosions of magnesium. Being the whitest artificial light known, it has a peculiar power to pierce fog, which would render it of inestimable value for lighthouses and lightships. Six 100-candle-power electric buoys, lighted by fires from Sandy Hook, have marked the main channel in New York Harbor since 1888, three red and three white, enabling ocean steamships to enter at night instead of lying out at sea until morning, as formerly. They are the only ones in the world. A seventh is to be added at Sandy Hook at the Southwest Spit, which will be the turning point for all big transatlantic vessels. Before long the electric buoy system is to be extended widely. Congress has been asked to provide money as soon as possible for the construction of a steam propeller lightship, with all the improvements above described, to take the place of the staunch old wooden tub that now guards the New South Shoal off Nantucket.

The New South Shoal lightship is farther off shore than any other light in the world, being twenty-six miles from the nearest land. It is the last stationary human habitation seen by passengers on trans-Atlantic steamers bound outward from New York, and is sought by those vessels as the first mark to steer by on their return. Not far from the shoal which it guards are the dreaded "Banks," which have been a veritable graveyard for ships, having a record of 500 known disasters. The vessel that runs up on them is beyond human help. There, like the Phantom Ship of fabled story, "Lightship No. 1, New South Shoal," sails a voyage without an end, being anchored with an iron cable, and is buffeted by continual storms. Twenty-three times she has broken from her moorings, frequently on such occasions drifting out into the middle of the ocean, because she is built for riding out gales and goes to the leeward like a crab. Accidents of this kind are apt to happen to lightships. The one at Cross Rip, in Nantucket Sound, was once lost for more than a month, fetching up in the Gulf of Mexico, and being towed in finally to New Orleans with all hands safe aboard. By using her propeller, it is believed that the proposed steam lightship for the New South Shoal will be able to ease the strain on her chain, and so avoid breaking away.

The lighting of the sea coasts has done away with the business of wrecking vessels for spoil. A British inspector of lighthouses, not many years ago, spoke to a boatman of the Orkney Islands about the dilapidated sails of the small craft he had hired. The fellow replied, "If you hadn't come here with your lights, we might o' had better sails to our boats and more of other things." Before the lighthouses were built, when only the bell of the Abbot of Aberbrothock warned sailors of their dangerous proximity to the Inchcape Rock, disasters to shipping were so frequent that the farmers of the Orkney Islands are said to have used wine instead of milk in their barley porridge and to have fenced their farms with Honduras mahogany. They bitterly opposed the erection of lighthouses, saying that, "If wrecks were to happen, they might as well be sent to their poor islands as elsewhere." The murder of shipwrecked unfortunates for plunder seems to have been regarded as pardonable, if not positively commendable, in former times. Not the ocean itself was so merciless as the Irish who stabbed to death and beheaded the castaways of the Spanish Armada, whose religious cause was their own, in order to rob them of their jewels and clothing.

It is said that the people of the Bahamas used systematically to lure ships upon the reefs of those islands, imitating a revolving flash-light by tying a lantern to a horse's tail and walking the beast around in a circle. Many ascertained facts of well-nigh incredible horror would seem to suggest that the sea communicates something of its own cruelty to those who live on or near it. Was there ever a tale inspired by the imagination of the romancer more dreadful than the true story of the Palatine, which left Holland for America in 1749, carrying as passengers many rich Dutch people who intended to settle near Philadelphia? For six weeks in pleasant weather the amply-provisioned vessel sailed up and down the Delaware coast, while the officers and crew cut off the food-supply of the passengers, the pangs of hunger compelling the unarmed and starving wretches to buy at exorbitant prices the miserable fragments which their tyrants chose to deal out to them. Twenty of them died of starvation before the storm came up that wrecked the ship on Block Island. In 1825, Congress made it a felony punishable with ten years' imprisonment and $4,000 fine to show false lights for the purpose of causing shipwreck.

One of the most wonderful lighthouses in the world is that at Minot's Ledge, near Boston. Its history has been one of romance. The greater part of its foundation is under water at low tide. In 1847 a skeleton lighthouse of iron was erected there on iron piles placed in holes drilled into the rock. A furious hurricane burst upon the coast in April, 1851, and anxious watchers from the Cohasset shore thought that the structure had been carried away. But, as the sun sank, out shone the light across the storm-tossed waters. At 10 p. m. the light was seen for the last time. At one hour after midnight the fog-bell was heard above the roaring of the breakers. At daybreak the ocean was a blank; the lighthouse was gone. Knowing that no help could reach them, the keepers had lighted their lamp as a warning to others, and their lives had gone out with it. Now a granite tower occupies the spot. So difficult was it to lay the foundation in the surf that only thirty hours' work could be done during the first year, but the tower stands to-day as enduring as the ledge itself—an isolated pile of stone amid the waves, by the force of which it is swayed like a tree in wind. During the long winter months all communication with the land is shut off. In summer the occasional visitor is hoisted into the lighthouse from his boat by means of a chair, and from time to time a skiff is lowered by pulleys to convey one or another of the five keepers to the shore. The life tells on them frightfully. Several of them have been removed because they have gone insane, and more than one of them has attempted suicide.

There are half-a-dozen such isolated lighthouses on the lonely Florida reefs. The existence led by the keepers of these solitary posts has an extraordinary effect upon them. Before long they talk each other out, become morose, and usually quit speaking to each other except for business. A lighthouse similarly situated is on a rock in Lake Huron, marking the fatal Spectacle Reef. It stands in 11 feet of water, and is exposed in winter to the almost irresistible force exerted by great ice fields moved to and fro by the currents. Sometimes the ice is piled up against it as high as 30 feet. It is not lighted, however, during the season when navigation is closed. One of the most desolate spots for a lighthouse is on one of the Farallone Islands in the Pacific, twenty-three miles out from the Golden Gate. On the highest point, 360 feet above the sea, is a small brick tower containing one of the most important and powerful lights on the west coast. It is supplemented by a fog whistle which may fairly be considered one of the wonders of the world—a huge trumpet blown by the rush of air through a cave which forms a passage opening into the ocean. One of the many caves worn by the surf on the shore of the island chanced to have a hole in its top, through which the incoming breakers violently expelled the air carried before them. Such "spout holes" are not uncommon on rocky coasts. The mouthpiece of a great trumpet was fixed to the aperture, and the merciless wave which would dash a strong ship to pieces and drown her crew in an instant is made to blow the whistle that warns mariners away. Its sound can be heard for eight miles, though it ceases for an hour and a half at low water, when the mouth of the cave is uncovered. Thousands of sea-lions make their home upon the Farallones, which are also inhabited by innumerable rabbits, the offspring of a few pairs originally placed there by a speculator who thought to establish a rabbit-warren for supplying the San Francisco market. At intervals the rabbits over-populate the islands and perish in great numbers for lack of food and from disease. Matinicus Rock, twenty miles off the coast of Maine, has a lighthouse that has been kept by one family for generations. Repeatedly all the other buildings, as well as live stock and everything movable, have been swept away by the sea.

Some lighthouses are tall towers, while others look like gigantic spiders squatting on the water. Others still, like that at Point Reyes, Cal., are set upon tall cliffs, being only big enough to contain the lantern and apparatus; and others yet are built complete at the foundry and transported in sections to the place where they are to be put up. Whereas on the Atlantic coast it is difficult to make a lighthouse high enough, on the precipitous shore of the Pacific the trouble is to get such structures low enough, so that they may not be shrouded by the fogs of the upper atmospheric levels. The tallest lighthouse tower is 180 feet from its base to the center of the lantern, at Cape Hatteras. Highest above the sea-level is the one at Point Loma, at the entrance of San Diego Bay, Cal., 462 feet above the ocean. Not long ago the lighthouse board gave a contract for $500,000 for building a lighthouse on the dangerous Diamond Shoal, three miles off Cape Hatteras. In that locality the waters are so continually stormy that the task seemed almost impossible, but the contractor started in by sinking an iron cylinder, made in compartments and called a "caisson," the purpose being to drive the cylinder into the bottom by pumping the sand out from within it, then filling it with concrete, dumping cargo after cargo of broken stone around it, and so creating a sort of artificial island for a foundation. Unfortunately, the first caisson was carried away, and, after spending about $100,000 on the job, the attempt will probably be abandoned. Doubtless Congress will provide for the building of the lighthouse by the engineer officers of the army attached to the lighthouse service.

The light held by the Goddess of Liberty in New York Harbor is electric and of the first order. Though placed by Congress under the management of the Lighthouse Board, its object is purely sentimental and it is not particularly useful as an aid to navigation. The biggest light in the world is at Sydney, Australasia. It has a power equal to 186,000 candles, and is visible at a distance of fifty miles. The most exposed lighthouse in existence was built in 1853 on Bishop Rock, off the Scilly Isles. It has been estimated that the waves beat upon it with a force of 6,000 pounds to the square foot. On January 30, 1860, a storm breaker tore away the bell, weighing 300 pounds, from the top of the tower, more than 100 feet above the sea. The reefs near the Isle of Sein, a few miles off the northwest corner of France, were for centuries the dread of mariners, particularly on account of the fogs commonly prevailing in that region. In 1866 a rock was selected for a lighthouse which was at the lowest tide five feet out of water. The task of erecting the proposed structure on such a spot seemed hopeless, but it was a case where even the apparently impossible had to be tried. Work was begun by boring holes in the rock, one foot deep and three feet apart, to be subsequently filled with bars of iron extending upward into the masonry that was to be laid. Because it was only at rare intervals that a landing on the rock was practicable, a contract was made with the fishermen of the Sein to bore the holes whenever there was an opportunity. Whenever there was a chance to land, they hastened to the rock with small boats, carrying tools and life belts, and plied hammer and drill between the breakers. The men who were washed away were picked up by the boats. At the end of the first year's labor seven landings had been made, and fifteen holes were bored. In 1869 the necessary number of holes had been made, and the iron bolts were inserted, masonry being laid around them with quick cement. By 1875 the foundation was eight feet above high-water mark. The tower now stands, completed, ninety-two feet in height. Its construction illustrates the indomitable energy and ingenuity of man in overcoming the forces of nature.

Lightships are usually employed to mark shoals where the erection of lighthouses is not practicable. Fifty of them guard dangerous points near the shores of ocean and lakes under Uncle Sam's jurisdiction. In addition to these, there are eight spare lightships, for purposes of relief. When a lightship is reported off its station, a steamer is sent out to look for it and tow it back. If it has disappeared altogether, another lightship is dispatched at once to take its place. The territory covered by the Lighthouse Service is divided into sixteen districts, each of which is managed by one engineer officer of the army and one navy officer. While the former attends to all matters of construction and repair, the latter has charge of the running of lightships and lighthouses, receiving telegraphic reports of anything that is wrong and having at his disposal a small steam vessel. Lightships are more thickly distributed off Cape Cod than anywhere else. They are schooner-rigged, carrying one or two lights, which are octuple lanterns with reflectors surrounding the masts and suspended from them. It costs $8,000 a year to maintain a lightship.

There are 759 lighthouses on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, 130 on the Pacific shore, and 280 on the great lakes. On rivers there are 1,600 "post-lights," which are mere lanterns with lenses, fixed to posts. They cost $10 apiece, and $160 a year is required to maintain each of them. In this way many rivers are lighted like streets, the Mississippi, Hudson, and Ohio being actually illuminated from end to end. The main "depot" of the service is at Tompkinsville, Staten Island. There all supplies for the sixteen districts are bought and sold, as well as spare lenses, fog-signals, buoys, anchors, etc. Cans are manufactured there also for transporting the 260,000 gallons of oil consumed annually. Formerly rapeseed oil, and then lard oil, was employed, but kerosene is now used exclusively on account of its cheapness. At the same place all the lamps and fittings for lightships are made, as well as the tools for handling all kinds of lamps. One supply-steamer of large size, provided with a search-light so that it can go into port at night, distributes supplies among the lighthouses and lightships along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts. These supplies include rations, with which keepers at isolated stations are provided.

Keepers are paid from $60 to $1,000 a year, the highest salaries being given to those who occupy isolated posts, like Minot's Ledge and those on the Florida Reefs. Each one of them has a book of 152 pages which tells him what to do in every emergency. If his light goes out, he is discharged, no matter what the excuse may be. Experts called "lampists" go from lighthouse to lighthouse continually, examining and repairing lamps. A first order light consumes two and a half gallons of oil in a long winter night. The oil is fed to it by clock-work, and the flash is controlled by similar mechanism. An opaque pane in the cylinder of glass revolving about the light makes a dark interval, and a red pane produces a red flash. The lens of a first order light is six feet in diameter, and the lamp has four concentric wicks, the biggest being four inches in diameter. One of the greatest of human inventions is the Fresnel lens, now used in all lighthouses, which condenses the light by an arrangement of compound refractors so as to throw all the rays in a single sheet. By its means a first order light, naturally of 450-candle-power, obtains a power of 12,000 candles.

The most celebrated of lighthouse-keepers is Ida Lewis, who in deeds of heroism has surpassed the famous Grace Darling. She is now 50 years old and has charge of the Lime Rock lighthouse at Newport. When she was 12 years of age her mother kept that light, her father being a helpless cripple. That was in

OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST.

1st Prize.—"A Home Portrait," by Geo. W. Reed, Sausalito, Cal.

1854, and in September of that year she rescued four young men from a capsized sailboat. In midwinter of 1866-7 she saved a soldier of the Fort Adams garrison who had been similarly upset, and he was restored to life at the lighthouse. In the fall of 1867 three men were swamped in their boat near Lime Rock while trying to pick up a valuable sheep that had fallen from a wharf. She saved them and the sheep also. Not long afterward she saw a man clinging to a spindle that marked a reef near the lighthouse, rowed out to him, and got him safely. In a gale in March, 1869, she rescued two more soldiers from a swamped boat. On February 4, 1880, two members of the Fort Adams garrison band broke through the ice between the lighthouse and the fort, and she pulled them out. Thus far she has saved thirteen persons from drowning.

Many a deed of heroism is performed by the lightkeepers in Uncle Sam's employ. Scores of people have been saved from wrecks by the hardy mariners of the New South Shoal lightship, who never hesitate to launch a boat in the midst of the most violent storm for the purpose of a rescue. On one occasion twenty-seven persons were snatched by them from a watery grave, when the City of Newcastle ran upon the Nantucket banks and sank stern foremost. On another day they caught sight of a black object driven before the gale, and, putting forth in pursuit of it, rescued a man on a raft, whom they found seated upon the corpse of a fellow castaway, his head buried in his hands and hopeless of the aid which came at last. In February, 1881, the Sharp's Island lighthouse was carried away by ice in Chesapeake Bay. The keepers tended the lamp to the last and clung to the structure when it was swept from its foundation, finally saving not only themselves but a great part of the valuable apparatus.

Some of the devices employed by the lighthouse board are regarded by residents on shore as extremely objectionable. Worst of all are the "steam sirens," which are truly a diabolical invention from any other point of view than that of utility. They utter a series of unearthly whoops which ascend the scale, note by note, until the unwilling listener feels as if, in case they should go a few notes higher, he would become suddenly insane. Nearly as bad are the "whistling buoys," the establishment of one of which near any inhabited spot is sure to excite most frantic protests from dwellers in the neighborhood. Sixty-two of these buoys are employed in the service, the biggest of them costing $1,075 each and being audible at a distance of fifteen miles. The sounds they utter are inexpressibly mournful and saddening. They consist of an iron pear-shaped bulb, with a tube running through the middle and extending thirty-two feet downward into the water. At the upper end of the tube is adjusted a locomotive whistle, through which the air automatically compressed by the motion of the waves is liberated in horrible toots. Buoys of this description are particularly useful in foggy waters.

The first lighthouse built on this continent was at St. Augustine, Florida. Its chief use was as a lookout, whence the Spanish people of the town could see vessels approaching from Spain or get notice of the coming of foes in time to run away. The tower attracted the attention of Francis Drake as he was sailing along the coast with his fleet of high-pooped ships, on his way home from pillaging the cities of the Spanish main. So he stopped long enough to loot the town and destroy what he could not take away. In 1880 the ancient structure of Coquina rock, which the United States had adopted for a lighthouse, fell down, but before that happened another one had been constructed. Fire towers at the entrances to ports were established in the earliest historic times. Bonfires were built on top of them at night. The most famous lighthouse of antiquity stood on the Island of Pharos, off the city of Alexandria, in Egypt. It was one of the seven wonders of the world and was put up during the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus. After standing for 1,600 years it was destroyed by an earthquake. It is understood to have been over 500 feet high.

RENÉ BACHE.

TO GUIDE THE MARINER.

Six Thousand Lighthouses Glimmer in the World.

The lighthouses of the world are, in round numbers, 6000, with about 250 lightships. Of these Europe has 3309; North America, 1329; Asia, 476; Oceanica, 319; Africa, 219; South America, 169, and West Indies, 106. The coasts of the United States are illuminated by 802 lights, distributed as follows: Atlantic coast, 457; Gulf coast, 79; Pacific coast, 38, and the Northwestern lakes, 118.

Of these lights thirty-two are displayed from lightships, nearly all of which are on the Atlantic coast. The most famous lighthouse of which history gives any record was the lighthouse of Pharos, on the eastern end of the island of that name in the Bay of Alexandria. It was begun by Ptolemy Soter, and was finished by his successor, Philadelphus. It is said to have been 400 feet high and to have cost 800 talents, equivalent to $1,240,000.

The oldest lighthouse in the world is at Corunna, Spain. It was built in the reign of the Emperor Trajan, and in 1634 was reconstructed. England and France have towers erected by their Roman conquerors which were used as lighthouses. Contrasting them with the light towers that have been built for the benefit of commerce we see that the art of building has lost nothing with the lapse of time. The great improvement of the later towers over their predecessors is that the stones of each course are now dovetailed together laterally and vertically. The upper and under dovetails fall into each other, and when the hydraulic cement is placed on the surface it so locks the dovetailing that the stones cannot be separated without breaking. So when the cement is set and hardened the whole of the base is literally one solid mass of granite.—*Boston Globe.*

1892.

JUNE 5, 1892.

SAILORS' GUIDE-POSTS.

Lighthouses, Fog Signals and Buoys.

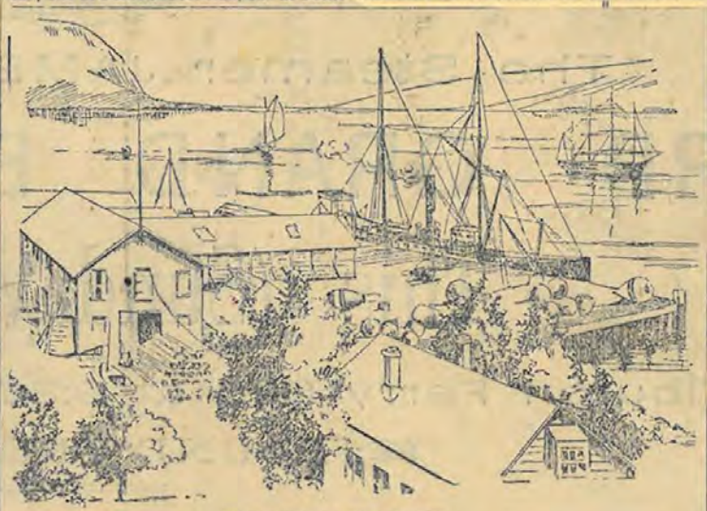
Those on the California Coast.

Some Facts Regarding the Local System of Aids to Navigation.

Written for the CHRONICLE.

Just forty years ago the early settlers of California began to think that mariners coming and going up and down the coast needed more assistance than the natural landmarks afforded them. The idea having once taken root it grew, and the minds of the pioneers being jogged by the wreck of a few ships they were not long in asking the Government to do something in the matter. An appeal to Congress from the citizens of the State and from the shipmasters commanding vessels bound to and from the Golden Gate brought almost immediate results, for in 1852 an army engineer was sent to this coast to investigate the matter and if necessary to make recommendations.

The result of these investigations was a recommendation that five lights be placed in position, one at Point Loma, one on the west side of the entrance to San Diego bay, one at Point Concepcion, one at Point Pinos, on the south side of the Monterey bay, one at Fort Point and one at Alcatraz island. The recommendation was adopted and work on the lighthouses was commenced at once.



BUOY DEPOT AT GOAT ISLAND.

Alcatraz island was the first to shine, the light having been lit in 1854. Point Pinos light followed soon after in the same year, and by the middle of 1855 the five lights, the only ones on the Pacific coast, flashed out over the water. One shone from each of the four most prominent headlands on the south coast of the State, and the other set as a guide from the outer ocean through the Golden Gate and into the harbor of San Francisco.

From these five lights sprang the lighthouse system of the California coast, or in fact that of the Pacific coast, for they were quickly followed by others.

During 1855, in the latter part of the year, two other lights were established, one on Bonita point, on the north side of the entrance to the Golden Gate, and one on the largest Farallone island, now known as the Southeast Farallone. In 1856 Santa Barbara light, on a point two miles southwest of Santa Barbara landing, was established, and then the attention of the Government was turned to the north coast. By the end of 1856 a white light shone from the north side of the entrance to Humboldt harbor, and another from the entrance to Crescent City harbor.

These ten lights seem to have been found sufficient for the time, for from 1856 to 1868 there were no more put up on the California coast. The Government turned to the coast of Oregon and Washington after making a good start on the California coast, and between 1856 and 1868 it put up eight lights, marking the entrances to Admiralty inlet and the Straits of Juan de Fuca, Shoalwater bay, Cape Disappointment and Cape Flattery.

The early history of the lighthouse system on this coast is extremely vague, based as it is entirely on tradition and private manuscripts, for the records of the office of the engineer in charge from 1852 to 1868 are lost. It seems that the office of the engineer was in the present Postoffice building, and in 1868, when the great earthquake shook the city, the engineer and his assistants moved out at once, without even gathering up their papers, and the next heard of them they were in an office on Montgomery street, but the records were not there with them, and they are nowhere to be found now.

The system in this part of the country was at that time run entirely by the lighthouse board in Washington, D. C., and from time to time an army engineer was detailed to duty on this coast. Then the army officer was changed to a navy officer, and then the present system was adopted.

Under the present system the Pacific coast is divided into two districts—the Twelfth, which includes the coast of California and all its navigable inland waters, and the Thirteenth, which includes the coast of Oregon and Washington, with all the tidewater in both these States.

In charge of each district is a naval officer of high rank, called the lighthouse inspector, whose duty it is to maintain and inspect the whole system of lights and buoys, all going under the term of "aids to navigation," and to make such recommendations as he sees fit. In addition to the inspector there is a lighthouse engineer in each district, detailed from the United States army, whose duty it is to take charge of the construction of any aid which the lighthouse board at Washington orders built. He also has charge of all repairs.

The lighthouse board is at the head of the entire United States system of aids to navigation. It is composed of two lawyers, two civilians, a navy officer and an army officer of high rank, both engineers, and is presided over by the Secretary of the Treasury, who is ex-officio its president.

Aids to navigation are of three kinds—lighthouses and lighted beacons, fog signals and buoys and unlighted beacons. Each of these aids is of various kinds, every variation being full of meaning to the mariner. The flash of a light, the duration of the blast of a fog signal or the color of the stripes on a buoy mean as much to him as the letters in a word or the words in a sentence. It may mean safety to his ship and a profitable voyage or destruction and death to him and his crew. The flash of the light and the sound of the foghorn tell him by the characteristics peculiar to themselves just where he is, although on account of the darkness of the night or the thickness of the fog he cannot see a particle of land. The colors on the buoy tell him whether it marks an obstruction in the middle of the channel or a channel between two obstructions, and whether to leave the silent guide on the port or the starboard side.

Everything connected with these aids has some significance. To the seaman this is as plain as the day, and he winds his way in and out among the buoys by the flash of the lighthouse or within sound of the fog signal as fearlessly and as safely as on land.

On the coast of California, however, navigation is easy when compared with other coasts, and consequently lighthouses and buoys are not so numerous as they are in other districts. We are rich in fog signals, however, for the coast of this State is noted for the fogs which hang over it at all times of the year.

These fogs are dangerous, often more dangerous than winds, and more than darkness. Heavy winds can sometimes, and in fact generally, be taken in their own direction and the vessels made to scud before them until they subside; during the darkness the lighthouses gleam and flash and mark the way as well as the seaman can desire. But during the fog the lights, and sometimes even the buoys, can not be seen and then there is nothing to depend on but the hoarse roar of the foghorn or the clang of the fogbell. It is these fogs which, more than anything else, make what danger there is to navigation on the coast of California.

The Twelfth Lighthouse district extends from the boundary line between California and Oregon, to the boundary line between California and Lower California, a distance of about 800 miles of coast line, and embraces all the aids to navigation on the seacoast, bays and navigable rivers of California. In the district are thirty-six lighthouses and lighted beacons, forty-eight day or unlighted beacons, fourteen steam fog signals, seven fog signals operated by clockwork, twelve whistling buoys, five bell buoys and eighty-three other buoys, making a total of 205 aids to navigation on the California seaboard.

The Twelfth district, taken in comparison with the others, is a safe one for mariners, and taking this fact into account, it is fully as well lighted and protected, if that term may be used, as any other district in the country. The lighthouses stand, of course, in the first place among the aids to navigation. They are of various kinds and various powers.

They are always placed on some prominent point, either on a rock in the water or on some prominent headland on the coast. Their positions in regard to height above the water, however, are not as great as is generally supposed, for the station is built with a view to getting the light as low as possible, within certain limits. When the first towers were built the idea was to get as extended a range as the circumstances would permit, so the lights were placed high up on the bluffs, the idea being the higher the light the farther it can be seen.

These high stations have all been placed in lower positions, however, it having been found that they were above the line of the heavy fogs, and during thick weather the light, needed more at that time than any other, was invisible. For all purposes it has been found that about 120 feet above the water is the best altitude for a light. It is then below the thickest part of the heavy fogs and is some use during thick weather. It can be seen, too, for seventeen nautical miles, and that distance leaves plenty of room for a shipmaster to collect his thoughts if he "picks up" the light before he expects it.

A great many of the lights are above this, as in the case of the one at Point Reyes that has been lowered from 597 feet, its first position, to its present position of 296 feet above the water, also that of the Farallone, one of the most important on the coast, which is 360 feet high. It is always tried, though, to get the lights as near the 120 foot limit as convenient.

The variations in the lights are numerous; the necessity for them can easily be seen. Every light is minutely described for the mariner, the order, color, flashes (if any), the durations of the flashes and the distance it can be seen all being set down, so that when a captain sights, or as the nautical term has it, "picks up," for instance, a fixed white light, shining for one minute and followed by four red flashes of fifteen second's duration each, he knows that he is in sight of the Fort Point light and that he is fourteen and three-fourth miles away from it.

This is one of the variable lights along the coast. There are others, one, the Farallone, flashing white every minute; another, the Point Reyes, flashing white every five seconds; another the Point Loma, flashing alternately red and white, with an interval of twenty seconds between the flashes; another the San Luis Obispo, just north of Point Concepcion, flashing red and white alternately every thirty seconds; the Point Sur, south of Monterey bay, flashing red and white every fifteen seconds; the Point Concepcion, flashing white every thirty seconds, and many others; in some the time, in some the color and in others the combination being varied.

There are in addition to these the fixed lights, the color being, in the Twelfth district at least, either white or red. They are divided, whether fixed or variable, into five orders, those of the first order being the most powerful.

Of the important lights on the California coast the one on the southeast Farallone probably stands first, both from its position of danger and from the great number of ships which depend on it to warn them of the proximity of the coast. It is a white light of the first order, flashing every minute, and is visible from the deck of a vessel twenty-six miles away. I was established in 1875.

Point Reyes light, known as the finest on the coast, comes next. This is a white light, flashing every five seconds, visible twenty-four miles out at sea. It is considered of most importance to ships from across the Pacific, for it is a curious fact that vessels coming from the west almost always "pick up" the Point Reyes light before they sight any other. Point Arena is another important light, partly from its prominent position and partly because it marks the northern end of the most dangerous stretch of coast on the California shore. The south end of this coast reaches to Point Reyes and is guarded by that light.

St. George's reef light, situated on an isolated rock in the ocean off the north coast, will, when it is lighted, be another of the important lights. It is situated in the storm center of the north coast, and marks a dangerous reef on which more than one vessel has come to grief.

In addition to those mentioned there

Farallon fog station.

are lights of the first order on Point Concepcion, Piedras Blancas, on the north side of the entrance to San Simeon bay, Point Sur, Pigeon Point and Cape Mendo-

cino. Only one of these, Point Arena, is a fixed light. The others all flash white, with the exception of Point Sur, which flashes red and white.

Some of the lighthouses cost enormous sums of money, so much, in fact, that it is impossible to even estimate the amount of money invested in the twelfth district alone. The St. George's reef light, for instance, cost $750,000 and represents years of the most arduous and dangerous labor. It is set on the top of a rock which rises at present about twenty feet out of the water. The whole top of the rock had to be blasted off, however, to make a place for the pier on which the tower is built. During storms the water dashed clean over the rock, sending the spray flying in all directions and driving the workmen to the steamer, which was always in attendance, there to wait until the storm subsided. Some times the steamer would hover around for a month before anything could be done on the rock, and frequently work would just be started when the rising waves would again drive the men back to the steamer. In this way the men kept at it, sometimes for an hour, sometimes for half a day, and sometimes, but rarely, a full day. Every chance was taken advantage of to make a little progress between storms.

For eight years this went on, sometimes only a few months in the year being calm enough to allow the men to work, but it is finished at last and only waiting to have the lens fitted to the lantern.

It stands about 175 feet high from the water to the lamp. The tower is ninety-three feet high and is set on a solid pier of masonry sixty-five feet in height. The work was started by Major Payson, and is now being finished by the present lighthouse engineer, Major Heuer. It is one of the finest feats of engineering on the coast.

The Point Reyes light is another expensive piece of work, the lens surrounding the lamp costing alone $20,000. It is a beautiful one, though, and it is on account of this lens that the light is known as the finest on the coast.

There are many more in addition to the few mentioned, which are the result of thousands of dollars, years of time and the highest intellect, but they are known to few, if any, beyond those who follow the sea.

THE LITTLE ACROBAT

DOUGLAS TILDEN'S LATEST SCULPTURE.

Douglas Tilden, the mute Californian sculptor, now a resident of Paris, has given to his native land several proofs of his genius. The ball thrower in Golden Gate Park, and the tired boxer in the new Olympic Club building are

THE ACROBAT.

fine specimens of the sculptor's art, and at the World's Fair his group of Indians fighting bears has attracted much attention.

Quite recently he sent to this city a mark of his friendship for a gentleman who has done much to help and encourage him. This work, which also bears strong evidence of the sculptor's unquestioned skill, is now on view at the Hopkins Institute of Art. It is an odd and pretty conceit, an original idea in marble and bronze. The sculpture is called "The Little Acrobat," and consists of the muscular arm of a man, on the outspread hand of which sits a baby. The arm with the sleeve rolled back to the shoulder is a fine study in anatomy, showing muscle, bones, veins, in splendid style. The timid baby will, however, attract most attention. The half-fearful expression of the little acrobat, the one foot steadied against the brawny arm, the other drawn up, the half outstretched hands, all portray the evident insecurity, to the baby's mind, of the seat it occupies. The modeling of the figure is very pleasing and the whole conception is fascinating.

The attendance at the exhibition has been very fair, so far averaging over 100 a day. Among paintings from artists not hitherto exhibited here are a couple of Indian pictures by A. F. Harmer. They are strongly handled and well worthy of their position on the line.

A private dispatch received yesterday from Rupert Schmid, who is now in Chicago, says that the World's Fair sculpturally outstrips any former exposition. His California, Hebe and other figures for the California State building have been unveiled. He leaves in three weeks for the City of Mexico, where he will model a bust, and will then go to Europe, expecting to return to this city in the fall.

THE SILENT SCULPTOR.

"Parisina" at the Studio of Douglas Tilden, the Dumb Californian.

This afternoon I was chatting with the Californian sculptor, Douglas Tilden. When I say "chatting," that is a *façon de parler;* no sound passed our lips, and there was a sheet of foolscap before us. For pithiness, and as a preventive against ambiguity of expression, commend me to foolscap! I am telling you what you know already when I say that Douglas Tilden is deaf and dumb. To most of my readers his name is familiar enough. At the Olympic Club you may see one of his best works, "The Tired Boxer"; the "Base-Ball Player" stands in Golden Gate Park, and next year, at the World's Fair, in Chicago, every one will be admiring the "Indian Bear-Hunters," now on exhibition in the palace of the Champs-Elysées.

I do not think the jury acted fairly in not awarding a medal to this powerful group, which has been extremely well noticed in the French press—not to mention the favorable criticisms of American and English correspondents. It is with medals and mentions, as with admission to the Salon, many who deserve to be are not among the elect; which does not mean that those who are undeserving are rewarded, but in both cases the numbers are limited. Besides, jurymen are but human, after all, and, of course, it goes somewhat against the grain with them to swell unduly the lists of "foreign" laureates. Still, naturally, too, they swagger a good deal about their disinterestedness and generosity, and, as a proof of this, every year a few medals and honorable mentions are conferred outside the French school of art. Daniel Chester French, of Exeter, Mass., is the American laureate this year. Two years ago it was Douglas Tilden, of Chico, Cal.

American sculptors to the number of twelve have contributed to the Salon: Calder, of Philadelphia, a bust of Cordelia; Miss Katherine Cohen, of the same city, a study of a man's head; John Donoghue, of Chicago, a statue entitled "Kypris"; John Flanagan, of Newark, Miss R. J. E. Mathews, of Ohio, and S. Wilson Neill, of Cambridge, Mass., busts; George D. Peterson, of Wilmington, a tiger; Ch. Pike, of Widdletown, a bust of Mr. Valentine; Miss Bela Pratt, one of a Mr. S——; and John Red, of Boston, a *basso-relievo* of a nun. These, with the laureate, Daniel Chester French, and Douglas Tilden, make up the score; the work of the former is an *alto-relievo*, "The Angel of Death and the Sculptor," designed for a monument.

Save Tilden's "Indian Bear-Hunters," it is the most important of all the American exhibits. But I think I am not prejudiced in favor of the Californian in saying that his production is the greater and better work of the two. It contains a pair of human figures. One of the Indians stands grappling with the bear, which has reared itself on its hind legs and has seized the man's arm in its hideous jaws. You seem to hear the bone crunching beneath the quivering flesh; and were it not for his companion, who, crouching on the ground, is about to plunge his knife into the creature's belly, it would doubtless go hard with him. It is plain that the hunters have been surprised by the beast. They had just secured its cubs with a thong, and it is maternal love that renders their adversary so furious in its onslaught. There is a demoniacal—almost a human—expression on the bear's face. The whole group is forcibly and dramatically rendered, and its effect will be intensified when it appears cast in bronze; about freshly molded plaster there is a coldness and a reflected brilliance less favorable to artistic perfection.

Douglas Tilden includes versatility among his talents. In the "Base-Ball Player" and the "Tired Boxer" he shows us the manly athletic form in its perfection; in the "Indian Bear-Hunters" he is dramatic, soul-stirring; in the "Young Acrobat" there is grace and—what is still more uncommon in statuary—novelty. A round-limbed, chubby infant is balanced in the maternal palm; the arm forms the pedestal, the hand the seat of the audacious urchin. These are merely the adjuncts, the interest is centred in the bonny boy.

Sculptors, unlike painters, seldom if ever go in for hyper-refined surroundings. Wet clay is a medium that does not admit of clean-swept studios, much less of elegant bric-à-brac, Persian carpets, and waxed floors. You generally find them located in the extreme suburbs, where large premises are easy to be got. The Rue du Moulin de Beurre is a favorite haunt of sculptors. No. 14 in that out-of-way, tortuous street is a conglomeration of wooden tenements, built on either side of a broad alley inclosed by iron gates. The feminine Cerberus who plays the part of *concierge* is old and can not read. When I put the query to her anent her tenant, she seemed sadly bewildered: Tilden bothered her, she had never got further down his name than Douglas. But, finally, I was directed to No. 16 in the row, and, turning the door-handle, as I was bidden to do, found myself in a large studio. To shut the big door was to shut out the sounds of human habitation, though not the sun and light which streamed through the high windows. How strangely quiet everything seemed—the sound of my own voice would have startled me! After sending his group—over which he had labored all the winter—to the Salon, our California artist put by his tools with the intention of dreaming away the summer. So he was not in his studio. A winding stair leads up from it to an apartment above, and on the door is an invite to pass in without knocking. Alas! the knock would have fallen on deaf ears, as did my greeting—habit is so strong within us, that the words fell unthinking from my lips. But we were soon installed with paper and pen, and our chat began.

As my companion wrote—his hand flew over the paper—I examined his physiognomy. An intellectual face, speaking eyes, a fair mustache. The figure is well knit, about middle height, the hands long and nervous—the hands of an artist. My eyes strayed about the room. On the table was a bust of Dante, above hung—over some photographs—a cast of Michael Angelo's "Slave," from the window you caught a glimpse of waving trees. To my question: "Where did you study?" he answered: "I spent one winter at the National Academy in New York city, and then, on coming here, I took five months' private lessons under Paul Choppin (he is a French sculptor, deaf and dumb, like myself), and since then, I have been shifting for myself. So I have had but little training—I use my eyes a good deal, though, and I believe that what benefited me most was that year's exhibiting at the Salon. The defects of one's own work come out at once, when it is placed beside superior work."

I was touched by the humility of the man, yet if any one has reason to be proud, working against such fearful odds, surely it is Douglas Tilden, whom an unkind fate has robbed of two senses, though, only, perhaps, to render sight and touch more keen.

Next I asked him if he considered Paris the best place to study in. The answer came swiftly from his ready pen: "For beginners, Paris by all means. One goes to Italy and elsewhere to complete the education." A query concerning whom he considered the greatest French scholar, elicited the response: "I consider Rodin is the god almighty of the modern school! He makes every part of his work sing the same song as the whole." From these last words, I gathered that Tilden is a poet in feeling and expression. If generous in his praise of Rodin, he wishes to be just to his fellow-countryman, and denies the truth of the assertion of the New York *Post* to the effect that he was the first American to receive honorable mention at the Paris Salon. Saint Gaudens was rewarded in 1880, Donoghue and Boyle in 1886, Adams, Held, MacMounies, and Warner in 1889. Tilden gained his honorable mention in 1890, along with Stewardson, Miss Ruggles, Mitchell, and Dallin. Grafly obtained the same award last year; French is the first to receive a medal.

My visit ended with a careful examination of the models in the studio down-stairs, representing, more or less, the totality of Tilden's works—the "Base-Ball Player," the "Tired Boxer," the "Young Acrobat," with the first rough design of the "Indian Bear-Hunters" and a proposed monument to Dr. H. P. Peet, for which the deaf and dumb of New York are getting up a subscription. And then I passed out of the quiet studio into the hum and turmoil of Paris, carrying with me a pleasant remembrance of the Silent Sculptor.

PARISINA.

PARIS, June 8, 1892.

Salvation Army Babies:—Faith Judd Montgomery.

"SUCH A COMICAL WORLD!"

A CALIFORNIA SCULPTOR.

Douglas Tilden and His Work.

GAINING RECOGNITION NOW.

The Tired Boxer and the Ball-Player—He Is in Paris Engaged on a More Ambitious Composition.

Written for THE MORNING CALL.

God Almighty forgives any crime, I believe, except wilfull ignorance. For willful ignorance in this age of universal light there is no excuse, and there should be no forgiveness for it. Ignorance is the parent of insolence and all lesser crimes, such as murder and so on.

Some one claiming to be a man has sent me an insolent letter, in which he tries to be very funny over my idea that the marbles in the foothills of the Sierras are sleeping the ages away waiting for their Michael Angelo to wake their thousand forms of beauty to life with the tap of his mallet.

Has this fellow or any one of his hundred thousand fellows ever heard of Douglas Tilden, the deaf and dumb new Michael Angelo, born at Stockton and now in Paris? Has he ever heard of the little California girl, scarcely yet in long dresses, who is fashioning Cleveland's head in clay?

Has he or any of his kind ever heard of the young man who reared in the redwoods last summer for the Bohemian Club the colossal semi-deity of the Orient? Sixty feet in the air the glorious figure towered through the boughs, I am told, in most comely majesty: a matchless Guatama, looking in serene benediction down on the 500 artists and lovers of art, who had escaped from dull care for a day and a night and rested with the firelight at his feet. Yes, I know it is forbidden by the laws of Bohemia to mention the doings and the sayings there. But as I am a sort of a lawless and merely tolerated member, not caring much for ill will or good, caring only that we go forward in art while it is yet day, I venture to thrust this colossus before all such pygmy minds as those who presume to deride what I have prophesied of our California future.

And now I want to tell why it is that we have such gross ignorance here, and, ergo, such insolence. Why, we have such a lot of newspapers here! And these ignorant men read them, too. In truth I think the most ignorant men I meet are the most persistent readers of newspapers. But bear in mind there are newspapers and newspapers. And this is the solution of the whole mystery. Take such papers as the one which Dana exposed the other day in New York for making up its sensational European dispatches in its own office; interviews with Bismarck about probable war, which Prince Bismarck now says never took place; wild ravages of cholera where cholera had not yet been—well, how much will you learn from reading such stuff as that? Why, it is clear that you may read your eyes out and then be far more ignorant of art and all things else, in fact, than if you had never learned your alphabet. Read a paper that devotes its pages to divorces, suicides and all the like miseries of men and women. No, I do not blame the reporters so much; I do not blame them at all, in fact. I pity them, truly, many of them. For more than once I have had a pale face peep in at my door—pale from hunger, eyes hollow and lips quivering from anxiety and absolute want. Yes, sent to ask about poetry, personality, insanity, anything to sell a paper. But I do bitterly blame the fat feeder on the dying, and the devil who sends forth his half-fed ghouls with a crowbar to break through coffin-lids.

That honest and able man, Sage Brush Sam, sometimes called Sam Davis of Nevada for short, tells how that once, when a reporter on the Chicago Times, he, when short of news and currency, sat down and manufactured a first-rate divorce and murder account, infanticide and burglary, and fratricide and matricide and parricide and such little like incidents thrown in—side dishes, as it were. Then the great and good founder of the great Times sent for Sam, and Sam, tying up his extra collar, went before the great sensational editor to be dismissed and go West.

"Look here, Mr. Davis, I am told that gory tale in the Times was all a fake of yours, eh?"

"A fake pure and simple. But I'm ready to go."

"Go? No. You stay another year. Can't spare you at all."

And so it is, my ignorant and insolent and persistent reader of sensational trash. Nearly nine-tenths of it is absolute "fake." I tell you truly, as a man who loves this world well, all its ways, wicked and otherwise—this world is not nearly one-quarter as bad as the lurid types of the lurid paper which you so persistently read would make you believe. No, I know you would not read, or at least would not willingly be seen reading the pink Gazette.

In fact, I am ready to believe you would rise up if the stranger next you should clutch that pink paper in preference to a daily and leave the stand, even though you had to go with one boot undusted. For you somehow know that even though his boots may be clean on the outside his body and his soul are both dirty as dirt can be. But, sir, there is many and many a Police Gazette that does not raise the red flag of danger. And some day after you have learned to avoid all those, my very persistent reader of dailies, and most ignorant and insolent reader, you will write me, if honest enough to confess your folly, write me another sort of letter. Till then, adieu.

No, I am not teaching Sunday-school. I am not nearly good enough for that. The cold, frozen fact is I am not better than the very sort of men I have been talking back at—no better than the worst. I am only older and know more about the world, perhaps. I like racing, rowing, boxing—and here we are before "The Tired Boxer"—the new gladiator which this deaf and dumb California boy of Stockton wakened to life and action by the tap of his mallet—created out of clay and wrested from all Europe immortal renown for the sundown world.

This bronze figure is here in San Francisco, waiting its place in the new edifice of one of the great clubs. Mr. W. E. Brown, the man who set up the ballplayer in the park at the cost of more money than I can ever earn, took me to see this piece of work last week. But I am not permitted to give a picture of it even, or any better description than the following, which I take from the Paris edition of the New York Herald, February 7, 1892:

* * * It was considered years ago that there was some antagonism felt toward American sculptors by the jury of the salon. But it was Mr. Douglas Tilden, the clever sculptor of the figure known as "The Tired Boxer," who broke the spell and received an honorable mention for that work.

* * * * * * * *

Mr. Tilden has been in Paris but little over four years. He came here utterly unknown, hailing from California, and with the still further disadvantage of being deaf and dumb. Nine months later we find him sending in a life-size statue, "The Baseball Player," which was accepted, and now stands in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, where it was unveiled in July last; and the year following, his salon work, "The Tired Boxer," was the first American sculpture having received honorable mention in the Paris salon. As for the latter, we have reason to believe that it has already found a destination, as a subscription which is well forward has been started to purchase it for the Olympic Club of San Francisco.

His studio is in rue Moulin du Beurre.

* * * * * * * *

Mr. Tilden is now engaged upon a very large composition, and one more ambitious than he has ever undertaken before. It is a scene from the wild West, showing two Indians engaged in a mortal combat with a large grizzly bear. The redskins have been surprised by the infuriated mother while carrying off a couple of bear whelps. The bear is standing erect on her hind legs and has caught one of the redskins from behind, one claw being around his left hip and the other just below the ribs. At the same time the furious-looking beast is crunching the upper part of the left arm of the brave between her powerful jaws. The mouth is closing with its great strength over the limb. The right arm of the Indian is free, and, with a superhuman effort, he raises his tomahawk and is about to strike the bear. The face is seen full of the courage and determination that the Indians used to show in the face of death before civilization and "firewater" corrupted their spirit.

The other Indian has been thrown down on the ground on the side of the rock where the scene occurs, with his right calf trampled upon by the left hind claw of the brute, her weight being heavily upon it. The foot we see appearing in the front, in its reversed position.

And yet, thus pinned down, the Indian has managed to half raise himself and disengage his right arm, in which he holds a knife, which he strives to bury in the side of the bear. His position is such—the back toward us, twisted round and upward—that it gives exquisite opportunity for the play of muscular effort on an admirably formed and well-trained man. This the sculptor has made the most of, and in this special point he has admirably succeeded. The modeling of the Indian in the clasp of the bear is also of the first order, but those who have seen Mr. Tilden's modeling of his two figures, "The Baseball Player" and "The Tired Boxer," would have been surprised if the figure-modeling were not as perfect as possible.

But the manner in which Mr. Tilden has composed the animal will probably be of much interest to those who know only how ably he models the human form. Mr. Tilden is one of those men who seek criticism rather than unstinted praise, and how difficult it is to obtain criticism from friends! Well, if he wants it, we would say to him: "Your composition is broad in treatment and daring in execution, without being exaggerated. Your figure-modeling of your two Indians is of high power, strong and harmonious at the same time, and here and again there is the pleasing absence of exaggeration, which may have been introduced for effect's sake at the cost of art. In this way you have succeeded in showing, not the mutilation of the two Indians by a furious brute, but a fine realization of a struggle for mastery and life, which thrills our interest; for the chances between the combatants are somewhere about equal. The position of the bear is fine and natural, but if there is anything to be said about it in the way of criticism it is that bruin is too beautiful, too sleek and fat to be the mother of the two whelps for which she is fighting, for we think that you will agree with us that bears, when they have young ones to look after, are apt to become poor in condition rather than be in such fine condition as yours."

Permit me to call the attention of the country to one thing. This young man, notwithstanding the allurements of the Louvre, the tempting forms of beauty there, heroic, pathetic, terrible, in all attitudes indeed that appeal to the human heart, has been steadily and stubbornly true to his own land. The future of his art world is before him, not behind him.

For thousands of years Rome turned back to the footprints of Phidias in his immortal galaxy of living, breathing marble. For centuries Germany, France, England turned back to Florence and Rome. The world of art, most especially this narrow roadway of art through marble, has trended back toward the Acropolis since centuries before Christ was born till this deaf and dumb boy from an interior California town wakened the art world of Paris with the tap of his mallet and set his face for the glory of his own great land by the sundown seas.

Shall I tell you of his struggles, his trials, his battles for bread? Shall I write you a drama here, a five-act tragedy in five lines? No. The man is a stranger to me; and I reckon he has pride, for pride and genius are inseparable it seems to me. It is enough that I am privileged to record his triumphs; his three great works, all entirely American, and in line with our own prowess and daring, "The Ball Player," "The Tired Boxer," "The Grizzly Bear," these attest his triumphs, his courage, his pride, his love of his own land. Let us glory in his victories, heal his wounds, and forget his hard, lone and forlorn fight. God sealed his lips in everlasting silence. It would be sacrilegious for me to say more than to shout his praise and say over and over again how much we love and honor him for his loyalty and his genius.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

ARTISTS AT HOME.

Mr. Douglas Tilden the First American Sculptor Who Secured Honors in the Salon.

"THE TIRED BOXER."

A Large Composition Which He Has on Hand for the Champs-Elysées.

It was considered years ago that there was some antagonism felt towards American sculptors by the jury of the Salon.

MR. DOUGLAS TILDEN.

But it was Mr. Douglas Tilden, the clever sculptor of the figure known as "The Tired Boxer," who broke the spell, and received an honorable mention for that work in 1890. M. MacMonnies was the next.

A LARGE COMPOSITION.

Mr. Tilden is now engaged upon a very large composition, and one more ambitious than he has ever undertaken before. It is a scene from the Wild West, showing two Indians engaged in a mortal combat with a large grizzly bear. The redskins have been surprised by the infuriated mother while carrying off a couple of bear whelps. The bear is standing erect on her hind legs and has caught one of the redskins from behind, one claw being around his left hip and the other just below the ribs. At the same time the furious-looking beast is crunching the upper part of the left arm of the "brave" between her powerful jaws. The mouth is closing with its great strength over the limb. The right arm of the Indian is free, and with a superhuman effort he raises his tomahawk and is about to strike the bear. The face is seen full of the courage and determination that the Indians used to show in the face of death before civilization and "fire-water," corrupted their spirit.

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of, and in this special point he has admirably succeeded. The modelling of the Indian in the clasp of the bear is also of the first order, but those who have seen Mr. Tilden's modelling of his two figures, "The Baseball Player" and "The Tired Boxer," would have been surprised if the figure-modelling were not as perfect as possible.

"THE BEAR."

But the manner in which Mr. Tilden has composed the animal will probably be of much interest to those who know only how ably he models the human form. Mr. Tilden is one of those men who seeks criticism rather than unstinted praise, and how difficult it is to obtain criticism from friends! Well! if he wants it, we would say to him: "Your composition is broad in treatment, and daring in execution, without being exaggerated. Your figure-modelling of your two Indians is of high power, strong and harmonious at the same time, and here and again there is the pleasing absence of exaggeration, which may have been introduced for effect's sake at the cost of art. In this way you have succeeded in showing, not the mutilation of the two Indians by a furious brute, but a fine realization of a struggle for mastery and life, which thrills our interest; for the chances between the combatants are somewhere about equal. The position of the bear is fine and natural, but if there is anything to be said about it in the way of criticism, it is that Bruin is too beautiful, too sleek and fat to be the mother of the two whelps for which she is fighting; for we think you will agree with us that bears when they have young ones to look after are apt to become poor in condition rather than be in such fine condition as yours."

Mr. Tilden has been in Paris but little over four years. He came here utterly unknown, hailing from California, and with the still further disadvantage of being deaf and dumb. Nine months later we find him sending in a life-size statue, "The Baseball Player," which was accepted, and now stands in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, where it was unveiled in July last; and the year following, his Salon work, "The Tired Boxer," was the first American sculpture having received honorable mention in the Paris Salon. As for the latter, we have reason to believe that it has already found a destination, as a subscription which is well forward has been started to purchase it for the Olympia Club of San Francisco.

His studio is in rue Moulin du Beurre.

California. "Shall I model here? I have so many ideas in my head that I want to work upon, but the difficulty is to find a studio fitted up as one wants a studio for modeling." The sculptor added that in the autumn he intends to exhibit his "Bear-Hunters," a large group in bronze about nine feet high, consisting of five figures. The work was exhibited at the Columbian Exposition, and is now at the Chicago Art Palace.

DOUGLAS TILDEN.

Story of the Eminent Sculptor's Babyhood — Eary Evidences of His Precocity.

The "Ball Pitcher," Douglas Tilden, the deaf mute sculptor's remarkable statue, is a curious likeness of himself, says a correspondent. It has been said that artists paint themselves, and it is certainly true that young Tilden has sculptured himself.

Looking upon this beautiful piece of art the other day I was forcibly reminded of my first acquaintance with the young artist. He was 3½ years old, but even then he foreshadowed the inventive faculty which has since made him famous, and his fond mother proudly told me that her handsome boy was a genius. He was certainly a fine looking little fellow; large for his age, as upright as a dart, with a beautiful head and frank manly face. He was not at all bashful and had a courteous, charming way of explaining all the wonders of his toys in a broken baby vocabulary.

While I sat chatting with his young mother, Douglas and his brother, a year older, wandered away. An hour had elapsed, when we were startled by the most heart-rending sounds. We opened the window and saw the two boys approaching, apparently with musical instruments. Charlie, the older, was playing upon some kind of a wind instrument, and Douglas sang as he turned the handle of a hand-organ. But the startling part of the performance was as yet unexplained. The song sung by Douglas was very sweet, and seemed to be in a foreign language; but his mother translated the words, "Ji mouts, we wilts," into "Chime on, sweet bells." We gazed anxiously about, to see whence the harrowing, soul-curdling sounds came, and as they certainly emanated from the hand-organ we stepped out on the piazza and insisted upon an investigation, which was stoutly resisted for some time by the valorous organ-grinder, but at last he allowed us to lift the instrument from his shoulders; and on opening it the pet cat bounded wildly forth and scurried away.

Douglas indignantly stamped his foot, and with blazing eyes turned to his mother and said: "Naughty mamma, now my mogee's (music) gone." We examined the hand-organ and found that the ingenious little fellow had fastened a lid with leather hinges on a box and bored a hole in one end through which he had forced a cat's tail. The grinding of this improvised handle sufficiently accounted for the dismal sounds we had heard.

A few months later this promising child was stricken with scarlet fever in its most malignant form. After a terrible illness he recovered, but the sweet voice was hushed forever, and no sounds of music can again greet his ear until he listens to the chant of the heavenly choir.

Douglas Tilden has spent many a day at the Light-house, Santa Cruz, where his grandmother and aunt reside. He has also quite a number of other relatives here.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Ray Hamer, Thursday of last week, a daughter. March 3rd 92

OCTOBER 26, 1894.

DOUGLAS TILDEN.

The Sculptor's New Class at the Institute.

HOW HE MEANS TO TEACH.

Down in the story opening on Pine street, which is known as the first floor, the workmen were busy making little modeling tables. An intelligent-looking young man, who was faultlessly dressed, from the crown of his shiny hat to the tips of his patent-leather shoes, stood watching them with great interest. "That is Douglas Tilden, the professor of our new modeling class," said the secretary. "No; he cannot hear what we say about him. You know he is the deaf-mute sculptor, who modeled 'The Baseball Player' in Golden Gate Park."

Douglas Tilden carried a pencil and small notebook with him, and when asked to chat a little about the class which he will begin next Monday, willingly complied. The word 'chat' is quite appropriate in describing the way the California sculptor communicated his ideas. He wrote down his thoughts with extraordinary rapidity, and seemed to grasp a question almost before it was written down.

"I shall take all comers, but if they want to join the advanced class they certainly must show proficiency. Do I expect to find much talent? I am hunting for that, and whenever it is discovered I certainly shall do my best to help and foster it."

In answer to the question whether he was satisfied with the way the studio was fitted up, the sculptor looked round with a comical air of dismay, and replied: "The furniture is too good for me. It is finer than at the Ecole des Beax Arts in Paris. This school is as well fitted up as any that can be found for teaching the routine. It does not pretend to furnish a recipe for talent if the pupil has no such thing."

"How shall you teach your pupils?" was asked. "I can talk to them in three languages," replied the sculptor, laughing; "but what I mean to do is to make them 'work.'"

When asked about himself Mr. Tilden replied that he was born at Chico, and that it was his present intention to remain in

RARE BUTTERFLIES.

A Collection Half a Century Old.

One of the Finest in the World.

How Dr. H. H. Behr Has Enriched the Academy of Sciences.

The California Academy of Sciences contains one of the finest collection of butterflies and moths in the world, certainly the finest on the Pacific coast. This collection was made by Dr. H. H. Behr, who began the work in 1844, and who has been steadily adding to it ever since. Quite recently Dr. Behr presented to the academy, which means the people of California, the accumulated riches resulting from his labors of nearly half a century.

Previous to 1844 Dr. Behr made another collection, which he presented to the Duke of Saxony Anhalt. It is now in the museum at Cœthen, Saxony. The oldest butterfly in Dr. Behr's later collection was caught in Batavia in 1844. Since this date the enthusiastic scientist has pursued his researches in Europe, the East Indian archipelago, Manila, the Sunda islands, the Cape of Good Hope, the isthmus of Panama, Brazil, Mexico, Australia and the United States. By exchanging with other collectors he has obtained specimens from all parts of the known world. Some of the finest and rarest are from the Amoor river. The collection in-

Owl-eyed butterfly.

cludes nearly 20,000 specimens, of which about 6000 are still unclassified. The number of determined species is 4901. Of these 1200 are Californian.

No possible valuation can be put upon such a collection. Some specimens are so rare that it would be impossible to duplicate them. But, alas, butterflies are exceedingly perishable. Too rude, too careless a breath may mar the velvety splendor of a brilliant wing. Accordingly it is only the favored few who are permitted to gaze upon the petal-like pinions of the mounted beauties, pinned to the top and bottom boards of shallow wooden boxes. But as soon as these gorgeous insects can be arranged in suitable cases with glass tops the collection will be placed on exhibition. Till then the patient public must be contented with gathering a general idea from the meager specimens already displayed in the museum.

Butterflies and moths are included in that division of insects known as Lepidoptera, having four wings, often brilliantly colored. Insects of this order pass through a perfect metamorphosis from caterpillar to the chrysalis state, thence to the fully developed imago. The chief distinction between butterflies and moths is that the former always have club-shaped antennæ, or feelers, while those of the latter may be of other forms, as blades or feathers. Moreover, moths generally fly at night, although this is not always the case. Butterflies are scientifically known as Rhopalocera, or "club horns"; moths as Heterocera, "other horns."

Butterflies and moths, in their matured state, seldom do any harm. On the contrary, many species are of great use in fertilizing flowers. It is only in the caterpillar, or larval state, that these insects are destructive, as they are then voracious eaters. The imago is the perfect, or characteristic form. Words would fail to describe the exquisite shapes, the dazzling

Sequia hawk moth.

colors, the intricate markings, the metallic lusters and the wonderful textures spread before the beholder of a thousand, or even fifty, such "images." Think of all the varied golds and purples of pansies, with their accompanying velvety eyes and inky veins. Think of all the burning splendors of scarlet and amber autumn leaves, with their deepening of warm browns and rich garnets. Think too of speckled tiger-lilies and blushing peaches and silvery lichens and satiny fungi, of fairy snowflakes and shimmering pearly shells, and dry, withering leaves. And still you have not exhausted comparisons. The butterflies and moths have been like these and more, with the addition of a little animal life and a few happy days.

Among the most remarkable specimens in the academy's collection may be mentioned a velvety red and yellow hybrid between two California butterflies, Atalanta and Carye. Dr. Behr reared this himself from the caterpillar. A hybrid butterfly is exceedingly rare, but hybrid moths are more common. Another exceeding great rarity is a hermaphrodite "brimstone." The butterfly commonly known by this name in England is called "lindenleaf" in Germany and "citron" in France. Its scientific name is Rhodocera Rhamni. The male is bright yellow in color, the female creamy white. In the remarkable specimen found by Dr. Behr one wing is yellow, like that of the male insect, the other white, like that of the female. This specimen is about three inches across.

The rarest California butterfly is known to naturalists as Colias Eurydice; it has no common name, as it is far too uncommon. Some authorities declare that it is only found in Marin county. The male and female are quite different in appearance, so much so that for a long time they

Brimstone hermaphrodite.

were described as distinct species. The female is all yellow, deepening into pale orange on the lower wings. Each wing is marked by a dark, orange-colored spot. The male has the lower wings deep orange. The upper are rich brown, with a patch of bright pink or orange in the center of each, marked with a blackish brown spot. These butterflies measure about two inches and a half from tip to tip of outspread upper wings.

A singularly beautiful South American butterfly is the large Caligo Martia, which, when spread out, would cover an area four or five inches square. This insect is particularly noticeable by reason of the immense "owl eye" on the under side of the lower wing. It has long been known that many species of butterflies have conspicuous spots resembling eyes. Now it has also become known that these eyes act as a protection. The "owl-eyed butterfly" has special need to help if he would escape for any length of time the attacks of predatory birds. When a bird pursues a butterfly he expects to catch it on the wing. If the butterfly can alight on a twig he turns up the under side of his wings. The bird no longer sees the flower-like upper side, but he does see the fierce glaring eyes, which frightened him away. The under side of the owl-eyed butterfly's wings are brown, variegated with irregular lines of dull-yellow, pale-lavender, bottle-green and black, and with fantastic patches of white and creamy yellow. On the upper side the surface is smooth and metallic, with a shimmering luster beyond the power of paint to imitate. The colors are shaded browns and yellows, with a large patch of brilliant blue on the lower wing.

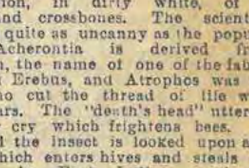
Other butterflies have this metallic sheen. Some of these insects exhale an

The rarest California butterfly—male.

odor disagreeable to birds. The birds accordingly let them alone, evidently believing that there is an invariable connection between unpleasant odor and metallic surface. This latter, at least, seems to answer the purpose of a shield.

The division of moths is exceedingly large. In the Behr collection the mounted specimens number thousands. Perhaps the most interesting are the thick-bodied creatures commonly known as hawk moths. A hawk moth is sometimes called a sphinx and the family Sphinges. Moths of this kind hover like birds. The beautiful "humming bird moth" of the Atlantic States and England can scarcely be told from a humming bird during its flight. Some species have gauzy wings and brilliantly colored bodies, which heighten the illusion.

A hawk moth belonging exclusively to California is the sequoia, so called because it is believed that the caterpillars live upon the big trees. This, however, is not positively known. The moth is shaded and mottled in soft grays and browns, relieved with dashes of black, somewhat suggestive of velvety lichens. Among the curious members of this family safely stored away in the collector's boxes are specimens of the "death's head," or Acherontia Atropos, of Europe and the East Indies. This creature has been known from early times, and has long been an object of superstitious fear. Like many other hawk moths, it is brownish in color. On the back of the head is a perfect representation, in dirty white, of a skull and crossbones. The scientific name is quite as uncanny as the popular one. Acherontia is derived from Acheron, the name of one of the fabled rivers of Erebus, and Atrophos was the fate who cut the thread of life with her shears. The "death's head" utters a peculiar cry which frightens bees. In England the insect is looked upon as a thief which enters hives and steals the honey. An East Indian species of Acherontia, with a more horrible and



The rarest California butterfly—female.

realistic picture than the death's head, is appropriately called "Satanas."

It will probably be some months before the Behr collection can be put on exhibition.

FIG. 1—SIGNET CYLINDER.

CHALDEAN ARTS.

NOT the least interesting of Chaldean remains are the tablets of baked clay found in some of the graves. On these tablets were sometimes represented, in low relief, either single figures of men, groups of men, or men in combination with animals. Though the specimens in question are rudely executed, they exemplify the fact that these primitive people were not wanting in artistic ideas, and, as we shall subsequently show, that they cultivated their ideas to such an extent that marked improvement at succeeding periods distinctly characterized the artisan's productions.

The engraved cylinders, which were the seals or signets of their possessors, are also very interesting, because they throw considerable light upon this curious people. These cylinders were formed of moist clay, the chief material on which the Chaldeans wrote. The cylinders are nearly round, and from half an inch to three inches in length and about one-third their length in diameter. A hole was made through the stone from end to end, so that it could be worn upon a string. In the more primitive times the impression was probably made by hand; but later it was usual to place the cylinder upon a bronze or copper axis attached to a handle (the whole of which arrangement is, by the way, identical with the modern printer's brayer, or hand ink roller), by which it was rolled across the clay from one end to the other. The signet cylinder of the monarch (King Urukh) who founded the most ancient buildings in some of the Chaldean cities is represented by the engraving (Fig. 1); and the signet cylinder of his son has been recently recovered and is now in the British Museum. While the letters of the inscriptions are somewhat rudely formed, as well as those on the stamped bricks of the same period, the figures have been as well cut, and as flowingly traced, as those of a later date. In the light of such conclusive evidence, therefore, we must acknowledge the surprising mechanical and artistic skill which had been attained by the Chaldeans at the most remote historical period and conclude that the art of cylinder engraving had, even at this early period, made considerable progress.

The modern artisan is provided with every tool and implement which human ingenuity and extensive experience has found to be essential in the accomplishment of even the most difficult piece of work in the easiest and most rapid manner. But this condition did not prevail at the period of which we write. On the contrary their tools were very limited in number, and those which they did possess were of such rudeness that we can scarcely imagine how anything of much consequence could have been accomplished with them. This rather increases the surprise on finding the numerous relics. The primitive Chaldean implements were either of stone or bronze. Iron at that time seems to have been unknown, but subsequently its first adaptation was to personal ornaments, such as bangles and rings. The illustrations show specimens of the curious implements found in the most ancient mounds. We shall go to extra pains in designating each implement, for no doubt the modern artisan and mechanic is interested in what kind of tools were first used. It will enable him to better judge of the vast improvement that has since taken place. In the group shown by Fig. 2, A is a hammer, B a hatchet, C an adze, and D a nail. The spear and arrow heads are shown by Fig. 3. The bronze implements are represented by Fig. 4, in which E is a knife, F a hatchet, G an adze, H a hammer, and I a sickle. The mounds also contain knives of flint or chert, and sometimes clay models for use in molding the bronze implements. It will be observed by the illustrations that all these implements are of a very rude and coarse character. A curious flint instrument is shown by Fig. 5. Its use is uncertain, but it is believed to have been designed for impressing characters upon the moist clay of tablets and cylinders. The advancement made by the Chaldeans is shown by their metallurgical productions. While yet of a peculiarly crude character, their products evince an improvement in proportion as their experience in the arts grows broader. Metal is scarce, and the varieties are limited to gold, copper, tin, lead and iron. Gold is found in beads, earrings and other ornaments, some of which would not be considered inelegant in design. (See Fig. 6.) While copper occurs pure it is more often hardened by an alloy of tin, thereby producing bronze, which is a suitable metal for the implements and weapons we herewith illustrate. Lead is so rare as to occur only in a few specimens, two being shown by Fig. 7. Iron, though very uncommon, is mainly used for rings and bangles. But even for these the more common material is bronze (Fig. 8.) In those ancient times bronze held a very important place among the metals. In fact, it appears to be the chief metal, having been put to numerous uses. It is made into weapons and instruments, as we have already seen. A bronze or copper bowl is found in almost every tomb. It is also quite common to find in the tombs with female skeletons such articles of ornaments as banglets and armlets, bracelets of rings or beads, earrings and rings for the toes, all made of bronze. Many of the rings are formed by grinding down a small kind of shell. Agate beads are not uncommon, and gold beads have been found in a few tombs, as well as some other ornaments in the same material.

In the production of textile fabrics these people must have attained considerable excellence, but, owing to the frail material composing human apparel being incapable of withstanding the destructive influences of many centuries, we are unable as yet to throw much light on the subject. At the time of Joshua a Babylonian garment of rare worth had been imported into Palestine (Josh. vii. 21). Upon the very ancient cylinder represented by Fig. 1, and which must belong to a time at least five or six centuries earlier, may be observed flounced and fringed garments, delicately striped, indicating plainly an advanced state of textile manufacture.—*World's Progress.*

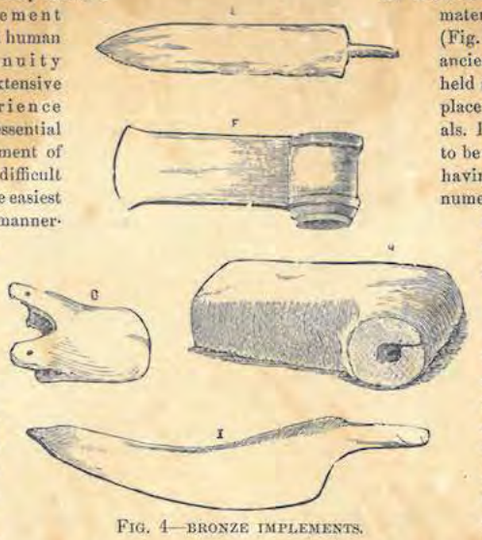


FIG. 4—BRONZE IMPLEMENTS.

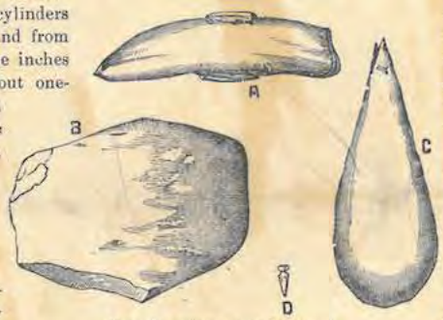


FIG. 2—STONE IMPLEMENTS.

FIG. 5—FLINT IMPLEMENT.

FIG. 6—GOLD EARRINGS.

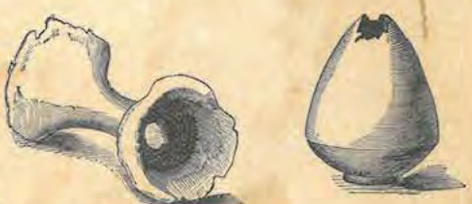


FIG. 7—LEADEN PIPE AND JAR.

FIG. 3—SPEAR AND ARROW HEADS.

FIG. 8—BRONZE BANGLES.

WORDS OF COMFORT IN TIME OF NEED.

How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self.—*Keats.*

Men die, but sorrow never dies;
The crowding years divide in vain,
And the wide world is knit with ties
Of common brotherhood in pain.—*Susan Coolidge.*

That loss is common would not make
My own less bitter, rather more;
Too common! Never morning wore
To evening but some heart did break.—*Tennyson.*

Each time we love,
We turn a nearer, and a broader mark
To that keen archer, Sorrow, and he strikes.
—*Alexander Smith.*

It is not in the storm nor in the strife
We feel benumbed and wish to be no more,
But in the after silence on the shore,
When all is lost except a little life.—*Byron.*

The first pressure of sorrow crushes out from our hearts the best wine; afterward the constant weight of it brings forth bitterness,—the taste and stain from the lees of the vat.—*Longfellow.*

THE PRIEST'S DAUGHTER

BY MARIE VALHASKY

It was a lovely morning. The sultriness of midsummer had not yet begun to be felt in the fresh morning air. A gentle breeze played among the leaves of the trees. The songs of birds were heard on every side and the dew still sparkled on the flowers growing without care on either side the cottage.

It was a pleasant, retired spot, but inside the poor home the cry of a sick child disturbed the outward serenity. A sallow, tired woman soothed the painful moans and a pale, nervous girl hurried from one duty to another.

The girl stopped by the side of the woman and child and said:

"Let me take him for awhile, mother. You are worn out."

The child eagerly held out his arms to his sister, and then with the irritability of suffering drew back and clung to his mother. The mother pressed the feverish little one to her breast and said:

"Never mind me, dear. I must keep him, but look out and see if your father is coming. Oh, if he would only come and bring something for the baby." A moment after the mother said: "Do stop the noise of those children, Irma, they are driving me distracted."

"I can't do anything with them, mamma, they are so hungry."

"Have you given them all there is in the house?"

"Yes, everything."

"Then," and the mother's voice was almost inaudible, "they can only wait for father." A moment after—"Are you very hungry, dear?"

"No, mamma, not very," briskly.

The wretched cottage was dark, poorly furnished and ugly. The air within contrasted strongly with the warm flower-laden breeze outside.

From an inner room came the continuous wrangling voices of several children.

Irma went to the door and gazed earnestly out, but saw nothing of her father. She eagerly drank in the fresh morning air, and then, returning, she took the easy chair in which her mother had been sitting, their only one, and carried it out under the trees, the mother following with the sick child. The pure air refreshed the little sufferer, and he slept for a few minutes at a time.

Irma helped the children to dress themselves and told them to go out in the sunshine, but they fretfully lingered about the house. They were too hungry to play.

This is the family of a Russian clergyman in the summer of 1891.

Many of the country clergy in Russia are so poorly paid and their means of subsistence so precarious that they have been obliged to resort to means of gaining a livelihood which have warranted in many instances the accusations which have been brought against them of being grasping and avaricious. But what can they do? Their incomes arise principally from offerings and fees. These they must manage in some way to get or their families will suffer. In a poor neighborhood they are among the first to feel the failure of crops or any other casualty befalling the laborers.

In the best of times they are obliged to go about among their flocks and ask for contributions, such as garden produce, eggs, butter, etc., and if these things are given grudgingly in times of plenty it cannot be wondered that in periods of scarcity they are either altogether withheld or given sparingly, with ill-concealed ill will.

In every way the usual Russian priest has a hard life. His duties necessitate hard work. He receives less instruction than the educated class generally, and is not, therefore, treated as a social equal, and he cannot associate on terms of equality with laborers and peasants. He must confine his social relations to members of his own profession. Until lately the sons of clergymen were obliged to follow the calling of their father, but they are no longer compelled to do so, and the ranks are therefore not so crowded as they were. The daughters are, however, still expected to marry young men who have passed their ordination.

Ellen Ventnof, the tired mother, had been early married from the large family of an unusually thriftless clergyman. When Paul Ventnof had been presented as a candidate for her hand she had accepted him with no thought but satisfaction at an opportunity of leaving the disorderly and unhappy household of her father. She firmly resolved to make a home for herself in no wise resembling the one she was about to leave.

She said little to any one of her hopes and plans, but her mind was so full of them that the wedding festivities passed like a dream.

Being then a young woman of great energy, firmness of purpose and wise economy, she had for several years seemed to have entered upon the road leading to success, but at length the difficulties so increased that they became insurmountable. If her husband had shared her ambition it would still have been a terrible struggle, but as he cared for nothing but the selfish gratification of the passing hour, the case was hopeless.

"But, father, the baby will die if we have no medicine for him."

It had now been years since she had striven to do anything but feed and clothe her large family with whatever food and raiment she was fortunate enough to obtain.

Her comeliness had departed, an expression of settled gloom rested upon her countenance, and she only waited for the time when the children would be old enough to take care of themselves, and she might lie down and die.

Irma, the eldest child, had shared her mother's trials in a way only possible to a person of her peculiar disposition. She had inherited the best from both her parents, and more from some unknown ancestor. Her comprehensive and practical intellect compelled her to early outgrow the usual illusions of girlhood, and gave her a keen realization of the difficulties by which she, in common with the class to which she belonged, was surrounded.

She saw that to marry as her mother had would inevitably entail upon her the same life, and she resolutely determined to marry outside of her class or else remain unwed.

At least, she would not bring children into the world to add to the existing misery.

Irma's resolution had been tested. An attractive young priest who had recently been ordained was proposed by the Bishop, who not infrequently takes it upon himself to furnish husbands and wives for the children of his clergy, and was so peremptorily refused and so firm a determination to remain single was expressed by Irma that she was not again troubled by officious friends.

It had not been without deep pain that the brave girl had arrived at a complete knowledge of the hopelessly narrow and meager life she was destined to lead. Her mind hungered for food, she longed for the gaieties and joys of youth; she suffered profoundly at the hardships her mother was forced to endure, and at the impossibility of educating her brothers and sisters.

Irma underrated her own own attractions. One of her illusions had been the belief that she would be beautiful at 18. Her father had had a beautiful sister who had died at that age, and he said Irma would be exactly like her when she attained her growth. As a little girl she had heard this said many times, and she as a child fixed upon 18 as the very day when she would awaken a full-fledged beauty, armed at every point. It she had ever spoken of this hope it would perhaps have been dispelled, but it was buried in her heart. She never recovered from the keen disappointment she suffered when the time arrived and she found herself the same pale slight girl, almost entirely lacking in good looks in her own eyes.

Followed by a puffing servant carrying a basket.

But Irma was much nearer being beautiful than she could be induced to believe. Her profile was as pure and perfect as a Greek cameo, her complexion was delicate and refined, and her blue eyes, though lacking the sparkle that different circumstances would have given them, were sympathetic and full of intelligence. Her figure was small, but well proportioned and graceful. Happiness and freedom from care would have given her the beauty her artistic nature so ardently craved.

The passionate regard of a common man she would never awaken, but the undying love of a noble heart would surely be hers if she were ever discovered in the dark abode to which fate had consigned her, and where she made "the sunshine in a shady place."

Here she did her work, and was to her mother consciously, and to her father, brothers and sisters unconsciously, a staff to rest upon, "the strongest on the longest day."

The priest, Peter Ventnof, was a large man, with an unwieldy form and awkward movements. He shuffled about uncomfortably when there was anything to be done, and at last strutted off suddenly as if propelled unexpectedly. After a few steps he would, perhaps, stop, and ask uneasily what he had better do, and in the end take quite a different course from the one he had decided upon.

He had been gone a long time, and the heat had driven the mother and the sick child into the house, when Irma at last saw him coming through the barren field.

She awaited his approach with the deepest anxiety, and was rewarded by the appearance of several bundles in his arms. Anything was most welcome, but it proved to be a scanty supply, and the medicine for the sick child had been forgotten.

As an odor of spirits accompanied him into the room Irma could not refrain from a reproach, which the mother would not utter, having long before discovered that it only made matters worse.

"Oh, father, why did you stay so long and how could you forget the medicine?"

Peter Ventnof shuffled about in a hesitating, shamefaced manner, and said: "I had my breakfast on the way. Paul Ernetz asked me in and I could scarcely refuse, especially as I was hungry. You know I had had nothing since yesterday noon, and a big man needs plenty to eat." Here his eyes blinked and he could not look his daughter in the face.

"But, father, the baby will die if we have no medicine for him."

"Poor little fellow," said the father, and shed drunken tears.

The parcels were opened and found to contain tea, eggs and several loaves of bread. The children rushed to the food and so wild were they to gain possession of it that the mother and sister could scarcely reserve a share for themselves. The father, after watching the hungry flock for a few minutes and seeing the food disappear like magic, concluded to make another meal himself and he began to cram with the rest, remarking by way of excuse that his long walk had given him an appetite.

Mme. Ventnof and Irma hid morsels as they could to keep for the sick child.

II.

M. Gardenof, the most considerable man of the neighborhood, lived a short distance from the cottage of the clergyman. He was an old man and a widower, and, being in bad health, preferred to spend most of his time in the country. His only son had been educated at the university at Moscow and had subsequently occupied a Government position. He had now, however, determined to spend some time with his father, whose declining health rendered it probable that he had not long to live.

Andrew Gardenof was disappointed in the hope that he might be of use to his father, as the company, as well as the services of a favorite servant, seemed to be preferred to his own, and he therefore found time hanging heavily upon his hands. Time after time he proffered his services, only to meet with a decided rebuff. At last he looked about him for a temporary occupation and found it in ministering to the wants of the starving peasants.

When he discovered the terrible need for this work he reproached himself without mercy for the culpable indifference which had kept him in ignorance of the suffering about him, and he worked day and night to make amends for the time he had lost.

Andrew Gardenof inspired confidence and respect. His features were large and sharp, his nose high and arched, his eyes small, blue and piercing, his forehead full, but not prominent, and his mouth regular and refined. The general expression of his countenance had been stern, sometimes morose, but since a noble charity had filled his mind, a smile often lingered upon his face. The appearance of his energetic upright figure, with quick, nervous steps hurrying along, followed by a puffing servant carrying a basket, soon became a familiar and welcome sight all through the country.

Now that Andrew had found work to do he was never idle. He went from house to house relieving the immediate necessities of all who needed help. Although he found himself somewhat hampered by the commands of his father, whose mind was gradually succumbing to his bodily weakness, still so far as possible he pursued the course he had marked out for himself.

III.

After Irma and the children had finished what was likely to be their only meal for the day, their mother begged them to take a long walk that she and the sick child might be undisturbed. The father was sleeping off the effects of his morning potations.

Irma and the children went to a lonely spot on the banks of the —— river. They were sheltered by the spreading branches of a large tree and they threw themselves upon the soft grass. It seemed delightfully cool and refreshing after their long walk in the hot sun.

After a few minutes rest Ivan and John, boys of 12 and 14, climbed into the tree. Mary and Ellen, 8 and 10 years of age, wandered off, as girls will, in a dreamy quest of they knew not what. Irma sat still with little Belle's head upon her lap.

Little Belle was a gentle, thoughtful child, never in the way, and never demanding attention. A few months ago she had been fat and rosy, but now the color and roundness had disappeared. She was Irma's pet, and Belle idolized her oldest sister.

After some time Belle sat up quickly, as if a sudden thought reproached her, and said, "I am tiring you, Irma."

"No, no, dear, lie still. You cannot tire me, I love you too much," and Irma kissed the pale cheek.

But Belle would not lie down again. She seemed struck by something unusual in her sister's appearance. Her eyes were fixed earnestly upon the beloved face.

"Irma, you look so pretty to-day. It is nice to have your hair loose that way, and your cheeks are red."

Irma laughed. "Little flatterer," she said, and kissed the child again.

A few minutes' silence and then Belle said: "Shall you ever live in a house by yourself? I mean away from us, and have little children like cousin Anna?"

Irma's face flushed deeply, then grew pale.

"No, dear; I never shall."

Her voice sounded so strange that Belle looked anxiously at her a moment before she asked:

"Why, sister?"

"Because, if I had children they might not have enough to eat or clothes to keep them warm. They might suffer and lose all their sweet rosy color, as my little sister has, and then they might hate the mother who had brought them into this world.

The tears came into Belle's eyes. "They could never hate you, darling, but if they were sorry, couldn't they die like our brothers, and go to heaven, where every one is happy?"

"Perhaps not while they were young, dear. We cannot all die as soon as we tire of life. That would be selfish. Our mother was made very unhappy by the death of our brothers."

"Was she?" and Belle wiped away the fast-coming tears.

"But, Irma, I am glad they are dead. It is so dreadful to be hungry. I should like to be dead myself. Is it wrong to feel that way? Are you sorry?"

"No, darling, I am not sorry. It was best that God took them. If they were here now we should surely all starve together. Three more boys with appetites like Ivan and John could never be satisfied."

Belle looked anxiously at her sister and said:

"But there are people, sister, who have plenty all the time. Do you remember the time I went with papa to the house of that cross old man, Mr. Gardenof? We stayed a long time, and a woman took me all about and showed me such quantities of things. She said they had all those for dinner every day if they liked. Couldn't you have a house like that?"

Irma drew the golden-haired little head to her breast and stroked the pale face. Then, arising hurriedly, she said:

"Unless I can have a home like that and have my little sister with me I shall never have anything."

Here the boys jumped from the lower limbs of the tree and began a race for a squirrel. They had not run far when one of them suddenly stumbled and fell against an old man with a basket, who had at that moment emerged from behind a low clump of bushes. The basket was thrown upon the ground, and various kinds of food were scattered about. The boys, without ceremony, began to devour the fragments. Even Ellen and Mary, who had been near, ran to the spot, and after a moment's hesitation, eagerly helped themselves to the extempore collation.

The old man, evidently a servant, had perhaps been slightly stunned by his fall, for by the time he had sufficiently recovered to protect his property a young man appeared on the scene who bade him let the children alone. This done the young man smilingly watched the rapid disappearance of the viands.

At this moment Irma and little Belle joined the group, and one of the boys immediately filled Belle's hands, who forthwith munched away with great apparent satisfaction.

Andrew Gardenof, for it was he and his servant on one of his missions of charity, here took off his cap and bowed respectfully to the young lady. He then spread a napkin upon the grass, upon which he put some of the best of the eatables and begged her to partake. In order to induce her to do so he threw himself upon the ground and began to eat without ceremony, and as if it had been some time since he had had a meal.

Irma reluctantly joined him, but Andrew's tact soon gave the party the appearance of a merry picnic, and though Irma continued to be more serious than the rest, even she could not resist the influence of the lovely spot, the refreshing breeze, and more than all the easy kindness of her agreeable host. Her brothers and sisters were happy, Andrew pressed them to help themselves and he put the choicest bits on the napkin for herself and little Belle.

Before the meal ended an acquaintance had commenced which they all hoped would not end with this chance meeting, but after they had finished eating a restraint fell upon Irma, and she soon called the children about her and prepared to return home.

After thanking their kind host they started. Andrew longed to detain Irma, but could think of no excuse for doing so.

Their way led them through a path that had a short time before been beautiful with rye on either side. The children bounded along with song and shout. They had forgotten that yesterday they had been suffering from hunger and that pros-

ably to-morrow they would suffer again. Only Irma remembered, and even she was comforted and did not restrain the wildest pranks of the boys.

During the conversation while they were eating Andrew had discovered that his guests were the children of the nearest clergyman, and on their way home he had learned from his trusted servant many facts in connection with them. Among other things, his suspicions in regard to their extreme poverty had been confirmed. He was pleased that the general usage of the country made it perfectly easy, even obligatory upon him, to immediately supply their pressing needs. Not an hour passed before he had attended to this.

That night the sad, refined face of the sweet girl flitted through all the young man's dreams. In the morning he remembered with regret that he had neglected the clergyman. In the three months he had been with his father he had never been near the priest's house. Now he would atone for that neglect, and in the afternoon his footsteps turned in that direction.

Afterher meeting with Andrew Gardenof Irma returned to her miserable home. She looked about her with a fresh realization of its wretchedness. She had not known before what an ugly, ill-kept place it was. She felt degraded in being obliged to live in such a place. She was never before so terribly depressed.

Suddenly she arose with the determination to work her hands off to give a more habitable and refined look to her home. Time after time she stopped in despair, only to resume her labor a moment after.

Ellen Ventnof watched her child and understood, but she only sighed wearily. How often had she had the same desperate attacks herself, and how had they all ended?

The next morning a ray of hope penetrated the gloom. A load of provisions, with many necessary articles besides, was sent to the clergyman's house. As this was the understood remuneration of a priest, no feeling of humiliation accompanied the gift. The sick child seemed to be recovering, and the mother sat holding him with a far happier expression upon her careworn face. In the afternoon Irma went out under the trees to rest, and there Andrew found her. She received him with friendliness and thanked him earnestly for his kindness. He put the subject aside almost with impatience and began at once to speak of the children. He proposed to superintend the education of the boys if he could gain the consent of the father. This gave Irma great pleasure, and they immediately became the best of friends.

After a long talk Andrew regretted that it was now too late to call upon the clergyman. He would return the next day. He took his leave after obtaining from Irma a promise that she would be in the same place the next afternoon. There was much to be said about the boys.

A few minutes after Irma entered the room where her mother was and quietly resumed her usual duties. Her mother looked at her searchingly and said:

"What is it, Irma?"

"Nothing, mamma; only Andrew Gardenof talked with me an hour under the lime tree."

A slight color mantled the mother's cheek and she turned away to hide the sudden tears.

Irma said little aloud, but to herself she kept saying: "What a noble man! How different from any I have ever known before! How beautifully he expresses his thoughts, and how full of charity and goodness! I hope we shall always be friends. That he will not go away from this place! What shall I do when he goes away? And yet two days ago I had never seen his face."

Time went on and day after day Irma and Andrew met and made the most charming plans, which Andrew put into operation. The two boys were sent to a good school away from home, and a daily governess taught Irma and the two girls. Comforts little by little entered the home through the seeming exertions of the father. The days flew by on wings of light. Irma was happy—blissfully happy. All the troubles of the past were forgotten. Though her past was really forgotten for the time, yet to one who has had a youth of unhappiness the dividing partition between happiness and unhappiness is curiously thin. The only wonder is that it is not transparent.

The resolutions she had so earnestly made before she knew Andrew Gardenof did not apply to the present condition of affairs, but if they had, poverty would have had no terrors for her. Now marriage had but one meaning, a lifetime of love. If children were thought of a blissful thrill almost stilled her heart. She had now nothing to do with bread and butter and every-day garments.

But old M. Gardenof was more practical. He heard of the daily visits of his son, and the dying embers of his sordid nature awakened. He had long since forgotten the day when the pretty mother of Andrew had left all for love of him. He determined that arrangements long ago decided upon should be immediately carried out.

He sent for his son and reminded him of a certain Anna S., to whom he had been betrothed in his childhood, and to whom it was high time he paid his respects.

To the old man's amazement he found on this point his son's character as obstinate as his own. A stormy interview followed.

M. Gardenof said to his son: "I have sent for you to demand an explanation of your conduct. What is this I hear about the clergyman's daughter?"

"You can have heard nothing against her. She is a noble girl. I love her, and have determined to make her my wife."

Andrew said this with the deepest feeling, but with a firmness that could not be mistaken. His father became deadly pale and shook with rage. In his weak condition any emotion was dangerous. For a moment he could not speak. Then he burst forth: "Do you know that if you persist in this course you shall not have a cent of my money? You have nothing of your own. Do you understand that I am not yet in my grave?"

Andrew was greatly shocked by the violence of his father, but he could not draw back.

"Father, I would ask for your blessing, but I can support my wife myself without your money."

This only increased the old man's rage.

"You shall never marry that beggarly girl. Better that my money went to the faithful servant who has served me more obediently than my son and that you ended your life in disgrace. I would have you banished from my sight—from your country—an exile."

"For God's sake, father, think of what you are saying."

"I have thought, or I do not need to think. Do not attempt to school me, and do not flatter yourself that my words are meaningless. If you persist in disobeying me, I warn you to prepare for the worst."

Here the old man tottered, and Andrew sprang forward to support him. He was pushed aside and the faithful servant, who had listened to the conversation and whose brain had been illuminated thereby, gently led his master to an easy chair and administered a tonic from a bottle on the table.

That night a complaint was made before the secret police implicating Andrew Gardenof, and a letter from a schoolmate stolen from a secret drawer was given in evidence.

After leaving his father Andrew hurried to the home of Irma. He found her as usual waiting for him under the shade of the friendly lime tree. From the moment she saw his face she knew that something

"If you persist in this course you shall not have a cent of my money."

had happened. All restraint was put aside. Andrew drew her to his heart with a passionate embrace and told her of his father's decision. They both felt that their fates must be at once linked together; that nothing must part them.

Irma could smile at the worst threats of the father while she was closely pressed to the breast of her lover. They asked for nothing but to spend their lives together. Irma was not afraid of work. She had worked for her parents, her brothers and sisters, and now she would work for her husband.

They would go to Moscow immediately, day after to-morrow, Andrew said. Irma thought of her family and said: "So soon!" but smiled a moment after. They were now comfortable, thanks to her generous lover.

A momentary hesitation came to Irma when she remembered all that Andrew was giving up for her sake; a hesitation which was kissed away before it had fairly taken possession of her mind.

A heavenly peace filled their hearts and they felt strong enough to meet life, or death.

An hour had passed, and they had talked of everything, Irma leaning her head on Andrew's breast, and their hands clasped.

At last Irma said: "Are you quite sure, darling, that your father will never consent to our marriage?"

"Yes, dear."

"And can your bear this, as well as the hard work you bring upon yourself, for my sake?"

"This and more—for I love you. I love you."

"Then I am ready to go with you whenever you wish to take me."

"My wife," he said, and covered her face with kisses.

They parted. Irma went in to her mother and told her that Andrew Gardenof had asked her to become his wife immediately, that she had consented, and that they must then at once leave for Moscow.

The sudden announcement stunned the mother. She took her hands from the water where she was preparing some vegetables and sat down without wiping them.

After waiting a few minutes and looking up blankly at Irma she said:

"You cannot go away at once. Why not live in Andrew's house with his father?"

"Because his father will not consent to our marriage."

"If he objects to the marriage will he provide for you?"

"No, mother, we must work and support ourselves."

"Then you may be very poor—as poor as we are. You said you would never endure that."

"Oh! mother, that was before I had learned to love," and the two women wept in each other's arms. The mother remembered her own youth and the daughter's heart was full.

That the beloved daughter and sister must go away was a blow to the whole family, and when they found that preparations for her departure must commence at once consternation appeared upon the faces of all. The mother worked with the tears constantly blinding her, and little Belle followed her sister about in mournful silence.

Irma said little. She promised herself that she would hurry through with what she had to do, and would then have time to comfort her parents and the children, and tell them of all the fine things she intended to do for them in time.

They worked until late in the night and early the next morning the bustle recommenced.

IV.

At noon a messenger in hot haste broke in upon the family. He had a note for Irma—and news besides.

Irma hurriedly opened the note, but she knew before she read it that all was over. She shrunk back into the little pale sorrow-laden girl of old as she read:

My darling, good-by. I am arrested for—I know not what. Ivan will tell you all there is to tell. Yours forever, ANDREW.

Ivan said that a close carriage containing an officer had been driven up to the house of M. Gardenof. The officer had inquired for Andrew Gardenof, and on his appearance he had been ordered to enter the carriage. Andrew seemed greatly surprised, and finding that he must make a journey, asked for an hour to make arrangements for his absence, which was positively denied him. He then hurriedly wrote a note and told Ivan to explain his absence to his friends. As he stepped into the carriage he had said to Ivan, in a low tone of voice, "Tell Irma Ventnof to wait for me."

That was all. No one knew where he had been taken.

There was nothing for Irma to do. The light had all gone from her face. She only wanted to be alone. She went out under the lime tree where they had parted, and sat down on the old seat.

Now that this had come she felt that she had expected it all the time. What had she to do with happiness? She could not pray—she could only wait—and from the first she waited without hope.

After a long time little Belle crept to her side—sent by the mother. She took the cold hand of her sister and placed it against her cheek. This mute appeal awakened a slight response. Irma put her arm around the child and drew her close, but still she could not speak nor weep. She sat gazing out upon the long stretch of lonely, hopeless years. She knew that her day was over. Why had she been tormented by this little glimpse of the light that shines upon so many, only to find endless darkness?

It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved.

She said to herself: "I will wait, my darling, and death will reunite us."

V.

Months passed and nothing was heard of Andrew Gardenof. Even his father, who repented of his harshness on his deathbed, and left everything to his son, including his consent to his marriage with the clergyman's daughter, could gain no tidings of his lost one.

The servant who had brought Andrew's misfortunes upon him gained nothing but—let us hope—remorse.

But Andrew still lived.

In the town of Kransnoiarsk, in Siberia, there is a large prison, and connected with it is a madhouse. Here exiles who have been made insane by cruelties on their long march are confined. In one of the dreary wards a young man hobbles ceaselessly up and down and prays for release. Partial paralysis has made his speech difficult to understand, but to those who will listen with patience he manages to tell his story. He was shortly to be married to a beautiful girl, who is waiting for him, and who will wait, he says, however long he may be kept away. Her father is very poor and he must hasten back or his darling will suffer.

The attendant, when asked about him, said he had received a blow on his journey to this place which had reduced him to the condition he was now in. Recovery was impossible, though he might live to be an old man.

It was also ascertained that he was an administrative exile, and that the term of his sentence had been five years.

Krasnoviarsk had not been his original destination, but it had been found necessary to leave him there, as he had occasional attacks of fierce excitement, which rendered him dangerous, though he was generally harmless, and was only tiresomely persistent in his desire to return to his promised wife.

It was well that there was no one near him to contrast the miserable invalid of to-day, with the bright, energetic, buoyant lover, full of health and manly beauty, of a few months before. But if it could be done it might hasten the day of deliverance.

MARIE VALHASKY.

April 9. WOOD-SKINNER. 1894

A Pretty Wedding at the Residence of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Menefee, Church St.

A pretty wedding was celebrated at noon Monday, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Menefee, Church St., when James Francis Wood and Miss Cora Emily Skinner were united in marriage in the presence of their relatives. The parlor and reception room presented a scene of floral beauty, the effect being heightened by the gas and candelabra. In the bay-window of the parlor was a mass of pear blossoms and ferns, with doves here and there with outstretched wings. In the reception room palms and roses formed the principal floral decorations.

At 12:30 P. M. Otto Kunitz played the wedding march, the bridal party entering the parlor. In the bay-window stood the bride and groom, with Miss May Porter as bridesmaid and James Williamson as the best man, while Father McNamee performed the marriage service.

The pretty bride was attired in brocaded white satin, without train, finished at the base of the skirt with a box pleating of chiffon. The corsage was high at the throat, and the sleeves fell over the hands. The garniture was of silver and pearl passementerie.

After the ceremony a delightful wedding breakfast was served in the dining-room. Toasts were offered by B. F. Porter, F. G. Menefee, J. Wood and others until nearly two o'clock, when the bride retired to change her wedding gown for a lovely travelling costume. At 2:20 P. M. Mr. and Mrs. Wood left for San Francisco amid a shower of rice. On their return they will reside in Santa Cruz.

The bride is a Native Daughter, educated in Santa Cruz, and who has had the benefit of Eastern travel. She is a young lady of sweet disposition and a favorite among her companions. She has the best wishes of hosts of friends for a happy and prosperous matrimonial journey. Mr. Wood has been a resident of Santa Cruz for nearly a year, holding an important position with A. Jonas & Bros. During his residence here he has made many friends, for he is a gentleman of much business ability, and all the qualifications for a successful career.

The young couple were the recipients of many presents and congratulatory telegrams.

The Wrecked Nathalia.

There is interest at the present moment in all that refers to the great Napoleon. Articles are being written upon him, lectures delivered on his life, character and achievements, and relics of those exciting days of the French empire are being brought to light.

Only Thursday word was received of the existence in San Francisco of a table made from the timbers of the ship Nathalia. This vessel was the one on which Napoleon the Great, after his banishment to Elba, was supposed to have escaped to France. Later she traversed the Atlantic, and sixty years ago met shipwreck on the then comparatively unknown shores of California.

The wreck occurred in the bay of Santa Cruz in 1834 and was a total loss. At that time an English merchant named James Watson, one whose name is frequently mentioned in the early history of the State, was doing business in Monterey and was one of its first merchants. Learning the story of the Nathalia he considered it would be an interesting thing to secure a memento of the wreck. Accordingly he instructed the ship's carpenter, named McCalla, to make a table for him out of some of the old vessel's timbers. This was done, and to-day still the table is in the possession of James Watson's daughter, Mrs. Gomez. It is a stout old piece of furniture, rather open in the seams, but still serviceable, and is prized highly by the owner, who lives in San Francisco. It is in daily use, and just the sort of heavy, serviceable plain table a ship's carpenter would make. Mrs. Gomez is very positive as to the facts, for they were often impressed upon her by her father.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of a winter's day.

The streets were wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long—
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng

Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street, with laughter and shout
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"

Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman, so aged and gray,
Hastened the children on their way;

Nor offering a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir

Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop—
The gayest laddie of all the group.

He paused beside her and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed; and so, without hurt or harm,

He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong;

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor and slow;

And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,

"If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said

Was, "God, be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy."

A RUSSIAN BOY'S STORY

BY MARIE VALHASKY

"I am writing in my mother's room. She is too sick to sit up, and will never be well again. She wants me to write to you, because she does not know what will become of my little brother and myself when she dies. She will not die; I am sure she will n t; only I write this because she says I must. She looks very pale and thin, and not pretty, as she used to when my papa was alive—except her eyes, they are pretty yet—but she smiles and is cheerful, and tells stories to my little brother when he is cross. He is a funny little fellow. He is so broad and square that you would think you couldn't upset him if you tried. He has long, almost white, curls, and great big grey eyes. He scarcely ever laughs, but he can howl louder than any little fellow you ever saw. He stands and looks at you like a little solemn old owl, and suddenly he howls for nothing. My father died a terrible death before he was born, and mother said that was the reason, but I don't see any sense in that. Why should he cry for the father he never saw? I don't say this to mother, for she has trouble enough already. But he is a fine little fellow, and just now he is outside the window watching two little birds build a nest. It is a lovely morning; the sun is shining and the birds are singing and laugh. My father was always good, and it was surprising how much he knew.

"Father had trouble for a long time before he told my mother about it. He did not wish to make her unhappy, but at last she began to hear about things and then he was obliged to tell her. You see the peasants and farm laborers had got to hating the Jews more and more in the town where we lived. The peasants had a hard time and they partly blamed the Jews for the trouble they had. Some few Jews were wrong and did oppress the peasants, but that had very little to do with their troubles. The peasants are lazy and they get drunk all the time. But the peasants would not have hated the Jews so much if the new officers had not set the peasants against them. By doing this the officers could force money from

The same afternoon some men came and carried my father away.

Jews. Several raids were made upon my father's place, which the officers stopped for money my mother paid them. My mother was terribly frightened and begged my father to move away. This he did not wish to do as it would mean a great loss to him. At last he said he would and we began to get ready to go. Father made a hurried trip and this place and bought this house. He had it fixed up as nice as he could in the short time he had. While he was gone a dreadful thing happened to us. The peasants broke into our house and took everything we had. Our servants were frightened and ran away. Mother and I were left alone. They abused my poor mother and threatened to beat her if she did not give them all the money she had. After my mother gave them some money they began to beat me, and then she gave them all she had to get them to stop. When my father came home he had a sad welcome, though my mother and I would scarcely let him out of our arms again. After he had comforted us he went to the shop to see if he had anything left there. He met an officer on his way who offered to protect his property for a large sum of money, but it was so large that my father could not give it. The officer told him he would lose everything and perhaps his life if he did not accede to his terms. The officer was either a true prophet or else he led the peasants for everything happened just as he said it would.

"The raid was made upon the shop before my father could hide anything. He tried to fight for his property and was beaten so awfully that he could only drag himself home to die. For a while after father died mother and I sat beside him and did nothing. Mother did not cry, only talked to father softly, but I cried and cried. At last an officer came in and when he saw father asked me why we had not given notice that there was a dead body in the house." Mother could not answer, and after kicking me for being in the way he went out, saying something to himself about the 'Jew's carcass.'

"The same afternoon some men came and carried my father away. We do not know where he is buried. That night was the most lonesome we have ever known in our lives. The next morning a good friend of my father came from a distance and he brought us here. My mother was almost too sick to travel, but the friend said she must not stay where she was. We had nothing left in the house, so it was no trouble to move.

"Our friend, Nathan R., went and bought clocks for my mother and myself and we traveled with him to our new home. He had some money of my father's, so we were not destitute. It we had been, I think he would have provided for us, he was so good. He was very old, and since then he died, but I shall never forget him, and mother cries and kisses his picture whenever she looks at it. He stayed with us until we were settled, and he found a servant to take care of my mother, who was sick all the time.

"It was only a little time that we were left in peace. My mother was suspected of having money and they began to persecute her again. First she was told if she did not join the Greek church that I should be taken away from her. This made her very sick—much worse than usual—and then my little brother was born. That was an awful time. The poor little baby cried all the time and mother cried too. She said she was ashamed to be so weak, and she was sorry for me, but she had not the strength to be brave. I told her not to worry, and to cry if she wanted to. That didn't seem to be the right thing to say, but a boy doesn't know what to do.

"After a long time mother could sit up, but she has been lame ever since. An officer came again and asked her if she would join the Greek church. She said she would as soon as she could walk. Then he said she must give him some money or he would report her to some body—I don't know who. She gave him as much as he asked, and in a few weeks he came for more.

"A Jew who lives near us was forced to join the Greek church, and when he went back to his own church he was whipped terribly. He was given 200 lashes and his wife 100. They had two boys and they were whipped, too, but not so hard as their parents.

"Two Jews were chained to convicts because they had not money enough to pay their way to a place where they were ordered to go. One of them was lamed for life by a kick from a convict, and the officer in charge only laughed.

"One poor woman's only son was taken from her and sent to a school where she could never see him again.

"A pretty young girl was treated so badly by a Russian officer that she died.

"An old friend of my father's used to come often to visit my mother, and from him we heard of many wicked things that were being done to our people. He told us that in Moscow even brave soldiers,

An old friend of my father took us to our new home.

who wore the Cross of St. George and had spent their best years in fighting for the Czar, were driven out of the city and some died of starvation. Some were lettered to convicts, and their limbs were fearfully swollen because the letters were too tight.

"A letter came from a Jew in England who had been forced to emigrate with his family. On the voyage two of the children died from cruel treatment. They were hungry and cold. Two children were detained because their names were not registered. The mother died of grief in London.

"Whole families have had everything stolen from them, and then been obliged to walk to Hamburg, where they were to go on board of a ship to go to England. All their clothes and money were taken, and they had to pack themselves into a dirty, vile-smelling place, where they starved and their little children died.

"If a Jew presses for the payment of a just debt he is beaten and thrown into prison.

"One thing that mother says is better than anything else. It is that all this persecution of the Jews may hasten the day when we shall become a united people. So many are forced to find a new home that maybe they will join together and inhabit one country. Oh! I love to hear my mother tell about our past greatness, and the glorious future that we shall some time have. She says 'If we can believe that we are suffering for some great purpose then our pains become easy to bear and we cheerfully shoulder our burdens.'

"Some day I hope I shall be as good as mother.

"I have written a long letter, and am very tired, but the hardest part is yet to be written.

"Mother says: 'When I am dead, may my children go to you, and will you find them a home?'

"The old friend who visits my mother will take care of us on the journey. Please answer soon.

MARIE VALHASKY."

The peasants broke into our house and took everything away.

THE SCARLET TANAGER.

Witch of the wood, to your sylvan dell
I have followed and found you not;
Where brooklets grieve and hilltops swell
And the air seems a tinkling silver bell
Have I followed and found you not.

I've traced your steps where the delicate grass
In homage bows as you daintily pass,
And the rich rose blushes a deeper red
As it treasures the kisses you softly shed.

Coy in your secret, well bowered nest,
You are resting secure, I know,
With your velvety wings in graceful rest,
Oh, wildwood birds that I love the best,
And your singing is soft and low.

My ears are deaf to the feathered throng
That vainly seek to rival your song
And the forest to me seems only bright
With the rays you flash in your rapid flight.

—J. J. H. in New York Sun.

Modern Slang in Shakespeare.

Leaving legitimate words, and turning to the children of the street and the market-place, we find some curious examples, not only of American slang, but of slang which is regarded as extremely fresh and modern. Mr Brander Matthews in his most interesting article on that subject has already pointed out that a "deck of cards" is Shakespearean. In Henry VI. (Third Part, Act V., Scene I.) Gloucester says, "But while he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slyly fingered from the deck."

Mr. Matthews has always cited a still more remarkable example of recent slang from the Sonnets, of all places in the world, where "fire out" is used in the exact colloquial sense of to-day. It occurs in the 144th Sonnet,

"Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt
Till my bad angle fire my good one out."

"Square," in the sense of fair or honest, and the verb "to be square," in the sense of to be fair or honest, are thought modern, and are so constantly used that they have well nigh passed beyond the boundaries of slang. If they do so, it is but a return to their old place, for Shakespeare has this use of the word, and in serious passages. In "Timon of Athens" (Act V., Scene V.) the First Senator says,

"All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square to take
On those that are, revenges."

In "Anthony and Cleopatra" (Act II., Scene II.) Mecenas says, "She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her."

"In the soup," to express defeat and disaster, is apparently very recent, and yet it is singularly like the language of Pompey in "Measure for Measure" (Act III., Scene II), when he says, "Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the rub."

Even more recent than "in the rub" is the use of the word "stuffed," to denote contemptuously what may be most nearly described as large and ineffective pretentiousness. But in "Much Ado about Nothing" (Act I., Scene I.) the Messenger says, "A lord to a lord, a man to a man, stuffed with all honorable virtues." To which Beatrice replies, "It is so, indeed; he is no less than a 'stuffed man'; but for the stuffing.—Well, we are all mortal." Here Beatrice uses the phrase "stuffed man" in contempt, catching up the word of the messenger.

"Flapjack," perhaps, is hardly to be called slang, but is certainly an American phrase for a griddle-cake. We must have brought it with us, however, from Shakespeare's England, for there it is in "Pericles" (Act II., Scene I.), where the Grecian—very Grecian—fisherman says, "Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting days, and moreo'er puddings and flapjacks, and thou shalt be welcome." From "Shakespeare's Americanisms," by HENRY CABOT LODGE, in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for January

Definitions of Bible Terms.

A gerah was one cent.
A cab was three pints.
An omer was six pints.
A farthing was three cents.
A shekel of gold was $8.
A firkin was seven pints.
A talent of gold was $13,809.
A mite was less than one-fourth of a cent.
A talent of silver was $538 30.
A bin was one gallon and two pints.
A shekel of silver was about fifty cents.
Ezekiel's reed was nearly eleven feet.
A cubit was nearly twenty-two inches.
A piece of silver, or a penny, was thirteen cents.
A finger's breadth was equal to one inch.
A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.
An ephah, or bath, contained seven gallons and five pints.
A hand's breadth was equal to three and five-eighth inches.
A day's journey was about twenty-three and one-fifth miles.

In the winter of 18— a special police force had been sent to a town in the south-western part of Russia, where a religious sect called the Stundists had lately made themselves obnoxious to the Government. For years the members of the Stunda had been unmolested. They were a peaceful, law-abiding people. Now, however, a report had reached the Czar implicating them in certain conspiracies.

Feodor Menchikoff, a trusted servant of the Government, had been chosen as a suitable person to check the spread of the sect, and to punish those believed to have joined this simple people for the purpose of using their religion as a cloak to hide the spread of revolutionary principles.

Menchikoff was unscrupulous, and was therefore the very person for the purpose.

In this town Sophie Stevenoff, a woman of 30 years, sat alone in a cottage awaiting the return of her two sons. She was a tall woman with a majestic form, and frightfully scarred face. As she arose and moved about to make the preparations for the evening meal, dignity and power were discernible in every motion. Her finely formed head was well set upon her graceful neck and shoulders, and her abundant brown hair, slightly sprinkled with gray, was arranged to hide, as far as possible, the fearful scars lining her face, and from which the beholder must turn with a shudder. The wounds had been inflicted many years ago, but she still suffered from a consciousness of her repulsive appearance. It was a cold dreary evening, and a foreboding of impending evil had hung over Mme. Stevenoff all day. There was little inside her poor cottage to engage her attention, and outside the prospect was bleak and disheartening. After finishing the simple arrangements necessary, she went to the door to await the approach of "her boys," as she still called the large, manly men, who soon walked up to the cottage door.

They were handsome men, though their appearance plainly showed that they toiled from morning until night at some laborious occupation. They both had earnest, powerful faces, but the younger one, James, had a discontented, almost savage expression. He returned his mother's salutation with a growl, but John, the elder, greeted her gravely but affectionately. The day had not been a happy one for any member of the family. Since the advent in the town of the special police forces the citizens had been subjected to constant annoyances. Petty tyranny had embittered the hours for the men, and the women had met with insults and ribaldry. This had added greatly to the usual moodiness of James, and had cast a darker shadow over John and his mother.

The Stevenoff family belonged to the Stunda, and John and his mother were devoted followers of the pure precepts of this sect. Their moral code was one of fanatical strictness. They did not count themselves of the world or subject to the ordinary mundane laws, but held themselves superior to all but the rules of their divine Lawgiver, and James, through his mother's influence, still belonged to the organization, but his hardly concealed contempt for it increased daily.

To spread their religion was strictly enjoined upon the Stundists, and this command was followed by its votaries at all hazards. Young men were sent about from place to place to obtain situations in mills and factories, where they could work among the men and obtain converts to their belief. Their lives were so pure and unselfish and their earnestness and enthusiasm so great that the sect spread with the greatest rapidity.

It had been their policy to work as quietly as possible, but the propagandism and glare steadily on. The fact that they denied the spiritual power of the Czar had, however, begun to be recognized as a dangerous element in their creed, and now that a suspicion had made its way that uneducated peasants and workmen were being led by plotters against the Czar a persecution had commenced more relentless than that against the Jews.

Though James had shared in the labors of John, and had avowed no opposition to any measure proposed for the spread of the faith, still he had for a long time shown a spirit of dissatisfaction and discontent. The brothers were also aware that they had become the especial mark for the enmity of those chosen to carry out the mandates of the far-reaching and sleepless vigilance of the Czar.

As the mother and sons entered the cottage James expressed a desire to have his supper immediately, and madame quickly set the simple meal upon the table. After they were seated she asked how the day had gone with them. James answered: "As badly as possible. You were wrong, mother, in ever coming to this place, and more wrong in joining the Stundists. It has placed us in a position for which we are unfitted in every way." John looked at his brother in surprise, but said nothing. Mme. Stevenoff answered: "James, what has happened to make you so dissatisfied with the faith in which you were bred, and with the good people to whom we owe everything?"

"Miserable uneducated boors! You should have brought us up among gentlemen, where we belong. I am tired of the whole business. You should not have taken us away from our rightful position, and certainly you need not have joined the Stundists."

The mother's voice trembled as she answered: "I joined the Stundists because they befriended me in an hour of extreme need and because their tenets are the best and purest in the world. But why do you say this now? What has happened to make you dislike the people among whom you have grown up, and to whom you, your brother and myself are indebted for everything?"

"It is true I have been associated with these people and have worked with them, but secretly I have never liked them, and a growing contempt for their narrow, spiritless lives and boasted purity is filling me with desperation. I loathe and detest them, and must break away or else destroy myself to pieces. I am not made of the poor stuff that can lead the life of these canting peasants. Why have you compelled me to associate with a horde of mean fanatics?"

"My son, have you no gratitude?"

"Gratitude! To whom should I be grateful? These people have been good-natured to us because it is our right to be treated with consideration, because their mean-spirited religion compels them to practice sympathetic virtues."

"James," said his mother, sternly, "I have heard you speak in something of this strain before, but never with such utter want of feeling as this evening. If you have no regard for your life-long friends, you should at least respect the feelings of your mother."

James, in no way abashed, continued: "Of course I do not wish to injure you, but it seems scarcely fair in you to reproach me, when it is to you I owe the false position in which I find myself, and which is so unbearable."

"Is your life any harder than your brother's or mine?"

"Of course it is. John," and he looked half with shame at the earnest, spiritual face of his brother, "is a born apostle. He works from deep conviction, and it has been his faith and love that have kept me on the traces so far. He needs no man's pity. But as for you, you cannot care as I do. You are a woman, and your day is over. Of course this is the only life suited to you now. Your youth is past, and you must have become accustomed to this."

For several minutes Mme. Stevenoff could not speak. At last in a cold, even voice she said: "Do you really think a woman of my age has no feeling? Do you think I have entirely forgotten the comforts, the friendships, the loves of my youth?"

"Oh, not forgotten, perhaps, but all that is past for you. If you had wanted those things why did you not stay in the midst of them?"

"Because I had to leave them for the sake of my children, my husband. I might have led a shameful life of luxury. Do you reproach me?"

"No, I don't reproach you; but, on the other hand, I do not know that I have any reason for being particularly grateful to you. You took your own choice before I was old enough to have any voice in the matter. It would have been better if you had left me with my family. I should not then be a miserable, despised workman, associated with a detestable band of fanatics."

"I may have been wrong to take you away from the members of your family, who could have given you the position to which you were entitled by birth," and the mother's voice was almost inaudible. "You were then my little baby. I could not leave you to the care of hirelings. Have I not compensated for the possible wrong done you by devoting every thought of my life to you and your brother since?"

"Yes, I suppose you have, but I owe you no special gratitude for that. You brought me into this world without my consent, and the least you could do was to take care of me after I arrived here."

"I agree with you that it is simply a mother's duty to take care of her children, but I had a double part to perform. Your father was killed before you were 3 years of age."

"Killed! Who killed him? Why did you never tell me this before?"

"Perhaps it would have been better if I had told you the story of my life long ago. I might have spared myself this painful hour."

In the pause that followed these words a light rap was heard at the door, which opened immediately after to admit the most radiant little maiden the eye of man ever rested upon. A young girl of about 16 with the brightest, sunniest face, the sweetest smile and the most entrancing dimples came hastily in. Without pausing for a word she put out the light.

"There, they shall not see the house a mile off at least. Father sent me here to tell you that half an hour ago he was asked to direct a police officer to this house. He misdirected the man and ran all the way home to send me here. He was afraid of being watched or he would have come himself. He says," she added, throwing her arms around Mme. Stevenoff's neck, "that James and John are going to be arrested. They are said to be nihilists, and the officers may be here any moment. Oh, tell your boys to go at once."

"Yes, go, my sons."

"What, and leave you here alone? Never!" They both spoke at once. The mother's heart was healed of the wound inflicted a few minutes before, but she said: "Let them think of me. I shall be safe. I am not suspected."

"Please go, John, tell James to go. I will take care of your mother," and the sweet, generous voice of the brave girl thrilled the hearts of the two men.

James Harley was rendered needless by a loud blow on the door, followed by several men headed by a subordinate officer. One of the men carried a lantern, which immediately revealed the suspected persons. No effort was made to evade the arrest, and the brothers were quickly handcuffed.

Mme. Stevenoff asked the cause of arrest and an answer was refused. The mother bade her sons a fearless and silent farewell, but the impulsive and affectionate girl by her side threw her arms about the necks of the brothers and wept and scolded with all her might.

"It was a shame! A burning shame! They had done nothing to deserve such treatment. The idea of saying they were nihilists! She had known them all her life. They were good. John was the best man in the world. She would go to prison to go with them. She wouldn't be afraid to tell the Czar himself what she thought."

Curiously enough, though she spoke most of John, her arms lingered longest around the neck of James.

At last they were gone. Mme. Stevenoff sat down for a moment to collect her thoughts and to decide upon the immediate steps to be taken. It at once occurred to her that if she lost sight of her boys she should have great trouble in finding out where they were confined, as there was no regular prison in the town. This decided her. She would follow them at a safe distance and ascertain their destination. To the dear girl who still wept she said:

"Good-bye, I will take you home, dear, and then I shall follow my boys."

"Indeed you won't take me home. I'm going with you. I promised to take care of you, and I want to go as much as you. I was just going to propose it myself. Come, we must hurry or they will be out of sight."

They followed cautiously and saw the young men locked up for the night. They also ascertained the lodging place of the superior officer who had recently been sent to the town to institute proceedings against the Stunda, and then they returned to the cheerless cottage.

At an early hour the next morning Mme. Stevenoff stood alone before the door of the Chief of Police and asked to be admitted. This was refused, but so pressing was her demand that the servant went again to the officer.

"Who is the woman?"

"The mother of the young men arrested last night—the Stevenoff brothers."

"I will not see her. Tell her so."

"I have told her so, but she will not go. She says she has something of importance to communicate."

After a little hesitation she was admitted. As she walked into the room the officer was struck with something familiar in the carriage and gait of the woman. Where had he seen her? A glance at her face reassured him. He had never seen her before. That countenance once seen could not be forgotten.

He was wrong. For a moment Mme. Stevenoff stood speechless, unable to control her voice. At last she spoke: "Feodor Menchikoff, you once had a sister."

"True. What of her?"

"I am she—Sophia Menchikoff."

He looked sharply at her for a moment and then said with a scornful laugh: "My beautiful sister died years ago."

"Feodor, I am Sophia Menchikoff."

Something familiar in the voice and the earnest truthfulness of her manner startled him.

"Impossible. I know that my sister is dead."

"She did not die. You were deceived. This poor scarred face that you gaze upon with horror is the face of your only sister, and the two men you had arrested last night are my sons and your nephews."

Though Mme. Stevenoff had little trouble in establishing her identity, yet no gleam of recognition or welcome shone in her brother's face. His astonishment and consternation were difficult to hide, but he was determined that the grave should not give up its dead. His sister had disappeared many years ago under extraordinary circumstances, circumstances so damning to her character that her family had thankfully received the news of her death soon after. Shortly before her death her two children had been stolen from the nurse who had them in charge, and no tidings had ever been received of them, though the search had been continued for years.

Menchikoff rapidly reviewed this unwelcome reappearance, and again resolved that his sister should not be resurrected. It would place him in a most uncomfortable, even dangerous, position. Certain questions in reference to his sister's share of the property would arise. That could perhaps be arranged, but her connection with the despised Stundists and her two obnoxious sons, this could not be endured.

His nephews were fanatical members of a community who were under the extreme displeasure of the Czar, and against whom he had received orders to use the most stringent measures. Lastly, what could he do with a sister whose appearance was repulsive, almost frightful.

What could have happened to her? His heart almost faltered as he thought of the change in the once lovely girl. It was best, however, to think of self first. With such a family known to belong to him he would find himself under suspicion—would most probably share their fate, instead of lifting them out of their misfortunes. He must also think of his wife and children. But one safe course occurred to him at that moment. It was disagreeable and he shrunk from it, but what could he do?

He walked into the next room and summoned a couple of his men. This woman is an impostor and a member of the Stunda. She is implicated with her sons in the conspiracy we have discovered. Arrest her and place her in solitary confinement." As the men started to discharge their duty Menchikoff said: "Treat her kindly, and see that she has everything she needs."

Mme. Stevenoff submitted without a word to the order of arrest. Her brother's course had for a moment paralyzed her faculties. She presently found herself alone in a comfortable room. She soon recovered from the blow she had received. Her life had prepared her for everything except happiness.

Now that Menchikoff had disposed of his sister for the time being, he must see his nephews and ascertain the danger in that direction. He found them, to his great satisfaction, almost entirely ignorant of their mother's past life, and with no suspicious curiosity as to his motives in questioning them. The one disquieting fact in their possession was a knowledge of the superior condition of their mother's family. Even this, however, did not extend far beyond a certainty that she belonged to the educated class. They did not even know their name.

Menchikoff saw at once the difference in the two brothers. John had an earnest, religious nature, gracious and sweet, while James was proud, obstinate and ambitious. From John he had little to apprehend, but James had the audacity to hint at revenge if he were punished for a crime of which he declared himself innocent. Menchikoff was almost thrown off his guard by the boldness of his nephew, and found himself terribly embarrassed. The arrogance of James crushed the momentary wealth of hope shed in his heart by the gentle manners and attractive face of John, who reminded him of his favorite child—the son for whom he was more determined than for any other reason to sacrifice these dangerous relations. Why should he hesitate? The task must be easy.

After his interview with his nephews Menchikoff returned to his room. What should he do? There was little to be feared from John, but James was a dangerous man. His sister, if she could prove her identity, was also dangerous. While they lived he could never hope to be at rest. The world would be little troubled in having them sent into exile, but suppose by some unexpected caprice of the Government a trial should be ordered? Of this there was generally little danger, but a cruel fate might force this unusual difficulty upon him. It was clear that he should take advantage of his position as Chief of Police in this place to disengage himself from an entanglement which otherwise might result in great harm to himself.

A brief investigation had assured him that his sister and her sons had taken no part in the conspiracy; in fact he was compelled to admit to himself that the Stundists were, so far as he knew, innocent of the charges brought against them. This, however, should remain a secret in his own breast. It was to his interest to rigorously enforce the orders he had been given and to conceal every reason for leniency on the part of the Government.

A friend of his had recently been disgraced and banished for discovering innocence where he had been determined that guilt should exist. He could not afford to frain from placing himself in the power of those who would gladly hasten his downfall. After considering the matter from every point of view he concluded that no time must be lost. This dispatch was sent off immediately:

"I find the Stevenoffs a dangerous family. They are ringleaders and are bold and determined, but no actual proof of guilt can be found against them. I await instructions."

Answer—We must be rid of them at any cost.

Now Menchikoff went to see his sister. He found her quite composed and fully aware of the difficulties by which she was surrounded. For herself she did not care, but she still hoped to resort to any means to free her sons. To appeal to the greatest contrition for the course he had taken. He was now convinced that he had treated her with injustice. He continued: "I have thought over all you have told me and I am sure that you are my sister. You must forgive me for my hasty incredulity when you take into consideration all the circumstances of the past. You know that I was little more than a boy when I saw you last. Why did you leave us and why did you break the hearts of our parents by your unexplained disappearance?"

Sophia buried her face in her hands and wept bitterly. It was so easy to forgive and believe in her brother. She herself was the culprit, though an innocent one. Her brother, on the contrary, seemed impossible to believe the sister so long mourned as dead still lived. Now I realize the truth of your statements and I have come to make amends. But first explain your past. Why did you associate with these people, and where have you been all these years? Why did you lead your family to mourn you as dead?"

"I shall be glad to tell you everything.

I am extremely thankful that the hour has come when I can pour my unhappy story into a sympathising ear. Not the least part of my suffering has been the secrecy and loneliness in which I have felt obliged to imbose myself. I have felt it best to hide everything from my children. Now that I have found you I can tell them all, and you will help them to recover their rightful station and the inheritance to which they are entitled."

Menchikoff winced at his sister's generous estimate of his future usefulness, but she was absorbed in her own past sorrow and present hope, and his emotion was unnoticed.

"But excuse me, brother," she at last proceeded; "I will not longer delay. It is no easy matter to reopen the long-hidden wounds of the past. You must remember my happy home, my good husband and lovely babes. Everything went well with me. In an evil hour my husband persuaded me to leave my children and go with him to spend the winter in St. Petersburg. There I had the misfortune to attract the regard of General B. He pursued me with attentions. I found myself in a close marriage, driven rapidly, I know not whither. A strange servant supported me. She could or would tell me nothing, though she was otherwise kind and considerate. We rode for many miles. Food and wine, from which I turned with loathing, were pressed upon me. At last we reached a dismal country house. I was compelled to alight and enter. That night I saw no one except the servant who had accompanied me in the carriage and who never left me.

"A few days of quiet and solitude were given me in which to recover from the immediate effects of the shock I had received. But how could I recover when my husband had been murdered and my children were away I knew not where? How could I help being crazy with grief and despair? Over and over again I asked the servant why I had been taken from my home. A week passed and then I was enlightened. General B. arrived. He said I now belonged to him and that I should never leave him.

"I frightened him by my violence. He said I was a devil incarnate and locked me in my room alone. That night I inflicted the wounds upon my face that rendered me sufficiently frightful to make him turn from me with horror the next day when he opened my door. A terrible illness followed, and then I was glad to give me my liberty. He no longer spoke of love. When I was at length well enough to be moved I was sent to this place, and the same servant who had nursed me faithfully through everything stole my children, at my frantic entreaty, and they came with me. General B. was glad to have me safely out of the way, and he must have reported the story of my death. I have lived here ever since and learned to work that I might support my children. I joined the Stundists because the purity and simplicity of their lives came to me as a beautiful revelation after the scenes through which I had passed, and I subscribe to their doctrines with all my heart. My boys have been brought up in this faith and John is earnestly devoted to it. James is more worldly in ambition and is more stirred by the restless blood of his ancestors, but they have neither of them broken the laws of God or man, and I am sure you will soon order their release."

Menchikoff affected the greatest sympathy for his sister's past sorrows and promised everything she desired. He was, however, deeply pained to assure her of the impossibility of immediately freeing herself and sons. He was afraid that a long imprisonment was unavoidable. In fact, imprisonment was the least evil to be apprehended. The Government had reason to be greatly incensed against the Stunds.

To openly release his sister and her sons would be impossible, but there were other ways of evading an unjust punishment. He would manage an opportunity for escape. Sophia asked to be allowed to see her sons. This Menchikoff, with great reluctance, refused for the present. The truth was he wished to keep his nephews in ignorance of their mother's past life, and she now believed the time had come to make them acquainted with it.

Menchikoff took his leave with the avowed intention of arranging a plan for their escape, and he determined the attempt should be made as soon as possible. His nephews, to insure his own safety, must be led to suppose that the plan originated in their own minds, and for this purpose a shrewd old man, who had been in his employ many years, was sent to the young men. He represented himself as also under arrest, and artfully suggested, or rather led James to suggest, a plan for escape, which had already been decided upon between his master and himself. James was ready for any desperate undertaking and readily followed the lead of his cunning adviser, who was himself to accompany them. John would rather have awaited a trial, having unlimited faith in the justice and mercy of God, but was overpersuaded by his brother.

After they had decided upon a course of action the old man Ivan told them of a fourth person who would join them at the last moment. The person Ivan, this was Mme. Stevenoff disguised as a man. The brothers were not aware of the arrest of their mother, and could not, therefore, suspect that she was to make one of the party.

Ivan knew nothing of the hidden machinations of Menchikoff. He saw in the part he was to play only a desire to save these innocent persons from a long imprisonment. After all the arrangements for escape had been made and the hour decided upon, Menchikoff summoned one of his most reliable men and revealed to them the fact that he had received information of an indefinite character that an effort would be made to release the Stevenoff brothers at a certain time specified. He therefore ordered the men to occupy a sheltered place, past which he had been told the prisoners would go if they really attempted so unexpected a move. In case of an outbreak the most uncompromising measures must be used. Things had gone too far to be treated with moderation. The prisoners were to be ordered to halt, and if they failed to instantly obey the command they were to be shot down without mercy. An example must be made of them which would deter others from following in their footsteps.

At midnight the party started. Everything went well. So perfectly adjusted were the details of the escape that doors seemed to open of themselves. For half an hour they traveled without meeting the least interruption. As previously decided no word had been spoken by any member of the party except Ivan, who directed the movements of the rest. The brothers were still not aware of the presence of their mother. At last a feeling of security began to steal over them and they unconsciously slackened their pace. A few rods farther and a sharp "Halt!" rang out upon the clear, cold air.

As they had been ordered, this sound only increased their rapid movements. In a moment three shots arrested their onward course. Two of the fugitives fell lifeless. A third turned with the fierceness of a tiger, evidently determined to fight for his life. He fought with such strength and ferocity that it required the united strength of four men to overcome him. When he was at last bound hand and foot it was found that he had received a death wound when he had been fired upon. This was James Stevenoff, and his mother and brother lay near him already dead. Ivan remained in the background unhurt. When a conveyance had been obtained to carry the wounded man to the village it was found that he had already joined his mother and brother.

When it was known in the village that Mme. Stevenoff and her sons were dead the concessions of grief and indignation were loud and deep. The old people remembered the day when the deeply scarred face of the young widow had first appeared among them, and her two handsome boys had grown up in their midst. Her unvarying goodness and kind-heartedness recovered her face to them, and they had grown to love it too much to remember that it was not beautiful.

Menchikoff publicly expressed his regret that such extreme measures had been taken, and secretly he felt the mark of Cain upon his brow.

At the same hour that the Stevenoff family were meeting their death their cottage was burned to the ground, and thus all trace of the family disappeared. Nothing remains of them now but three graves, and these are tended by a sweet, sad-eyed girl who wept her radiant bloom away when James Stevenoff was hidden from her sight.

MARIE VALHASKY.

A GARDEN OF LONG, LONG AGO.

I can see long back in fancy, in kaleidoscopic view,
Mid the circling disc of time rings that my mind is gazing through—
A fairyland of beauty which my early childhood
Where the purest, sweetest flowers and the softest shades grew.

The paths were stiffly outlined by a borderings of box,
The flower beds flashed brightly with marigold and phlox,
While the grasshoppers grew precisely, in a fashion orthodox,
To evade the crafty coming of each spotting two-legged fox.

I can see the drooping pear tree, stooping low to touch the ground,
And forget a rival sweetness where it moment could be found;
While the heavy bees grew heavy, as they circled round and round,
And clamped their wings in soft applause, with fuzzy, happy sound.

The currants flashed to crimson 'neath the brightness of the sun,
Until, all red and rosy, they shook their heads for fun,
And tumbled off demurely in the green grass, one by one,
To wait until the children adown the pathway run.

And then—the very best of all—the merry little brook
That dashed along and splashed along with circling curve and crook,
Yet held its little mirrors where the lilies bent to look,
And gave us tiny concerts from a natural music book.

As I tell myself the story, my heart is all aglow
With reverberating pleasures, that from the recess grow.
So I write it down glimpses of it, that others, too, may know
The sweetness and completeness of the distant long ago.

—Alice Crary, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Its Origin.

The quotation beginning, "I expect to pass through this world but once," has been inquired for many times and sought diligently. Somebody has found the idea expressed in a little poem by Joseph A. Torney:

Through this toilsome world, alas!
Once and only once I pass.
If a kindness I may show,
If a good deed I may do
To any suffering fellow-man,
Let me do it while I can,
No delay it, for 'tis plain
I shall not pass this way again.

And somebody else writes that he has discovered that the quotation almost exactly as used by Professor Drummond, is from the epitaph on the tomb of Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire.—*Good Housekeeping.*

In the outskirts of Kelv lived Mme. Aradus, a widow and the mother of five children. Her husband, whose mysterious death had occurred two years before, had been employed in a subordinate position in the University of Kelv, where his brilliant talents and accomplishments, his acquaintance with Greek and all the principal European tongues had not spared him the drudgery of a menial place, but had, nevertheless, secured him constant employment from a professor who could boast of no fitness for his duties except a relationship with a favorite member of the court of St. Petersburg.

It was night, and Mme. Aradus sat in her small dingy home mending a tattered garment by a dim, uncertain light. By her side sat her only daughter, a girl of 15, wearily working at some fine needlework.

The daughter, Ruth, was singularly beautiful. Her eyes were large, lustrous and full of expression, her nose straight and delicately chiseled, her perfect mouth revealed in speaking regular teeth of exquisite purity. Massed of black hair waving the naturally shaded a broad forehead, and her oval face terminated in an exquisite chin. She was tall and slender and her rounded limbs were full of grace and symmetry. Her hands and feet were perfectly proportioned and she moved them with lightness and decision. To her dress, which was of the cheapest material, she had contrived to give a certain air of distinction. When she spoke her voice was full and rich, yet subdued and mournful.

The mother must have once looked as the daughter did then. She was still an attractive woman, with a sweet, winsome manner, but time had pressed heavily upon her. She listened to her daughter with an affectionate, anxious, self-reproachful look in her still beautiful eyes. Her children were unhappy. The fault was not hers, but having brought them into the world she could not rid herself of a feeling of painful responsibility. To have failed to make them glad that they were born was to her the unpardonable sin. Their conversation will give an insight into the not uncommon hardships of the class to which they belonged.

"I said Ruth, "I am afraid I cannot finish this to-night; my eyes have almost given out," and a tremulous sigh escaped her lips.

"Well, dear," cheerfully, "put it away. We shall be able to manage. Louis will be home in a few minutes, and he is to be paid this evening."

"Is it not outright that he has steady work at last? What a weary time we have had!"

"Yes, it has lasted a long time, but no one is miserable forever. A change does come to every one in course of time."

"Oh, mother, you have said that so many times before!" and the young girl looked at her mother with a sad smile.

"I know, Ruth, but the very fact that good fortune has so long delayed makes it certain to come at last. We have surely had disappointments and sorrows enough."

Ruth's tone was supplicating entreating comfort as she said, "Before father died you said that, and now he has been dead two years."

"Of course you are right, but what a tiresome girl you are! If I had begun to despair at your age, what a worn-out old woman I should be! If you are so hopeless now, what will you be when you are as old as I am?"

"Oh, mother, I trust I shall not live so long!" The mother turned almost savagely, tortured beyond endurance. "How can you talk so! Why do you make my life more miserable than it is already?"

"I don't mean to mother. But look at me. I have had nothing—nothing in my life."

"You are ungrateful. Have you not had your mother and your brothers? Where are there better brothers than yours?"

"Yes, I know they are good, and you are the best mother in the world. But can a young girl live without anything but a mother and brothers? When you were a young girl you had a pleasant home. Mine is so poor and ugly and cold. We have not even the time to keep it clean. You had plenty of pretty clothes and could go where you pleased."

"Yes, dear, but as you say, everything is gone now, and the memory only makes our present poverty the more bitterly hard to bear."

"It cannot be so, mother; nothing is so dreadful as never to have had anything. My life has been a perfect blank. I watch other young girls, when by chance I see them, with wonder. Their light, happy ways and gay nonsense is an unintelligible language to me."

"Ah! my child, you fortune me."

"Forgive me, dearest. I mean not the shadow of reproach to you. You have been the kindest, most unselfish mother. But there is a terrible wrong somewhere. Why are we cut off from every good? Why are we set apart for a life of misfortune?"

"We are not, dear one. We are not singled out. You are morbid. Many, many lead a hard a life as we."

"If that is so, so much the greater wrong. Look at the thousands who have every luxury. We have not always enough to eat. Look at other boys not so good, handsome or bright as my brothers, who have no trouble in finding employment and who, when they find a place, easily keep it."

"True, dear, but ——"

"Yet our boys are pursued by misfortunes of every description. They are discharged for a mistake or an offence against it, or other boys. I am accused to the girls with whom I wish to associate. I must seek companionship among the low and vulgar or else remain alone."

At this moment a footstep was heard and the mother looked up with evident relief, thankful for a break in the painful conversation. She hurriedly said, "Hush, child, your brother Louis is coming."

A tall, handsome young man of nineteen entered the room, but quite without his usual cheerfulness. He kissed his mother and sister and threw himself heavily into a chair. Something was wrong, for Louis was usually the light of the household. His gay nonsense and merry song pierced the gloom of the darkest day. His mother looked anxiously at him, but had not the courage to ask what new misfortune had destroyed the hopefulness of the morning.

At last Ruth broke the silence. Her question and manner showed the habitual anticipation of evil.

"Well, Louis, what is it now?"

After a little delay, long enough, however, to strain the nerves of the two women to an unendurable tension, Louis said: "You, of course, remember that I was to be paid to-day for last month's work?"

"Yes," hurriedly from mother and sister.

"Well, I was paid, and half an hour after was arrested for attending public worship yesterday with our people. I protested that I did not know it was against the law. This made no difference. I was threatened with the knout if I complained. My employer, who happens to be in unusual need of my services, interfered in my behalf and I was let off on my liberty after being reprimanded and fined twice the amount of the wages I had just received. My employer paid the extra sum with the understanding that I should work two months for the sum paid. It is most devilish extortion, but I am helpless, if I leave him I shall go to prison. Now I see nothing but starvation before us. We had hard enough work to live before."

Mme. Aradus had so many times faced an equally hopeless dilemma that while Louis was talking this last outrage her courage rose to meet the occasion. How many times had she crushed the despair in her own heart to cheer her worn-out husband? And on that last day, when only she knew the secret of the rash act that had driven him to a watery grave, her children, fatherless, how had she bravely called her family about her, and started them anew upon the safest and best road possible, amid the countless footfalls to which they were surrounded. She said, bravely: "We shall not starve, Louis. Do not despair. We shall only have to do without your wages two months. Henry is at work now, and his health is so much improved that we have every reason to hope he will be able to continue. Ruth and I have needle work enough to keep us busy for some time, and a promise of more. We shall do very well, I am sure. Then consider what a merciful thing it is that your employer pays your fine rather than lose your services in the shop. At last you seem to be appreciated."

"Oh, mother! will nothing teach you that others do not see your children with your eyes? My employer will keep me the two months I receive no wages and then discharge me."

"Nonsense, Louis; how you croak this evening. Well, at any rate Henry has a good place, and here he comes."

During the latter part of this discourse a noise had been heard in the next room. Now it became so importunate that Ruth arose and opened the door. Two sweet, childish voices were calling—

"Sister, sister, let Louis come?"

"Yes, yes, boys. What do you want?"

"We want Louis. He promised to bring us something."

"Never mind to-night. He good little boys and go to sleep. Louis is very tired. To-morrow he will tell you if he has anything for you."

"But he promised to bring us something to-night. Tell him to come here just for a minute."

"He can't come now. He is talking with mamma. Be good and sister will tell you a story."

"No, no; we want Louis. He must come. He promised for certain. If he doesn't come we'll go to him," and the two rosy, curly-headed little rogues [illegible]

bled out of bed and came rushing to the door where their sister stood warming them back.

"Do go back to bed, boys. Louis will not see you to-night." But finding they would not obey her she called: "Mamma, do please come to these naughty boys; they will not mind me."

Mme. Aradus arose and led the little fellows unwillingly back. After being half-smothered by their fond, fearful caresses she succeeded in coaxing them to lie down and wait until mornine to see their brother, who lacked the courage to acknowledge his inability to obtain the present he had promised them.

At last they slept, and their mother after softly kissing their chubby faces left them to the sweet dreams of childhood, and returned to soothe the spirits made less me sageable by a longer acquaintance with the inevitable ills of life.

But what a delight those two little innocent, light-hearted, frolicsome fellows were! What a relief to turn them after a day of toil and anxiety! How their loving little hands smoothed away the fast accumulating wrinkles. Their mother and sire welcomed their advent into the world with the same joy she had felt at the birth of the older children, but how often she had since acknowledged that her Father had "cured her before" than she knew" in bestowing this unasked-for gift.

They were strong, healthy, bright and beautiful. She and the older children confidentially, she thought, guard them from hunger and pain. The oldest son, Henry, whose entrance into the world was interrupted by the noise of his little brothers, was like his father had been—grave, dignified and scholarly.

Although he was the oldest of the family, little had been expected from him, it fell to the age of 17 years before his parents saw so precocious that he had ever since been so inventful. Lately his health had improved and he had been able to do light work. He had hoped to become a physician and had entered eagerly upon the study of medicine, but a recent proclamation had forbidden the learned professions to his persecuted people.

Henry had always a sad face, but tonight he looked unusually depressed, and when asked the cause could scarcely answer. At last he herself himself and told them that he had received notice that he must start the next day for ——, where he must undergo an examination as a military recruit.

This startled and aroused Mme. Aradus beyond control. With a voice full of anguish she cried, "You shall not go, my child! You are not strong enough! How can you go? How are you expected to go?"

"Nevertheless go. I must walk—chained to a convict, perhaps."

"Oh, you shall not go. There must be some redress. I will go herself to the officer. I must do something to spare you."

But while she spoke she knew the case was hopeless, and to the dismay of her children deep sobs shook her wornout frame.

Both threw her arms about her mother and wept with her, but Henry and Louis, finding their accustomed support suddenly taken away, were first helpless, and then aroused to a manly effort to comfort the weeping women.

"Dear mother," said Henry, "do not feel so terribly. I would never weakling to alarm myself or let you much depressed. I shall bear it bravely and come back to you all right. I shall not be gone long, and when I do come back, as of course I shall, being no good for nothing for a soldier, you will have your worthless son just to your worn string for the rest of his life."

The mother tried to smile, but just now she found it impossible. The accumulation of troubles had completely overwhelmed even her brave spirit. She could say nothing, but busied herself in making the few preparations possible for the terrible parting on the morrow.

And, besides the pecuniar, now they really must starve. What would become of the two little boys asleep in the next room?

But she must forget everything else until Henry had gone. Just now she would not rest in that event ended everything. Henry was her first-born, and his peculiar temperament and the irritability of constant pain had made him a most devoted and loving son to the faithful, conscientious mother. She had been constantly on guard to prevent trouble between himself and his brother or occasional playmates, and she alone knew their amusements, his cold, reserved exterior and a sensitive, shrinking spirit, never seen ordinarily save to the harassings of their unhappy lot.

Now and the father had been united in their efforts to give their children the largest culture possible under the circumstances, and when fate had crushed the father's hopes the mother's feel more than ever merged every thought and love in the welfare of her children. Now it seemed that her whole life was about to become bankrupt.

Henry was to be taken from her and thrown into the companionship of the most vile. He must undergo during his trial a brutality of treatment almost past belief.

A neighbor's son, a coarse, rough young man, infinitely better able to bear the hardships of such a trip than Henry, had received from the journey broken in mind and body. It was a well-known fact that the convicts with whom they were obliged to travel were allowed to treat the Jewish recruits as they pleased; to whip, maim or even kill them with impunity. It was also known to be a fact that routes was utterly hopeless, as they were directly to be committed to this inhuman abuse and treated it with worse than indifference.

There was literally nothing to be done. Go he must. Dear Louis went secretly and offered himself in Henry's place, but was refused.

It was carefully hidden from Henry that the income of the family had been cut off with the exception of the few coins the mother and sister could earn by needlework. He own troubles were enough without adding to them anxiety about those he left behind him.

The next breakfast the house afforded was given him, and he started. No words can describe the pain and dread of those who remained at home.

Louis went to his work without a sufficient breakfast. He left his family with little food, and knew that he should bring nothing on his return.

Everything possible was reserved for the two hearty, hungry little boys. They never missed a meal. Mme. Aradus and her sister were united in their efforts to hide everything from their sweet, unoughtless eyes. The devoted ones worked harder and harder and ate less and less, but, with all their efforts there came a day when the little ones cried for bread. Soon they forgot their noisy play and grew pale and quiet. Mme. Aradus and Ruth worked ceaselessly. Ruth no longer dreamed of the pretty dresses and gayeties of other young girls.

Day by day the little boys grew more and more quiet. The two women remembered, with a terrible heartache, that they had sometimes held their aching heads and wondered if anything could keep those children still. Now they were still enough.

The days went on, and one morning the mother found the little boys were ill and feverish. She knew directly that if they were attacked by some childish malady in their present state of weakness they must die, unless the most efficient measures could be used. She awoke Ruth, who was sleeping heavily.

As soon as Ruth had sufficiently awakened to the miseries of a new day, her mother said: "Dear, our poor little boys are sick this morning. We must have some nourishing food for them or they will die. An hour will finish the work you have on hand. Finish it as quickly as possible and take it to the shop, and return immediately."

Without a word or a moment's delay Ruth went to work. In an hour she had started on the long walk. As she hurried along she saw to her dismay a crowd of boys coming toward her. Experience had taught her that she was never safe from insult.

When the boys saw her they called out: "Here comes the pretty Jewess. Let's see what she carries to market so early this morning."

She implored them to let her pass, but they were but upon tormenting her. They snatched her bundle and tore it open. They passed it delicately and contemptuously from hand to hand, wiped their faces and noses upon it. One boy who happened to have a tube of black paint in his pocket wrote his name upon it. This was extremely diverting. Other boys wrote smart couplets. When it was returned to her it was only fit to be thrown in the gutter. Nevertheless she hastened to her employer and received the abuse she expected. "Her carelessness," he said, "made it impossible to give her any more work, and she must pay for the materials wasted."

She returned empty-handed and found the little boys much worse. In their delirium they talked all the time of nice things to eat.

Louis came and went and said never a complaining word, but his eyes became more and more sunken and his face more and more pallid. Was there not one human being to care that this family were starving to death? Not one. They were Russian Jews.

After two days' illness the little boys died. The day after Louis was discharged, for Henry had told him that he had so fallen off in his efficiency that he was no longer of any use.

The mother, brother and sister sat beside the couch on which reposed all that remained of the once bright, jolly little boys.

They were such dear little fellows! Their mother loved them as tenderly as you love your beautiful boy whose golden curls you have been lovingly caressing. They were the sunshine and joy of their sister's heart, their "big brothers" looked forward through the weary day to evening with the "company" in the evening. Now they were dead. Starved to death.

A friend not quite so forlorn as themselves helped them bury their dead and kept them alive until Louis could earn a little more.

At last Henry came home, less worn by his wretched journey than had been expected. He had been found unfit for service, but had been ordered to hold himself in readiness to repeat the journey at any time the Governor might command. He might be recalled at any moment.

Curiously enough he obtained employment almost immediately, and the mother hoped a little time would be given her children to repair their broken energies. But this was not yet to be.

A few days had scarcely elapsed before Henry was arrested by the police, and among other recruits imprisoned to await the arrival of a gang of convicts with whom he must proceed to the next prison. The thoughts of again associating with criminal convicts for months completely unnerved him. This second trip was far worse than the first, as he found himself with a more brutal class of prisoners.

The weary weeks passed by, and contrary to the expectations of either himself or his family he lived to return a second time. Late in the afternoon he entered his wretched home, dusty, ragged and travel-stained, with the traces of the torture he had received indelibly fixed upon his face. There was little hope that he would ever arise from the couch of pain on which he threw himself upon his entrances. Everywhere he saw fresh indications of the relentless cruelties with which his people were pursued, but his unceasing pain made him regardless of everything. He looked upon the misery about him with indifference.

When told of the death of his little brothers, he said, "Thank God, they are out of the world."

There was no longer hope in any member of the family, only the mother tried to cheer her children.

But at the eleventh hour help came. Baron de Hirsch stretched out his hand and saved this family, as well as thousands of others who were sinking under the load of years and years of oppression.

If only the help had come a little sooner! When the means of deliverance came to them an instant change took place in the younger members of the family. Henry feebly arose, but he felt a renewal of the springs of life. Louis' woe-begone face brightened and Ruth wiped her lovely brown eyes and straightened her mother's disarranged dress. Only Mme. Aradus sat pale and motionless. For her, as well as for the little boys, it was too late.

Now that she was no longer imperatively needed her strength deserted her. She encouraged her children to hasten and when the little ones cheerful and uncomplaining, but she knew that the path she was destined to tread must part her from her earthly treasures and unite her with the little boys who had gone before.

In the few following days her children were busy to see the shadow of the parting, but suddenly the end came.

When the knowledge that her mother was dying came to Ruth it was a blow from which to all the years to come she will never recover. The dying mother whispered: "It is better, my darlings. Could I live in a new home with the memory of my starved little boys? You are young, be happy."

"Happy! mother! with you gone?"

"Yes, dear ones, in God's good time."

They opened the grave of the little boys that the mother might lie beside them.

Her children parted from her upon that darkest of all dark days, and with a destitute pain in their heart they turned their faces toward their new home. May peace and prosperity attend them.

MARIE VALHARRY.

"JUST A FEW SPECIMENS."

Jacob Z. Davis' Modest Mention of His Treasures.

There seems to be an impression among collectors of minerals and other curiosities that Jacob Z. Davis has at his home, 408 Post street, one of the most interesting collections of them all. Some there are who have larger collections than Mr. Davis and some have more different things, but everybody who has anything to say about cabinets winds up with the remark, "But you must be sure to see J. Z. Davis'." And so it came to pass that Mr. Davis was called on in furtherance of the objects of this article. Mr. Davis, however, does not claim to have a particularly notable collection, though he modestly admits that there may be "a few interesting things" in it. At any rate, it is

P. E. Davis' cabinet corner.

conveniently and artistically arranged in a corner of Mr. Davis' library, as shown in the accompanying illustration, and it presents a very attractive appearance to one who judges things only by their effect on the senses. Perhaps the most interesting single item in this collection is Mr. Davis' California diamond which is just now on exhibition at the Mechanics' Fair, but which occupies a place of honor when at home in the cabinet on Post street. This diamond is not the largest of its kind, but it is particularly noted for its being octohedron with waving curves and double terminated as perfectly as shaped by hand, though it was found just as it now is. Mr. Davis insists that it has no value whatever, though he would not part with it under any consideration. The most prominent feature of this cabinet collection to the casual observer is a great sphere of what looks like a marble, painted to resemble the skin of a tiger. Looked at from a nearer point of view and it is seen to be a perfectly turned globe of crocodile, or what the uninitiated call tiger eye. Finger rings and other ornaments are frequently made of it, but here is a ball four inches in diameter, sparkling under the light with black and gold and bronze and gray shades, according to the way it is turned, and filling the observer with wonder as to how these colors came to be in such a solid rock. The slab from which this sphere was cut must have been fully six inches thick. Close by this sphere is a great chunk of calcite from the Mackey mine, known as the dog-tooth spar, representing what looks like scores of dog teeth jumbled together and growing out of the rock. Mr. Davis also has some excellent specimens of iron pyrites and a great many pieces of beautiful tourmalines. He also has a peculiar piece of agate, so cut as to display a double tint like that of a tree, but looking in this instance like the eyes of an owl.

His most remarkable piece of agate, however, is a bowl 10¼x8¾ inches made from a single piece of fortification agate, and cut to such a nicety that the edges are scarcely thicker than a wineglass. Rapgently on the edge of the bowl and it rings like the bell of a cathedral. Hold it up to the light and it is found to be graceful and prismatic curves that no painter could accurately reproduce. Mr. Davis has also another curious thing, which must be held up to the light to be fully appreciated. This is a great piece of chalcedony from Pescadero, which, neatly sawed between the eye and a bright light, discloses water and air bubbles in its center, much the same as water pebbles, but on a much larger scale. In this collection also are several specimens of rutiles in quartz, known to laymen as "cupid's arrows." They look like thistle down floating in water; but how did they ever get inside those crystals? Here, too, is a composite mass of copper, milky quartz, azurite and arborescent. It is a odd jumble but a pretty one, and the combination is a rare one.

Mr. Davis also has a great deal of all-quartz amethyst, of gold and silver ores in different stages, and of specimens friends have sent him from many curious corners of the earth. His collection of crystals is also not the one, but the combination is a rare one.

Mr. Davis also has a great deal of all-quartz amethyst, of gold and silver ores in different stages, and of specimens friends have sent him from many curious corners of the earth. His collection of crystals is also not the one, but the combination is a rare one.

The above points are simply referred to as a few among many things that Mr. Davis has good reason to be proud to possess, and which he possesses with unusually modest complacency.

THE SOD HOUSE GOING

AN EARLY FEATURE OF PRAIRIE LIFE.

How These Odd Structures Were Built—A Most Comfortable Habitation.

"The sod house of the Kansas and Nebraska plains is following the buffalo and antelope into the land of legends," said a resident of Topeka recently to a Washington *Post* representative.

"A good many of the queer structures are still standing and in some instances are yet used as human habitations, but most of them are utilized as stables for horses or cattle and are slowly crumbling away to become indistinguishable in their original earth. When I first went West, years ago, my father took up the acres as far as his eye could reach in what is now Eastern Nebraska. There was not a tree in sight of the knoll he had selected for the spot upon which his residence should be erected, and the nearest place where lumber could be secured was sixty miles away. He put up a small tent in which to cook and eat; the family slept in the wagons and with my brothers and the hired man to help, set about making a house.

"The thick sod was cut from the prairie in slabs about two feet wide by three in length, and on the side of the knoll where the excavation had been made these slabs were placed one on top of the other until the required height was reached. It was arduous work, and I remember what a lot of excitement there was when my father and my brother Dent started off early one morning to go after the ridge pole and rafters that were to support the roof. They took only the running gear of our small wagon, and I cried like a good fellow when they started off, because I thought they had broken up my new vehicle.

"They were gone nearly a week, and reached home in the middle of one night after their journey of 120 miles. They had brought a long, round piece of timber, like a slender telegraph pole, with numerous other smaller pieces, and my mother nearly had a fit of delight when they proudly displayed a door and two window sashes, with a bundle of glass for the latter. There was great rejoicing when the ridge pole was put in place and the rafters run down from it to rest on the sod walls, and then came the laborious task of putting on the sod roof so that it would keep out the rain and snow.

"At last it was completed and we moved in. The house had four rooms, which was unusual for such structures, and its two windows soon made it known all over that section of the West as the 'shack with the glass eyes.' There was never a more comfortable building erected than a sod house. They are not at all damp, as one would suppose, and they are as warm as you could desire in winter, while in summer they are the most delightfully cool places imaginable. But they are rapidly disappearing now, and where you see one you are sure to find near it a modern cottage with its windmill, just as you do out at our place."

MARRIED. 1895.

CHADWICK–FISKE—At Relf, Lake Co., Cal., September 12, 1895, Frank H. Chadwick to Rose K. Fiske, formerly of Santa Cruz, both of Lake Co.

ROBERTS—In Corralitos, September 23, Wm. M. Roberts, aged 58 years.

DIED.

TUTTLE—In San Miguel canyon, September 22, Hiram C. Tuttle, brother of Owen Tuttle and Wm. Tuttle of Watsonville, aged 58 years.

OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST.

"Feeding the Chickens," by Miss Marie H. Philip, S. F.

OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST.

"A Little Corner by Flash-light," by H. B. Hosmer. "A Country Lane"—Niles Canyon—by W. H. Rabe, S. F.

A CENT COINED IN GOLD.

A Mint Proof of the "Fugio" Coin of 1787 Owned in Baltimore.

A mint proof in gold of a copper cent is a great rarity, but W. L. Boyd of Baltimore has in his possession a gold proof of the first cent issued by the United States Government. It is over 100 years old.

Under the Confederation on October 16, 1786, Congress passed an ordinance for establishing a mint, and on July 6, 1787, the first cents were coined, 300 tons in copper being ordered of James Jarvis, the contractor. This coin was called the Fugio cent, because of the inscription on it. The obverse bore a sun dial with the sun at meridian, on one side of which was the word "Fugio," referring to the flight of time, while on the other was the date, 1787. Below the dial was the legend, "Mind Your Business," from which the coin gained the name "Franklin cent," inasmuch as he was said to have uttered that sententious remark. The reverse bore a chain of thirteen links, each of which represented one of the original States. In the center were the words, "We are One," surrounded by a ring inscribed with the words, "United States."

Mr. Boyd's gold cent is exactly as here described, but there are seven varieties of the Fugio coin, most of the differences being of minor importance. One of them, however, has the name of the country "States United." Another, which is very rare, has each of the chain links marked with the name of a State. After the Fugio coins were made the Government put out no other coinage until 1791, when the Eagle cent was issued.

Only one other proof in gold of this cent is known. It is not in as good condition as Mr. Boyd's, and sold recently for $125. One of them was sold in the Pratt collection in New York in October, 1879, and was classified as "unique" by W. Elliott Woodward, the numismatist who prepared the catalogue.

Proofs of the Fugio cent were also made in silver. The gold proof is of very fine metal, and is of bright yellow, being nearly as large as a silver half-dollar. The marking is very distinct, little wear showing upon it.

FOREIGN PAPER MONEY.

The Bank Note Currency of Various Countries.

The Bank of England note is five inches by eight in dimensions, and is printed in black ink on Irish linen water-lined paper, plain white with ragged edges. The notes of the Banque de France are made of white water-lined paper, printed in blue and black, with numerous mythological and allegorical pictures, and running in denomination from the twenty-five-franc note to the 1000 franc. South American currency, in most countries, is about the size and appearance of American bills, except that cinnamon brown and slate blue are the prevailing colors, and that Spanish and Portuguese are the prevailing languages engraved on the face.

The German currency is rather artistic. The bills are printed in green and black. They run in denominations from 5 to 1000 marks. Their later bills are printed on silk fiber paper. The Chinese paper currency is in red, white and yellow, with gilt lettering and gorgeous little hand-drawn devices. The bills, to the ordinary financier, might pass for washing bills, but they are worth good money in the Flowery Kingdom. Italian notes are of all sizes, shapes and colors. The smaller bills—5 and 10 lire notes—are printed on white paper in pink, blue and carmine inks, and ornamented with a finely engraved vignette of King Humbert.

The 100-ruble note of Russia is barred from top to bottom with all the colors of the rainbow, blended as when shown through a prism. In the center in bold relief stands a large, finely executed vignette of the Empress Catharine I. This is in black. The other engraving is not at all intricate or elaborate, but is well done in dark and light brown and black inks. The Australian bill is printed on light-colored thick paper, which shows none of the silk fiber marks or geometric lines used in American currency as a protection against counterfeiting.—*Commercial Gazette.*

PIONEER SCRIBES.

JUNE 11, 1893.

Santa Cruz's Interesting Literary History.

A CIRCLE OF INTELLECT.

The Author of "Woman and Her Era"—Mrs. Kirby—Charles G. Ames—Other Writers.

Written for The Morning Call.

Santa Cruz was in early days the home of several of the most brilliant minds California has ever possessed. This "charmed circle" of wit and intellect included Mrs. Ellen W. Farnham, authoress and philanthropist; Georgiana B. Kirby, whose spicy articles have appeared in the leading magazines of the East and West; Miss Anne Wells, the artist; Charles G. Ames, the now celebrated Unitarian divine; Paul Pioda, a man of strong intellect and sterling character; Marie Valhasky, Mrs. Dr. Fegan, and in later days, Howard Glyndon (Mrs. Laura C. Searing), who has been classed by the Century magazine among the ten leading poets of America. Driven by the vicissitudes of fortune to this far-away spot, their association afforded opportunities for study and intellectual intercourse found nowhere else in the wild West.

Mrs. Farnham's reputation was made by her work entitled "Woman and Her Era," which she wrote in Santa Cruz. Her other literary productions, though widely read, attracted no marked attention, while this work is familiar to all scientific inquirers. In it the author advances for the first

time the new common argument that woman's more complete organism raises her above man in the scale of animal life. Her personal history is full of romance and would itself make a novel of intensely interesting reading.

Mrs. Farnham before coming to California was matron at Sing Sing Prison and Mrs. Kirby was her assistant. Many reformatory measures were inaugurated at her instance, but it was for the intimate association with criminals—and females in particular, for Mrs. Farnham had already conducted her files of the book she afterward produced—and the opportunities for character study that she sought the position.

Her husband had preceded her to California, where he accumulated some little property. He was a lawyer of good ability, and after building a home for his wife sent East for her. Mrs. Farnham resigned her position at Sing Sing and crossed the plains in 1849, only to find, on her arrival in the far West, that her husband was dead. Old timers tell of her arrival in Santa Cruz in bloomers, an innovation in feminine attire which attracted a great deal of attention and excited no little mirth. She was soon joined by Mrs. Kirby, who also appeared in bloomers, and the two took possession of the Farnham property.

This property consisted of a small farm, which Mrs. Kirby, whose experience at Brook Farm near Roxbury served her in good stead, aided Mrs. Farnham in tilling. With spade and hoe they broke the soil with their own hands, when tired throwing themselves upon the ground for a nap in the warm sun, and rising rested to pursue their outdoor occupation. In those pioneer days, when people were found in the most unexpected employments, nothing was thought of a woman's tilling the soil, and Mrs. Kirby often spoke of her former days as the happiest in her life.

Mrs. Farnham's leisure was devoted to writing. Besides the works above referred to she produced "My Early Days," "Ideal Attained," "California, Indoors and Out," and numerous magazine articles. Mrs. Kirby was her constant companion and collaborator.

This lady's maiden name was Bruce. She traced an uninterrupted descent from Robert Bruce and the Prince de Conde. Her early days had been spent in cultivating a mind of unusual keenness and strength, and when 18 years of age Mrs. Kirby sojourned at Brook Farm, where she was highly esteemed by the visionary celebrities who conceived that colossal but interesting failure in modern socific ism. She was a woman of wide sympathies and devoted her mind and energies to the accomplishment of many public-spirited works.

Her literary productions were not many, but such as exist show the strength and breadth of her understanding. Besides articles published in leading periodicals of the day, Mrs. Kirby wrote an interesting work on heredity and a book entitled "Years of Experience," both of which have received marked attention.

For some time Mrs. Farnham and her companion found little that was congenial in Santa Cruz, the residents being generally narrow people, little in sympathy with the enlightened views of the new-comers, and positively hostile to their liberal religious beliefs. Living not far from there, however, was an intelligent family, "Marie Valhasky," as she is known to the world, was one of the daughters who became acquainted with the ladies and much interested in their work. They, in turn, showed much interest in the young girl, and imparted to her much of the knowledge derived by years of experience and study.

Marie became a constant caller at their house, much to the disgust of her neighbors, and formed the third member of the circle, which from that time constantly replenished. She, too, devoted herself to literature, and wrote the numerous Russian articles which have appeared from time to time.

The fourth addition to the circle was a young Irishman named Fitzpatrick. It is related that the handsome son of Erin was one of the four who had undertaken and secured the third Napoleon's release from prison, to which he had been consigned after his first return from banishment and awarding to Louis Napoleon the house of his uncle to the throne. Coming to California after this escapade, he located in Santa Cruz, where he met, wooed and won Mrs. Farnham, who was captivated by his noble bearing and handsome face. They were married, and after a brief period of conjugal felicity Fitzpatrick gave way to his love of liquor. His jealousy for his wife was as fierce as it was unreasonable, and extended even to her much-prized books, many of which were pierced from cover to cover with Fitzpatrick's dagger. The result was that a judgment of divorce separated the two and Mrs. Fitzpatrick became Mrs. Farnham again.

Miss Wells, who was the fifth comer, is still a resident of Santa Cruz and nearly ninety years of age. She is a descendant of the father of English poetry, and came to California saddened by a touching romance of her early life. Educated as thoroughly as is the custom with English ladies, she was also an artist of acknowledged ability, her drawings in particular being highly thought of by critics. Miss Wells was always modest and retiring, and could hardly be called one of the "charmed circle," save that she was a contemporary of Mrs. Farnham.

Charles G. Ames, the illustrious Unitarian preacher, hoped to establish a congregation of liberal-minded people in Santa Cruz, but found little following. In Mrs. Farnham and her associates, however, he saw congenial spirits, and his name became enrolled among those leading lights of refined Santa Cruz. Mrs. Farnham was an early-day schoolteacher and a woman highly esteemed for her breadth and good qualities.

"Sister" Mary Ann Case cannot be classified among those above referred to, but on the contrary, bends to their ways and opinions. She is worthy of mention, however, as the first Protestant schoolteacher in the county. To every one she was "Sister" Case, and a fitting example she was to the folk of Santa Cruz. She "testified" at every weekly church meeting, and, moreover, told the same experience on each occasion. She joined the silent majority about two years ago, at the age of 90 years.

To return to Mrs. Farnham. "Marie Valhasky" married a doctor, who subsequently became resident physician at the Stockton Insane Asylum. Thither Mrs. Farnham repaired as matron, her purpose still being the study of character. At the end of one year she resigned, but during her stay no one day passed without an appearance among the patients of Fitzpatrick, who had gone crazy from rumsrae and dissipation. He was subsequently sent for and taken to France, where his political services were rewarded.

Mrs. Farnham, after her resignation from the asylum, entered the army as a nurse, where she contracted consumption and soon died. Rev. Dr. Frothingham, the celebrated preacher, delivered a most eulogistic sermon over the remains.

Mrs. Kirby died a few years ago, bequeathing her literary talent to her daughter Ora, who is still a resident of Santa Cruz. "Marie Valhasky" is still in the literary field, although little is seen of her work of late.

Mrs. Searing made Santa Cruz a refuge from troubles which harassed her life in the East. As "Howard Glyndon" she wrote many popular poems, and, as before stated, her productions have been considered worthy of classification among those of the leading poets of America.

NORICK NEILL.

"Now, Mr. Fisk," began the lawyer who conducted the cross-examination, "is it not a fact that you married a female who goes by the name of Mrs. Fisk?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you not support her?"

"I do, sir."

"Is she your legal wife?"

"No, sir" (brave woman that).

"You will admit that, although you have never been married to her, she lives with you?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is all. You may step down."

The legal light looked condescendingly at the jury.

"One moment, Mr. Fisk," said the opposing lawyer, "what relation exists between you and the lady referred to?"

"She is my grandmother."—St. Louis Chronicle.

THOSE PIONEER SCRIBES.

SOME SEVERE PUNCTURES IN THE CALL'S WEBB OF FICTION.

Authentic Incidents Concerning Some of the Notable Women of Early Days of Santa Cruz.

Several years ago on talking to the editor of one of the San Francisco dailies about an article I had done, he agreed that it was "a good story" and he would take the "stuff" if I'd make some additions by way of touching up the effect.

"But those were not the facts," I objected.

"Oh d——n the facts" retorted the autocrat, "what we want is a readable article."

The writer who did "Pioneer Scribes" for the Sunday Call, must be a toughened newspaper man—or woman, for it sounds womanish—so cheerfully does she "damn the facts" and rely upon her imagination. Of the eight persons who were originally included in the "charmed circle of those early days"—of 62-3 only four were on the ground at that date, the others mentioned coming along during the course of the succeeding 35 years.

The leading spirit of that group of wits being long dead before the last member arrived!

To run over the story which Norrick Neill has so recklessly patched together.

Mrs. E. W. Farnham, the principal character of the sketch, had been before her coming to California, the matron of Sing Sing prison, an office which she accepted at the urgent request of Judge Edmonds and Gov. Wright of New York. Mrs. Farnham was an enthusiastic student of human nature and a sincere philanthropist, but she took the position, which was no sinecure, that she might earn a living for her two children, Chas. and Edward, while their father "an irresponsible Bohemian" was prospecting for a fortune in Mexico and California.

Miss Bruce, who was not "Mrs. Kirby" until many years afterward, was Mrs. Farnham's first assistant. Neither of them had done any literary work at that time.

The chance, and the manner of Mrs. Farnham's coming to California, are also bits of Norrickian fiction.

Mr. Farnham did not build a home and send for his wife, to join him. He doubtless intended to send, but before he did so he died of Sacramento fever at Mr. Morey's house corner of Powell and Broadway in the spring of '49. Mrs. Farnham was notified that her husband was dead and had left some property and cash, for he had struck a vein of luck at the last. She resigned her position as soon as possible, but instead of "crossing the plains in '48" she shipped on the Barque *Angelique*, with her two sons and a Miss Sampson to make the passage around the Horn.

Mrs. Farnham who went ashore at Valparaiso was accidently left behind for which she sued the Captain and recovered damages. On her arrival in San Francisco in '50 she found that one Ruckle had been appointed administrator by Gov. Mason, and had got most the property of the late Farnham into his hands, and there the greater part of it, all the cash but $1000 stayed permanently.

The thousand dollars she brought with her to Santa Cruz, intending to look after a farm which old Captain Graham had given Farnham for the latter's good offices in rescuing him from a Mexican prison where Gov. Castro had shipped Graham along with Billy Ware, Geo Chappel and a lot more, as prisoners of war. Graham, who had been the reputed owner of an antique horse made a claim on the Mexican Government for $62,000 losses &c., and got a judgement! So when Farnham came north his client gratefully remembered his rescue to the extent of the farm which his widow later came to till with her $1000. As Ruckle, the administrator was never able to pay over the $14,000 left in his hands Mrs. Farnham so had to rustle.

It was then, when she had to turn her hand to anything and everything, to carpentering, plowing, cooking, that she tried the bloomer dress and finding its convenience wore it during the time she remained on the farm. When her friend Miss Bruce joined her, the benighted English woman instead of making the theatrical entrance described, was in an ordinary habit perched on a side saddle. She too adopted the bloomer dress, however, and wore it for several years, while on the Farnham place, and later on the ranch of her husband, until she moved into town. She often said she never had so much comfort in all her life.

One of the most delightful bits of fanciful analogy is Norrick Neil's theory that Miss Bruce's experience at Brook Farm was of such advantage to Mrs. Farnham in her amateur planting and plowing, for it happens, and the joke is historical, that one of the peculiarities of the Brook Farm venture was that none of the colony knew anything about farming at all, the head of the community being George Ripley, a literary man, simon pure.

It was the advent of a new crop of imported practical colonists, whose souls were not above turnips, and who took no interest in isms, which was the resolvent under whose effect the community melted away. But in Miss Bruce's day no one knew about rotation of crops, and profits on early garden truck. George P. Bradford taught her Greek, and Charles A. Dana gave lessons in German literature. For practical duties in community labor Miss Bruce "did up" collars and etc., and helped keep the main house in order. The late Geo. Wm. Curtis used to hang out the collars and shirts on freezing days, sitting on a clothes basket between times to talk philosophy. By the way Miss Bruce was not descended from Robert Bruce, not that she was aware. This is probably Norrikian evidence also.

And, about Fitzpatrick, Mrs. Farnhams second venture in the lottery of matrimony, in which she was fated to draw nothing but blanks.

"What possible object could anyone have in writing such a lot of rubbish?" exclaimed an old timer as we came down the column to the case of Fitz.

"The object was $7 50 of the Call's hard cash" I explained easily.

"All that stuff about Fitzpatrick is pure gammon" snorted the early day settler, who had known well all those Argonauts. Fitzpatrick was the biggest liar and rascal that ever lived. 'Handsome?' Yes, he was handsome, though not such a swell as Farnham and a smooth talker? As for all that stuff about the rescue of Napoleon I don't doubt Fritz told it. There is nothing he would stick at. A regular Barry Lyndon of an Irishman with no place for the truth in him, he was so full of lies and whiskey and brag. He was never one of the Potrero farm party, we would not of stood him, no, Mrs. Farnham had left the farm and gone to teaching in San Francisco to get some ready money, and there Fitzpatrick courted her and told her tales of all the fortune he had made and the care he would take of her. So she came down to Santa Cruz to be among her old friends for her wedding. But her friends knew Mr. Fitz and would not let any minister serve, but Fitz hunted up Clements, an Alcalde, of Soquel, and he married 'em, and then the trouble began.

Fitzpatrick was a drunkard and a blackguard. It was no time before he was abusing his wife. He beat her and threatened to blow her brains out with a pistol, scared her half to death until she had to leave him to save her life. It was not any jealousy, it was just cussedness and whiskey, and Fitz was shin tight full of both.

About the touching romance of Fits meeting his wife in the Stockton asylum, that is another fairy tale, nor did his noble relatives send for him to reside in a castle in Spain. He died in Sacramento. I met him there one day in '75 or '76. A miserable dirty loafer came up and spoke to me on the street.

"I don't know you" I said, nor had I the least idea who the gaspy, ragged wreck of a man was. "I am Fitzpatrick."

"Then I don't want to know you," and I marched off and left him.

Mrs. Farnham, after getting her book into shape, went East and enrolled herself in the great army of nurses who went to the front. A week's sleepless work after Gettysburg and a heavy cold contracted there, brought on lung troubles and she died of consumption at the house of an old friend Frank Voorhees Esq., New York. She had a noble, courageous soul, full of sympathy for all misery and misfortune. Her own life had been a hard one. An orphaned childhood, desperate struggles for an education, with a mind which far outran the plodding conservative gait set for women of her day, to whom original thought meant original sin, she had to make her way in the face of constant condemnation from the stupid and uneducated frontier communities where fate had tossed her fortunes. Yet through all her trials with a handsome, improvident selfish husband and later with a handsome, brutal drunkard one, she bore herself with a pluck and pride which won respect even from those who did not respect her philosophies.

She was blessed above all, with a keen sense of humor.

The Rev. Charles G. Ames one of the "original eight" never knew Mrs. Farnham, for unfortunately for him she was dead and buried before he ever heard of Santa Cruz, hence his inability to make connections on time "as the railroad men say.

Miss Lizzie Parry, now Mrs Fagan was never a school teacher, nor one of the "Farnham ranch coterie" nor later of the Ames' church Society. She is widely known it is true, but not for advanced philosophies or literary works, but for an extended and untiring charity among all who are in need of a helping word or an assisting dollar.

"Marie Valhasky," who was only known to the Farnham ranchers as "little Maria Hecox" was the youngest member of that clever society being then scarcely more than a child. The pious sister Case referred to in the story, used frequently to predict that the fires of torment would yet burn for the young girl who used to slip away to the farm, after seeing the Methodist exhorter pound the dust out of the Bible cushion of the little red church, and hearing him "shake sinners over hell fire" in order to get a breath of the refreshing philosophy of modern thought and civilized religion. The divine afflatus which she then inhaled has always filled her soul. She is still an active and liberal thinker.

Of Mrs. Kirby I need not write to a community which knew so well her long life filled with charity and good works. She was a natural reformer and though of a most sensitive and unaggressive nature, in any cause of principle or justice she was courageous and steadfast with unwearied zeal, philanthrophy was not only a theory but a living and doing.

The shabby, the miserable, the disgraced and helpless found in her a patient Judge and an undaunted champion while the studious and aspiring were urged to persistence and higher effort by her sympathy and appreciation. Her literary work was the pleasure of her later days.

I cannot fancy where those "spicey articles" were printed. Mrs. Kirby could no more have done a "spicey skit" than she could have told lies or "damned facts." She never learned the trick, I regret that this hasty sketch should so plainly and speedily reveal the fact that the mantle of her genius did not fall upon the shoulders of her daughter.

ONA BRUCE KIRBY,

SANTA CRUZ, June 15th, 1892.

MARRIED. 1895

ANDERSON—HUNTER—In this city, April 30th, by Rev. C. O. Thurston, Chas. M. Anderson to Miss Rose Hunter.

DIED.

BOOTH—At Mt. Roberts, near Glenwood, Santa Cruz Co., Thos. H. Booth, a native of Bath, Maine, aged 76 years and 1 months.

The funeral of the deceased will take place THURSDAY, April 9th, at 11 A. M., from the Santa Cruz Episcopal Church, under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic and the California Pioneers. Friends and acquaintances of the deceased are invited to be present.

2

First Male White Child.

ED. SENTINEL:—I see by the Sentinel of May 23d that Alex Moore claims that his son Bill was the first white male child born in Santa Cruz Co. I beg leave to differ with him. When we arrived in Santa Clara, November, 1846, we met James Williams and wife. They had a son ten months old, born in Santa Cruz. In March, '47, John Hames, Sequel, had a son born to him. We were living in the house with Mr. Homes and family at the time the son was born.

MRS. M. M. HECOX.

18 Question Asked. 94.

ED. SENTINEL:—Is it not against the law to throw dead animals off of the bluff anywhere in the city limits? There are four lying on the beach just above the light-house reservation now. One of them has been there for an indefinite time. When you throw dead animals off the bluff anywhere up the coast they will surely, after a while, get to the beach mentioned above, and they lie there until they dry up, and I suppose blow away, for I can testify that a great deal comes to the light-house by the means of the gentle zephyrs that blow across the point.

Now, to throw all joking aside, you know as well as anybody that it is very disgusting and detrimental to the health to have to breathe this smell for a short while. Can not something be done to prevent people from disposing of their dead animals in that way, and can not something be done with the four that are on the beach now?

MISS FAITHFUL.

A TEMPERANCE CURIOSITY.

Ye friends of moderation,
Who think a reformation
Or moral renovation
Would benedit our nation;
Who deem intoxication,
With all its dissipation,
In every rank and station
The cause of degradation,
Of which your observation
Gives daily demonstration;
Who see the ruination,
Distress and desolation,
The open violation
Of moral obligation,
The wretched inebriation
Without accommodation
Of any regulation
For common sustenation;
A scene of deprivation
Unequaled in creation;
The frequent desecration
Of Sabbath ordination;
The crime and depredation
Defying legislation;
Moral profanation
Of common conversation;
The mental aberration,
The dire infatuation
With every sad degradation,
To maxime desperation.
Ye who, with consternation,
Behold this devastation,
And utter condemnation
Of all inebriation,
Why sanction its duration,
Or allow disapprobation
Of any continuation
For its extermination?
We deem a declaration
That offers no temptation,
By any palliation,
Of this abomination,
The only sure foundation,
All under its persuasion
Hold no communication
With noxious emanation
Of brewers' fermentation,
Nor any vein libation
Producing stimulation.
To this determination
We call consideration,
And without hesitation
Invite co-operation,
Not doubting invitation
Will raise your estimation,
And by continuation
Afford you consolation;
For its participation,
With this association
You may, by meditation,
Insure the preservation
Of a future generation
From all contamination.
And may each indication
Of such regeneration
Be the theme of exultation
Till its final consummation.

SANTA CRUZ DAILY SENTINEL.

DUNCAN McPHERSON, EDITOR.

THE COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

CONTINUOUS JOURNALISM.

The Colusa Sun has passed its thirtieth mile stone, Will Green, still connected with it, being its founder and continuous editor. Not often in the history of a newspaper in California does its founder remain connected with a journal for more than a quarter of a century.

Twenty-nine years ago the senior member of the SENTINEL Pr. Co, bought a half interest in this journal, trading therefor to J. D. Hyde one hundred and sixty acres of land located on the Branciforte creek, and now known as the Turner farm. The newspaper purchaser had never had any previous journalistic experience, had never been inside of more than one or two newspaper offices, but suffering from a malady known as *cacoethes scribendi*, which is very general at the present time, he waded in where "angels fear to tread" and "devils" congregate.

The purchase was accidental. He had his farm advertised for sale in the SENTINEL. Mr. Hyde, who was a justice of the peace at the time, wanted to retire from journalism, feeling weary of blowing his official fees into a newspaper, and offered half of the office for the farm named. A bargain was made, even up. At the end of six years the newspaper purchaser sold out to F. P. Littlefield, but six months later bought the C. R. Hoff third interest, which at the end of three years he sold to J. H. Hoadley, who fancied that it would be a brilliant stroke of enterprise to run a newspaper in connection with an hotel, he at the time being the proprietor of the Pacific Ocean House. In 1876 B. P. Kooser, who had been connected with the SENTINEL for twelve years, wanted to retire, and the present SENTINEL proprietors bought his two-thirds interest for $5,000. Two years later Mr. Hoadley sold out.

Practically the SENTINEL has been under its present management for nearly eighteen years.

John McElroy, the founder of the SENTINEL in 1855, is dead. D. R. Ashley, who furnished the money to start the paper in Monterey, afterward State Treasurer, retaining a half interest in the SENTINEL till 1864, which he sold to P. B. Kooser for $600, is dead. Kooser is dead, dying a year after he went out of the newspaper business. His son is now a tinner in San Jose, and his mother is married and resides in Southern California. F. P. Littlefield, a job printer, is dead, as is C. O. Cummings, who was a partner of J. D. Hyde in the publication of the SENTINEL. C. R. Hoff has passed away, as has James B. McQuillan, who sold his interest in the SENTINEL to start the Watsonville Times.

Of the early owners of the SENTINEL who are still alive we call to memory Mill Parry, son of Dr. Parry, who is now a San Francisco printer; O. T. Hecox, now a Lompoc printer; Mr. Liston, subsequently a fruit man of the Santa Cruz mountains, who has gone hence we know not where; S. W. Blakeley, a Utah miner; W. W. Broughton, proprietor of the Lompoc Record; F. K. Krauth, the oldest man connected with the paper, now alive and the proprietor and editor of the Alameda Encinal. J. D. Allison, who edited the SENTINEL in 1865, now a San Francisco commission merchant, and H. G. Shaw, who is doing newspaper work in the metropolis of the Pacific.

Looking over our connection of nearly thirty years with the SENTINEL we often wonder that we are still here. It was by accident that we purchased into the paper—a trade. Sold out to a San Francisco printer, within six months, for $600, but the buyer got scared, some busybody telling him that he was paying too much for the plant, and backed out. Had the trade been consummated it is likely that there and then our newspaper life would have ended. When he came back to Santa Cruz six months later and offered $1,200 for the paper he had declined at $600, the offer was rejected. We were then in the business to stay, and although journalism is not prolific of millionaires there is an intoxicating atmosphere connected with the calling that is exhilarating. The publisher in a small community is everybody's servant, is compelled to listen to every sufferer's troubles, to deal with from all classes, to have customers five cents up to five hundred dollars, to be criticised every day in the week and from sunrise till long after sunset, to be found fault with for what is not done as well as for what is done, yet there is a satisfaction in being able every morning to speak to an audience a county big, if not a State broad. Daniel Webster said that a lawyer lived fast, worked hard and died poor. This definition applies to the average journalist.

Of course the SENTINEL has said many things since October, 1864, that should not have been said, has left unsaid many things that should have been said, but it has worked for the best interests of Santa Cruz as it has seen the light, has favored morality, progress and improvement, and in every instance paid its bills one hundred cents on the dollar. Its present you see. Into the future it can not see.

History Corrected.

ED. SENTINEL:—A few days since there appeared in your paper under the head of "Continuous Journalism" an interesting account of the birth and growth of the SENTINEL.

As I had a hand in its birth permit me to correct a small error in the "interesting account."

You say "D. R. Ashley, who furnished the money to start the paper in Monterey," etc., etc.

The error is that D. R. Ashley *did not* furnish the money to start the paper. There was $1,200 subscribed by the residents of Monterey, of which the writer was one, and paid his part, being $75.

The money was given to D. R. Ashley, who had stated he would provide a press, type and paper for the sum of $1,200. In time the press and material arrived at Monterey with John McElroy ostensible editor, and the SENTINEL was then born.

When it was removed to Santa Cruz the subscribers, as a matter of course, were not repaid their subscriptions; they simply lost their interests, and all the money arising from the sale was divided between Ashley and McElroy.

E. L. WILLIAMS.

HIS LOVE LETTER.

It Was from His Best Girl and He Let Them Read It.

He hurried up to the office when he entered the hotel, and without waiting to register inquired eagerly, "Any letter for me?" The clerk sorted over a package with the attention that comes of practice, then threw one—a very small one—on the counter.

The traveling man took it with a curious smile that twisted his pleasant looking face into a mask of joyful expectancy.

He smiled more as he read it. Then, oblivious of other travelers who jostled him, he laid it tenderly against his lips and actually kissed it.

A loud guffaw startled him. "Now look here, old fellow," said a voice, "that won't do, you know. Too spooney for anything. Confess now, your wife did not write that letter."

"No, she didn't," said the traveling man, with an amazed look, as if he would like to change the subject. "That letter is from my best girl."

This admission was so unexpected that the trio of friends who had caught him said no more until they had eaten a good dinner and were seated in a chum's room. Then they began to badger him. "It's no use; you've got to read it to us, Dick," said one of them. "We want to know all about your best girl."

"So you shall," said Dick, with great coolness. "I will give you the letter and you can read it yourselves; there it is," and he laid it on the table.

"I guess not," said the one who had been the loudest in demnoling it. "We like to chaff a little, but I hope that we are gentlemen. The lady would hardly care to have her letter read by this crowd."

"But I insist on it!" was the answer. "There's nothing to be ashamed of, except the spelling. That's a little shaky. I'll admit, but she won't care in the least. Read it, Hardy, and judge for yourself."

Thus urged, Hardy took up the letter, shamefully enough, and read it. There were only a few words. First he laughed, then swallowed suspiciously, and as he finished it threw it on the table again and rubbed his hand across his eyes. "Pshaw!" he said, "if I had a love letter like that"—

"Fair play," cried one of the others, with an uneasy laugh.

"I'll read it to you, boys," said their friend, seeing they made no move to take it. "And this was what he read:

Mi own dere Pa Pa, I es mi PRaire every nite and wen I kis yure Pictshure I Ask god to bless you good Bi Pa Pa yure best girl.

DOLLY

For a moment or two you would have said the whole company had lost fever.—New York Recorder.

[Written for the Sentinel.]

May-Day Memories.

BY ORVILLE KNIGHTON.

Dwelling change and forgetfulness,
I made my way to the wilds of the Western Territories, wandering from place to place as chance directed, little caring where, so long as change of scenes brought oblivion.

While wandering through the Yellowstone Park I came upon a man sitting alone and so intent in thought that he did not notice my approach. On his knee lay a well worn pocket-book, from which he had taken a yellow and worn newspaper clipping. The trembling of a twig upon which I had stepped caused him to look up. His eyes were filled with tears, and to his face I read such deep sadness as comes only from memories hidden in the heart's most sacred recesses.

Feeling that I had intruded I apologized, and was on the point of turning to pursue my rambles when he motioned me to a seat by his side. After some moments spent in silence he handed me the clipping, which proved to be an obituary notice published thirty years before, recording the death of his wife and their infant daughter.

"I have been a wanderer since that day," said he. "Life lost all charm for me when death robbed me of my heart's idols. To-day is the anniversary of the day I first met her who afterward became my wife. I was riding over the flower-covered hills near one of California's then loveliest villages, now a famous summer resort, when, looking down from the slight upland where I had stopped to admire the magnificent view spread before me of the grassy, flower-decked, rolling lands, reaching down to meet the dancing breakers bearing from old ocean's depths her feathery mosses and pearly shells, depositing them almost under the hoofs of buttercups and field pansies, as if in rivalry with turf's golden beauties. A sound of joyous laughter reaching my ear, I turned to the right and beheld, gathered under the shadow of the wide-spreading branches of an oak, a party of people from the village enjoying a holiday. Drawing nearer I perceived a throne entirely covered with the lovely yellow flowers growing all about. Near by a May-pole had been erected, from which hung long ropes woven of wild flowers, each of a separate color. In one only the delicate buds of the baby-blue-ball were seen, while in another were only sweet scented white lilies, gathered in the hills near by, and for the third only red flowers were chosen. All eyes were turned toward a tent under the shadow of a smaller oak some distance away, and the look of expectancy on the faces of the groups gathered about assured me that the time had arrived for the crowning of a May Queen. Just then stepped forth from the tent the loveliest vision on which my eyes had ever rested. A young girl hardly yet in her teens, tall for her age, a complexion dark, yet transparent, hair as black and glossy as the raven's wing. Large, expressive black eyes, from whose depths shone forth a soul all purity and goodness. With a stately tread befitting one born to the purple, preceded by her Maids of Honor scattering flowers along the pathway, followed by her loyal subjects, she passed me. Nearing the throne the Maids of Honor separated, forming two lines between which their Queen passed up to the foot of the throne where she knelt while being crowned. Then rising and receiving her scepter, she addressed her subjects in these words, the original sentiments of which he had kept all these years:

"My birds and subjects, I believe I deserve to not generally receive their crowns with thanks to those bestowing them. Perhaps they have little cause to be grateful for them, but I, who am no Queen by Divine but by your indulgent choice, must, in acknowledgment of the honor you have conferred upon me, thank you for it. You have chosen me from among others equally meriting your choice. I hope I may not forfeit the good opinion and kind feelings with which you have honored me. But Queens are not faultless, and the more conspicuous is our position the more striking are our faults. I hope you will allow me to bespeak your pardons and good nature for what you may find me not to your liking as Queen of this day. I will at least endeavor, in acting the Queen, to act also the true and natural part of a girl, well pleased with her position and desirous of showing herself worthy of it.

"'He is my virtues very blind,
He is my faults a little kind.'

"And for the rest, were my power in any way proportionate to the title you have conferred upon me, there should not a sad heart leave my kingdom to-night. Let us, in any case, be merry while we have the fair sunshine around us, and where your happiness lends the Queen will gratiously follow."

"At the close of which she took her seat upon the golden throne, looking in her dress of white tulle like a veritable angel just descended from the depths of the billowy clouds hovering over the hills in the back grounds. Following the example of her loving subjects I passed up to the throne, leaving a kiss on the hand of the lovely May Queen, and in my heart swearing allegiance through life to her who already reigned queen of my heart. Two years later a bridal wreath crowned her my wife. Two years of wedded bliss—then the same loyal subjects who crowned her their May queen and wove the bridal garlands, placed a crown of immortelles upon a new-made grave where sleeps a mother and her babe. And to this day, through the various ups and downs of fortune—the strife of civil war, the loneliness of exiles, or in the brilliant society of our National Capital, where circumstances of position have at times placed me—have I wavered for one moment from that vow of fealty, taken at the feet of the village May Queen, on the grassy plain overlooking the white-capped waves of the world-renowned Montercy Bay."

On our table is the Overland Monthly containing the story of Margaret M. Hecox, of Santa Cruz. She tells of her adventures in crossing the plains, far different from those travelers now met with while comfortably settled in palace cars. Mrs. Hecox tells how she walked about all night with a gun guarding camp, to give the alarm at the approach of the Indians, the story of whose fierceness alarmed the women. She arrived in Santa Cruz in 1847. She tells of a temperance pledge being taken in July, 1847, by the following, whose names will recall to the mind of the Pioneers many reminiscences: A. A. Hecox, Margaret M. Hecox, Edwin Shaw, J. G. T. Dunleavy, Mary Ann Dunleavy, Michael Lodge, Wm. Parks, Cornes Comstock, J. T. Kearny, Henry Hill and Robert Devereux. Her husband, A. A. Hecox, was the last Alcalde in Santa Cruz. The story is well told, and gives a good idea of what our pioneers endured. We would suggest that the pioneers of our county contribute to the Pioneer Society reminiscences of early days. We feel assured that such contributions would form interesting accounts of the history of Santa Cruz Co., besides being an excellent thing for the young people, as it would show them how much the pioneers endured in building up the county.

MAY 14, 1893.

Colonial Days.

ED. SENTINEL:—From the Rhineland of Germany in 1763 two brothers, Isaac and John Stampfley, landed at New Orleans. It was soon after the treaty of Paris and the Spanish flag floated over the city. The eldest brother, Isaac, having heard so much of the glories of the New World, ran away from home and embarked on an English vessel, bringing his little brother John with him. John was only thirteen, having been born in 1750. 'Tis said that little John often sighed for "mein Faderland" as his little feet tramped the narrow streets of old New Orleans. He become acquainted with an English family living on Bayou St. John in 1769. The family had two children, Richard and Martha Curtis. The Chickasaw Indians captured Isaac Stampfley. He was ransomed by the Spaniards and went to the Island of Cuba in 1768. John remained with Richard Curtis, Sr., until he (John) married Martha Curtis in 1775, she being but fourteen years old. They had a large family, both boys and girls. The German grandsire was a primitive Baptist preacher, who had to leave Louisiana owing to his religious sentiments. He moved to the wilds of Jefferson county, Mississippi, and often said to his little children, who clustered around the fire in the log-cabin, that they had the heritage of an untarnished name, and the bluest of blue blood in their veins, which had marked its name on the pages of German history. After reaching America the name was Anglicized by dropping the f.

The late Jacob Stampfley of Berne, Switzerland, who died some ten years ago, and who was re-elected President of the Swiss Confederation many times and was one of the greatest of Switzerland's statesmen, was of the same family. A description of the personal appearance of President Stampfley given by those who have seen him tallies exactly with that of John H. Stampfley, second son of John Stampfley and Martha Curtis. John Stampfley dropped dead in the pulpit while preaching. John H. Stampfley married Susan Knighton. Their only surviving child is Orville Knighton Stampfley, of Oakland. The Knightons were of English ancestry and among the first of the colonial settlers.

S. E. S.

Pioneer Reminiscences.

ED. SENTINEL:—Reminiscent this morning of the time spent in Santa Cruz—the happiest days of my life, the knot tied by Elihu Anothony, April 6th, 1853, which gave me as good a wife as any man was ever blessed with who, through all the vicissitudes of an eventful career still sticks to me, lo, these forty years; that I was elected to several positions of honor and trust in Santa Cruz county; that I was never beaten for any office for which I aspired; Of the gratitude I entertain for the old settlers of all nationalities; that socially I was admitted to the best and all other grades of society. They were not so particular then as now; of a social event at the house of F. A. Hihn shortly after his marriage. His German friends concluded to give him a surprise. Henry Day, who was the only musician in town generally furnished the music for all the parties, but for some reason refused to play. Andy Trust came to me some time in the evening, telling me of their disappointment and asking me to go and play the violin for them, I told him that I could not play a tune correctly (which was the truth). I tried to beg off, but he would take no excuse. He said if had to go; I thought the matter over; my credit was good with Hihn. Andy Trust and Werner, the saddler, and all the German people in the town were my friends. I remembered that C. Bern, the saddle-tree maker had loaned me $200 one time when I was hard up; they had all accommodated me, had voted for me; I could see no way out of it; must attend and do my best, telling Andy that he must make all apologies necessary and explain to the ladies that it was my first attempt. I felt perfectly at home, whether it was the wine or the compliments the ladies paid me on my music, I have never been able to decide; I was the only one of the party who could not speak German, although the Swiss blood in my veins gave me a sort of home feeling among them; not being able to dance, while furnishing the music, the ladies were afraid I was not enjoying myself so they saw that I had plenty to eat and drink, insisting all the time that my musical education was quite up to the standard, but they were mistaken. I never enjoyed myself better, feeling that I was assisting to make every one else happy. Werner would remark every time he heard a bottle of champagne pop, "Hihn's rich, he can stand it." I was satisfied of one thing before the evening was over, and that was that the German people will, when they start in, have a good time whether they have music or not.

I am reminded of some of my political and social experiences which demand details to make interesting, of the kindnesses received and favors granted me, of the jolly good times of the dave of the "long ago."

C. V. STAMPLEY.

APRIL 25, 1893.

CALIFORNIA CORK.

Samples of Bark Taken From Trees in Tuolumne County.

J. T. Salmon of French camp has brought to the *Independent* office a section of cork bark which was taken from a tree near Tuttletown, Tuolumne, from land belonging to the Patterson mine. There are two trees there of vigorous growth and thriving age, as no one living there knows when or by whom they were set out. These trees are between forty and fifty feet high and about eighteen inches in diameter. The trunks are smooth and without limbs until near the tops. Mr. Wardley, who is in charge of the property, intends to peel the trees, which can be easily done, and use the bark. Mr. Salmon intends to plant across from the trees at his place in this county and raise cork trees.

The cork tree is an evergreen oak, and in Southern Europe and Northern Africa usually attains a height of thirty feet. In Spain and Portugal it is somewhat extensively cultivated, and is peeled for the first time when from ten to twenty years old. The first stripping is not valuable, and is used in the old world principally for tanning. The bark grows better after each successive peeling, which is done at intervals of from eight to twelve years. The season for stripping in Europe is during July and August. There is a cork tree in Fremont Square that formerly stood in the old Courthouse square. It is not more than six or eight inches in diameter, though it is perhaps 20 years old.—*Santa Cruz Independent.*

Captain Nicholl Ludlow.

THE MORICAN'S COMMANDER.

Captain Ludlow's Transfer From Shore Duty.

Captain Nicoll Ludlow, commander of the war ship Monican recently sent to Honolulu from San Francisco, was stationed in Chicago up to last December as Inspector of the Eleventh Lighthouse District. He had served there two years and the vessel-owners of the lakes petitioned the Naval Department to keep him another year. It proved a futile effort, as Captain Ludlow was assigned to the Monican, and is now on his voyage.

Cap'n Ludlow is about 56 years old. He was born at Oakdale, on Long Island, where his ancestors lived for nearly 200 years. There were three boys in the family. Two went into the navy, and one, Colonel William Ludlow, was given to the army. Captain Ludlow graduated from the naval academy at Annapolis during the war, and though still a boy saw some active service. Since that time he has served in the Pacific, South Atlantic and Mediterranean squadrons. His last previous command was the Quinnebog. He was assigned then to shore duty as Inspector of the Twelfth Lighthouse District at San Francisco. Afterward he was made Ordnance Officer at the Mare Island navy yard. From there he went to Chicago. During the season of navigation Captain Ludlow lived mostly on the lighthouse steamer Dahlia. When on shore he lived at the Union League and the Grand Pacific. His daughter, Miss Mary Ludlow, is at Colorado Springs while her father is at sea. Captain Ludlow is regarded as an able officer. He did good work in improving the lighthouse service on Lake Michigan and was loyally supported by the marine interests. His traveler was regarded as unfortunate for the lighthouse service, but the Naval Department held that Captain Ludlow had had the limit of shore duty.

The following letter will not only be read for the sentiments expressed but from the fact that the writer is a sister of Col. Thomas and Joseph Hamer and Mrs. Samuel Deobler, of this city, and is known to many of our readers as the keeper of the United States Light House on the Pacific coast. We are informed that she is two years older than Col. Hamer, yet her penmanship is as steady and perfect as that of a person of younger years.

U. S. Light House,
Santa Cruz, Cal., Jan. 12, '94.

I fully indorse the piece "Education" by Prin. T. M. Jeffords, printed in THE EYE of Jan. 5th, 1894, and I wish that it may be copied into all the papers that are printed in United States and Europe.

Yours truly, MRS. M. M. HECOX.

We would like very much to have Mrs. Hecox write for THE EYE some of her California experiences, especially that relating to her life work in the government service. This would be greatly appreciated by all our readers.

A Real Experience. 1894

OCEANSIDE, Dec. 20.—My Christian experience has been short, only sixteen months, but in reality it has been the only happy time of my life. My first experience of communing with the Lord was in 1879, when I was twenty years old. While alone in the woods I became convicted of wickedness by taking the Lord's name in vain. So kneeling there alone with God, I promised Him that with His help I would quit swearing. He did help me by taking all desire for swearing out of me; for with all my wickedness in after years I never desired to take the Lord's name in vain. When I was twenty-one I attended revival meetings held by the M. E. church. I tried to find Jesus there, but did not know how. I was looking for and expecting "feeling" without an effort on my part. I went to the seekers' bench every night for a week. I was, you might say, alone, for neither the pastor nor any of the members seemed to be able to help me, or at least did not try. So when the meeting closed I was no nearer saved than when the meeting commenced. The next Lord's day I attended the services and the pastor asked me to join the church. I refused, being dissatisfied and thinking myself unworthy, for I did not feel that my sins had been forgiven. The pastor then said, "It is not the Christians we want; it is the members." The remark set me against the church. I made up my mind that a person could be as good a Christian out of a church as in it, so I did not attend church services of any kind until the next year, when they held a revival meeting again at the same place, but by another pastor. I attended as before, but did not succeed in getting the experience, lacking as I suppose the simple faith. Soon after the meeting closed I concluded that baptism by immersion was what I needed, so I was baptized. I thought then that that was enough; I considered that my sins were washed away and that I was born again. I started out then to take care of myself. I did not think I needed the help of any one. Soon temptations came in my way and I yielded to them. I found the wide gate, went thru it and traveled the broad way that would lead me to destruction, although I did not realize then that it was a slow but sure way to hell. I went from little sins to big ones. I became deeper in sin and misery than the world had any idea of. From the effects of my sins I was on the brink of suicide. I was a coward, afraid of man and equal to a murderer.

But after twelve years of downward course the devil went a step too far. By so doing it opened my eyes. It was unintentional on his part, for I really saw my destination.

During all this time I seldom went to sleep without going through the form of prayer. I would ask God to forgive my sins as I forgave others (which I seldom did), and at the same time there would be a willingness in my heart to commit the same sins or others as had the next day. Oh the sin and *mock repentance* there is in the world today. Glory to God for the Holy Spirit and a sanctified heart! The two years before I was saved I lived on a lot adjoining the holiness tabernacle, but I took so little interest in the Lord's work that I did not know what denomination met there for worship. A soul was saved at a meeting held in the tabernacle, one who had been a brother of mine in sin. So much was said about it that my curiosity was aroused so that I wanted to hear his testimony. I tried to hear from the outside thru the windows but could not. I was ashamed to attend the meetings, but at last thru the influence of a friend I did. The testimonies given by the sanctified ones showed the experience that I wanted. During the next three days the Lord showed me what I was and where I was. Praise His holy name! On the fourth day I made up my mind I wanted salvation, and that by the help of God I would get it, so I attended the meeting that evening. As is customary, before the meeting closed, seekers were called. After a hard struggle with self and the devil I went forward and asked God in Jesus' name to have mercy on me a sinner and to forgive my sins. He did. I know it without a doubt, for I received the witness of the Spirit as soon as my faith would let the Spirit in.

On the fifth day after that I laid all on the Altar, presented my body a living sacrifice to God, and by so doing, the Altar, being greater than the gift, sanctified the gift. My all is still on the Altar and it gives me sweet peace and rest to know that I am sanctified now and ever. Let me tell you, dear friends, that my testimony was commenced when my sins were forgiven, Aug. 6, 1893, and my peaceful and contented life began when God thru Christ sanctified my soul. I am all for Jesus. And my great desire is to see others get the same blessed experience that I have, for "It pays to serve Jesus, I speak from the heart. He'll ever be with us if we do our part." I am so glad that it was in a holiness meeting that I received my experience, and that I was willing to accept their teaching of true Bible holiness, where they help all seekers, and where they let the Lord run the meetings, and not man, where they are sanctified and are always happy for the privilege of testifying for Jesus. Pray for me, that I may be ever faithful. All for Jesus.

O. S. HEDOX.

A QUEER BIRD.

I hardly think I am a bird,
And I will tell you why;
I've not one feather in my wings,
Although I flit and fly.
When other birds have gone to bed,
All but my friend, the owl;
Like him, among the ruins old
I love to pry and prowl.

From ancient tower and hollow tree
I sometimes venture down,
To flutter, like a butterfly,
Above some little town.
When to my dark and dreary home
I go to seek repose,
I want no pillow for my head;
I hang upon my toes.

—*A. Bat.*

THE CAPTAIN'S WELL.

From pain and peril, by land and main,
The shipwrecked sailor came back again.

Back to his home, where wife and child,
Who had mourned him lost, with joy were wild.

Where he sat once more with his kith and kin,
And welcomed his neighbors thronging in.

But when morning came he called for his spade,
"I must pay my debt to the Lord," he said.

"Why dig you here?" asked the passer-by;
"Is there gold or silver the road so nigh?"

"No, friend," he answered; "but under this sod
Is the blessed water, the wine of God."

"Water! the Powow is at your back,
And right before you the Merrimack,

And look you up, or look you down,
There's a well-sweep at every door in town."

"True," he said, "we have wells of our own;
But this I dig for the Lord alone."

Said the other: "This soil is dry, you know,
I doubt it a spring can be found below;

You had better consult, before you die,
Some water witch with a hazel twig."

"No, wet or dry, I will dig it here,
Shallow or deep, if it takes a year.

In the Arab desert, where shade is none,
The waterless land of sand and sun,

Under the pitiless brazen sky
My burning throat as the sand was dry;

My crazed brain listened in fevered dreams
For plash of buckets and ripple of streams;

And opening my eyes to the blinding glare,
And my lips to the breath of the blistering air,

Tortured alike by the heavens and earth,
I cursed, like Job, the day of my birth.

Then something tender, and sad, and mild
As a mother's voice to her wandering child,

Rebuked my frenzy, and, bowing my head,
I prayed as I never before had prayed:

Pity me, God! for I die of thirst!
Take me out of this land accurst!

And if ever I reach my home again,
Where earth has springs and the sky has rain,

I will dig a well for the passers-by
And none shall suffer with thirst as I.

I saw as I passed my home once more,
The house, the barn, the elms by the door,

The grass-lined road that river-ward wound,
The tall slate-stones of the burying-ground,

The belfry and steeple on meeting-house hill,
The brook with its dam and quay gristmill,

And I knew in that vision beyond the sea,
The very place where my well must be.

God heard my prayer in that evil day;
He led my feet in their homeward way,

From false mirage and dried-up well,
And the hot sandstorms of a land of hell,

Till I saw at last, through a coast hill's gap,
The city held in its stony lap,

The mosques and domes of scorched Mussel,
And my heart leaped up with joy thereat;

For there was a ship at anchor lying,
A Christian flag at its mainhead flying,

And sweetest of sounds to my homesick ear
Was my native tongue in the sailors' cheer.

Now the Lord be thanked, I am back again,
Where the earth has springs, and the skies have rain,

And the well I promised by Oman's sea,
I am digging for him in Amesbury."

His good wife wept, and his neighbors said:
"The poor old captain is out of his head."

But from morn to noon, and from noon to night,
He toiled at his task with main and might;

And when at last from the loosened earth,
Under his spade the stream gushed forth,

And fast as he climbed to his deep well's brim
The water he dug for followed him,

He shouted for joy: "I have kept my word.
And here is the well I promised the Lord!"

The long years came, and the long years went,
And he sat by his roadside well content:

He watched the travelers, heat-oppressed,
Pause by the way to drink and rest,

And the sweltering horses dip, as they drank,
Their nostrils deep in the cool, sweet tank;

And grateful at heart, his memory went
Back to that waterless orient,

And the blessed answer of prayer, which came
To the earth of iron and sky of flame.

And when a wayfarer, weary and hot,
Kept the mid-road, pausing not

For the well's refreshing, he shook his head:
"He don't know the value of water," he said.

"Had he prayed for a drop, as I have done,
In the desert circle of sand and sun,

He would drink and rest, and go home to tell
That God's best gift is the wayside well!"

—*John G. Whittier.*

She Is the Mother of Six Men.

To the Editor of the Examiner—SIR: Without offense, may I say in regard to the controversy now going on in your paper that it is no more a man's business what a woman's sphere is than it is a woman's business what a man's sphere is.

A woman should be as free to make her own life as a man, and this discussion should be as impossible to her as it would be to him. Perfect freedom would undoubtedly settle the whole woman question. And freedom is ours, if we will calmly take it. But until it is recognized as ours, we must be braver and less self-conscious, less ready to cry out every time a chance missile strikes us.

Would it be possible to call out expressions of opinion as to man's proper sphere? Of course not! Man assumes freedom, and has it. He thinks nothing about a sphere, but acts as he pleases. If a woman openly attempts to dictate he says: "Nonsense, darling!" if she is a darling, and something less sugary if she isn't.

We should as quietly ignore any attempt to limit our usefulness, and if possible maintain a dignified silence under exasperating patronage.

I speak as one having authority, for I am the mother of six men. MARIE VALBARET.

San Francisco, September 10th.

Coin Dies Destroyed.

Sledge hammer blows delivered by powerful employees of the mint on Jan. 2 destroyed the dies in use during the last year. There were 512 in all, and of these 72 were for double eagles, 97 for eagles, 32 for half eagles, 4 for quarter eagles, 12 for dollar pieces, 21 for half dollar pieces, 50 for quarter dollar pieces, 36 for 10 cent pieces, 80 for 5 cent pieces and 108 for 1 cent pieces. The dies are steel, and to destroy them it became necessary to heat them almost to whiteness. Then they were taken from the fire and placed upon an anvil, and two blacksmiths with sledges struck them upon the face.—Philadelphia Times.

SOME FIRST EVENTS.

The Santa Cruz *Sentinel*, speaking of some first events in that locality says:—The Bay of Santa Cruz was first discovered by Vizcaino, December 16th, 1602, although in 1542 a daring navigator by the name of Rodriguez Cabrillo sailed along the coast, and has left a record of the topography and general features of the country visible from the ocean.

The first redwood trees were discovered in the fall of 1769 in the vicinity of where Watsonville now stands. They were discovered by the Portola expedition searching for the port of Monterey. Father Crespi kept the diary from which the record is taken, and noted the fact that "these trees are unlike anything ever seen in Spain," and because of the color of the bark, he named them "Palo Colorado."

The first stone of the Santa Cruz Mission was laid February 27th, 1793. The dedication took place March 10th, 1794.

The Fathers, Alonzo Salar and Baldomero Lopez, arrived on the site of the Mission and pitched their tents September 25th, 1791.

The first grants of ranches in this county were made in 1833; San Andreas ranch, to Joaquin Castro; Aptos ranch, to Rafael Castro; Soquel ranch, to Martino Castro; Calabasa ranch to Philip Hernandez.

The first white traders who visited Santa Cruz came to purchase hides and tallow. That was during the Mission period, and the rapid growth and development of the Mission and increase of stock made an overplus of these articles, which were sold to traders. These were the first export products of California.

The first mill of Santa Cruz county was erected on Zayante Creek by Isaac Graham in 1842.

The first tanyard was established by Paul Sweet in Scott's Valley in 1843.

Joseph L. Majors built the first flour mill in Scott's Valley about the same time.

The first schooner was built in Santa Cruz in 1840, and was called the Santa Cruz.

William Blackburn caused to be constructed another in 1848; it was named the Zack. Taylor.

William Blackburn was the first Santa Cruz Judge.

The first Protestant worship was held in the house of John D. Green in August, 1847.

In 1851, near Santa Cruz, Davis and Jordan burned the first lime ever made in the State.

In 1848 Elihu Anthony established the first foundry in Santa Cruz, and one of the first in the State. In the same year he made the first cast-iron plows and mining picks ever made in California.

J. A. Blackburn was the first man to farm in Blackburn Gulch in 1856.

Judge Blackburn planted the first apple orchard in Santa Cruz. The first fruit from this orchard sold for fifteen cents a pound.

James Waters shipped the first crate of strawberries from Watsonville to San Francisco.

The first Pajaro school was established in 1852. Dr. Cannon and C. K. Ercanbrack were the trustees. At that time the district comprised the entire Pajaro Valley.

The first school in Santa Cruz was established by Mrs. Case in 1848, at her residence.

May 1st, 1890, the first car passed over the East Santa Cruz railway.

The electric railway was opened November 25th, 1891.

The first presidential election was held in this county in 1852; at that time there were three election precincts, Santa Cruz, Soquel and Pajaro. The polling place of Pajaro Valley precinct was then four miles from where Watsonville now is. In 1891 there were thirty-three precincts in the county.

Samuel L. Comstock sent the first telegraphic message from Watsonville. It was in 1860. It was sent to San Francisco, and the tolls were $1.50.

When the Watsonville postoffice was made a money order office the first money order was issued to Emeline E. Martin.

Jake Thrift built one of the first hotels in Watsonville, remarking, "If there is any town at all, it will be right thar."

Pajaro King was the first white child born in Pajaro Valley.

The first "gringo" marriage in the Pajaro Valley occurred in 1852, the contracting parties being Mr. Stockton and Miss Lynn, daughter of Walter Lynn.

A Woman Did It.

To the Editor of the Examiner—Sir: In your issue of June 5th there is a communication from William A. Wilson expressing "Opposition to Woman Suffrage." He concludes his [illegible] with the following [illegible]: "It strikes me that we would have [illegible] this side of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]." [illegible] I would say [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], although [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. I believe, however, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Columbus [illegible]. [illegible] June 5.

1894

March 4, 1895

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

AN OAKLAND GENTLEMAN AND LADY PROUD OF THEIR LINEAGE.

General Thomas L. Hamer, the great statesman and soldier of Ohio, who, when a congressman, nominated General U. S. Grant for appointment to West Point as a cadet, was a cousin to Mrs. Margaret M. Hecox of the United States lighthouse at Santa Cruz, and Colonel Thomas Hamer of Fulton county, Illinois, who expected the appointment which his cousin, the congressman gave to the son of Jesse Grant, is now an active and vigorous man of seventy-seven years, and a prominent member of the present senate in session at Springfield, is her brother. Mrs. Hecox has just passed her eightieth birthday, and is one of the most interesting of California's pioneer ladies, having crossed the plains with her husband, the late Adna A. Hecox, in 1846. Judge Hecox will be remembered by old timers as the last Alcalde of Santa Cruz Mission, where he lived from February, 1847, until his death in 1883. Mrs. Hecox is the mother of Mrs. O. K. Stampley of Oakland.

When General and Mrs. Grant made their famous trip around the world in 1879, Mr. Stampley, who was then a resident of Carson City, was appointed by the then governor of Nevada, John H. Kinkead, one of a reception committee to meet the general and escort him across Lake Tahoe and into Carson City, where a magnificent reception was given him in the state capitol building. Mr. Stampley is proud of the fact that he had the honor of standing by the side of the great soldier and ex-president on the occasion of his grand reception by the citizens of the Silver State.

The noted deaf mute sculptor, Douglas Tilden, son of Dr. Tilden, who died at Chico, some years ago, is a nephew of Mrs. Stampley. The sculptor made a mistake in stating that it was his grand uncle who appointed General Grant to West Point. It was his grandmother's cousin. His grand uncle is Colonel Thomas Hamer, present state senator of Illinois.

PIONEER ANECDOTE.

Judge Peckham as a Carpenter.

I read in THE PIONEER of August 24, 1878 of one Harry Smith, who was proprietor and owner of the "The Shades" at the corner of Dupont and Pacific streets, and also followed the business of catching runaway sailors. Now that joke of Harry's about the Judge is not as good as the one about the latter's carpenter work. The Judge in his Biographical Sketch tells some good jokes on himself, as well as on others, but he failed to say anything about covering the old woman's house in San Jose in 1847. Now in those days there were not more than five or six houses in San Jose that were covered with shingles or shakes. The Judge one fine morning made his appearance in San Jose with his box of tools on his shoulder, looking for a job of work, and he soon heard of the old woman who had a house to be roofed. The Judge went to see her and they soon made a bargain. The Judge went to work immediately, as the old lady had all the materials on hand. In due time the Judge finished the job, got paid and went on his way rejoicing, leaving the old lady in great glee to think that she was living in a house covered with shingles. Now the old lady was a California woman and had not seen many houses covered with shingles or shakes, and consequently did not know how they were to be put on, but thought that los Americanos did. The "roofer," however, had laid the shingles so that the thick ends pointed toward the highest part of the roof. Consequently the largest portion of the water that dropped on the house fell inside, and the old lady was therefore no better off than she would be if she had no roof at all. There happened to be living in this county then one William Gulnac. When Gulnac went to town from his place he had to pass the old lady's house, and if there should happen to be any one with him they would stop in front of the house and have a laugh. This hilarity at the expense of her house went on until the old lady took notice of it, and directed her children to tell her the next time Mr. Gulnac stopped in front of the house and laughed, as she had a curiosity to know how her mansion—a newly roofed one at that—could thus excite his risibilities. No more than a day or so had elapsed before the children came running into the kitchen and told her that Mr. G. and another man were in the street laughing, when she sent for him to come in. When he had come in she asked: "Why do you laugh every time you pass my house? Is it because I have taken off the old grass roof and have got a house like the Americanos that you are making fun of?" "No," said G., "did you ever hear of me making fun of any one, my dear madam? Who did you get to put this roof on for you?" "Oh," said the lady, "he was a long, lank Americano—that said his name was Precam." "Why," said Mr. G., "you are no better off when it rains than if you lived in the street, for all the water that comes in contact with the roof will enter the house." To prove this he put a boy on the roof and passed up a bucket of water and told him to spill it on the house. Lo and behold! all of it came down on the floor.

That may be the reason why the Judge left the carpenter business and became a lawyer, for as a roofer, in this one instant, at best, he did not succeed in covering himself with glory. One Judge W., who went to Santa Cruz, got hold of this joke on Judge Peckham, and made good use of it when ever he came in contact with him, to the great annoyance of Judge P., in the courts of Santa Clara county.

W. B——.
Pioneer of 1843.

Santa Cruz, Cal., 1879.

CARING FOR THE GOOD BOOK.

How the Scriptures Were Preserved Previous to Their Translation.

The books of the law were the first books of the Bible to be collected by the priests and leaders of the Israelites; after the law came the written history of the people, in the fifth century B. C., the collection of the prophets by Nehemiah; and from his time onward the collection of hagiographa, the Psalms, Proverbs, Job, Canticles. All of these had been preserved by the priests, copied and recopied as occasion required and circulated in manuscript, as of course all writings were circulated in those days. The dispersion of the Hebrews and their acquisition of other languages and loss of the Hebrew language, necessitated the translation of the scriptures into other than the Hebrew, and previous to the second century B. C. what we know as the Septuagint translation, the LXX, was completed in Greek, designed especially for the Hebrews living in Alexandria and other parts of Egypt. The Septuagint comes from a tradition that seventy scholars—seventy-two actually—made the translation. Translations and recensions into the Aramaic were also made, and these translations were copied from time to time, so that the oldest manuscript of the Old Testament now in extent is only about fourteen hundred years old.

The case is the same with the New Testament. It was written again and again, until now there are upward of a thousand manuscripts for the gospels and as many more for the rest of the New Testament. The oldest manuscripts are the Codex Sinaiticus and the Codex Vaticanus, which date from the fourth century A. D. So the books of the Bible were handed down, the old copies always being renewed before they wore out, the language being Hebrew, Greek, and after A. D. 300, Latin. The latter, in the translation adopted by the Roman church, and known as the Vulgate, because commonly used in the Christian churches, was the first book printed, in 1450-55. As far back as the seventh century portions of the Vulgate were translated into English; and the early versions by Wickliffe and his predecessors, by Purvey and others, were translations from the Vulgate. Tyndale used Luther's German translation of the Greek Bible. The authorized version of King James was made by forty-seven scholars and finished in 1611; the manuscripts, so far as accessible, were consulted, the translators not restricting themselves to the Vulgate, but going to the Hebrew and Greek whenever they could.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.

There's a haunting horror near us
That nothing drives away—
Fierce lamping eyes at nightfall,
A crouching shade by day;
There's a whining at the threshold,
There's a scratching at the floor—
To work! to work! In heaven's name!
The wolf is at the door!

The day was long, the night was short,
The bed was hard and cold,
Still weary are the little ones,
Still weary are the old.
We are weary in our cradles
From our mother's toil untold;
We are born to hoarded weariness,
As some to hoarded gold.

We will not rise! We will not work!
Nothing the day can give
Is half so sweet as an hour of sleep;
Better to sleep than live!
What power can stir these heavy limbs?
What hope these dull hearts swell?
What fear more cold, what pain more sharp,
Than the life we know so well?

To die like a man by lead or steel
Is nothing that we should fear;
No human death would be worse to feel
Than the life that holds us here.
But this is a fear no heart can face—
A fate no man can dare—
To be run to earth and die by the teeth
Of the gnawing monster there.

The slow relentless padding step
That never goes astray—
The rustle in the underbrush—
The shadow in the way—
The straining flight—the long pursuit—
The steady gain behind—
Death-wearied man and tireless brute,
And the struggle wild and blind!

There's a hot breath at the keyhole
And a tearing as of teeth!
Well do I know the bloodshot eyes
And the dripping jaws beneath!
There's a whining at the threshold—
There's a scratching at the floor—
To work! To work! In heaven's name!
The wolf is at the door!

—Charlotte Perkins Stetson [illegible]

EARLY DAYS. '93

A Pioneer Tells How Santa Cruz Looked Long Ago—Old Timers.

"The reminiscences in this morning's SENTINEL about 'Chape' Willson reminds us of old-timers and early days in Santa Cruz," said a citizen Saturday.

"The lot below the Willson property on Pacific Av. was owned by the Coopers. Circuses used to appear there. At that time there were many vacant lots on Pacific Av. The principal business was done on Front St. The buildings were, with the exception of two or three, all of wood. It was only when L. Heath, the Bernheims and the Odd Fellows put up fine buildings that Santa Cruz began a new era in business blocks. Front St. was rapidly deserted by business men when more buildings to accommodate them were erected on Pacific Av. Chinese washhouses and saloons added to the driving away of business from Front St.

"One of the finest residences in town at that period was built by Ed Bender on Pacific Av. It was in after years moved to Front St., and is now occupied by Wm. Ely. Before the Odd Fellows built their hall a blacksmith shop was on the lot. The Savages used to live on the corner of Pacific and Walnut avenues. Their house has since been converted into the Eastern Hotel. Prof. Piosla had a seminary in the same building. Some of the pupils, who are now mothers, will remember their happy school girl days at the seminary. Dick Savage has acquired fame in the literary world as an author. Senator Cole lived in a house on the corner of Pacific and Soquel Avs. Cole did not reside here after he reached the United States Senate. We expected great things of him for Santa Cruz, and his failure to do anything for us was a disappointment.

"For years a big sycamore tree stood at the corner of Pacific and Walnut Avs., and that reminds me that the cutting down of trees has caused more rows here than anything else. Nothing so riles a staid citizen as to have his favorite tree cut down.

"Where Anthony's block now stands used to be an old building, in which was the Postoffice. Anthony also had a store there. The Hihn building on the Lower Plaza was occupied by R. E. Hyde, who made a barrel of money there with his general merchandise store. He went to Visalia, where he is now in the banking business, a reputed millionaire. Hyde was a shrewd business man and knew when to quit. In old days court was held up-stairs over the Hyde store. The principal hotels here then were known as the San Lorenzo, Santa Cruz and Franklin. A trip to San Francisco by stage occupied an entire day—once two days, via San Juan."

INDIAN HIEROGLYPHICS.

Interesting Traces of a Prehistoric Race in Lake County.

L. C. G. Harris of Bertha, Lake county, Cal., writes to the CHRONICLE that he has discovered upon some rocks in that section a large number of painted hieroglyphics of the most interesting character. There are many hundreds of characters and Mr. Harris, who has studied them closely, believes that he has hit upon a clue to their meaning. In the same locality he dug up a number of arrowheads, one of which is shown in the illustration. It is made of abalone shell and the characters engraved upon it are similar to those painted on the rocks.

Arrowhead with inscription.

ANCIENT ELASTIC MARBLE.

A Slab of the Stone Exhibited in the British Museum.

In one account of Rome the author mentions five or six slabs of elastic marble as being in the possession of the Prince Borghese. Being set on end, they bend backward and forward; when laid horizontally and raised at end, they formed a curve; if placed on a table and a piece of wood or any other substance is laid under them they fall into a kind of a curve, each end touching the table.

The Abbe Fortis was told that they were dug up near the town of Mondragone in the kingdom of Naples. The grain is like that of fine Carrara marble, or perhaps of the Saline Greek. They seem to have suffered some attack of fire.

A slab of marble similar in every respect to those described, and highly polished, has been exhibited for more than twenty-five years in the British Museum.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

JEREMIAH AND HIS PA.

Jeremiah (thoughtfully)—"Say, pa, if I tell Willie Smith to tell Tom Hooker to tell Jack Hades to kill my little dogs, would it be right for me to tell the police and get Jack in jail?"

Rev. Elijah Wimbleton (taking a long view of his hopeful son over the rim of his steel spectacles)—"Jeremiah, I have always encouraged you to ask questions and thus gain knowledge, but I've never been guilty of encouraging you in asking foolish ones. But, in order to show your responsibility, I will inform you, Jeremiah, that of the four that would be involved in the killing of the dogs, you would be the greatest criminal. Now, don't ask any more questions."

[Silence for ten minutes.]

"Pa."

"Yaas, yaas, what is it now?"

"Kin Jack Jones, the s'loon-keeper, jine your church?"

"Most decidedly not!"

"Why, pa?"

"Why, because he is engaged in the diabolical business of making drunkards; turning the home of comfort and peace into a hell; taking the bread out of the mouths and shoes from off the feet of mothers and children; filling our jails, poorhouses and insane asylums with victims. No, Jeremiah, no saloon-keeper could join my church for the whole world."

"Well, pa, why do the people low them to sell whisky then?"

"For the reason that he has a license to carry on the hellish business."

"Who gave him his license, pa?"

"Judge Grant."

"Isn't Judge Grant a member of your church, pa?"

"Yes, he is; and one of the finest and truest of Christian men."

"If he is such a good man, how could he give a license to Jack Jones to sell whisky?"

"Judge Grant is not responsible for the law which compels him to give license, Jeremiah."

"Who makes the law?"

"The Legislature."

"What is a Legis—Legas—Le—?"

"The Legislature is composed of men elected by the people to make laws for the people. Senator Smith of our church is one of the law-makers."

"Did you vote for him, pa?"

"Most assuredly I did! He is one of the most talented men the Senate."

"Be you a 'Publican, pa?"

"Yes, sir; I consider it a great honor to belong to the Grand Old Par—"

"Is Senator Smith a 'Publican?"

"Yes, he is."

"Judge Grant, too?"

"Yes."

"Jack Jones?"

"Yaas, yaas! But, see here, if you don't dry up with your questions you will feel the lifting power of my number ten."

[Another long pause.]

Jeremiah (thoughtfully)—"Pa, if I was to blame most for killing the dogs, ain't you to blame, too, for voting for Sen'tor Smith to make a law that compels Judge Grant to give a license to Jack Jones to engage in the diabolical business of selling whisky? And since you and the Sen'tor and Judge belong to the Church, why can't Jack Jones jine, too? Ain't he doing just what the Publican Party said he can do? And ain't you all 'Publicans? Deacon Giles is right, pa; the man that votes for a license party is worser than the s'loon-keeper and——"

"Shut right up, sir!!! Never let me hear you alluding to this subject again! A boy of your age should never talk about things you can not understand. Prepare for bed, and you can thank yourself that your father is a Christian man."—*People.*

SPANISH AND INDIAN NAMES.

[Very few of the Spanish names of places in California are pronounced correctly by Americans. In the pronunciations given below, in this list of the more widely known names, the popular pronunciation is given in preference to that which is exactly correct, with a leaning toward the correct sound. In Spanish, *a* is "father," *e* as *a* in "mate," and *i* as *e* in "me"; but in unaccented syllables these sounds are obscure. There are certain difficulties with regard to some of the consonants, but they receive little respect from the Americans. By following the rough guide here set up the stranger will run little risk of making too radical a departure from the local custom.]

ALAMEDA (al-ah-*may*-dah). Poplar grove; public walk.

ALAMITOS (al-ah-*mee*-toce). Little poplars.

ALCATRAZ (al-cah-*trass*). Pelican.

ALMA (*al*-ma). Spirit.

ALMADEN (al-mah-*den*). The mine. (Arab.)

ALVARADO (al-vah-rah-do). Name of a family.

ALVISO (al-*vee*-so). Name of a family.

AMADOR (am-ah-*dore*). Lover.

APTOS (ap-toce). Indian name.

ARROYO (ar-*roy*-o). Creek—a general term.

ASCUNION (ah-soon-*see*-*own*). Elevation.

ATASCADERO (ah-tass-cah-*day*-ro). Quagmire.

BENICIA (ben-*nee*-co-ah). Meant for Benecia (or Venecia). Venice.

BERRAL (ber-*nal*). A family name; literally, vernal, green.

BOCA (bo-cah). Mouth, entrance.

BOLSA (*bole*-sah). Pocket.

BUENA VISTA (*bway*-nah-*vees*-tah). Good view.

CABAZON (cah-ba-*sone*). Tax register; shirt collar.

CALAVERAS (cal-ah-*vay*-rass). Skulls.

CALIENTE (cal-e-en-ty). Hot.

CANDELARIA (can-day-*lah*-re-ah). Candlemas.

CARMELO (car-*mel*-o). Carmel.

CARNADERO (car-nah-*day*-ro). Literally, butt-maker.

CARPINTERIA (car-pin-*tay*-*ree*-ah). Carpenter-shop.

CASA BLANCA (*cass*-ah-*blan*-cah). White house.

CAZADERO (cas-ah-*day*-ro). Place for pursuing game.

CERRITOS (cer-*ree*-toce). Little hills.

CHICO (*chee*-co). Small.

CIENEGA (cee-*ay*-nay-gah). Marsh.

COLORADO (col-o-*rah*-do). Red.

COLUSA (co-*loo*-sah). An Indian name.

CONTRA COSTA (*con*-trah-*coce*-tah). Opposite coast.

CORONADO (co-ro-*nah*-do). Name of a family.

COYOTE (ki-*yo*-te). A species of wolf.

DEL NORTE (del-*nor*-te). Of the north.

DOS PALMOS (*dose*-*pahl*-moce). Two palms.

DUARTE (dwar-te).

EL CARO (el *cah*-roce). The grandiose.

EL DORADO (el do-*rah*-do). Gold field.

EL TORO (el to-ro). The bull.

EL VERANO (el vay-*rah*-no). The summer.

ENCINITAS (en-see-*nee*-tahss). Little oaks.

ESCONDIDO (es-con-*dee*-do). Hidden.

ESPARTO (es-*par*-to). Spanish grass.

FRESNO (*frez*-no). Ash tree.

FRUTO (*froo*-to). Profit; income.

GARILLAS (gah-*lee*-yahs). Sparrow-hawks.

GUADALUPE (gwah-day-*lu*-py). Literally, wolf river.

INDIO. Indian.

INYO (in-yo). An Indian name.

HOTEL DEL MONTE (hotel del *mon*-ty). Hotel of the forest.

LAGUNA DEL REY (lah-goo-nah del-ray). Lake of the king.

LA JOYA (lah ho-yah). The jewel.

LOMA ROSA (lo-mah ro-sah). Pretty rose.

LOBOS (*lo*-boce). Wolves.

LOMA PRIETA (lo-ma pre-e-tah). Dark slope.

LOS ANGELES (loce ang-*a*-less). The angels.

LOS BANOS (loce-*ban*-noce). The baths, or swimming pools.

LOS GATOS (loce *gah*-toce). The cats.

LOS NIETOS (loce ne-*e*-toce). The grandchildren.

LOS OLIVOS (loce ol-*e*-voce). The olive trees.

MADRONE (mad-*roan*). A California tree. (Proper form, madrono.)

MADRILA (mah-*hil*-lah). Probably meant for Manza (man-a-lah; contraction of Yamanola, Spanish feminine of lake man).

MANZANITA (man-za-*nee*-tah). Little apple.

MARIN (ma-*reen*). Name of an Indian chief.

MARIPOSA (mar-re-po-sah). Butterfly.

MARTINEZ (mar-*tee*-ness). Name of a family.

MENDOCINO (men-do-*see*-no). An Indian name.

MERCED (mer-*ced*). Mercy.

MILPITAS (mil-*pee*-tas). Meadow.

MODESTO (mo-*des*-to). Modest.

MOLOKE (mo-*lok*-e). Name of an Indian tribe.

MONTEREY (mon-te-*ray*). Literally, king's mountain, or king's forest.

MORAGA (mo-*rah*-gah). Name of a family.

MORRO (*mo*-ro). A round hill.

MOUNTAIN VIEW (*mown*-tain-*view*). Mountain view.

NAPA (*nah*-pah). Name of an Indian tribe.

NIPOMO (ne-*po*-mo). Name of an Indian chief.

NOVATO (no-*vah*-to). Name of a family.

OAKLAND (*oak*-land). Land of oaks.

OCEANO (o-*say*-ah-no). Ocean.

OJAI (o-*hi*).

ORO (*o*-ro). Gold.

PACIFIC (pah-*sif*-ic). Peaceful.

PAJARO (*pah*-hah-ro). Bird.

PALO ALTO (*pah*-lo-*ahl*-to). Tall tree.

PALOMA (pah-*lo*-ma). Dove.

PARAISO (pah-*ri*-so). Paradise.

PASADENA (pass-a-*dee*-nah).

PASO ROBLES (*pass*-o-*o*-bless). Oak pass. (Properly, El Paso de Robles).

PESCADERO (pess-cah-*day*-ro). Fishmonger.

PINOLE (pe-*no*-le). A fermented drink of sugar, ground corn and water.

PLACER (*plass*-er). Gold-bearing gravel.

PLAZA (*plaz*-ah). Public square.

PLUMAS (*ploo*-mas). Feathers.

PRESIDIO (pra-*see*-de-o). Garrison.

PUENTE (poo-*en*-ty). Bridge.

REDONDO (ray-*don*-do). Round.

RINCON (rin-*cone*). Place where two corners meet.

RIO (*ree*-o). River.

SACRAMENTO. The sacrament.

SALINAS (sa-*lee*-nas). Salt-pits.

SAN ARDO (san-*ar*-do). St. Ardo.

SAN BENITO (san ba-*ner*-e-to). St. Benedict.

SAN BERNARDINO (san ber-nar-*dee*-no). St. Bernard.

SAN BRUNO. St. Bruno.

SAN BUENAVENTURA (san bwa-nah-ven-too-*rah*). St. Bonaventure.

SAN CARLOS (san *car*-loce). St. Charles.

SAN FELIPE (san fa-*lee*-pe). St. Philip.

TAHOE (*tah*-ho). Big water. (Indian.

TAMALPAIS (tah-mal-*pah*-eece). Land of the Tomal (or Tamol) Indians.

TASSAJARA (tas-sah-*hah*-rah).

TEJON (tay-*hone*). Badger.

TEMESCAL (tem-*es*-cal). Sweat-box (Indian).

TIA JUANA (*tee*-ah *hwa*-nah). Aunt Jane.

TIBURON (tee-boo-*roan*). Shark.

TRES PINOS (*tress*-pe-noce). Three pines.

TULARE (too-*lah*-ry). Place covered with tules (rushes).

TULE (too-le). Bulrush.

TUOLUMNE (too-*lum*-ny). Name of Indian tribe.

VACAVILLE (vah-cah-*vil*-le). Vaca is the name of a family; literally, cow.

VALLEJO (val-*ya*-ho). Name of a family.

VENTURA (ven-*too*-rah). Venture; risk; luck.

YOLO (*yo*-lo). Rush-covered marsh. (Indian).

YOSEMITE (yo-se-*me*-ty). Large grizzly bear. (Indian).

YUBA (*yu*-ba). Indian name.

ZAYANTE (zy-*an*-te).

WHAT A FRIEND IS.

Various Definitions Given in Composition for a Prize.

This is the prize definition:

The first person who comes in when the whole world has gone out.

The following are some of the best definitions submitted:

A bank of credit on which we can draw supplies of confidence, counsel, sympathy, help and love.

One who considers my need before my deservings.

The triple alliance of the three great powers, love, sympathy and help.

One who understands our silence.

A jewel whose luster the strong acids of poverty and misfortunes can not dim.

One who smiles on our fortunes, frowns on our faults, sympathizes with our sorrows, weeps at our bereavements and is a safe fortress at all times of trouble.

One who, gaining the top of the ladder, won't forget you if you remain at the bottom.

One who in prosperity does not know you, in adversity assists you, in sickness nurses you, and after your death marries your widow and provides for your children.

The holly of life, whose qualities are overshadowed in the summer of prosperity, but blossom forth in the winter of adversity.

He who does not adhere to the saying that No. 1 should come first.

A watch which beats true for all time and never "runs down."

An insurance against misanthropy.

A friend is like ivy—the greater the ruin the closer he clings.

One who to himself is true, and therefore must be so to you.

The same to-day, the same to-morrow, either in prosperity, adversity or sorrow.

One who combines for you alike the pleasures and benefits of society and solitude.

One who is a balance in the sea saw of life.

One who guards another's interest as his own and neither flatters or deceives.

A nineteenth century rarity.

One who will tell you of your faults and follies in prosperity and assist you with his hand and heart in adversity.

One truer to me than I am myself.—*London Tid Bits.*

A PRETTY HOME WEDDING. 1895

Marriage of Hazzard Gragg and Miss Edith Drennan at the Residence of the Bride's Mother.

There was a pretty home wedding Tuesday noon at the residence of Mrs. S. Drennan, Church St., witnessed only by relatives and immediate friends. The contracting parties were Hazzard Gragg and Miss Edith Drennan. Rev. Mr. Taylor, pastor of the Congregational Church, performed the ceremony. The bride was attended by Misses Goralie Gragg and Mabel Drennan. Rylaud Drennan acted as best man.

The rooms were decorated with a wealth of flowers. In the parlors especially the floral ornamentation was very artistic. While the ceremony was being performed the young couple stood under a floral umbrella which was suspended from the center of the bay window.

After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served. In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Gragg left for Del Monte to spend their honeymoon. They were the recipients of many valuable and useful presents.

The bride is among the fairest daughters of Santa Cruz. She is unusually bright and possessed of many accomplishments. The groom is a former Santa Cruzan, but for some years his home has been at San Luis Obispo, where he holds a responsible position in a bank. He has the high esteem of all who are acquainted with him, for he is a sterling young business man who has been remarkably successful. Mr. Gragg is a graduate of Chesnutwood's Business College.

The best wishes of hosts of friends follow Mr. and Mrs. Gragg for a happy and prosperous matrimonial life.

There was a quiet home wedding Thursday morning at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. R. Case, North Santa Cruz. The contracting parties were Fred D. Herring and Miss Luella Case. Rev. Edgar Leavitt performed the ceremony. The groom is a prosperous farmer, and the bride has been an efficient teacher in the schools of this county. They will reside at Castle Rock. The young couple have the best wishes of their many friends for a happy and prosperous journey along the matrimonial pathway.

NUGGETS OF GOLD.

Some Notable Discoveries in California.

Wealth Found by Merest Accident.

How Some of the Golden Masses Were Unearthed—Early Day Anecdotes.

Written for the CHRONICLE.

California has yielded many large and beautiful "nuggets" of gold, but for the size of her nuggets Australia leads the world, at least in modern times, and there is no record of the big finds of the miners of ancient times in the nugget line. Though California has not produced very many nuggets of the great size of a few of the largest found in Australia, she has yielded an immense number of very large "chunks" of gold and of pieces of curious and beautiful shapes, treasured by miners and others as "specimens," and of larger size than the pieces called "chispas." Indeed California ranks as a coarse gold region; coarse gold is found in almost every camp in the State, whereas in many countries—even in most other places in the United States—nearly all the gold found is in the shape of fine dust or very small grains.

The first big lumps of gold found in California created a great excitement among the miners. They at once began picturing in imagination masses of gold larger than could be lifted by a dozen men. It was a common camp-fire amusement. There were afloat stories of men sitting down to starve by huge golden bowlders rather than risk leaving their finds to go in search of transportation facilities.

The first nugget of sufficient size to create more than a mere local sensation was found by a young man who was a soldier in Stevenson's regiment. It is related that he found it in the Mokelumne river while in the act of taking a drink from that stream. The nugget weighed nearly twenty-five pounds. The finder at once hastened to San Francisco with his prize, where he placed it in the hands of Colonel Mason for safe keeping. The big lump was sent to New York and placed on exhibition. It produced great excitement, and was probably the cause of many a man striking out for California.

The largest mass of gold ever found in California was that dug out at Carson hill, Calaveras county, in 1854. It weighed 195 pounds. Other lumps weighing several pounds were found at the same place.

August 18, 1860, W. A. Farish and Harry Warner took from the Monumental quartz mine, Sierra county, a mass of gold and quartz weighing 133 pounds. It was sold to R. B. Woodward of San Francisco for $21,636 52. It was exhibited at Woodward's Gardens for some time, then was melted down. It yielded gold to the value of $17,654 94.

August 4, 1858, Ira A. Willard found on the west branch of Feather river a nugget which weighed 54 pounds avoirdupois before and 49¾ pounds after melting.

A nugget dug at Kelsey, El Dorado county, was sold for $4700. In 1864 a nugget was found in the Middle Fork of the American river, two miles from Michigan Bluff, that weighed 18 pounds 10 ounces and was sold for $4204 by the finder.

In 1859 at Corona, Tuolumne county, was found a gold quartz nugget which weighed 151 pounds 6 ounces. Half a mile east of Columbia, Tuolumne county, near the Knapp ranch, a Mr. Strain found a nugget which weighed fifty pounds avoirdupois. It yielded $8500 when melted. In 1849 was found in Sullivan's creek, Tuolumne county, a nugget that weighed twenty-eight pounds avoirdupois.

In 1871 a nugget was found in Kanaka creek, Sierra county, that weighed ninety-six pounds. At Rattlesnake creek the same year a nugget weighing 106 pounds 2 ounces was found.

A quartz bowlder found in French gulch, Sierra county, in 1851, yielded $8000 in gold.

In 1867 a bowlder of gold quartz was found at Pilot Hill, El Dorado county, that yielded $8000 when worked up. It was found in what is known as the "Bowlder Gravel" claim, from which many smaller gold quartz nuggets have been taken at various times.

Some years ago a Frenchman found a nugget of almost pure gold, worth over $5000, in Spring gulch, Tuolumne County. The next day the man became insane. He was sent to the Stockton Asylum, and the nugget was forwarded to the French Consul, at San Francisco, who sent its value to the family of the finder in France.

In 1854, a mass of gold was found at Columbia, Tuolumne, weighing thirty pounds, and yielded $6625.

A Mr. Virgin found at Gold Hill, in the same county, a bowlder that weighed thirty-one pounds eight ounces, and when melted yielded $6500.

A gold quartz bowlder found at Minnesota, Sierra county, weighed twenty-two pounds and two ounces and yielded $5000.

In 1850 a nugget was found at French Gulch, in the same county, that weighed twenty-one pounds and eleven ounces and contained gold to the value of $4883.

In 1876 J. D. Colgrove of Dutch Flat, Placer county, found a white quartz bowlder in the Polar Star hydraulic claim from which he obtained gold to the value of $5760.

At the Monumental quartz mine, Sierra county, in 1869 was found a mass of gold that weighed 95 pounds 6 ounces. It was found in decomposed quartz at a depth of twenty-five feet below the surface. This was the only "pay" found in that particular part of the mine. All the auriferous energy of the vein at that point seemed to have been concentrated in the one nugget.

In 1855 a nugget weighing sixty pounds was found at Alleghanytown, Sierra county. It was a mass of gold taken from a quartz vein. Several other large "chunks" were taken from the same mine—lumps of nearly pure gold weighing from one pound to ten or twelve pounds. These masses of gold were dug by Frank Cook (afterward City Marshal of Marysville) and others, his partners.

In 1851 a Mr. Chapman and others flumed a set of claims on the middle Yuba. When the water was turned from the river into the flume about the first thing seen in the exposed bed of the channel was a horseshoe-shaped mass of pure gold, which weighed twenty-eight pounds. This was a very handsome and "showy" nugget. It was sold to Major Jack Stratman of San Francisco.

The Sailor Diggings, on the north fork of the Yuba, just below the mouth of Sailor ravine, about three miles above Downieville, were wonderfully rich in nuggets. The diggings were owned and worked by a party of English sailors in 1851. In their claim the sailors found a nugget of pure gold that weighed thirty-one pounds. They also found a great number of nuggets weighing from five to fifteen pounds. The party all left together for England. They took with them all the nuggets they found—both great and small. They were carried in two canvas sacks, the weight being too great to be conveniently handled in a single sack. When the party reached England they for a considerable time made a business of exhibiting their collection of nuggets and various fancy specimens in all the large towns and cities, thus infecting great numbers of people with the gold-digging fever, for just at that time came the world-startling news of the great gold discoveries made in April of that year in Australia.

In French ravine, Sierra county, in 1855 there was found in the claim of a Missourian named Smith a double nugget of almost pure gold. The larger of the two nuggets weighed fifty pounds, and connected with it by a sort of neck was a lump of gold that weighed fifteen pounds. In taking out the large nugget the two were broken apart. The large nugget yielded $10,000 and the small one $3000.

In September, 1850, L. P. Wardell, now in Virginia City, found in Mad canyon, on the middle fork of the American river, a nugget of solid gold weighing six pounds. The nugget had in it a round hole and the finder made use of it, in his cabin, as a candlestick. It was doubtless the most valuable candlestick on the Pacific coast. After the nugget had been thus used so long that it was covered with candle grease the owner sold it, grease and all.

In the early days of placer mining in California colored miners were proverbially lucky. Companies of white men were always ready to take in a colored man as a partner, believing he would bring them good luck. I have from Steve Gillis of Virginia, Nev., a veteran printer and pioneer miner of the Pacific coast, the following sample of "nigger luck": In 1868 a colored miner who was out on a prospecting trip found on the slope of Table mountain, Tuolumne county, a nugget that weighed thirty-five pounds avoirdupois and yielded over $7000. The nugget was found on the slope where Table mountain drifts down toward Shaw's flat. The man saw a corner of it sticking out of the ground, and, digging it up, he planted it in a new place near by, marking the spot and continued on his way to his intended prospecting ground.

He did not take up a claim where he found the nugget, as he believed it to have rolled down from some point high up on Table mountain. He found such good pay in the place he went to prospect that he remained there at work for several weeks, feeling quite at ease in regard to the big nugget he had cached.

Finally he quit work in his new diggings and set out to look for his big nugget. On coming in sight of the spot where he had buried it he almost dropped in his tracks, for he saw a big company of men at work just where he had made his "plant." The men proved to be a lot of Italians and they had worked up to within about ten feet of the spot where lay buried the big nugget. The colored miner explained the situation to the Italians and they permitted him to dig up and carry away his nugget. Undoubtedly the "colored brother" had with him on that trip his "rabbit foot," for the "rescue" was about as fortunate as the "find."

In a drift mine at Remington Hill, Nevada county, in 1856, the half of a smoothly washed bowlder of gold quartz was found, which yielded $4672 50. The nugget was smooth on all the rounded sides, but had on one side a flat rough face. At the time the chunk was found it was remarked that the other half of the bowlder might possibly be somewhere in the same claim. In 1858 the owners of the mine had a hired man who was engaged in drifting out pay dirt. One day this man unexpectedly announced that he was going to leave; that he was going down to Nevada City to try his luck for a time.

The man was paid his wages and, shouldering his blankets, took his departure. After he had been gone a short time one of the partners said: "It is strange that the fellow should all at once quit work here when he had a steady job at as good wages as he can find anywhere in the country. I wonder if he has not found the other half of that bowlder?"

The partner addressed scouted the idea.

"You may laugh," said the suspicious partner, "but I feel it in my bones that the fellow is packing the missing half of that bowlder away in his roll of blankets."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"I am going to mount a horse and follow the fellow. I am going to make him shell out that chunk of gold."

"So! Very well, you shall have my half of all you get."

Mounting his horse, the man who had "suspicions" took the road to Nevada City with a sixshooter in his belt.

When he overtook his man and asked him to throw down and open out his roll of blankets the fellow was at first quite indignant and inclined to be ugly, but when he saw a revolver leveled at his head he cried out: "I cave! Now, how in —— did you find out that I'd got hold of the other half of that nugget?"

"Guessed it," said the mine-owner. "Shell her out!"

Down went the blankets and out came a big golden nugget. Sure enough, it was the other half of the bowlder. Taking the chunk the owner told the man to "git." That as he had met with a great temptation he was forgiven. The half thus received panned out $4430 75, making a total for the whole bowlder of $9103 25.

The unsuspicious partner was very sick when he saw the missing half of the bowlder brought home. However, the other, after paying himself $1000 for his trouble and his ability as a detective, divided the remainder with the man who had laughed at him in the start. He said he took only $20 for his trouble and risk, but for his "sabe" he must have $980.

Near Sonora, Tuolumne county, in 1852, a nugget weighing forty-five pounds and containing gold to the value of about $8000 was found. The finder had a friend who was far gone with consumption, yet was trying to work in the mines. The owner of the nugget saw that by working in the water and lifting heavy bowlders this man was fast killing himself. He told his friend to take the big nugget and go back to the States and exhibit it, as at that time such a mass of native gold was a curiosity to see which many would willingly pay a reasonable sum.

As the ailing man was well educated it was arranged that besides the nugget he should take some fine dust, "chispas," gold-bearing quartz, black sand, gravel and dirt from a placer, and the like, and with all was to fix up a lecture on life in the mines, mining operations, and California in general. When the owner of the nugget wanted it or its value he was to let the other know of his need.

The sick man took the nugget to the States, got up his lecture and did well wherever he went. For a time the miner heard from his friend pretty regularly, then for months lost track of him. He began to think his nugget lost; that perhaps his friend had been murdered and robbed in some out-of-the-way place.

One day, however, a letter reached the miner from a banker in New Orleans telling him that his friend had died in that city but had left the big nugget at the bank subject to his order. The miner wrote to have the nugget melted down, and in due time he received a check for a little over $8000.

Pocket mining as practiced by the experts of California is a branch of gold-hunting that may be said to stand by itself as an "art." The pocket miner follows up the trail of gold thrown off from a quartz vein and strewn down a mountain slope until he at last reaches the mother deposit whence the gold scattered below proceeded. This is an operation which sometimes requires many days to be devoted to the careful washing of samples of dirt taken from the slope of a mountain. Many rich pockets have, however, been found by accident. One of the richest of the pocket mines in California was that in the Morgan mine on Carson Hill, Calaveras county, from which $110,000 was thrown out at one blast. The gold so held the quartz together that it had to be cut apart with cold chisels. It is estimated that this mine yielded $2,800,000 in the years 1850 and 1851, and new pockets have since been discovered almost yearly somewhere in the peculiar formation at and about Carson Hill.

The telluride veins of Sierra county, extending from Minnesota to the south Yuba, have been prolific of pockets. A big pocket found in the Fellows mine on this belt yielded $250,000. Many other pockets yielding from $5000 to $50,000 have been found in this region.

Many rich pockets have been found about Grass Valley, Nevada county, Auburn, Placer county, and Sonora, Tuolumne county. The "Reece Pocket," Grass Valley, contained $40,000. This sum was pounded out in a hand mortar in less than a month. Near Grass Valley a pocket that yielded $60,000 was found by a sick "pilgrim," who was in search of health and knew nothing about mining.

The "Green Emigrant" pocket vein, near Auburn, was found by an emigrant who had never seen a mine. It yielded $160,000. This find was made within thirty yards of a road that had been traveled daily for twenty years. No more "pay" was found after the first pocket was worked.

The "Devol" pocket, in Sonora, alongside the main street of the town, owned by three men, yielded $200,000 in 1870. It was nearly all taken out in three weeks. The "grit specimen," showing arborescent crystalization, sent to the Paris exposition, was found in Spanish Dry Diggings, El Dorado county, weighed over twenty pounds and contained over $4000 in gold. About $8000 additional of the same kind of gold crystals was taken from the same pocket. The formation at this place is slate and a fine-grained sandstone filled with crystals of iron pyrites in cubes.

At American Camp, between the forks of the Stanislaus, in 1880, Le Roy Reid found a pocket in the "grass roots," from which he took out $8200.

Near Magalia, Butte county, in 1879, a pocket paid its finder $400 per two hours' work.

The above examples of the richness of the pockets often found in quartz veins must suffice. They have been taken pretty much at random. A full history of the big "pocket finds" in California would make a large volume.

Since the discovery of gold at Sutter's mill, California has yielded over $1,300,000,000 in that metal. How much exactly will never be known. The Chinese must have carried away an immense amount. In 1880 the Government tried to make them report. In eighteen counties of the State there were partial reports. The amounts they acknowledged obtaining foot up $1,751,244 for that year alone. Those who know the Chinese miners know the kind of report they would be likely to make. If they acknowledged securing $1,751,244 as late as in 1880, what must they have obtained in all the years before, when all the places were new and prolific?

Outside of California few nuggets of note have been found in any of the Pacific Coast States and Territories.

The largest nugget ever found in Nevada was one taken out of the Osceola placer mine about twenty years ago. It weighed twenty-four pounds and is supposed to have contained nearly $4000 in gold. A hired man found and stole it, but repenting gave up to the owners in a month or two over $2000 in small bars—all he had left of the big chunk. In the same mine about a year ago a nugget worth $2190 was found.

Montana's largest nugget was one found by Ed Rising at Snow Shoe gulch, on the Little Blackfoot river. It was worth $3358. It lay twelve feet below the surface and about a foot above the bedrock.

Colorado's biggest nugget was found at Breckenridge. It weighed thirteen pounds, but was mixed with lead carbonate and quartz.

The pioneer nuggets in the United States were found in the placers of the Appalachian range of mountains, where gold was discovered as early as 1828. In October, 1828, a negro found grains of fine gold in Bear creek, Ga., but the discovery did not attract much attention. Presently the same negro found a nugget in the Nacoochee river worth several thousand dollars. This "find" started a gold-hunting furor. Several other nuggets of considerable size have been found in Georgia at various times.

The largest nugget ever found in the Appalachian mining region was that dug at the Reed mine in North Carolina. It weighed eighty pounds.

In the same State some children playing along a creek found a nugget that weighed twelve pounds. The quartz veins of this region generally show a good deal of coarse gold, good-sized lumps, but seldom weighing as much as a pound.

DAN DE QUILLE.

The Prayer of Columbus.

It was near the close of his indomitable and pious life—on his last voyage, when nearly 70 years of age—that Columbus, to save his two remaining ships from foundering in the Caribbean sea in a terrible storm, had to run them ashore on the Island of Jamaica, where, laid up for a long and miserable year, 1503, he was taken very sick, had several relapses, his men revolted, and death seemed daily imminent; though he was eventually rescued and sent home to Spain to die, unrecognized, neglected, and in want. It is only asked, as preparation and atmosphere for the following lines, that the bare, authentic facts be recalled and realized, and nothing contributed by the fancy. See the Antillean island, with its florid skies and rich foliage and scenery, the waves beating the solitary sands, and the hulls of the ships in the distance. See the figure of the great Admiral walking the beach, as a stage, in this sublimest tragedy; for what tragedy, what poem, so piteous and majestic as the real scene? and hear him uttering, as his mystical and religious soul surely uttered, the ideas following, perhaps, in their equivalents, the very words:

A battered, wrecked old man,
Thrown on this savage shore, far, far from home,
Pent by the sea, and dark, rebellious brows, twelve dreary months.
Sore, stiff with many toils, sicken'd, and nigh to death,
I take my way along the island's edge,
Venting a heavy heart.

I am too full of woe!
Haply, I may not live another day;
I cannot rest, O God! I cannot eat or drink or sleep,
Till I put forth myself, my prayer, once more to Thee,
Breathe, bathe myself once more in Thee—commune with Thee.
Report myself once more to Thee.
Thou knowest my years entire, my life
(My long and crowded life of active work—not adoration merely);
Thou knowest the prayers and vigils of my youth;
Thou knowest my manhood's solemn and visionary meditations;

Thou knowest how, before I commenced, I devoted all to come to Thee;
Thou knowest I have in age ratified all those vows, and strictly kept them;
Thou knowest I have not lost faith nor ecstasy in Thee
(In shackles, prison'd, in disgrace, repining not,
Accepting all from Thee—as duly come from Thee).

All my emprises have been fill'd with Thee,
My speculations, plans, begun and carried on in thoughts of Thee,
Sailing the deep, or journeying the land for Thee;
Intentions, purports, aspirations mine—leaving results to Thee.

O I am sure they really came from Thee!
The urge, the ardor, the unconquerable will,
The patient, self, interior command, stronger than words,
A message from the heavens, whispering to me even in sleep,
These aged me on.

By me, and these, the work so far accomplish'd
(for what has been, has been);
By me Earth's elder, cloy'd and stale lands, uncloy'd unloos'd;
By me the hemispheres rounded and tied—the unknown to the known.

The end I know not—it is all in Thee;
Or small or great, I know not—haply, what broad fields, what lands;
Haply, the brutish, measureless human undergrowth I know.

Transcendent over you rise to stature, knowledge worthy Thee;
Haply the swerds I know may there indeed be turn'd to reaping hooks;
Haply the useless guns I know—Europe's dead cross—may bud and blossom there.

One effort more—my altar this bleak sand
That Thou, O God, my life hast lighted
With ray of light, steady, ineffable, vouchsafed of Thee—
(Light rare, untellable—lighting the very light!
Beyond all signs, descriptions, languages!)
For that, O God—be it my latest word—here on my knees,
Old, poor and paralysed—I thank Thee.

My terminus near;
The clouds already closing in upon me,
The voyage balk'd—the course disputed, lost,
I yield my ships to Thee.
Steersman unsure! henceforth the helms are Thine;
Take Thou command—(what to my petty skill Thy navigation?)

My hands, my limbs, grow nerveless;
My brain feels wrack'd, bewilder'd;
Let the old timbers part; I will not part!
I will cling fast to Thee, O God, though the waves buffet me;
Thee, Thee, at least I know.

Is it the prophet's thought I speak, or am I raving?
What do I know of life? what of myself?
I know not even my own work, past or present;
Dim, ever-shifting guesses of it spread before me,
Of newer, better worlds, their mighty partuition,
Mocking, perplexing me.

And these things I see suddenly—what mean they?
As if some miracle, some hand divine unseal'd my eyes,
Shadowy, vast shapes, smile through the air and sky,
And on the distant waves sail countless ships,
And anthems in new tongues I hear saluting me.

CALIFORNIA SHELLS.

An Interesting Report on Conchology.

Two New Species From San Pedro.

A Notable Collection Owned by a San Francisco Clergyman.

The shells of California have not as yet been fully described. So far as they are known the species are comparatively few and mostly of an Arctic type, which latter is scarcely remarkable for brilliancy of coloring.

Probably the most interesting of all the shells on the Pacific coast is the chiton, or "coat-of-mail," which hardly resembles a shell at all. It is much more suggestive of the dried fruit of the magnolia, with its dull shaded browns. In shape it is somewhat like a boat or tray, and deeply concave. The shell might be thought half a bivalve, as the upper side is open. But the animal has no covering except a membrane, which dries around the edge in the dead specimen. The most curious circumstance connected with the chiton is that it is formed in regular, scale-like layers, as it would seem, with two flaky shells in each row. The scales are yellowish-brown, the connecting bands and edges dark brown. The inside of the shell shows the scale formation more plainly. The sections are in a good specimen clean and white.

The best known of California shells are

Coat of mail.

several species of abalone, or "sea-ear." Visitors to this coast are surprised by the wonderful beauty of the lining. The mother of pearl displays all the shimmering tints of the rainbow—the writer had well nigh added "and more, too." Certainly the green melts into the pink and the pink into the red with indescribable gradations and incredible rapidity. Difficult it is to realize that this iridescent loveliness is the inner side of a cancer-like univalve, whose outer side is as hard and gray and homely as the rock to which its massive edge is attached with the grip of a vise.

Perhaps the prettiest and most delicate of our shells, that is, of the really dainty order, is an exquisitely colored little univalve called in the books the Calliostoma annulatum. The first of these long names means, literally, "pretty mouth," the second, "ringed." The rings run around the shell, following the tiny spines in regular order. These rings are tinted in soft tones of pink, purple, green and orange. The mouth displays pale, opalescent shades in which pink or yellow seems at times to predominate.

The trochus undosus is still another in-

A new California shell.

teresting univalve. "Undosus" means wavy, and the outside is waved—in fact, it looks even "shirred" or "gathered," as if by a needle and thread. The exterior presents the appearance of a rough, gray lichen, that is, in color and texture. The interior is pearly pink and purple.

These two latter are mentioned among the shells found in San Pedro bay and vicinity. The Smithsonian Institution, Washington, has recently issued a list of such shells founded chiefly upon observations made by Mrs. M. Burton Williamson, assisted by Mrs. L. H. Trowbridge, Miss I. M. Shepard, Miss S. P. Monks, Dr. J. G. Cooper and others. This list is probably the latest contribution to our knowledge of California shells. It would, however, scarcely interest the amateur, as most of the additions to shell-lore consist in alternations in scientific nomenclature, or notes of localities for species rarely found. Still this same list is of value to the general public, as it includes descriptions of two new California species by W. H. Dall of the United States National Museum.

One of these new species, a small white shell, is called the vitrinella Williamson and is rather large for the family to

The Cresta-Gallia or cock's comb.

which it belongs. The other is called amphissa bicolor and is a small solid shell of a pale color with brown bands. It was dredged by the United States Fish Commission at various places off the coast from Point Sur to San Diego and in the Santa Barbara channel in depths varying from 124 fathoms at the south to 298 fathoms at the north over a sandy or muddy bottom.

Nearly all of the known California species of shells are included in the collection of the Rev. Dr. Joseph Rowell of 1416 Sacramento street. Dr. Rowell is better known as pastor of the Mariner's Church than he is as a conchologist;—that is by the general public. Yet in the scientific world he holds a high rank. For thirty years past he has been quoted as a leading authority in his special study and his fame is international. His collection to-day is said to be one of the finest in the country.

Dr. Rowell began his collection in 1851, while living in Panama as a missionary. He was commissioned by the Smithsonian Institution to collect shells for the National Museum. He was engaged in this work five or six years, since which time he has made numerous journeys up and down the Pacific coast. Dr. Rowell has greatly enlarged the world's knowledge of the shell fauna from the isthmus to Alaska. He has also discovered a number of genera and species, some of which he named.

In 1861 Dr. Rowell visited the Farallon islands. Creeping into a cave he discovered a pretty little shell utterly unlike anything known before or since. It is shaped like a tiny saucer, pink outside and pearly inside. This shell adheres to the rock and might almost be taken for a barnacle, only it has no hole in the center. The scientific name is rowellia radiata. The genus was dedicated by the Smithsonian Institution to the discoverer. Dr. Rowell is also credited with a species, pupa rowelli, a little shell shaped somewhat like a caterpiller.

To a tiny landshell, brown, homely and "no bigger than a flea," Dr. Rowell points with special pride. This shell he found at Marysville on the under side of a board laid across a warm stream running from a flour mill. Or rather "these shells," for their finder scraped off half a score with his penknife. Seen under a lens they look like little slippers with a tiny white vamp. The species is the gundlachia californica. Until Dr. Rowell told the Smithsonian Institution differently, there was supposed to be but one gundlachia in the world and that at Porto Rico.

The foreign shells in Dr. Rowell's collection are of forms, sizes and colors so dazzling, so surprising and so bewildering as to defy description. Among the most singular, taken all in all, are some specimens of oysters from the Micronesian islands. One species, the Crista-Gallia, or "cocks-comb," has its two halves in perfect, regular points, so that the edges fit into each other exactly as though neatly dove-tailed by man-made machinery.

"See the outside of this shell," says Dr. Rowell, displaying a little gray conch, rough with coral-like projections which he calls fronds. "Now look at the inside. That's a real pansy-purple. Here's another, with a pink lining; another, orange. What is the use of these exquisite hues down under the ocean, where no mortal eye can see them? It is simply because God loves color, even more than we do. He puts color in flowers which no man can ever behold."

"But the botanists tell us now-a-days that the colors of flowers are intended to attract insects."

"Ridiculous! Some of the most brilliantly colored flowers are in the Arctic regions, where insects never come. What are the colors of shells intended to attract? Wherever you see this porcelain-like surface you may know that the animal covers it all while alive.

"What would you think if you were in the interior of Africa and saw these great big brown shells walking over the bushes? Yes, these are giant snails or land-shells. The genus is Achatina. Now see these little snail-shells, striped with regular distinct bands of color like candy. There is but one genus, Achatinella, the diminutive of Achatina. But in these boxes I have 150 species. They come from the Hawaiian islands, and were sent by my brother, who lived there for years as a missionary.

"Now see this minute white dot, no bigger than a pin's head. The Smithsonian Institution presented this to me as a great rarity. It is cæcum undulatum from Mazatlan."

The most wonderful specimen in Dr. Rowell's collection is a fossil conus, or cone shell from Panama. This specimen is famous. There is not another like it in the world. An Irishman unearthed it with his pick, and in doing so broke it open, so that the interior is plainly seen. The shell has turned to crystal. The animal has been replaced with mud, which has hardened into stone. Afterward the shell itself, in its mold of stone, became yellow crystals of phosphate of lime, the regular form of the crystal showing in some places perfectly. The shell is about three inches in length, but incredibly heavy. Each crystal sparkles like a topaz.

ORIGIN OF SURNAMES.

Their History, Sources and Meaning.

Suggested by Trades and Pursuits.

Many Come From Birds, Beasts, Fishes, Plants, Vegetables and Fruits.

Written for the CHRONICLE.

In the earliest days of the world's history a single name sufficiently distinguished a man from his fellows. Among the Hebrews Adam, Cain, Abel, Abraham, Jacob and Joseph needed no second name to mark their identity. Among the Greeks Hector, Achilles, Agamemnon and Odysseus denoted those heroes with sufficient clearness. Later the city of which a man was a citizen was added to his first name, as Herodotus of Halicarnassus, or the philosophical school of which he was founder or follower, as Diogenes the Cynic, or his profession, as Phidias the Sculptor.

But as people increased upon the face of the earth further identification became necessary to the avoidance of confusion, and thus surnames arose. They are names added or borne in addition to the first, given or Christian name. They denote the family, and were generally given from some personal quality or peculiarity or from circumstances connected with the bearer's birth. William Rufus or the Red, Henry Beauclerc or the Scholar, and Richard Cœur de Lion were rather nicknames than genuine surnames. The Romans employed three names, the prænomen or name of the individual, the nomen or clan name and the cognomen or family name. Thus Caius Julius Cæsar belonged to the Julian gens and to the family of the Cæsars, being distinguished from other members of the same family by the name Caius.

The addition "son" to the father's name forms in nearly all languages a surname, being in Norman "Fitz," as Fitzherbert, son of Herbert; Fitzwilliam, son of William; in English "son," as Johnson, Williamson; in Scotch "Mac," as Macdonald, son of Donald; in Irish "O," as O'Neil, son of Neil; O'Hara, son of Hara; in Welsh "ap," as Price and Prichard, from ap Rice, ap Richard, son of Rice, son of Richard; in Russian "witz," as Carlowitz, son of Charles, and in Polish "sky," as Petrowsky, son of Peter. In Welsh David ap Howell became David Powell, and in English David's son became Davidson, or Davison, and Harry's son in shortened to Harrison. The Saxon suffix "ing" appears in Browning, Whiting and Dearing, and means offspring or son. Often the suffix was not added in its entirety, but the name was simply pluralized, as Clements, Stephens, Adams, Evans and Williams. We find ulph or wolf commonly among Saxon names, as Ethelwolf and Biddulph, meaning wolf-killer. Other Saxon first names used as surnames are Alfred, meaning all peace; Cuthbert, bright in learning; Frederick, rich in peace, and Thurstan, trusty.

But surnames were only very gradually adopted, and, first of all, by people of birth and rank. At last, sheer necessity compelled the common people to employ them, and we thus get such names as John at the Gate, Thomas at the Well, William at the Bell, and so on. Surnames scarcely became permanently fixed until the Reformation, at which period the practice of keeping parish registers tended much to settle them. Landowners took their surnames from their own manors and estates, just as in rural France at the present day a family of importance soon becomes known by the name of the chateau it occupies.

At the time of the Norman conquest of Brit in many Norman and Dutch names came into England, as Devereux, St. Maur, since softened into Seymour; St. Clair, which is now Sinclair; Harcourt, Baskerville, St. Aubyn, Courtenays and Gaunt, the last being a corruption of Ghent. Many surnames came from foreign countries, as Breton and Britton from Bretagne, Dane and Dennis from Denmark, French, Fleming, Gascoigne, Germaine, Holland, Irish, Norman and Scott. Man is from the Isle of Man and Wightman from the Isle of Wight. Counties suggested others, as Cheshire, Kent, Essex, Darbishire and Somerset. Cities furnished additional names, as Oxford, Buckingham, Wells, Poole and Hastings.

Field, Wood, Combe, a valley, Port, Hill, Dale, Down and Well, whether standing alone or used as suffixes, are derived from these common names of localities. Of a like character are Brytheca, still appropriately borne by a British admiral, Bywater, Beck, a brook; Becket, a brooklet; Bank, Barnes, Boys, a wood; Bourne, a boundary stream; Booth, Bush, Brook, Chapel, Church, Chase, an inclosed forest; Ford, Grove, Forest, Hall, Hay, a hedge; Heath, House, Lake, Mead, Marsh, and Moss, a moor. Otchard and Pitt probably have a similar origin, though it is said that they were given to foundlings exposed in those places. Sanctuary, Spring, Stock, Temple and Waters are from kindred sources. The suffixes "er" and "man" added to these make new names, as Grover, Waterman.

Occasionally men got surnames from places which they had visited, as Peter Romayne, so called because he had been to Rome. The Irish had no surnames in general use until 1465, when they were compelled by law to adopt them.

Many names are derived from trades, professions, occupations and pursuits. The commonest of all surnames is Smith, derived from the Anglo-Saxon smitan, to smite. It is also found in the disguised forms of Faber, and Lefevre, which are its Latin and French equivalents. Miller, Carpenter, Tanner, Glover, Wright, Baker, Cook, Chapman, a peddler; Butler, Cutler, Carter, Potter, Gardener, Hornblower, Singer, Turner, Slater, Brewer, Shepherd, Waterman, Cheeseman, Leech (Saxon for physician), need no explanation. The suffixes er and man denoted a trade, as Sadler, Taverner, Collier, Butcher, Spearman and Bowman.

Among a people so fond of sports as the British outdoor exercises naturally suggested surnames, as Hunter, Fowler, Fisher, Falconer or Faulkner and Stringer, a maker of bowstrings.

All the civil ranks are found employed as surnames, though it is not to be supposed that the bearers in most cases had for ancestor, a king, a prince, a duke, an earl, a baron, a lord, a knight, or even an esquire or page. The ecclesiastical dignities, too, are all used as family names, and we have popes, cardinals, bishops, abbotts, priors, deans, priests, deacons, clerks, friars and monks galore, though in the days of a celibate priesthood these names suggested a not very creditable origin. It is, however, almost certain that these names were not intended to claim for their possessors kingly or princely birth, but were given from the fact that their first bearers had sustained those characters in dramatic representations or mystery-plays. Several other surnames are derived from offices, as Steward, Constable, Marshal, Chancellor, Chamberlayne, Champion, Parker and Forester. Le Despenser, one of the oldest titles in the British peerage, means the dispenser or steward of the household, to William the Conqueror. Le Mesurier, Talbot, Howard and Fortescue are also names of Norman origin and are borne to this day by great English families. Avery is from aviarius, the keeper of the birds employed in hunting, and Franklin denotes a freeholder, or small country squire. The Palmer was a man of whom

> The faded palmbranch in his hand
> Showed pilgrim from the Holy Land.

The termination ward indicates a keeper, as Durward, he that keeps the door, Woodward the keeper of the forest, and Milward, the guardian of the mill. The name Justice and Judge are self-explanatory.

Names like Nelson, Emson, Megson, Evason and Pattison, derived from the first name of a woman, indicate illegitimate birth, such children being the sons or daughters "of no man."

An important class of names came from bodily peculiarities. The man of dark complexion was Black or Blackman, and the blonde was White or Whiteman. Besides these we have Brown, Redman, Pink, Scarlett, Grey, Blacklock, Whitehead and Redhead from the color of the hair or of the complexion. Then we have Longs and Shorts, Longman and Longfellow; as well as Small, Broad,

Bigg, Little, Strong, Strongman, Armstrong and Strongitharm; Low, Grose, and Thynne; Swift, Speed and Stout. Lightfoot, an appropriate name for a dancing master, was one of the most sonorously of English bishops and Heaviside was a master of ceremonies at Bath in the most fashionable days of that watering-place. Reed, Reid and Read, are variants of Red. Gwynne is from a Gaelic word meaning white; the common Welsh name Vaughan means little. More is great, and Ray, is red.

From mental qualities arose such surnames as Hardy, Coward, Meek, Moody, Bold, Curtois or Courteous, Wild, Noble, Blythe, Sterne, Wise and Wiseman, Proud, Sharp, Blunt, Sweet, Freeman, Hastie, Lawless, Merry, Merryman and Gladman, Peerless, Faithful, Truelove, Darling, Bright, Goodfellow, Goodenough and Toogood. Though when first given they were, doubtless, appropriate to their bearers, they may now be borne by persons of very opposite temperaments.

From feats of daring come such names as Brakespear, Shakespeare and Wagstaffe. Holman is equivalent to "whole man," and means a man of unquestioned courage.

Of heavenly bodies we have Moon and Star; among animals we find Lyon, Bear, Buck, Stagg, Hart, Roe, Fox, Hare, Hogg, Badger, Bull and Bullock. Wolf or Wolfe is the Saxon Ulph and Wulf, and the German Guelph. We find also Bacon, Fowle, Hawke, Drake and Gull. Henshaw is a heronshaw or young heron. Other common surnames are: Crane, Parrot, Peacock, Jay, Partridge, Dove, Sparrow, Finch, Nightingale, Crowe and Wren. The surname Corbet means a raven. Fishes supply the names Seal, Herring, Pike, Eells, Sole, Spratt, Salmon, Trout and Roach.

Trees, shrubs, flowers, vegetables and fruits lend their names to the families of Myrtle, Holly, Sage, Budd, Bean, Flowers, Rose, Primrose (the family name of the Scotch Earl of Rosebery), Peach, Cherry and Peel. The surnames Clay, Coal, Irons, Diamond, Stone, Flint and Steele recall well-known metals and minerals, and Cook is the modern way of spelling coke. In the middle ages not merely the inns, but almost every shop had a sign. Men thus became known as John at the Dolphin, Thomas at the Bull, George at the Lion, and so on. These men soon came to be called John Dolphin, Thomas Bull and George Lyon, and their families kept these names. Thus originated such names as Ball, Pitcher, Potts and Tabor—a drum. A few surnames came from articles of dress, as Cope and Coates. From pieces of armor came Shield, Greaves and Buckler; and akin to these are Gunn, Strongbow, the cognomen of the Earl of Pembroke, and Fortescue, which means "strong shield."

Articles of food furnished the surnames Perry, Salt, Butter and Bacon.

Many English surnames are derived from relationships, as Cousins, Guest, Kinsman, Younghusband, Master, Mann, Child and Boys, though this last is more probably a corruption of the French bois, a wood. Then we have Rich, Poore and Freeman. From age we get Young, Younger and Senior, and from seasons of the year Spring, Winter, Summer and Midwinter, most of these being suggested by the time at which the persons to whom they were first given were born. We find also Day, Doubleday and Weeks.

Various parts of the human body, as Head, Cheek, Tooth, Legge, Foote and Sole are employed as surnames. From coins come such names as Penny or Pennie, Twopany, Grote and Tester. The phases of the weather are responsible for Snow, Tempest and Frost. From sports we derive Ball and Playfair, and from measures of capacity we get Peck, Bushell and Gill.

One would hardly expect names of contempt to be perpetuated as surnames, and yet Hussey is clearly an uncomplimentary term, and Trollope means untidy. It is curious to observe that the head master of Harrow abused Anthony Trollope, who was destined to become a great novelist, as the untidiest boy in the whole school.

Some surnames defy classification, as Hazard, Metcalfe, Golightly, Toplady and Drinkwater. Coffin and the hyphenated Pyne-Coffin are also curious names. Tugwell is an appropriate name for a dentist, Lightfoot for a professor of dancing, and Rotten for a junk dealer.

Virtues and abstract ideas give rise to such names as Liberty, Joy, Hope, Peace, Grace, Powers, Love, Ransom and Virtue.

Occasionally foreign names are naturalized and corrupted. Thus a family of Salem, Mass., bears the name Blumpey, which is a corruption of the French blanc-pied, or white foot. The French ville is turned in English into field, Somerville becoming Somerfield, and Baskerville Baskerfield. Fairfield is the translation of Campbell, of which Campobello, Kemble and Beauchamp are other forms, the last being pronounced Beecham. Grenville represents Grand ville, or great town, and Lyttleton means little town. Thurman, Burman, Rickman and Vanslitart are probably of Dutch origin. Plantagenet, of course, comes from planta genista, the Latin name for Broome, which is itself a family name, a recent Governor of Western Australia having been named Sir Napier Broome. Napier, the name of a famous family of soldiers, is said to mean no peer—having no equal—but this is almost certainly a fanciful and erroneous derivation, the right one being from Naper or Napier, the servant who handled the napkin at dinner.

Chance is the name of a rich merchant of Birmingham, England, and is said to have been given to him when he was picked up after being abandoned by his mother.

The old Saxon god Woden appears in the name Wansbrough, and Thor, the original of Thursday, is found in Thurlow and Thurstan. Bacchus seems at first sight to be the name of a Greek diety, but really is a corruption of bakehouse. Other similar corruptions are Duffus from dovehouse, and Lyttus from loft-house. Greek and Roman history and mythology show their traces in such surnames as Mars, Venus, Flora, Fortuna, Muse, Hector, Troy, Rome and Roman; mediæval fairy tales introduced Mabb and Fay. Heraldry brought in the fabulous creatures phœnix and griffin.

As regards the frequency of surnames, the report of the Registrar-General of England awards the palm to Smith. Next in order come Jones, Williams, Taylor, Davies, Brown, Thomas, Evans, Roberts, Johnson and Griffiths, these being, except Taylor and Brown, almost the only family names found in Wales, a paucity which is a source of much confusion in that little country.

The name Caius, which forms the latter part of the appellation of Gonville and Caius College in the University of Cambridge originated in this way: A physician named Keys was a great benefactor of Gonville Hall, as it was then named, and to commemorate his munificence, the Latinized form of his name—Caius—was incorporated in the double name Gonville and Caius College. The old doctor's name is curiously preserved in the pronunciation of Caius, which, as given by every Cambridge man, is Keys. About this there is a funny story: A Cambridge undergraduate, on being asked by a proctor of the university to give his name and college, replied "Bunch of Keys."

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

Schwartz—Letter. 1894.

An interesting wedding was celebrated on Tuesday night, the 16th inst., at the residence of Jacob Letter, the well-known clothier, at 1019 Clay street, Oakland, when Miss Ida Letter, the daughter of that gentleman, was married to Joseph Schwartz of Santa Cruz.

The nuptials were solemnized in the parlors of the residence by Rabbi Friedlander of the First Hebrew Congregation and Rabbi Levy of San Francisco.

The residence was tastefully decorated. From the central chandelier of the parlors festoons of smilax were gracefully trained to the corners and sides of the rooms, creating the effect of a vernal canopy through which streamed, with attractive effect, lines of white silk ribbon.

At eight o'clock Drs. Friedlander and Levy took position in the alcove of the front parlor, from the arch of which hung a beautiful floral wedding bell.

The bridal party then appeared, the orchestra playing the "Wedding Chorus" from Lohengrin. First advanced little Sadie Samuels bearing a silk pillow on which rested the bridal ring. Then appeared the bride leaning on the arm of her father, and later, the groom supporting his mother. The bride's father stepped to the right, the groom's mother to the left and then both bride and groom stood before the clergymen. The bride was attended by Miss Birdie Schwartz, sister of the groom and by Miss Beckie Phillips, while the best man was Ben Letter, the brother of the bride. The marriage ceremony was divided into two parts. The religious part was conducted by Rabbi Levy and at its close Dr. Friedlander pronounced the couple man and wife.

This announcement was followed by heartfelt congratulations, which were supplemented by a number of telegrams of the same character from many parts of the State.

The bride looked charming in a white silk dress with veil and orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of white roses.

The bridesmaids were also attired in white silk, and like the bride made a beautiful appearance.

The mother of the groom was attired in a rich black silk.

After the reception an elegant supper was served, around which all the guests assembled at the same time. The order of exercises embraced a series of toasts, which were happily suggested by Rabbi Levy, who acted as toastmaster. Among the sentiments proposed were "The Bride and Groom," which was delicately responded to by Rabbi Friedlander; "Marriage," which was responded to by Mr. Barnet of Santa Cruz; "My New Brother," by Ben Letter; "The Departed Father and Mother," that is the father of the groom and the mother of the bride, both of whom have been tenderly laid to rest. Both of these were known to Dr. Levy, and that gentleman treated the subject in a feeling and eloquent manner, which was liberally appreciated by the guests. George Samuels closed the toasts with a happy dissertation upon the felicities of married life in general.

During this happy scene around the board it was discovered that Miss Birdie Schwartz, sister of the groom, is a bride-elect, and that her fiance was also in attendance in the person of A. Gunsendorfer of Monterey. The discovery was embarrassing to the young people who were bantered with being in attendance simply to get pointers for their own nuptials.

The groom is a prominent business man of Santa Cruz, where he is at the head of a large trade association.

After the wedding Mr. and Mrs. Schwartz went to San Francisco, whence they departed on their wedding journey to the south, which will continue three weeks. They will reside in Santa Cruz.—*Oakland Tribune.*

ON MONTEREY'S SHORE.

Myriad Dwellers by the Sea.

Mollusks and All Their Tribe.

Thieving Crabs and Vivacious Star-Fish—Shells Gay and Plain.

Written for the CHRONICLE.

All the world knows Monterey. Artists and poets have portrayed the charms of its famous caravansary, its balmy climate, its acres of semi-tropical park and wide stretches of tangled woodland; the chime of its cracked old Mission bells and the dolce far niente of decaying Spanishtown; the grotesqueness of its storm-tossed cypresses, the ceaseless roar of the surf and the answering murmur of the forest. Comparatively little has yet been told of the wonders and treasures of the deep awaiting the investigation of the nature-lover.

Monterey bay, 125 miles south of San Francisco, shaped like a horseshoe, is an arm of the Pacific twenty-two miles from tip to tip and abounding in a rich and varied fauna. Whales, upward of a dozen feet in length, fourteen varieties of sharks, sleek-bodied seals and sealions, and schools of porpoises and dolphins disport themselves in its placid sapphire waters.

According to a report recently issued by the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries, the number of food fishes in the bay includes about 150 species, among them being the true halibut, three feet in length and occasionally sixty pounds in weight; several kinds of sole and flounders, well known in the San Francisco markets; the so-called "smelt," or tomcod; the Jew-fish, reaching a weight of 500 pounds; the perch, mackerel and mullet; twenty-five kinds of rock-cod; the California salmon, from sixty to ninty pounds; the sea-bass, barracuda, carp, herring, king-fish, and innumerable sardines almost identical with those of Europe.

But it is not of these finny denizens that this sketch is to treat. There is much more of interest in the mollusks and humbler specimens of marine life, whose habitat is along the seashore. From Point Alones, near Chinatown, the coast line, west and southward, is broken into a constant succession of rocky promontories and sheltered coves, affording abundant natural aquaria. On Point Aloha, near Pacific Grove, is the Hopkins Seaside Laboratory, erected by the Pacific Improvement Company, and equipped by Timothy Hopkins, a wealthy San Franciscan. It is a plain two-story frame building, sixty by twenty feet. It is really an annex of the Stanford University at Palo Alto, and contains three general laboratories, seven tank-rooms and a small museum, as well as microscopes, collecting apparatus and dissecting instruments. During the summer months a five weeks' course of instruction is afforded to a limited number of students.

By far the most interesting method of becoming familiar with marine biology is to start a small aquarium and watch the habits of the living animals. Any sort of a glass receptacle will do, provided there is sufficient surface for proper oxygenation, and sufficient room for the inhabitants. The water should be frequently renewed, and a few sea-snails and maritime plants added for further purification. Several inches of sand may be placed upon the floor of the receiver for the burrowers, and a sufficient supply of suitable food should not be forgotten, though often the the occupants will be found to feed upon each other. A quart jar will temporarily serve the purposes of investigation, if nothing better is available.

The collector should study the tide-table in the local newspaper, and haunt the beach at the lowest ebb, going often in the early morning. Rubber shoes or boots, a tin pail with a perforated lid, a small hand-net, and a hooked cane, or strong sharp knife will be found indispensable. Pools, little and big, should be carefully searched, and the explorer should examine all the cracks and crannies under and among the rocks, where shy creatures love to hide. Sometimes also, the ambitious collector may arrange to dredge from the boat of a Portuguese or Chinese fisherman, or to be present when fishermen haul their nets.

The largest and most curious of the mollusks is the squid or devilfish, a relative of the octopus, having a soft, bag-shaped body, eight or ten long arms or tentacles, arranged in pairs around the head, and furnished with rows of disc-like suckers, two large, brilliant, glassy eyes, which are never closed, and a sharp beak, something like that of a parrot. It may occasionally be found in shallow pools at low tide, and varies in size from a few inches to several feet in length.

The squid's usual color is clay-like, but the creature possesses the power of changing its hue at pleasure, which singular characteristic has gained for it the title of "the chameleon of the sea." When irritated or alarmed the devilfish turns violet, white or crimson, and when pursued by its enemies colors the surrounding water with an ink-like fluid, under cover of which it endeavors to escape. This is the well-known "sepia" used by artists, and from another member of the same family is obtained the "cuttle bone" used to hang in bird cages.

The octopus is capable of darting over the waves like a flying-fish, of scaling precipices after fleeing prey, of running swiftly over the ocean bed, and of swimming—always with a backward motion—by the sudden expulsion of sea water from the locomotory tube. It preys on fish, crabs and lobsters, and is eaten in turn by whales, dolphins, porpoises and sea birds.

Another "sea tiger" is the common star-fish, peaceable though it may appear. It is usually of a brown or brick color, with five, or occasionally twenty flexible rays or arms. The upper surface is rough and porous, but the soft under portion is covered with hundreds of small suckers, with which it moves and secures its victims. In the center of the lower side is situated the ever-hungry mouth, and at the extremity of each arm is placed a tiny eye. It subsists on both dead and living matter, although its favorite diet consists of whelks, clams and oysters, which are poisoned by a liquid dropped into the shell.

When divided into parts, by design or accident, each ray becomes in time, a perfect animal, thus increasing the possibilities of its ravages five or even twenty fold.

A well-known relative of the starfish is the sea-urchin, or sea-hedgehog, so called on account of its numerous bristling spines, with which, aided by its suckers, it climbs over slippery obstructions or buries itself in the sand. These are often rubbed off on the rocks in dead specimens, and the bleached, melon-like skeleton alone remains. It is of all sizes, from that of a clover burr to the proportions of a large orange. Among certain classes of people the vital parts in the interior of the shell are considered a table delicacy. This "sea-egg" is a vegetarian, living on seaweeds and marine plants, which it rasps with five strong teeth, arranged pyramid fashion around the mouth.

The "sand-dollar" or "sandcake" is of the sea-urchin family. It is a flat, circular object, about as big as the palm of the hand, covered when alive with stiff bristling hairs resembling coarse plush.

Rattling briskly over the rocks and staring inquisitively at you from their long stalked eyes, go the little hermit, or soldier, crabs, whom no one would ever suspect of being the most unscrupulous of robbers. Having no shells of their own, and being unable to swim, their main object in life is to secure for themselves comfortable dwellings where they will be protected from their numerous enemies. So they begin "househunting" at an early age, fitting themselves backward into empty snail or whelk shells, strewn along the beach, until a suitable one is found. It matters not if the owner is still in possession. He is promptly and literally "eaten out of house and home" and, presto! the disturber of his peace has moved in and settled.

As the hermit increases in size the shell is changed for a more commodious one. Sometimes two of these crabs will fight for the same residence, the victor making a meal of the vanquished. If nothing better presents itself, the soft, unprotected body is hidden from sight in a bunch of seaweed, a hole in the rock, or even in a sponge. Occasionally the shell is also inhabited by a small marine worm, which, being prized as bait by fishermen, often costs its poor companion his life.

Sea-anemones, or sea-flowers, are too well-known for detailed description. When exposed to view by the retreating tide these fleshy, sensitive discs are certainly anything but picturesque, and it is only in their native element, when their crowns of delicate feathery tentacles are outspread for passing prey, that their full beauties are revealed. If desired for close examination a piece of the rock to which they cling should be chipped off with the specimen so as not to injure the muscular base. They are partly animal and partly vegetable, being classed with the coral polyps. In sizes and colors they are of infinite variety, luminosity at night being a family characteristic. Some species swim freely unattached and others lead roving lives on the backs of hermit crabs and other crustaceans. Their food, which consists of infusiora, zoophytes, marine worms and small shrimps, is poisoned by minute darts, embedded in the feelers, and capable of producing a sort of electric shock in the overcurious student. They move with a snail-like motion, and if severed become, like the starfish, separate individuals.

The circular transparent masses of jelly melting upon the beach are the cellular tissues of a curious animal, which is composed mainly of salt water. In life it has been compared to a large mushroom or small umbrella top, from the under side of which dangle a number of rootlike paddles or appendages, whence its name of Medusa, after one of the Gargons of Greek mythology, whose tresses were changed to serpents. It is related to the fragile, phosphorescent little "Portuguese men-of-war," thousands of which may be observed from the deck of an ocean steamer in mid-Pacific, and though possessing a painful sting like a nettle is a choice side dish for the whale.

California sea shells are said to number over 100 varieties, Monterey contributing a generous proportion. The prevailing colors are white or brown, though more brilliant tints are not uncommon. Different beaches will be found adapted to various products. At the long stretch of beach by the Monterey lighthouse, at Point Pinos, where the salt ocean breeze blows the words out of your mouth and your head wellnigh off your shoulders, dead shells of the coarser kinds may be picked up by the basketful. Moss beach furnishes numerous species of marine flora, and bright round pebbles are thrown up by the tide on Pebble beach, near Carmel bay.

The largest and most important univalve on the coast is the abalone or sea-ear (haliotus), polished specimens of which are prized as curiosities and ornaments. On the Monterey shores, the red and the black are the more common species, the "corrugated and "splendid" being obtained from Southern California. They are of all sizes, the largest measuring eight or nine inches in diameter. These singular shell fish are fond of hiding in inaccessible cracks in the rocks, and when discovered should suddenly be dislodged with a wedge or strong knife, to prevent resistance by suction.

The shells were formerly exported in large numbers to be manufactured into buttons and jewelry; and the soft yellow meat is dried in the sun by the epicurean Chinese fishermen and sent to the far-off orient, together with infant sharks and devil-fish prepared in similar fashion.

As the haliotus increases in size the holes, which are for the outlet of sea water, are closed by a calcareous secretion, and fresh ones are formed on the new margin. The rough, horny exterior may be removed with the aid of a grindstone, and the shimmering rainbow tints may be brought out with diluted acid. Layers of bits of broken abalones in the surrounding soil would seem to indicate the previous existence of ancient Indian tribes.

Another curious rock lover is the chiton, or "coat-of-mail," shaped very much like a rowboat, and sometimes known as the "fairy cradle." It is abundant at low-water mark, cemented upon the wave-washed bowlders. Instead of a genuine shell, it possesses a series of movable, overlapping scales, by means of which when disturbed it rolls itself up into a ball like a wood louse. Detached valves from dead specimens are sometimes washed up the beach, and on account of their shape and gay shades of pink, sea green or olive, are commonly known as "butterfly shells." The usual length is one or two inches, but the giant chiton is often six inches by an inch and a half in breadth. The "mossy chiton" is covered with small corallines and sea mosses, and is often almost indistinguishable from the adjacent rock.

Limpets are easily recognized in their resemblance to inverted saucers. They are of many varieties, dark and light, large and small, coarse and delicate and dotted, checked, streaked or mottled, like patterns of calico. The largest of the "key-hole" limpets—so called from the long, narrow hole upon the apex—is about four inches in length, though usually it is less than half that size. The "volcano limpet" is formed very much like a crater, with vertical red stripes, resembling flowing lava. A singular species is the "owl limpet," on the polished under surface of which it is possible with a slight stretch of the imagination to perceive the form of that nocturnal bird of prey. The dainty little "white caps" look like camps of circular canvas tents, and are often prettily tufted with tiny white corallines.

Olive shells are found in beds in the sand at low-water mark, the inhabiting mollusks betraying their hiding places by little jets of water. They should be dug up with a hoe, the more quickly the better, as they are active burrowers. These handsome, polished shells, of different shades of dove-color, are native to the entire coast, and in shape and size resemble the olive berry of commerce.

The turbans and topshells belong to a large family. Some of the prettiest among them are shining grays or browns, banded along the whorls with royal purple. They may sometimes be found sunning themselves on floating kelp or seaweed.

Among other univalves are the Ranella or frog shell, from three to six inches long and covered with strong, blunt knobs or ridges; one species of the cone shell, usually drilled by the "boring mollusk"; several kinds of purples, related to the shell-fish of Tyrian lore; an occasional moon shell or giant sea snail, and the little slipper or boat shells, which suggest a Chinese sandal.

Bivalves are represented chiefly by oysters, clams and mussels. Besides the common California oyster are the thin, delicate Anomia or "butter-plate shells," and the curious twisted rock oyster. On bowlders swept by flying spray the large purple mussels anchor themselves by their byssus or threadlike cables. When submitted to the polishing process these ordinary-looking shells become valued ornaments to a conchologist's collection. The great Washington clam grows to a size of eight or ten inches in diameter and often weighs nearly or quite a pound.

Closely allied to the clams are the solens, or razor shells, which bury themselves in the sand and breathe by means of siphons. The flat razor, a large white species, often covered with a brown epidermis, is more abundant in southern waters, but the short green razor appears to be the prevailing local representative of its kind. The scallops, or pecteus, usually known as "fan shells," are found mainly in the vicinity of Cypress point. They are thin and delicate, often not more than an inch in length and of a white yellow or reddish color. Perfect two-valved specimens are extremely rare, the dead shells being dashed by the waves against the rocks and separated.

The diminutive shells of Monterey are worthy of especial admiration. They are washed up in sandy coves or inhabit the backs of large shells or are found on huge masses of seaweed, from which they may be detached by soaking in fresh water. As they are often less than half an inch in length it is best to preserve them in long, narrow bottles filled with alcohol. Among them are numbered the dainty little rice shells, exactly like grains of rice; the gay-colored coffee beans, a species of cowry; the beautifully whorled wentletraps, the checkered littorines and the corrugated amphissas; small specimens of glossy pink or salmon-colored tellens; the little eel grass and basket shells, tiny tower and horn shells and the spindle-shaped ocinebrus.

These are some of the attractions offered the stroller along this stretch of seacoast, though simple diversion is often found in merely climbing the gleaming sand dunes or in reclining upon some grassy clifftop drinking in the ozone of sea breezes and watching the play of the ocean breakers. BERTHA F. HERRICK.

INDIAN TRIBES—B. W., City. The following are the names of the tribes of Indians that were in the United States at the close of 1892. The names were revised by Major J. W. Powell. In many cases the corrupt names have come into such general use that the reviser deemed it impolitic to change them. The list gives the tribes by States and Territories in which they live:

Arizona — Hwalapai, Kemahwivi, Koahuila, Kokeva, Mohavi, Yuma, Papabo, Maricopa, Pima, Moqui, Suppai, Aravapai, Chillion, Chimakahwa, Mienbre, Mogollon, Pinal, San Carlos, Tonto, Kollero and Yuma-Apache.

California — Hunsatung, Hupa, Klamath River, Miskut, Redwood, Salaz, Tisbitanatan, Coahuila, Digeeues, San Luis Rey, Seranos, Temecula, Konkau, Little Lake, Pitt River, Potter Valley, Wallakki, Yuki, Kawai, Kings River, Monache, Tehon, Tule, Wichumni, Yuma and Sermalton.

Colorado — Kapoti, Muachi and Wiminuchi Utes.

Idaho—Cœur d'Alene, Kutenay, Pend d'Oreille, Spokane, Boise and Brunau, Bannack, Shosoni, Nez Perces and Shie-peater.

Indian Territory — Cherokee, Chickasaw, Cnoctaw, Creek, Modoc, Ottawa of Blanchards Fork, Roche de Beouf, Kaskaskia, Miami, Peoria, Plankaasha, Wea, Seminole, Seneca, Eastern Shawnee, (Shawaro) Kwapa and Wyandotte.

Iowa—Pottawatomi, Sac (Sauk), Fox of the Mississippi and Winnebego.

Kansas—Chippewa, Munsi, Kickapo and Prairie band of Pottawatomi.

Michigan—Chippewa of Saginaw, Swan Creek, Black River, L'Anse and Vieux de Sert bands of Chippewa of Lake Superior.

Minnesota—Grand Portage band of Chippewa of Lake Superior, Pillager and Winnebagoshish bands of Chippewa, Ville Lac and Snake River bands of Chippewa, Red Lake and Pembina bands of Chippewa, White Oak band of Mississippi Chippewa, Boise Fort of Chippewa, Fond du Lac band of Chippewa of Lake Superior; Pembina Otter Tail, Pillager Chippewa, Gull Lake and Chippewa of Mississippi.

Montana—Blackfeet, Blood, Pelgan, Mountain and River Crow, Gros Ventre, Assiniboine, Brule, Sante, Tenton, Unkpapa, Yanktonia Sioux, Bitter Root, Carlos band, Flathead, Kutenay, Lower Kallspel, Northern Cheyenne and Pend d'Oreille.

Nebraska — Iowa, Santee Sioux, Omaha, Ponca, Ogallala Sioux, Sac, Fox and Winnebago.

Nevada—Pi-ute, Western Shosshoni, Kabat-bit, Kemahwiwi (Tantawalt), Pawpit, Paiute, Siwhi, Pah-ute and Pavasit.

New Mexico—Jicarilla Apache, Mescarelo Jicarilla, Mimbie Apache, Navajo and Pueblo.

New York—Onondago, Seneca, Cayuga, Oneida, St. Regis, Tonawanda band of Seneca and Tuscorora.

North Carolina—Eastern branch of North Carolina Cherokee.

North Dakota—Assiniboine, Cuthead, Sauteux, Sisseton, Yankton, Wahpeton Sioux, Alekaree, Gros Ventre, Knife River, Mandon and Chippewas of the Mississippi.

Oklahoma—Southern Arapaho, Northern and Southern Cheyenne, Iowa, Tonawawa Kansas, or Kaw, Mexican Kickapoo, Apache, Comanche (Komantsu), Del ware, Kiowa, Lipan, Great and Little Osage, Quapaw, Otoe, Missourita, Pawnee (Pani), Ponca, Absentee Shawnee (Shawani), Pottawotomi, Ottawa, Iowie, Kaddo, Kochai, Tawakanay, Waco and Wichita.

Oregon—Kalapuaya, Klakama, Luklamute, Molele, Nezzucca, Rogue River, Santiam, Shasta, Tumwaters, Umpqua, Yamhill, Klamath, Modoc, Walapape, Yehuskin band of Snakes (Shoshoni), Alsiya, Coquell, Kusa, Skotou, Salustkla, Siuslaw, Tootlootna, Cayuse, Umatilla, Walla Walla, John Day, Pi-ute, Tenio, Warm Spring, Wosko and Pai-ute.

South Dakota—Lower Yanktoni, Lower Brule, Minnekonjo Sioux, Sisseton, Wanpeton Sioux, Two Kettle, Yanktonia Sioux, Blackfeet, Minnekonjo, sans arcs, Two Kettle Sioux, Lower Yanktonia Sioux, Northern Cheyenne, Ogallala Sioux, Loafer, Northern Ogallala, Wahzuhzah Sioux and Yankton Sioux.

Utah—Gosi-ute, Pavant, Uinta, Yampa, Grand River-ute, White River-ute and Tabequach -ute.

Washington—Klatsop, Tsihalls, Tsinuk, Chief Moses and his people, Colville, Kullspe'm, Kinikane, Cœur d'Alene, Lake, Methau, Nesesjum, Penc d'Oreille, San Poel, Spokane, Dwamish, Etakmur, Lummi, Snohomish, Sukwamish, Swinamish, Kwilehult, Makah, Muckleshoot, Nisqually, Puyallup, Skwawskwamish, Stallakoom, Etakmur, Hoh, Kweet, Shoalwater, Tsihalls, Klalam, S'Kohomish, Twana, Klickatat, Palouse, Topnish Yakama and Kwinaiult.

Wisconsin—Lac Court d'Oreille of Chippewa of Lake Superior, Lac du Flamb au of Chippewa of Lake Superior, La Pointe band of Chippewa of Lake Superior, Menominee, Oneida, Stockbridge and La Pointe band (Buffalo Chief).

Wyoming—Northern Arapaho and eastern band of Shoshoni.

FIRST BUILDING IN SAN JOSE.

The Juzgado (Court house) was built in 1798, which existed until the year 1850, when it was demolished. Whether any improvements were made subsequent to its structure is not positively ascertained by the archives. It is learned from an eye witness that in 1818, it had the same appearance as in the last years of its existence. This building was used for the session of the Ayuntamiento (Town Council), and for the holding of Court by the Alcalde. A part of it, also, was used as jail. It stood on Market street, near the corner of Eldorado street. It was one story high and divided into three apartments.

The Avenue of Willows connecting San Jose with Santa Clara Misson, was planted in 1799, under the supervision of Father Magnin de Catala. He employed two hundred Indians to plant, water, and protect them until they became sufficiently large to need no care.

They extended up to the Guadalupe creek, and were of much value to the inhabitants of both settlements, not only as shade, but as protection against the assaults of the cattle that were feeding over the valley. In 1803, the inhabitants of Pueblo, while they were desirous of attending divine sevice, were likewise anxious to release themselves of a miry pathway to the altar. That the trees on this beautiful drive way have been allowed to decay, is a sad commentary on the present population.

The Fathers of the Mission had offered to furnish the Pueblo with one of their number on the sabbath day, provided a proper chapel was procured for that purpose. A little church was erected that year on the site of St. Joseph Church on Market street. Its corner stone was consecrated on the twelfth of July. Several pieces of money coined in the reign of the different Spanish monarchs, were deposited under the corner-stone, together with a brief statement of the proceedings, enclosed in a sealed bottle which statement was as follows: "In the Pueblo of San Jose de Guadalupe, the 12th day of July, 1803, Senor Don Carlos IV. being King of Spain, Don Jose Joaquin de Anillaga, Governor ad interim, and Lieut Colonel of the Royal army; the retired Sergeant, Macario de Castro, Commissoner of the Pueblo; Ignacio Archuleta, ordinary Alcalde; and Bernado Heridia and Francisco Gonzales, Regidores: at six o'clock of the evening of said day, was made the consecration of the first stone mortar of the church which was commenced in the said Pueblo, dedicated to the Patriarch Senor St. Joseph and the Virgin Guadalupe; which ceremony was celebrated with much solemnity by the Rev. Father Frier Jose Viader, priest of the mission of Santa Clara, Don Jose Maria Estudillo Cadet, acting as godfather, by proxy, from Alferez de Jose Antonio de la Guerra y Noriega, Commandant at the Presidio of Monterey, and who placed under the first stone, moneys of every sovereign, and a duplicate of this document, in a bottle sealed with wax for its preservain the future, and the present: we sign it in the said Pueblo, the day, month and year aforesaid, Fr. Jose Viader, Jose Maria Estudillo, as proxy for Alferez de la Guerra y Noriega, Macario de Castro, Comissioner."

This house of worship remained until 1835. It was made of adobes, covered with tule roof. A few pictures of Saints and scriptural scenes graced the walls of this rustic temple, in accordance with usual customs of the Catholic denomination

OLD TIME ANECDOTES.

A PECULIAR RECOGNITION BY FRIENDS.

There was never a more laughable occurrence that took place, in "old times," than that of the first meeting between two of the oldest pioneers of this State, Jas. F. Reed, Sr., and Judge A. A. Hecox, both now passed beyond the vale of tears. The little incident we are about to relate happened over thirty-six years ago, in the little town of Santa Cruz.

Reed and Hecox were fast friends beyond the Rocky Mountains, and had started for California, in 1846; but by some means they had become separated before starting and had not seen each other until the meeting at Santa Cruz, which we are about to describe.

Mr. Reed, after getting his family through the terrible scenes of the Sierras, came to San Jose, and located, and lived for many years, and where he died and was buried. Mr. Hecox came to California the same year and after stopping in San Jose awhile moved to Santa Cruz and took up his residence where he also died. In all that time the two friends had not meet since parting in the Eastern States. Mr. Reed had been to Santa Cruz a number of times, but as luck would have it, he had never run across his friend Hecox.

In the year 1856, Mr. Reed went to Santa Cruz to take charge of some land belonging to Major Hensley. During this year politics ran very high. Mr. Reed was a rabid Democrat, and Hecox was as bitter a Republician. It so happened that while Mr. Reed was in Santa Cruz, an election was held, and it was a warm fight.

Hecox was at the polls and had with him a heavy orange wood cane, that he usually carried about him, and which he was sure to use, if any one insulted him.

Reed was at the polls also; and during the heat of the excitement, and from some discussion between them—they not recognizing each other, not having met for ten years—Reed called Hecox a liar. The words was scarcely out of his mouth, when the orange wood cane came down on his forehead, cutting quite a gash, from which the blood flowed freely. Reed sprang at him, and as he was considered no "slouch', in a fight he went for Hecox very lively. The by-standers rushed in and parted them. As they did so some one remarked: "Hecox what did you strike Reed for?"

The next thing the crowd knew the two friends were locked in each other's arms. The blood from Reed's forehead pouring over both of them. At the sound of their names, they recognized each other, and forgetting all else, save that they were friends, they rushed into a friendly embrace.

For years after whenever these old friends met they had a good laugh over their first friendly and sanguinary meeting in California.

And those who witnessed the scene will never forget it.

Rock Me To Sleep

Backward, turn backward, oh Time in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore:
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair—
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Backward, flow backward, oh tide of years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears!
Toil without recompense—tears all in vain—
Take them and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away—
Weary of sowing for others to reap;
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the unreal,
Mother, oh mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded—our faces between—
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain
Long I to-night for your presence again:
Come from the silence so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart in days that have flown,
No love like mother-love ever was shown—
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish and patient like yours;
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain;
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old—
Let it fall over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light,
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore,
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last hushed to your lullaby song:
Since then and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's tears have been but a dream.
Clasped to your arms in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

AN OLD-FASHIONED MOTHER.

Thank God, some of us have an old-fashioned mother! Not a woman of the period, whose white, jeweled hands never felt the clasp of baby fingers, but a dear, old-fashioned, sweet-voiced mother, with eyes in whose depths the love light shone, the brown hair, just threaded with silver, lying smooth upon her faded cheeks; those dear hands, worn with toil, gently guiding our tottering steps in childhood, and smoothing our pillow in sickness, ever reaching out to us in yearning tenderness! Blessed is the memory of an old-fashioned mother! It floats to us like the beautiful perfume of some wooded blossoms. The music of other voices may be lost, but the enchanting memory will echo in our soul forever. Other faces may fade away and be forgotten, but hers will shine on.

When in the beautiful pauses of busy life our feet wander back to the old homestead, and, crossing the well-known threshhold, stand once more in the room, so hallowed by her presence, how the feeling of childhood innocence and dependence come over us, and we kneel down in the molten sunshine streaming through the open window—just where long years ago we knelt by our mother's knee, lisping, "Our Father!" How many times, when the tempter lured us on has the memory of those sacred hours, that mother's words, her faith and prayers, saved us from plunging into the abyss of sin! Years have filled great drifts between her and us, but they have not hidden from our sight the glory of her pure, unselfish love.

Reconciliation.

If thou wert lying cold and still and white,
In Death's embraces, O mine enemy!
I think that if I came and looked on thee
I should forgive; that something in the sight
Of thy still face would conquer me, by right
Of Death's sad impotence, and I should see
How pitiful a thing it is to be
At feud with aught that's mortal.

So to-night,
My soul, unfurling her white flag of peace,
Forestalling that dread hour when we may meet
The dead face and the living, fain would cry
Across the years, "Oh, let our warfare cease!
Life is so short, and hatred is not sweet!
Let there be peace between us ere we die."

—*Century.*

FLOWERS OF SPRING.

Beauties of the San Joaquin Valley.

A Carpet of Most Gorgeous Coloring.

The Entire Plain Converted Into a Garden of Loveliest Blossoms.

Correspondence of the CHRONICLE.

The plains of California, and especially the great San Joaquin valley, can fairly challenge the rest of the world in the luxurious vegetation of its spring months. While blizzards are raging in the Middle States and on the Atlantic coast and snow falls in the North this great valley presents a carpet of unsurpassed beauty and grandeur, a sward not of vivid verdure alone, but interspersed with innumerable colors of a kaleidoscopic picture. The plains, parched and dry in summer, are transformed in January into emerald fields, the early showers transfiguring the uninviting landscape into a vision of beauty never to be forgotten.

The overland tourists, or those from Oregon, Washington and British Columbia, will remark a certain peculiarity about the San Joaquin valley in the early spring months. There is almost a total absence of yellow among the green swards of the plains. One does not see dandelions and ranunculi, so abundant in the north; they appear only here and there in moist localities and in no great profusion. The spring of Central California is ushered in, not with yellow, but with blue—the blue of the purest and the most exquisite hue, closely followed by white. The yellow and the orange appear later.

CREAM CUP.

The beautiful nemophila, or "baby blue eyes," looks to us with really blue eyes early in the spring. In February this fragile flower appears among the deep green of the fields, often in such a profusion that the prairie looks like the skies above. This delicate plant of tender herbage prefers low and shady localities, its divided leaves growing close to the ground. The flower is an inch or less in diameter, usually very much less, and lasts till about the 1st of May. After that time the nemophila is to be found only here and there in some sheltered nooks and corners.

For a companion the "baby blue eyes" have parterres of white forget-me-nots, a modest and insignificant flower, but growing in great profusion. With the forget-me-not or myosotis is numbered the wild heliotrope, a fragrant herb of considerable size, with pretty orange-colored blossoms; the blue borrage, a rank herb, preferring damp localities, and the amsickia or tarweed, an annual with oblong oati to linear leaves and yellow flowers in long spikes.

One of the most beautiful, if not the most beautiful of all the spring flowers, is the so-called cream cup, or platy stigma. There are no words to describe the peculiar beauty of this exquisite plant. The petals are so delicate that no other flower can be compared in that respect to it. They are of an exquisite hue, creamy, or pale yellow of that peculiar color which is the most difficult of all to imitate in paint. Often the petals shade to orange in the center. Their number is six, with numerous stamens. The oblanceolate leaves are usually from half an inch to an inch long, and are of that pale-green color which almost can be called gray. The cream cup is a slender annual, somewhat villous and covered with delicate hairs. It belongs to the order of the papaveraceæ, and like other poppies it has flowers of an extremely delicate structure. The cream cup appears very early, usually in the beginning of March and reaches its best development at the end of April.

A very early spring flower is the fragrant gilia with a funnel form, rotate corolla divided into five lobes. It is a small plant, a span to a foot high, with delicate opposite and alternate leaves. The corolla is pale violet or lilac, often with brown purple or yellowish in the tube of the funnel. The flowers are small, no more than half an inch in diameter, but they are the most fragrant of all the early spring flowers. In some localities the gillias are known under the name of "bird's eyes."

INDIAN PAINT BRUSH.

Not so beautiful as the flowers already mentioned, but more useful and far more robust is the erodium, commonly called alfileria, or pin-clover and pin-grass. It is an unpretentious flower, small and insignificant, but its bright rose color makes it easily recognizable. It is welcome on account of its early appearance in the spring. The leaves are very nutritious and make an excellent forage for horses and cows. They impart a pleasant flavor to milk and butter.

The wild hyacinth or camass (camassia esculenta) of the order of liliaceæ grows very abundantly in the months of March, April and May. It prefers moisty situation and is easily distinguished by its blue or lilac flowers growing in a single raceme. The leaves are long and linear and the corms or bulbs often an inch in diameter. These bulbs are the delight of the children and are also largely collected for food by the Indians.

Of other blue or purple flowers there is the sisyrinchum or blue-eyed grass, with very narrow leaves and growing in moist places, and the shooting star or wild cyclumen, a beautiful plant, with lanceolate leaves and bright purple blossoms. They grow in all parts of California and are also to be found farther north.

The lupine is also blue, at least the species which appears first. Later it is followed by its yellow, pink and white relations. The lupine, with its flowers in terminal racemes, is a herbaceous plant, sometimes even woody, with pods 1¼ to 3 inches long, usually ten to twelve seeded. There are over sixty species of this plant on the western coast and the interior region west of the Rocky mountains, forty of them growing on the sandhills south of San Francisco.

Of the ranunculaceæ which appear later than the nemophila or gilia, the most principal are: The monkshood, or aconitum, with upper petals with long claws and spur-like blades of pale-blue or white color; the aquilegia, or columbine, growing near streams toward the coast range, its red flowers tinged with yellow, and the wood anemone, with a white and pinkish blossom growing on a smooth stem. Of course there are also crowfoots or buttercups and finally, appearing toward the middle of April the beautiful larkspur or delphinium.

The larkspur does not grow very abundantly in the San Joaquin valley. It appears only here and there, and usually keeps aloof from other flowers. It is usually found in dry places, among the bunches of grass, standing alone like a sentinel. Its blossoms are of a deep purlish blue.

A very peculiar plant is the so-called Indian paint brush, or castilleia. It really resembles a paint brush, and grows in such an abundance that it is not surpassed by any other flower, the eschscholtzia alone excepted. It lingers through the summer longer than any othar spring flower. It is usually over a foot high, with blossoms crowded in the terminal spike. The bright-red floral leaves are more showy than the flowers, which are inclined to be yellowish. When dry or pressed in the herbarium this plant is disposed to turn black. The castilleia is a constant companion of the California poppy, and when these two plants grow together they form such a vision of beauty that no one will forget it. The prairie actually appears to be in flame, the red castilleia and the yellow and orange eschscholtzia mingling together into one fiery mass of scarlet, glistening and sparkling under the rays of the sun.

The eschscholtzia is the true representative of the Golden West. Being almost exclusively Californian, it nobly represents this glorious State, and it was very proper that it should have been selected as the emblem of the California Floral Society, and adopted as the State flower. Its orange petals are of the most exquisite satiny texture which no looms of Lyon could ever imitate. Its gorgeous color puts the eschscholtzia ahead of all other native flowers; it is the most conspicuous and brilliant. Its pale-green leaves are delicate in outline, dense and juicy. Under the name of California poppy the eschscholtzia is known now all over the world, and is largely planted in gardens on both hemispheres.

These are the most conspicuous spring flowers of Central California. In March, April and May they fill every nook and crevice of the foothills and every empty space of the plains. They transform the prairie into one carpet of the most brilliant color. But besides those enumerated there are many others which, though not so abundant as those mentioned, yet contribute largely to the exquisite beauty of the great interior valley. There is the pale-yellow honeysuckle, fragrant as the lemon blossom; there is a species of spike-mallow familiar to all, and there is the modest yellow violet enlivening the banks of creeks and water ditches. The red poppies and the Mariposa lillies are there also, the last plant so named by the Mexicans on account of the dark spots on the petals, resembling somewhat the wings of a butterfly. Here and there we see wild onions or bluebells, wild carrots, wild parsnips and numerous species of the liguminosar or pea family. The delicate evening primrose grows together with the milky-white popcorn, the orange, scarlet, or buff monkey-flower, with sweetwilliams and with hosackia, hemigonia, godetia and eromocarpus. The yellow snapdragon or antirrhinum prefers watery places, while the old man or chile coyote tries to climb to the top of the artemisia and of the chaparral. Clover and alfalfa are everywhere, but its blossoms are overlooked among many others more gorgeous and more marked.

BABY BLUE EYES OR NEMOPHILA.

The composite are very numerous, so much so that there are over 500 local species of them. The dandelion is very scarce in San Joaquin valley, but chamomile, brass button, golden rod and others are more abundant. When the intense heat of summer has withered all other spring flowers the composite then appear, that is, the majority of them. Its gorgeous representative, the sunflower, dazzles the eye, but this plant, together with numerous others of its tribe, does not belong to our spring flowers.

M. L.

FRESNO, May 9, 1893.

NAMING OF THE STATE.

Real Origin of the Word California.

It Signifies the Land of Limekilns.

The Vast Country on the Pacific Probably Christened by Ulloa.

Correspondence of the CHRONICLE.

Three years ago on a trip through Lower California a fortunate accident—a random query—led me to the discovery at this late date of what seemed to be the real origin of the name California and the history of its application to the great country by the Pacific.

Since that time I have minutely examined all the literature bearing upon the subject, and have, I believe, fully confirmed my theory, which is set forth in this article.

With the exception of some parts of Central America, no country on this continent is so little known as Lower California, the most remote and, geographically, the most distinct part of Mexico. In fact, the central part of Lower California is almost a terra incognita, notwithstanding its nearness to the United States. The long peninsula—the Baja California of the Mexicans—stretches nearly 800 miles from the boundary line near San Diego to the rocky cliff known as Cape San Lucas. In all this extensive region there are scarcely 30,000 inhabitants, who live chiefly in the southern and northern parts of the peninsula. Two tribes of Indians are still to be found on the peninsula—the Cochimi in the north, and the Guayacura, or Guaicuri, toward the middle. They are probably related to the Yumas of Arizona, whom they closely resemble.

Special attention must be called to the peculiar geological formation of the region north and south of La Paz, for it is of great importance in reaching the origin of the name "California." Igneous eruptions have occurred more than once at many points, and vast areas are covered with dark lava. Granites and syenites form many crests, especially south of La Paz, where the granite forms tremendous ridges, one of them being over 6000 feet high. In this rocky coast sedimentary formations are also represented, cropping out here and there among the deep ravines, gulches and dark cliffs of the surf-beaten shore. These sedimentary deposits consist mainly of carboniferous limestone of a light and soft color, contrasting strangely with the dark masses of igneous rocks. Sometimes the limestone forms regular cavities, white spots on a black background; often, again, it shows in blazes, its shining white surface glistening in the sunlight like burnished silver. It is a peculiar characteristic of the coast, especially if our approach is from the gulf. In places the forbidding coast is rent asunder, small playas of deep red sand appearing here and there, while on some rocky volcanic point a white cave or blaze will rivet the traveler's attention at once. The deposits of limestone are occasionally found far up toward the north, even near San Borjas, an old mission facing the island of Angel de la Guarda, a stupendous mass of rock over 4000 feet high. Near these limestone formations are occasionally found mineral and thermal springs.

This inhospitable shore was first visited by Fortuno Jimenez, in 1533. About a year before that Cortez sent out vessels from the mainland in search of unknown lands. The voyage proved disastrous and Cortez sent two other vessels in search of the first. These vessels were commanded by Grijalva and Bercera de Mendoza, a cousin of the great conquistador. This voyage was also disastrous. Grijalva soon abandoned the search and returned south, while Bercera was murdered by the crew of his vessel. The mutineers, led by Fortuno Jimenez, a pilot, sailed northward and landed in a bay on an island, as they supposed. This bay was undoubtedly the modern La Paz. Thus Jimenez was the first white discoverer of Lower California, and the beautiful bay in which he landed was called after his name. He did not remain there long. The Indians rose and massacred the discoverer, with twenty of his followers. The few survivors were able to escape with the vessels and carry the news to Cortez, who had resolved to go northward in person.

Cortez landed in Jimenez bay May 3d, 1535, and changed the name to Santa Cruz. Here the great captain remained nearly a year, but, owing to the hostility of the Indians, he was unable to retain his hold on the country and was forced to abandon the inhospitable shore.

In 1539 he sent Francisco de Ulloa, who penetrated the inner waters of the gulf and then, rounding Cape San Lucas, sailed up the western coast of the peninsula. It must be remarked here that the Gulf of California was originally called El Mar de Cortez and El mar Vermego (the vermilion sea), so called either in consequence of the red color which it assumes at times from the countless animalculæ or more probably on account of the patches of deep red sand along the shores. The gulf is even now called by the Mexicans the Sea of Cortez.

It was Francisco de Ulloa who first applied the name of California to the region he visited, as we can see in Preciado's diary of this voyage. This name was originally given to a supposed island, on which the bay of La Paz was situated; afterward it was applied to other islands in the gulf, and finally to all the territory north of San Lucas. Later the popular form was "Las Californas," plural from La California.

VEGETATION IN LOWER CALIFORNIA—THE YUCCA, CANDLEWOOD, MAGUEY AND COMMON CACTUS.

There is no evidence at all to prove that Cortez ever applied that name to the peninsula, yet there are some geographers who attribute to him the naming of the country. Professor Jules Marcon asserts, without any reason, that Cortez called the country "calida foruax," that is, "fiery furnace," and Elisee Reclus, in his work on North America, vol. II, page 16, says: "To the great captain this burning region (Lower California) owes its very name of calida foruax (hot furnace), afterward corrupted to California.

The truth is the name of California does not occvr in any report of Cortez.

It is now known beyond all doubt that the first mention of the name California was in an old Spanish romance by Ordonez de Montalvo, published in Madrid either in 1510 or a few years afterward. The romance was entitled, "The Exploits of the Very Valiant Knight Explandian, son of the excellent King Amadis of Gaul." Montalvo describes an "island of California on the right hand of the Indias, near the Terrestrial Paradise," peopled with black women, griffins and other horrid creatures of his imagination.

The romance was very popular in its day and was undoubtedly familiar, if not to the crew, at least to the officers of the different expeditions. There is, however, no historical evidence to show that the recently discovered country was called after an imaginative name in a romance, nor is there anything to show the meaning of the name. Some of the conjectures are simply ridiculous, yet there is such a striking coincidence in the application of the name that many authorities argue that the name of the peninsula was derived from the story of Montalvo.

Bancroft, in his "History of California," thinks that the name was applied in derision by the disgusted colonists of Cortez on their return from La Paz in 1536.

It is not an easy thing to travel in the wilds of Baja California through these dreary and waterless wastes which resemble the parched plateaux of Sahara and barren hills of Mongolia, with the difference that the crests and slopes in

many instances present an impenetrable wall of enormous cacti and other prickly plants. There is no tree to shelter the traveler from the burning sun, no stream in which to quench the thirst. Rocks and sand, tremendous walls of granite, deep arroyas and frowning canyons, hills of gypsum and limestone, blinding with its luster, and treacherous chasms make it a country over which hangs the curse of desolation.

Traversing a ridge of sandstone, granite, lava and other formations, I approached the coast of the peninsula near Loreto, formerly the religious center of Baja California. I was coming from the north from the mining town of Muleji, on the shores of Santa Inez Bay, and for a guide, or, rather, companion, I had an Indian from San Borjas, with whom I have traveled in many parts of the peninsula.

Approaching Loreto the hills run rather abruptly to the shore, forming a palisade crowned with gigantic cacti. A vast expanse of water was spread before our eyes, blue and silent. Toward Carmen Island we could see the white spray of water beating against the rocky shore and a phantom circle of a moaning sea. Behind us rocks upon rocks, hills upon hills towered over each other.

I saw something in the distance which I thought would be a splendid landmark for a marine surveyor. A white ledge, apparently of sedimentary origin, showed plainly among the dark masses of igneous rocks, and on a small knoll, in which a cavity was formed, I could see some white substance of snowy color lying in small heaps.

Pointing to the knoll and to the white substance I asked casually of my guide:

"Que cosa es?"

"Cal y forno," answered the Indian.

Had that mighty palisade of rocks toward the east suddenly collapsed before my eyes I would not have been more astonished than when I heard these simple words of the guide. I knew at once that I had the true meaning and the origin of the name "California."

In a few seconds I was near the knoll and saw what afterward I often encountered—a natural cavity which the

A SAN BORJAS INDIAN TYPE.

natives, with the help of a few stones, had transformed in some former times into an oven, a lime kiln, lime being the white substance. "Cal" means in Spanish lime, and "forno" an oven or kiln.

It must be noticed here that the Indians of Lower California use a great many old Spanish expressions, for instance "forno," which was in use 200 years ago, is to-day called by the Spaniards "horno," yet the Indians preserve the old mode of pronouncing.

Thus California would mean the land of lime kilns. Let us go a step further and see if this theory be correct.

It is probably not generally known that the Indians of Lower California formerly dwelt in communistic pueblos like, for instance, the Zunis. Of these pueblos we have even not a remnant. A little village, Comondu, situated among the Sierra of Southern Lower California, almost equal distance between the gulf and the ocean, is to-day such a pueblo. Indian traditions say that those pueblos were painted white, the inhabitants knowing the use of the lime which they burned in these "fornos." The fornos are abundant in the eastern part of Southern Lower California; some of them are very old and undoubtedly were there in the time of Cortez.

We know that at the time the Spaniards landed in LaPaz the book of Montalvo, in which occurs the name "California," was widely read; we know also that the sailors of Cortez remained nearly a year on shore in the locality where the fornos are to be found in plenty. It is, therefore, certain that they saw them and knew their use.

As already stated Cortez, in 1539, sent Ulloa to explore the waters of the Vermilion sea. Undoubtedly he had with him some of these sailors, who remained so long on shore and who knew something of the coast and perhaps a few words of the Indian language. It is easy to imagine that Ulloa was attracted by the white spots of lime on the black shore and wished to know what they were.

Perhaps he called one of the sailors acquainted with the coast and asked him the same question as I did my Indian guide, "Que cosa es?" The answer was undoubtedly the same, "Cal y forno," forno being at that time used, and not horno.

Ulloa, struck with the remarkable coincidence between the answer of the sailor and the name in Montalvo's book, accepted the name at once and christened with it the country which before that time, as we positively know, had no name.

Such is the theory which has all the probability on its side, and which is based on a characteristic of the new country impossible to overlook.

The question now remains: How did Montalvo obtain this name "California" for his romance? Was it purely fanciful, or can its etymology and its source be ascertained?

Edward Everett Hale suggested califa or khalifa as the possible root, but there is nothing probable in this theory. I think the name in Montalvo's book can also be connected with "cal y forno." Montalvo lived for a considerable time in the mountainous region between the headwaters of the Guadiana and the Guadalquivir, on the outskirts of Andalusia. This region, traversed by the Sierra Morena, furnishes the best lime in Spain. Besides, the mountaineers of that region have a curious tradition. According to it the souls of negroes, Moors, gypsies and other infidels who become converted must pass through a bath of quicklime before they can enter the paradise. It is, therefore, probable that Montalvo was acquainted with this tradition, and, peopling his imaginary island near the terrestrial paradise with black women, etc., thought the most proper name for it would be that which would refer to lime—"cal y forno"; that is, California.

In "Bancroft's History of California" there are many suggestions as to the possible derivation of the word, and though he comes on one or two occasions very near to it and even guesses rightly the second half of the word, the first half he derives either from the Latin calidus or the Spanish caliente, meaning hot. It seems certain that the old Californian families—the Vallejos, Alvarados and others—had the true word from the natives of Lower California, but they thought the word was "Kaliforno," and took it to be of Indian origin, meaning either "high hill" or "native land." Bancroft further says that E. D. Guilbert of Sinaloa heard an old Indian of his locality call the peninsula "Tchalifalni-al," that is, "The Sandy Land Beyond the Water." I took the trouble to make inquiries personally, and found that the Indian appellation was simply a corruption of California and of recent origin. About the derivation of "California" from the Greek there is no need to say anything.

I think that, after all that has been said, the reader will be convinced that the name of this State had its origin in the words "cal y forno," and though it means only "the land of lime kilns," it is nevertheless directly connected with the terrestrial paradise.

M. L.

FRESNO, June 13, 1893.

THE CUARTEL AT MONTEREY.

The First Theatrical Performance in California.

The meaning of the word "cuartel" is barracks, for the use of soldiers, in which they sleep and sometimes eat. It is, in fact, their home when not campaigning.

During the month of last January there appeared in the Examiner an account of the old "cuartel" in Monterey, accompanied with a most excellent cut of its appearance.

The Examiner is somewhat unfortunate in having for its correspondents at Monterey parties who appear to have the Baron Munchausen style of rendering statements.

The correspondent says "The cuartel building was erected about 1814. The builder was J. Abrego, who acted under orders from Alvarado. In 1818, when the cuartel was new and shining, the Mexicans revolted against Spain, and Monterey became a Mexican stronghold."

Jose Abrego in fact arrived at Monterey from the City of Mexico, via San Blas, Sep. 25th, 1834, in the brig Natalia. He was one of the "Hija and Padres" colony. "H. and P." had started a land speculation in the City of Mexico relative to Monterey. Just as is done nowadays in California, about 250 persons embarked in the enterprise and Jose Abrego was one of them.

The brig Natalia left her hull and ribs on the beach at Monterey, and is said to be the vessel which conveyed Napoleon to the Isle of Elba. The writer has in his possession a map of Monterey made in 1842, showing the beach and on it the ribs of the brig Natalia.

In July, 1841, the Governor of California ordered the building of a block 60x30 yards (180x90 feet) for barracks and officers (cuartel) at an estimated cost of $10,000. (See Departmental States' Papers, vol. 3, p. 168).

The cuartel was not commenced even until 27 years after the date mentioned by the Examiner correspondent, and Jose Abrego did not arrive in California until 20 years after 1814.

In 1814 he was about 3 years old, and it is not to be supposed he could be a builder of barracks at that age and be 1,500 miles away from the place of building. In 1842-3 he held an office in Monterey equivalent to that of State Treasurer and disbursed in one year over $100,000. (See books of Department Treasurer J. Abrego).

Situated in Monterey, at the bottom of the hill on the left hand side of the street going up to David Jack's house, there is a one-story adobe house, a long, low, building of which Jack Swan, a pioneer of 1843, was owner, and from which he drew a goodly rent at the time it was partly used as a theatre in February, 1850.

The building stood north and south, the north end of which was divided into rooms with entrances from the west. These rooms at that time rented at $40 per month. The south end of this building was converted into a theatre, with a stage and appropriate scenery, with opening toward the east. The scenery was painted by Lieut. Sully, he having inherited the genius of his father who was a famous artist of Philadelphia.

The program here given is identical and an exact copy, excepting the third column of names, of the original in the possession of the writer. There were no presses or printers in those days, and the programs were all written for distribution by Lieut. Hamilton, now on the retired list of the army as Colonel.

Of all who participated in the amateur performance on that night, as depicted in the program, Colonel Hamilton and the writer are the only ones alive, at least the former was, when writing to the latter from Brooklyn, N. Y., about a year ago. He had then surrendered his command at Fort Hamilton, in New York harbor. His letter to the writer recalled many a forgotten theme and incident which had occurred in Monterey, and among them the theatrical performance of the "Gadshill Robbery," "Box and Cox" on Monday evening, February 11th, 1850.

"Oh! The days of old,
The days of gold,
The days of '49!"

It is needless to say that the performers all acted well their parts. The orchestra was composed of the military band, whose playing of national airs and other musical pieces, added much to the enjoyment. The assemblage was all the English speaking residents of Monterey, and a very large number of the Spanish and their descendants. These latter, although not understanding the language of the performers, were delighted with the acting, and particularly the farce of "Box and Cox."

To use the vernacular of the present day, the house was "filled to overflowing, there not being standing room," and many were compelled to listen from the outside of the building. The performance was a great success, the actors and audience being alike delighted.

This was the first theatrical performance in California, whatever any one may say to the contrary.

The building, scenery and dresses were afterwards given over to the non-commissioned officers and privates of the military companies then stationed in Monterey. The privates continued to have performances for their amusement for some time afterwards; the officers did not perform again.

It is to be remarked that even so far back as forty-four years ago there was among the military officers an uncertain and very uneasy feeling as to the future of the American Government. They called the theatre, "Union Theatre," as indicative of their wishes and patriotic hopes.

The article in The Examiner goes on to speak of the first theatrical performance as being held in the cuartel in 1847, and as being "the first Thespian performance by Americans in California."

It enumerates some of the performers as C. E. Bingham, Mrs. Bingham, Mrs. Frank Winsell, John O'Neal, Mr. Fusy, Peter Earl, John Harris, Thomas Buck, Mrs. Kettlebottom, Captain Wingfield and Lieutenant Derby.

Among those mentioned, a portion are real and others fictitious persons.

There may have been prior to Feb. 11th, 1850, burnt cork exhibitions and frolics, but no theatrical performance with stage scenery, dresses, etc.

The first column of names in the program below are of course those of the characters. The second column contains assumed names of the actors, being the names of the most famous tragedians and actors, who up to 1850 were known. The third column contains the real names of the actors, obtained by the writer at the time.

UNION THEATRE,

MONTEREY,

On Monday, February 11th, 1850,

WILL BE PRESENTED,

By a Highly Concentrated Essence of Histrionic Talent,

"The Story of the Gadshill Robbery."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

Prince Hal..	Mr. Vandenhoff..	Lt. Hamilton
Falstaff	Mr. Macready.....	Lt. Sully
Poins.....	Mr. Wallack.....	Lt. McEwing
Gadshill.....	Mr. Booth.....	Lt. McLean
Bardolph....	Mr. Forrest.....	Lt. Derby
1st Carrier...	Mr. Anderson.....	Lt. Moore
2d Carrier ...	Mr. Gilbert.....	E. L. Williams
Chamberlain..	Mr. C. Kean.....	Lt. Jones
Sheriff.....	Mr. Scott.....	Lt. Miller
Dame Quickly..	Miss Fanny Kemble.....	W. H. Chevers

To be followed by a Dramatic Recitation

"BENARDO DEL CARPIO,"

BY MR. BOOTH.

After which a Comic Song,

"THE NICE YOUNG MAN,"

BY MR. MACREADY.

After which a Melancholy Dirge in Character,

BY MR. E. FORREST.

The whole to conclude with the Laughable Farce entitled

BOX AND COX.

Box.....	Mr. Forrest.....	Lt. Sully
Cox.....	Mr. Macready.....	Lt. Derby
Mrs. Bouncer..	Miss Charlotte Cushman..	
.....	.....	Lt. Moore

Immediately after which the audience will retire to slow music.

Doors open at half-past six o'clock.

Curtain rises at seven o'clock precisely

TICKETS DELIVERED AT THE DOORS.

No postponement on account of the weather.

Of the officers mentioned then holding the rank of Lieutenant all were alive at the time of the firing on "Fort Sumter," remained firm for the Union, and five of them gallantly met their deaths, with sword in hand, on the field of battle.

Lieut. Hamilton, while in charge of a battery in Florida, was ambuscaded by the enemy, his men being nearly all killed. He was not killed in the encounter, but for years after suffered much from the crippling wounds he received. He was promoted Colonel of his regiment Feb. 20th, 1864, for gallant and meritorious services in the Battle of Olustee, Florida."

Lieutenant Sully, promoted to the rank of Colonel, was, during the rebellion, in command at Fort Sully (named after him) on the Yellowstone river, holding the Sioux Indians in check. He was afterwards appointed to the command of the Northern Military Department of California, and on April 26th, 1877, was at the Occidental Hotel, then on Montgomery St., San Francisco, on the way with his family to Fort Vancouver, where he died within a year afterwards.

Lieutenant Derby acquired fame in California as a great wag and humorist. He was known as "Squibob," and as the author of "Phoenixiana," a book containing his wittiest and best. About three years after his performance of "Bardolph" he was ordered to New Orleans, where he sickened with a fever; he became utterly blind, and a year after died.

W. H. Chevers was a "West-Pointer," and in Monterey Commissary's clerk, not holding any rank in the service; he was afterwards for many years, until he died, clerk of the United States District Court in San Francisco, Hon. Hoffmann, Judge.

Of the career of the others who are mentioned as performers that night at Monterey the writer has no special knowledge other than of their deaths on the field of battle.

E. L. WILLIAMS.

INTELLECTUAL LABOR AND LONGEVITY.

Oliver Wendell Holmes' life afforded a striking illustration of the close connection ordinarily subsisting between intellectual labor and longevity. As men commonly estimate age, Holmes was old as far back as the memory of persons of thirty or thirty-five years of age extends. He was born in 1809, that year of "great babies," which produced Darwin, Mendelssohn, Tennison, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Poe, Proudhon, Lincoln, Hamlin, Gladstone and other celebrities, and he continued his literary work along to the last few weeks of his life. His physical strength also appears to have been comparatively unimpaired to the close. His death came unexpectedly to himself and to his relatives, and occurred, according to the dispatches, while he was sitting in his chair chatting with his son. The end was as peaceful as that described by Dryden in his "Oedipus:"

Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long.
* * * * * * *
Fate seemed to wind him up fourscore years;
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more,
Till like a clock, worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.

WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN.

THOUGH the morning may be dreary,
And the day be long and weary,
Though the clouds may darkly lower,
And the tempest fiercely frown,
We shall quite forget the shadows
That have lingered in the meadows
If there be a golden hour
When the sun goes down.

What though fate our hopes opposes,
What though thorns shut out the roses,
And the cross be borne in sorrow
That we carry to the crown,
By and by we'll cease to wander
And we'll rest forever yonder
If there dawns a bright to-morrow
When life's sun goes down.

WINTER SCENES IN OAKLAND.

JUDGE GARBER'S RESIDENCE AND GROUNDS—BERKELEY.
[From Photograph by Rodolph, November 17, 1887.]

CHARLES NEWTON'S RESIDENCE AND GROUNDS—PERALTA HEIGHTS.

ANCIENT ARIZONA.

Prehistoric Ruins of the Gila Valley.

A Vast Unexplored Field for Investigation.

Miles of Once Densely Populated Cities and Villages—A Great Reservoir.

Correspondence of the CHRONICLE.

While the attention of the outside world has only been called to the ruins of Arizona in a cursory way, the little interest that has been manifested has been centered almost exclusively in the cliff ruins of the northern part of the Territory. Few people outside of the small coterie inclined to the scientific study of archæology and ethnology know of the existence of others that are far more stupendous and interesting, in that they retain the same air of mystery with which the age of the cliff ruins is enveloped and add to this the interest of a more extensive and complete civilization which they certainly possessed. The existence of such is, however, a fact, and my investigation of the matter amply bears me out in the assertion that the region south of the Salt and Gila rivers was once the center of this civilization and consequently had the bulk of the population.

This country, on account of the total lack of water and the intolerable heat during most of the year, has met with little exploration. If there are mines, the absence of water makes it impossible to work them, so it has never been invaded by the prospector, and with the exception of a few people interested in its scientific study no one knows anything about it.

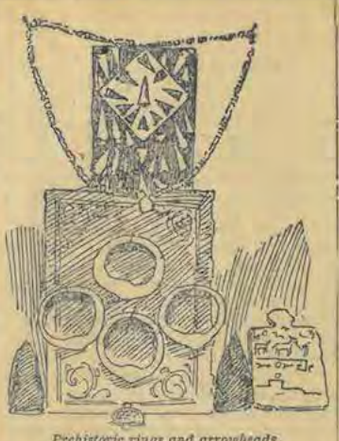
The Hemmingway expedition worked little south of Los Muertos, and the excavating and investigation of canals has been done by myself alone at such times as I could take advantage of the winter rainfall and make short incursions into the region. Of necessity my investigation has been incomplete, though I have discovered many interesting facts that, when further work is done, will throw much light on the customs and habits of this ancient people.

I have been prosecuting the study and investigation almost alone, supported only by my private means; consequently I have labored under many disadvantages. But for a long time I have been convinced of the great antiquity of the ruins and feel assured in asserting that as a field for archæological study and investigation Arizona surpasses Egypt. I hope much from the present expedition under the auspices of Professor Putnam, chief of the World's Fair department of archæology and ethnology, and when it is completed so much mystery may not cling about that which has heretofore baffled the skill of the scientist.

South of the Gila there are some mountains, but they are fewer and of less altitude than those to the north. Though mountain and plain are alike desert there seems to have been a smaller flow of lava, and though the mountains are of igneous formation, only in a few instances do they show extinct craters and the valleys and mesas are wastes of sand once cultivated by these people.

It is the land of the mirage. The reflecting power of the dry air is something wonderful, and last week at one time, without moving out of my position, I witnessed three of the most complete mirages I ever saw during my long experience in the desert. On one side rose a city with towers that reached to the clouds, while on the other was portrayed a portion of the desert breaking off into what appeared to be a vast forest and it seemed so real that I imagined I could see the limbs sway by the force of the wind.

This country is a ruin from one end to the other. All portions that I have visited bear unmistakable evidences of canals and cities. One can walk for miles and every foot of the sandy surface is more or less mixed with pieces of broken pottery from the size of a dollar up to as large as one's hand. The paint is still on these pieces and is not in the least faded, though it has lain exposed for countless ages. In this particular locality an overflow from the Gila in some distant age has washed against the ruins until they have crumbled down and spread out level with the country. In many places the ollas and other earthenware may be picked up on the surface, due undoubtedly to the action of the water on the surrounding earthen walls of the buildings.



Prehistoric rings and arrowheads.

Back ten miles from the river the ground is higher, and was once the site of a city, as portions of the wall by which it was protected are still standing more than twenty feet in thickness. Inside are the mound-like ruins of the houses which, being less durable, have crumbled down. The buildings must have been very large, for in some instances the mounds are 300 feet in length by 200 in width and twenty in height. The dimensions of the space inclosed by the wall are about fifty miles by three, though the evidence is very strong that the overflow destroyed much more than half of the ruins.

Much of this low country is very little higher than the present bed of the Gila, and at one time a branch of that stream must have flowed into the basin and formed a natural reservoir. There is an altitude about ten feet greater at one point between the basin and the river, and the formation here is a kind of sandstone, which shows unmistakable signs of having been cut by artificial means, perhaps with the idea of assisting the entrance of the water by enlarging the passage.

STONE HAMMERS AND AXES FROM GILA RIVER.

In this depression, which is about two miles each way, there are no evidences of buildings having existed further than the bits of pottery, which are not so numerous as at other places, and might have been deposited there in the wash of the overflow.

Five canals lead out of the basin, all on the south and west, which confirm me in believing it to have been a reservoir chiefly formed by natural causes, and which these people used to store water against the periods of drought. If the depth had been very great in this basin it would have caused an overflow on the west, which must have been prevented by a mud wall or dam, though if such a structure existed there is no longer any evidence of it. Its absence, however, is not conclusive that it never existed, for the great overflow of the river would have swept it away as a feather before a storm.

The city is laid out north and south—at least in a majority of instances the streets run to the cardinal points. The walls seem to vary a little from this rule, in fact are crooked in places, as if they might have been constructed for the support of bastions or other towers of defense. This city and the one containing the old fort further down the river are the only ones that I have come upon which show any evidences of preparation for offense or defense. It seems that they were either a people so numerous that they feared no attack, or they had no enemies with which to contend. In the history of any country, either ancient or modern, its fortifications are the strongest and most durable of its structures, and if these people had any preparation of the kind such evidence would surely exist as is found at Acoma and other points in New Mexico.

Everything points to the proof of the theory that the pueblos of New Mexico are much more modern than the ruined cities of this valley, and in all probability at the time of their existence the prevailing conditions were quite different, and it was unnecessary to protect the people against the incursions of enemies.

South of this city on the mesa are the ruined corrals or stock pens in which their animals were kept. Many things prove beyond question the purpose for which they were used. What the animals were is not so easily determined, but on slats found in ruins south of the Salt river are splendid figures of llamas, now only grown in Central and South America and used as beasts of burden there. These pens might have been for the purpose of securing their herds of sheep; and without the finding of these slates, on which the figures cannot be mistaken, one would be inclined to that opinion. As it is, however, the solution is not difficult.

In the ruins that best withstood the exposure of the ages and to which I have so far given most of my attention many interesting specimens of the ceramic art have been found. Ollas of all shapes and sizes, urns containing the ashes of the dead, which were either placed in mausoleums or kept in the houses of friends, and jars, partly filled with parched corn and beans, were found in a remarkable state of preservation.

It seems as if the entire city had been swept by a flood and the earthen houses melted down, or they were shaken by some terrible earthquake and toppled into a thousand fragments, giving the inhabitants barely time to escape. Few of the skeletons we are taking out show signs of mutilation or have broken bones, but their owners rather appear to have died of suffocation or some natural cause that left no mark upon the frame. In digging we find in many places what appears to be bone dust, and one of these deposits attracted special attention by reason of its extent, and an analysis proved our surmise to be correct.

In this instance the deposit was reached only a few inches below the surface, and was over seventy feet in length, containing tons of the substance more or less mixed with earth. The edges of the deposit were broken and uneven, so that it could not have been made as a place of burial. Does it consist of the decayed bodies of animals, or is the dust that of human beings? If the latter, was it the result of funeral rites, or were the bodies deposited there by some great flood that came over the land without a moment of warning?

The majority of the skeletons discovered are found in good condition, and in my first meeting with these bone deposits I could not connect them with decayed or burned remains, though at the same time a great source of curiosity was the question, "What had become of the bones of the immense population that once lived here?" It seemed that if they were buried we ought to find more cemeteries, and that if covered in the debris we ought to come upon them in our excavating, so that it was some time before the idea became prominent and the fact remembered that human bones will decay quickly and that the bodies we found were in dry and well-protected places.

If the destruction was brought about by fire from volcanoes the people rushed to what seemed to them places of safety and left their houses almost tenantless. Perhaps ages afterward the great flood that deposited the granite wash throughout the country came and swept the skeletons into lower places, where they remained wet for a long while and were subject to rapid decay.

One of the most interesting of recent discoveries is a slate, now in the possession of C. J. Dyer of this city, and on which are both pictures and writing that may sometime throw much light on the many questions with regard to this strange region. The slate was found at a depth of eight feet, and was evidently in a dwelling, for in the same building were discovered cooking utensils and the skeletons of both children and adults as if the catastrophe that destroyed them had caught them in the performances of their daily household duties.

Near the same place other inscriptions are found on the mountain sides, but they are all characters with none similar to the one on the slate. Of course any opinion as to the meaning of the inscriptions would be more or less theory, and I prefer to give none until further developments prove or disprove the one I hold. So far the inscriptions of these people have baffled the scientific world, but as this specimen appears to be much less difficult than any I have yet seen I hope that those who have made a study of hieroglyphics will be able to decipher its meaning.

There is little question that the writing of this people will some day become intelligible to us, but until then their history and the time of their existence will be more or less of a mystery to the civilized world, and little else than theory will account for their strange and total extinction.

R. E. L. ROBINSON.

PHŒNIX, A. T., November 6, 1892.

The Unknown.

'Tis well we cannot lift the veil
That hides the future from our sight;
'Twere better to be all unknown;
In wisdom it is ordered right;
We know not what the coming days
Or years may have for us in store,
We cannot read the future plan,
And well for us 'tis curtained o'er.

If we could know that o'er life's way
The cruel thorns would pierce our feet,
That friends from whom we part to-day
We never more again should meet;
Or that some fond and cherished hope,
Or that wherein we fondly trust,
Would sometime, in a coming hour,
All crumbled lie within the dust.

Then present joys would lose their charm,
And in our sight as nothing be.
Our task at times might go undone,
And so 'tis well we cannot see
Beyond the veil that hides from sight
The things that now are all unknown;
Or hearts that now with pleasure thrill,
Might otherwise be grieved and lone.

—*Selected.*

CALIFORNIA'S ATTRACTIONS.

California probably has more delightful as well as interesting localities for tourists to visit than any other state in the Union.

A brief list of the things to be seen in California may prove instructive. It is well to have on hand a condensed memorandum.

Yosemite valley, by rail 178 miles from San Francisco to Berenda, and thence 60 miles by stage.

Big Trees, on the Yosemite stage road. There is another grove of giant trees on the line of Santa Cruz Division of the Southern Pacific, 74 miles from San Francisco and 6 miles from Santa Cruz.

The Geysers, 73 miles by rail to Calistoga and thence by stage. A popular health and pleasure resort.

The Petrified Forests, seventy-three miles by rail from San Francisco to Calistoga and thence five miles by stage.

Clear Lake and the large number of hot and cold medicinal springs of Lake county, seventy-three miles by rail from San Francisco to Calistoga and thence by stage.

Lake Tahoe, 209 miles by rail from San Francisco to Truckee and thence by stage.

Mount Shasta, 320 miles from San Francisco by rail to the Tavern of Castle Crags.

Castle Crags, 320 miles by rail from San Francisco.

Crater Lake, 387 miles by rail from San Francisco to Ager and thence 117 miles by stage and private conveyance via Linkville and Fort Klamath, or 446 miles by rail from San Francisco to Medford (or 328 miles by rail from Portland, Or., to Medford) and thence 85 miles by private conveyance or stage.

California State University, Berkeley, ten miles from San Francisco, by ferry and local train.

Leland Stanford Junior University, thirty-three miles by rail from San Francisco.

Lick Observatory, fifty miles by rail from San Francisco to San Jose and thence twenty-six miles by stage.

Hotel del Monte, 124 miles from San Francisco by rail. In the vinciity of the Hotel del Monte are Monterey, Pacific Grove, the old Carmel Mission and other places of interest.

Sacramento (the State Capital), ninty miles by rail from San Francisco, is on both the Shasta route and the Ogden route of the Southern Pacific Company.

Orange Groves, Los Angeles, Passadena, San Bernardino, Riverside and other places in Southern California, and also in the vicinity of Sacramento, at Auburn, at Anderson and other points.

Raisin vineyards, principally at Fresno, 207 miles from San Francisco, on the main line between San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Olive orchards, principally in the neighborhood of Santa Barbara. There is a large one near San Jose.

Wine vineyards, in many parts of the State, but principally in the Santa Clara, Sonoma, Livermore and San Gabriel valleys.

Santa Catalina Island, twenty-two miles by rail from Los Angeles to San Pedro and thence twenty miles by steamer.

Santa Cruz (summer coast resort), eighty miles by rail from San Francisco.

Santa Monica (Summer coast resort), seventeen miles by rail from Los Angeles.

Long Beach (summer coast resort), 22 miles by rail from Los Angeles.

Palm Springs and Palm Canyon, 109 miles by rail from Los Angeles.

Spanish Missions. The most easily accessible are those at San Francisco, Santa Clara, Monterey, San Gabriel and San Juan-by-the-Sea.

Gold mines. The great hydraulic mines at Dutch Flat (157 miles by rail from San Francisco) have been closed by an injunction, but are likely soon to resume work. Deep quartz mines in operation may be seen at Grass Valley and Colfax, reached by the Southern Pacific, 144 miles to Colfax and thence by a short local rail line.

Palo Alto Stock Farm, 33 miles by rail from San Francisco.

TWO ANSWERS TO ONE CONUNDRUM.

"MISS GRACIE," he said, with an engaging smile, "did you ever try your hand at one of these progressive conundrums?"

"What is a progressive conundrum, Mr. Spoonamore?" inquired the young lady.

"Haven't you heard of them? Here is one: Why is a ball of yarn like the letter 't'? Because a ball of yarn is circular, a circular is a sheet, a sheet is flat, a flat is $45 a month, $45 a month is dear, a deer is swift, a swift is a swallow, a swallow is a taste, a taste is an inclination, an inclination is an angle, an angle is a point, a point is an object aimed at, an object aimed at is a target, a target is a mark, a mark is an impression, an impression is a stamp, a stamp is a thing stuck on, a thing stuck on is a young man in love, and a young man in love is like the letter 't' because it stands before 'u,' Miss Gracie."

"I don't think you have the answer quite right," said the young lady. "A ball of yarn is round, a round is a steak, a stake is a wooden thing, a wooden thing is a young man in love, and a young man in love is like the letter 't' because, Mr. Spoonamore"—and she spoke distinctly—"because he is often crossed."

The young man understood. He took his hat and his progressive conundrums and vanished from Miss Gracie Garlinghouse's alphabet forever.—*Chicago Tribune.*

BOTANY THEIR HOBBY.

A Scientific Husband and Wife.

Researches of Mr. and Mrs. Lemmon.

Eight Months Every Year Spent in Exploring Virgin Country.

When it comes to writing about the life and work of such a pair of married scientists as lives over in Oakland one regrets the triteness of the line in "Ingomar" about two souls with but a single thought. If ever there were two people whom the overworked quotation fitted to perfection these are the ones.

John Gill Lemmon and his wife form this unusual couple. Their one absorbing thought is botanical research. They have lived their lives so quietly and pursued their investigations so modestly and unobtrusively that few of their neighbors know them to be people of distinction in the scientific world. Their existence seems to be almost an ideal one, for both are animated by the same desires and purposes and both have the ability and energy, the disregard for comfort and ease and the untiring zeal for discovery that makes the original investigator. In their specialty they find a more complete union of mind and heart than is vouchsafed to most married people. It was in Santa

J. G. LEMMON.

Barbara in 1876 that they met. Four years later they were married. Everyone who knows them speaks warmly of their ideal union.

Mr. Lemmon was born at Lima, Mich., in 1832. Not even the average common school education fell to his lot. He served through the war in the ranks and was a prisoner at Andersonville and Florence. It was his shattered constitution that led him to come to California in 1865. Here an early passion for botany was revived and soon he found that fate had cut out his life work for him. For years he has been a patient and persistent prospector in the unexplored regions of the Pacific Coast—seeking not mineral deposits but the new, rare and curious in the plant life of hills and valleys. At 69 odd his energy is undiminished, for the veteran botanist still spends eight months of every year in the field. Since his marriage he has had a constant companion and co-worker in his wife.

Mrs. Lemmon, whose maiden name was Sara Allen Plummer, is a New Yorker. She had a pronounced liking for the sciences, but circumstances made her a teacher instead of a student while yet a mere girl. During the war she interested herself in hospital and sanitary commission work, studying meanwhile in her favorite fields and attending a scientific school at night.

The first illness of her busy life was contracted in Bellevue Hospital. After that her health never returned in its former superabundance. She spent the next winter in Florida, and then came to California in search of health. She settled in Santa Barbara. That was over twenty years ago. She at once interested herself in the flora of Santa Barbara and in all the beautiful marine plants which abound on the beach there. Through her a club of six ladies was formed for the study of marine algae and Miss Plummer wrote a little book to assist them in preparing and classifying their specimens, which monograph still remains a classic of students.

On one of his trips Mr. Lemmon visited Santa Barbara, and the two scientists—the professional and the amateur—met. Their wedding journey was unique. It was not a trip that would be desired by every couple, no matter how much engrossed with each other. They penetrated the heart of the Santa Catalina Mountains of New Mexico, where few white men care to go and where the climbing is inexpressibly steep and difficult. There this romantic and scientific pair chose to

MRS. LEMMON.

pass their honeymoon, camping out for over four months. It was Mrs. Lemmon's first expedition away from civilization, but she liked what a less enthusiastic botanist might have considered sufficient cause for divorce. They experienced extraordinary privations and toil, but succeeded in reaching the highest peak of the range at last and made a number of interesting and important discoveries.

Of his many discoveries Mr. Lemmon regards that of a new kind of indigenous potato in Arizona as the most important. It is the height of every botanist's ambition to have, not a species, but a genus of plants named after him, and this honor has come to both Professor and Mrs. Lemmon. In 1876 an important genus was named after the discoverer. Mr. Lemmon, by Dr. Asa Gray, the acknowledged American authority on botany. Five years later a genus of plants discovered by Mrs. Lemmon was named after her by Dr. Gray. This genus is found in the wilds of Arizona and is called plummera. In Dr. Gray's work on botany there is a highly complimentary notice of Mrs. Lemmon's work. The author says that she has shared with her husband the trials, privations and dangers of arduous explorations in the wilds of Arizona and California.

The work of the Lemmons is by no means confined to California. They devote themselves to the flora and trees of Western North America, and their field is bounded by the Rocky mountains on the east and Alaska and Mexico on the north and south. Mr. Lemmon is the acknowledged authority on the flora of this part of the country. Last season was spent in British Columbia, but the previous eight seasons have been passed in Arizona. The botanical season is from March to October, and this is spent afield. The remaining four months of the year they live at home, preserving, classifying and putting the results of their work into shape. The season in the field includes the time when the tiny plants push their heads into the light until seed time is over, and the ceaseless round of nature is ready to begin again.

Some idea may be formed of the importance of these annual journeys, from the fact that in one trip alone forty-two new species were discovered in one range of Arizona—the Huachuca mountains, in the southern part of the Territory. Botanists have been deterred from going there by the steep, rugged rocks and the fierce heat of the Arizona summer. Besides, it was not long ago that this was the stamping ground of the Apache, who cared more about anatomy than botany. It remained for Mr. and Mrs. Lemmon to brave these dangers, and many discoveries were their reward.

On their mountain trips the botanists are dressed for this hardest of tramping. Mrs. Lemmon wears a complete mountaineering suit of short divided skirts, made after the fashion of Turkish trousers, and of the stoutest of stuff. A blouse waist, hob-nailed shoes and long leather gaiters complete this costume. A straw hat gives a partial protection from the blistering rays of the sun, and under the hat the soft, curly gray hair is worn in a simple knot.

Mrs. Lemmon's complexion is somewhat tanned, but is remarkably white when one considers that but one-third of the year is spent with a roof over her head. The rest of the time she is roughing it. When the twain leave their camp to climb untrodden heights every ounce counts. Each carries a short Alpine staff, and one of them carries, strapped on the back, a large tin box for specimens. It is also necessary to carry a notebook, and sometimes a blanket, if they intend to remain away over night, for it grows cold rapidly on those great heights after sunset. On these occasions the food for the day is carried in a large pot with a handle and a leathern strap. In this can is a gallon of rather thick cocoa, with crackers stirred in it, which answers for food and drink during the day. Water is out of the question.

On one occason the Lemmons had quite an interesting experience with Apaches. The reds were on the warpath, and the twin scientists were warned by the commandant of a near-by fort not to go beyond bugle call of the fort. Professor and Mrs. Lemmon endured this enforced inactivity for four days, and then, as nothing had been seen of the Indians, they ventured out. Before they had gone a mile they encountered three Apaches, but as they made no hostile demonstration the botanists proceeded. At last they reached their objective point, and Mrs. Lemmon sat down under a tree and took out her water-colors preparatory to painting a flower she had found. Her husband climbed on and out of sight. A shadow fell across the paper, and withdrawing her gaze from her subject Mrs. Lemmon saw that she had company—four Indian bucks. She had not heard their noiseless approach. One of them had on his naked shoulder the skinned carcass of a deer he had just killed. The dripping blood from this creature did not add to the mildness of the visitors' appearance. The artist was badly frightened, but she made a brave show of resuming her work and appearing unconcerned.

The Indians drew nearer and looked over her shoulder. She appeared annoyed and anxious to work and constantly said "Vamoose!" The Indians remained. It seemed an age until her husband's welcome "Hallo!" came ringing down the canyon and the Indians, supposing there was more than one, departed as noiselessly as they had come. Mrs. Lemmon still preserves the water color of the golden columbine—which bears strong internal evidence of agitation—not so much as a work of art, but as a souvenir of exciting adventure.

The home of the Lemmons in Oakland is an artistic place. The herbarium is here, and also Mr. Lemmon's study and his wife's studio. Around the rooms is a frieze of pine cones and below it a border of Indian relics—beautiful woven baskets and weapons of all kinds. On all her trips Mrs. Lemmon carries her box of water colors, with which she transfers to paper the rare and interesting plants they discover. Among these paintings done on the spot by Mrs. Lemmon is one of the rare desert lily, which blooms scantily in the Arizona wastes. During one of their trips they came across this beautiful flower, which is only on record as having been seen twice before.

When Mrs. Lemmon does not paint the specimens, her husband photographs them. He has an excellent camera, and has hundreds of splendid negatives of the pines and firs of the Pacific Slope. Many of these pictures are exquisitely taken, and show the detail to perfection.

Not long ago Mr. Lemmon published a little manuscript on the "Cone-Bearing Trees of the Pacific Slope." He has in preparation a more pretentious and complete work on the same important family of trees as found in Western America. The book is to be both scientific and popular, in alternate paragraphs, and it is the dream of the Professor's life to publish it. Unfortunately, it will be an expensive work, and scientific books do not sell like new novels, so the book will be long in appearing on account of the lack of the necessary funds. For four years Professor and Mrs. Lemmon were in the employ of the State Board of Forestry. The reports that they published were among the most valuable secured by the Board.

The Lemmons have been prominent in other work beside that pertaining to botany. The latter is their major work, but not their only interest. Mr. Lemmon has written much on other and widely diversified subjects, and at the time of the New Orleans Exposition he and his wife had charge of the Pacific States exhibit, which received five prizes. Mrs. Lemmon is a member of the national committee which is engaged in selecting a floral emblem, and on the morning of May 3d she will address the Woman's Congress at the Midwinter Fair on the subject of botany. At the World's Fair she delivered an address on "Women in Science."

It is a busy life these people lead, and yet they are both students in the truest sense. Mr. Lemmon's counsel is constantly sought by distinguished scientists. The head of the botanical department at Berkeley is his close friend, and many of Mr. Lemmon's articles have appeared in *Pittonia*, a scientific magazine published by Professor Green.

In appearance these two people are decidedly interesting. Mr. Lemmon is tall and thin, with blue eyes and brown hair, without a streak of gray. He does not look his age, but his manner is nervous and quick, as though all time was not long enough to accomplish the task before him. Mrs. Lemmon is of medium height, with expressive dark eyes and a speaking countenance which changes with every phrase. Her soft hair is very pretty and her voice singularly musical. She has delicate white hands—artists' hands—which look too delicate for the life she leads.

In their home, which is so characteristic of their ideals and aspirations, this model pair reside, and in their life there is a constant succession of research, discovery and attainment. They are very unworldly, and, like all true scholars, poor, for the real scholar has no time to earn mere dollars.

THE DEAD BABE.

Last night, as my dear babe lay dead,
In agony I knelt and said:
"O God! what have I done,
Or in what wise offended thee,
That thou should'st take away from me
My little son?

"Upon the thousand useless lives,
Upon the guilt that vaunting thrives,
Thy wrath were better spent!
Why should'st thou take my little son?
Why should'st thou vent thy wrath upon
This innocent?"

Last night, as my dear babe lay dead,
Before mine eyes that vision spread
Of things that might have been—
Licentious riot, cruel strife,
Forgotten prayers, a wasted life
Dark red with sin!

Then, with soft music in the air,
I saw another vision there—
A shepherd, in whose keep
A little lamb—my little child—
Of worldly wisdom undefiled,
Lay fast asleep!

Last night, as my dear babe lay dead,
In those two messages I read
A wisdom manifest,
And though my arms be childless now
I am content; to him I bow
Who knoweth best.

—Eugene Field in Chicago Record.

How a Poetess Began Her Career.

Cozy Corner in a Modern House.

A Rose-Petal Gown—Combination Piano Lamp and Flower Stand.

It is not to be wondered at that Mrs. Celia Thaxter loves the sea so well. When she was only 4 years old she went with her father and mother to live at the lighthouse on White island, and ever since that time the grandeur of the ocean has appealed to her more strongly than any other thing in nature. Her spontaneous expression of this affection first discovered to herself and to the world that she was a poetess. Once upon a time she wrote some verses in pencil on an envelope and sent them to a friend who sympathized with her in her homesickness for the sea. "I gave them to a relative," says Mrs. Thaxter in relating the incident, "who was connected with the *Atlantic;* he handed them to James Russell Lowell, then editor of the magazine, who christened them 'Landlocked,' and quietly printed them in the *Atlantic* without a word to me, and the first thing I knew I saw my verses in print, to my profound astonishment. After that I had to write, for my kind friends, James T. Fields and John G. Whittier and others, insisted on it. 'Write, thee must, it is thy kismet,' said the great, good poet, and so I did."

Mrs. Thaxter's maiden name was Leighton, and she was born at Portsmouth, N. H., June 29, 1835. At 16 she was married to Mr. Thaxter, the great Browning scholar, and one of her portrait sketches

Celia Thaxter.

represents the girlish mother of 17 and her baby, the two young heads leaning together. She is in white, and has come out among her flowers bareheaded, her hair fluttering in the morning breeze and her loose sleeves clinging about and showing the beauty of her arms.—*Chicago Post.*

Step by Step.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under feet,
By what we have mastered of greed and gain,
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light;
But our hearts are weary, and ere the night
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings,
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men,
We may borrow the wings to find the way;
We may hope and aspire and resolve and pray,
But our feet must rise or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

—*J. G. Holland.*

PRECIOUS VOLUMES.

THE HIGHEST-PRICED BOOKS IN THE WORLD.

Some of the People Who Have Fortunes in Rare Works.

The fabulous prices often paid for books seem astonishing to all save the bibliophiles. Small fortunes have been given for books the contents of which, in the opinion of many people, were not worth the paper upon which they were printed. The following interesting list, says the New York *Tribune*, interesting even to those to whom a handsome bound volume is of no more value than a paper-covered one, has been prepared by Henri Bouguneaux, an authority on the subject, giving the actual and estimated value of some of the most precious books in the world:

"The Mainz Book of Psalms." Louis XVIII. bought a copy for 12,000 francs and presented it to the National Library in Paris. Quaritch, in London, owns a copy of the second edition, 1459. He asks the unheard-of price of $25,000.

Boccaccio's "Decameron," edition of Venice, 1471, printed by Valdarfer. The Marquis of Blandford sold in 1820 a copy of the same edition for $5469.

"Les Figures de Moliere," by Boucher. It was sold at the auction of the library of Baron Pichon for about $5400.

Boccaccio, 1476, "On the Downfall of Noble Men," printed by Colard Mansion of Bruges. It was purchased at the Techener auction in 1856 by the Duke d'Aumale for $4000.

"L'Offici de la Toussaint." It was sold at the Laccarelle auction for $4500. The same copy had been purchased by a certain M. Pichon in 1847 for $9.

Boccaccio's "Decameron," first edition of 1471. It was sold in 1812 to the Duke of Marlborough for $11,300.

A Rabelais. Printed by Etienne Dolet. This brought $2800 at the second Techener auction in 1857.

"Monument du Costume," by Freudeberg and Moreau, was sold for $4524 at the Behaque auction in 1880.

Ovid's "Metamorphosis," with illustrations, by Moreau and Boucher, went for $2600 at the Marquis sale in 1890.

"Entree de Henri II, Paris et de Charles IX," two volumes, with the coat-of-arms of De Thon, was sold at Destaillieur's auction in 1891 for $4040.

"La Chasse Royale du Charles IX," printed in Paris in 1625, went for $2530 at the Behaque auction.

"Daphnis and Chloe," edition of 1718, with illustrations, brought $3400 at the auction of Quantin-Boucher.

"Polyphils Traum," edition of 1499, with a sixteenth century binding, was purchased by Lord Gosford in 1822 for $2960.

"Les Quatre Dernieres Choses," Bruges, 1474, was purchased by Quaritch, London, for $2500.

A Virgil on vellum paper, Rome, 1470, was bought for $5000 by Quaritch.

Homer, Alde edition, 1504, was sold to the same buyer for $3300.

"Orlando Furioso," first edition, Ferrara, 1516, was purchased by Quaritch for $2500.

Aulus Gellius, first edition, 1469, on vellum paper. It was purchased by the Duke d'Aumale from Sunderland in 1882.

Monstrelliet, edition of 1509, on vellum paper, brought $5000 at the Techener auction of 1887.

"St. Alban's Book," 1486. Owned by Quaritch, London, and is valued at $3700.

"Liber Historiarum Romanarum," Venice, 1470, folio edition, $4000. It is owned by Quaritch.

Shakespeare's original edition of 1623 is held by Quaritch at $6000.

"The Bible of Thirty-six Lines," printed by Gutenberg, in Strassburg, three volumes, second edition, 1459, is owned by Quaritch and valued at $15,000.

Recently there were several important auctions at the Hotel Drouot, at which rare books were sold for high prices. For instance, an "Office de la Semaine Sainte" went for $6000. This particular copy bears the coat-of-arms of Louis XVI, who presented it to the Princess de Lambelle. For the last thirty years it was owned by Count l'Hommedieu du Tranchant de Lignerolles, who was one of the best-known collectors in France.

IS OF INDIAN ORIGIN.

The Alameda Mound Thus Described.

Scientists Will Make More Research.

Views of a Local Student Upon Some of the Relics Found Lately.

It is not unlikely that the Academy of Sciences will take a direct hand in further excavations in the old mound on the Sather tract at Alameda. Some local scientists and members of the academy express the belief that valuable additions to the museum would result from a proper search of the soil of the mound. At present the excavations are made to little purpose, so far as scientific interests are concerned. Those who seek for curios are impelled more from a spirit of curiosity than scientific research.

Theodore H. Hittell, who is the ethnologist of the academy, has taken considerable interest in the finds recently made. Speaking of the mound, he said yesterday:

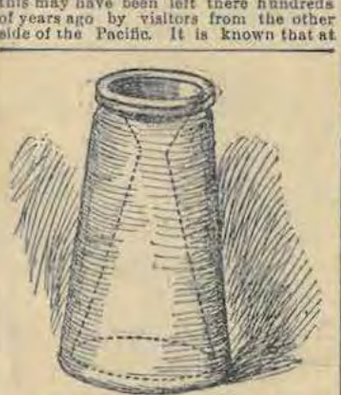
"I leave to-day for a brief trip to Lake Tahoe, but upon my return will submit the question of conducting excavations to the academy. I have half a promise now from the owner of the property to go ahead with the work. When the cutting for the street is commenced, I think the academy will have a competent man there to secure such relics as may be discovered.

"The mound itself is of Indian origin. Its age cannot be determined yet, but we know there were tribes of Indians in California fully 1000 years ago. This mound appears to be the outgrowth of the deposits of shells and refuse from camps of the Indians, although it may have been built up. The mound at Shell Mound Park was doubtless constructed as a look-out point. I am led to believe that the Sather mound is on the site of an ancient camping ground, because it is in the heart of where was once a dense growth of oak trees, and the Indians lived on their acorns. Besides, I am told there was once a fine spring close by there.

"The relics which have been taken from the mound can be easily accounted for as a general thing. For instance, the arrowheads which have been found are Californian. They are of obsidian, or volcanic glass. In the Ohio mounds they are of flint. I have not had time yet to study the character of the skeletons and their parts which were turned up last week. There is no question, however, that the mounds were built by the Indians. There is no resemblance to the mounds of the Eastern States whatever."

There is one recent find taken from the Alameda mound which as yet cannot be identified with other relics, such as the stone sinkers, mortars, pestles and the like. The accompanying sketch, made by Mr. Hittell, will give an idea of its shape. The implement is about two inches long and is hollow. The dotted lines in the sketch indicate the formation of the inside of a pipe. It is considerably larger at one end than at the other. The hollow in the smaller end appears to have been cut out with a drill, while the larger end may have been scraped. From his casual observations Mr. Hittell could not reach a conclusion as to the use it had been put to. He said he was unable to fix its character without closer examination. It was possibly crystallized stone. Interest attaches to the little curio from the fact that it may be a "stray" or relic which is not of Californian origin.

"It is possible," said Mr. Hittell, "that this may have been left there hundreds of years ago by visitors from the other side of the Pacific. It is known that at



A RELIC WHICH PUZZLES SCIENTISTS.

one time the Indians were not the only dwellers in the primitive California. While I am not positive, I think that this specimen is rock. It is not soapstone hardened. As soon as I return I shall make a careful study of the recent finds made in Alameda. I have no doubt that a scientific search of the mound would bring to light some valuable discoveries. One feature is the fact that the shells there are mostly from the oyster. There are many cockles, but the oyster predominates. At Shell Mound Park the clam shell is the abundant variety."

SILVER SHIPMENTS.

1894

The Peru's Bullion for China.

Big Demand for Mexican Dollars.

No Mint in China in Operation—Japanese Exportations.

Shipments of Mexican dollars to China go by every outgoing steamer. The silver bullion in bars and bricks sent out is usually considerable. The Peru took for Hongkong banks yesterday $142,000 in Mexican dollars, $151,000 worth of bar silver, $1395 in gold coin and 4600 Peruvian soles. Silver is the principal circulating medium in China, as it is in Japan, India and other oriental countries. By the Peru there was also $89,000 in bar silver to Japanese banks in Yokohama and Tokio. The total shipment by the steamer was $388,059.

Nearly every steamer sailing from here to the Orient takes from $200,000 to $400,000 in specie. The shipments are gradual, but steady. The demand for Mexican dollars in China is steady and increasing.

Japan has a mint for the coining of yens, or dollars, and smaller denominations, but China mints nothing higher than a 20-cent piece. The lower Celestial coinage is 10 cents and 5 cents silver and "cash." It takes from 1000 to 1020 of the cash, which is brass, to make one Mexican dollar.

ORIENTAL COINS.

1—Victoria fifty-cent piece at Hongkong (British). 2—Chinese silver ten-cent piece. 3—Japanese copper and bronze one sen. 4—Chinese silver twenty-cent piece. 5—Chinese brass "cash."

The Japanese circulate as a coin of general use a bronze and copper piece called a "sen." This is a medium of exchange. Its relative value is about 120 to 130 for a yen, or Japanese dollar. The coins are reproduced in the accompanying picture at their real size. They are the silver fifty-cent piece of Hongkong, a British coin; a Chinese silver twenty-cent piece, a silver ten-cent piece and a brass "cash" piece. The "one sen" coin is Japanese and of bronze and copper.

There is no mint in China of any proportions. The greatest demand in that country is for a circulating medium of small denomination. The lower class of Chinese prefer the "cash." One hundred pieces of it are looked upon as a good deal of money. This superabundance of "cash" only equals a ten-cent piece.

E. A. Shepard, the broker, in speaking of the exportation of Mexican dollars and silver bullion to China, said yesterday: "The Chinese are a superstitious people, and are afraid of each other in their dealings. The Mexican dollar has become so general and so well known in China that it would take a long time to replace it as a circulating medium. Smaller denominations of coins of general circulation are now produced in China. It is quite probable that in time China will mint her own dollar coins. The fineness of the Mexican silver, which is 900, is the same as the American coins made of the white metal."

It was reported some time ago that Lai Hung Chang, the Chinese diplomat and scholar, had succeeded in having money appropriated for a mint to be erected at Canton. The building is reported as having been put up, but the project of issuing large silver coins has not been carried out. The silver half-dollar in circulation in Hongkong has Queen Victoria's head on it. The minting of the coin is very poor. Much of the silver bullion imported by China is worked up into jewelry by silversmiths, some coined into small denominations and the remainder deposited in bank vaults.

Colonel W. C. Church of New York, well known in military circles and as editor of the *Army and Navy Journal*, is the proud possessor of a handsome silver medal, which has just been received by him through the United States Legation at Stockholm.

This medal was struck by Sweden in commemoration of the life and services of John Ericsson, the genius whose Monitor saved New York and other Northern ports from devastation in the early days of our civil war.

SWEDEN'S ERICSSON MEDAL.

Ericsson constituted Colonel Church his literary executor and the latter had and now holds the great inventor's private and business papers. Colonel Church prepared for the *Century Magazine*, before Ericsson's death, a sketch of the Norse inventor's life and later compiled an elaborate biography. Thus it followed that the Swedes felt especial gratitude toward the American who had placed such memorial wreaths on Ericsson's tomb.

At a meeting of the Swedish Academy of Sciences last spring, when Major Adelskold, its president, pronounced an oration on John Ericsson in the presence of the King, it was decided that a silver medal in honor of Ericsson should be struck and that it should be sent to Colonel Church. General Thomas, United States Minister at Stockholm, in transmitting the medal, wrote: "I inclose it with the certainty that no one deserves it more or will appreciate it better than yourself."

The medal is beautifully executed. The obverse shows a medallion head of Ericsson with an inscription citing his claims to such honor. The reserve shows a monitor under steam and is appropriately inscribed. Ericsson is described in Latin as "skilled in the mechanic arts and wise in war."

LIFE IN THE DESERT.

Birds and Mammals All in Gray.

Plenty of Specimens for Naturalists.

The White-Tailed Chipmunk and the Big Kangaroo Rat—A Species of Oriole.

To most people unfamiliar with the desert the name carries with it ideas of burning wastes devoid of all forms of life, vegetable or animal; to tell such people that there are almost as many kinds of animals on the desert as in the green and fertile valleys and wooded hills is to provoke a smile and an intimation that the speaker knows not whereof he talks. But that is really the case, strange as it may seem, and it has been proved by the few naturalists who have ventured out in the scorching sands in search of just such things as are generally supposed to live nowhere but in the productive spots of California.

In the spring of 1892 I had the good fortune to be able to take a trip from Julian, in San Diego county, out over the Colorado desert as far as the great Salton lake. My companion was Frank Stephens, the noted desert naturalist, who has probably done more work with the animals of the deserts of this country than any living man. From Julian the road down the mountains is steep and full of sharp turns, but once out of the Banner canyon the land is much more level. By the second day we had reached the edge of the desert. Our camp was made by a little alkali pool under a yellow bluff, at the foot of which was an immense bed of agaves. These sharp-leaved plants were so thick as to be impenetrable, and many were in bloom, sending immense stalks fifteen to eighteen feet in the air, each tipped with a great crown of beautiful white flowers. In the morning, while it was still cool, these nectar-laden clusters were surrounded by dozens of tiny humming birds which had come for an early breakfast from their homes in the mesquite brush up the canyon.

Underneath the agaves the ground was literally honeycombed by the small mammals which took shelter during the day beneath their roots. I found two very interesting little fellows living close together here, side by side, as though for company. One was the little white-tailed chipmunk which scientists call tamias leucurus. He is grayish brown in color and about ten inches from nose to tail, with a stripe down each side. Instead of having a long tail like the mountain

chipmunk, his caudal appendage seems much abbreviated, and when running, as he is always doing, the tail is

LE CONTE'S THRASHER.

rocked up over his back. Above it is brown and underneath almost pure white, which makes the desert chipmunk look for all the world like a tiny cottontail rabbit. The desert squirrels started for their burrows before I could get within fifty yards of them.

The other four-footed dweller of this patch of "centuries" was what one might call a round-tailed squirrel. Naturalists have put it in the same genus with the common ground squirrel, but to the unpracticed eye there is little resemblance. I was first made aware of its presence by hearing a shrill whistle. I sat down behind a big mesquite bush, my gun across my lap and waited. Again the whistle was repeated, and, after long straining of my eyes, at last I caught sight of him at the mouth of his burrow, twenty yards away. He saw me about the same time, and disappeared. I was about to let him go when suddenly curiosity got the better of discretion and he peeped up over the top of a cactus leaf. This time I did not mean to let him off so easily, so I aimed at the burrow and caught him just as he made a jump for it. Another small mammal found here was the kangaroo rat. This rodent is found all over Southern and Middle California, but the species which dwells in the desert, like all other animals there, is much lighter colored than in other localities. It is a curious fact that all forms of life in the desert take on this ashen hue. Whether it is due to the effects of the sun I do not know, but it is evidently for the purpose of protection. It is almost impossible to see them, so much are they like the color of the gray sands.

Our next stop was to be at what had been told us was a spring, with palms about it. We knew the general direction, but when, after pushing on for hours, finding no signs of water and noting that the vegetation was growing more and more scanty, we had almost given up hope of finding the place, when far in the distance we saw a long series of low hills, like spurs of the great Santa Rosa mountains, far to our left. We struck out in the hope that we might possibly find a spring of water in the forbidding looking hills, but the further we went the less promising were the signs. So we struggled on, hoping against hope, until we decided to try to cross a little divide and see what was on the other side. We found nothing different from what we had left and had about decided that we should have to make a dry camp and use the rest of our precious water, when suddenly up a little wash to our left we saw in the dim twilight a grove of trees. I jumped down from my seat on the wagon, and started up the canyon. Just at the foot of one of the trees was a little hole scooped out of the sand, and in it stood about six inches of water. Hastily filling my canteen, I took a long draught, only to find it almost nauseating, on account of the salt and sulphur which permeated it. It was bad, very bad, but when a man is thirsty anything goes.

The morning showed a strange sight. Beside us towered fifteen gigantic fan palms. The smallest could not have been less than thirty-five feet high. Their trunks for nine-tenths of the distance were black and charred, while the tops were a mass of leaves dry below, but above a living green. A pair of orioles

THE KANGAROO RAT OF THE COLORADO DESERT.

were flying about, and evidently had a nest in the vicinity. They were different from the orioles we are used to, having the black of their plumage more profuse. Their song, too, was different. Examination showed them to be a distinctly desert species called Scott's Oriole. Near this place I took my first specimen of the big kangaroo rat of the desert (dipodomys deserti). I found in places that there would be a little elevation of sand surrounded and perforated with holes. One could not tread on these places without the sand caving in for a foot or two in depth. These runways are made by the rat, which is fully eighteen inches long to the tip of its tail, half again as large as the smaller species which I caught at our first camp. The tail is over half the whole length, and strong, though comparatively slender. It seems to be used principally in supporting the body when the animal sits on its hind legs. The cheeks are provided with long whitish whiskers and the tail ends in a tuft of silky hair. The general appearance is much like the smaller species, but the tail is even longer in proportion.

Before we left the place Naturalist Stephens explained why the palm trunks were so charred and blackened. He said that when a chief of one of the tribes of desert Indians died it was the custom to set fire to the trunks of the trees in the vicinity. The flames devouring the dry fiberous bark on the outside rushed up the trunk and soon the dry leaves just below the crown were a mass of fire. In about fifteen minutes a tree could be entirely burnt except for the green leaves above. As a consequence many of the trees of the desert present this blackened look.

Except in the canyons where they are very numerous, birds are not nearly as plentiful in the desert as are the mammals, but where a few mesquite trees or palo verdes are to be found there is almost always more or less bird life. In a grove of the latter trees we came across a number of Le Conte's thrashers—the bird whose nests until a few years ago were almost unknown. It is an exceedingly shy creature, and any attempt to approach it results in its running along the ground about fifty yards ahead, always dodging in and out among the desert weeds. It has an impudent way of jerking its tail, as though in defiance of the pursuer. It is light colored, like the rest of its neighbors, but otherwise somewhat resembles its cousin, the sickle-billed thrush. The bill is much more curved, however. I found three nests of this rare bird in the palo verdes, composed of sticks and rather bulky. The eggs were four in number and blue in color.

Here, too, are found the little yellow-headed tit, with its long pendent nest, and the phainopepla, as black as a crow and glossy as the best-groomed horse. It literally shone, so sleek were its feathers. Under the wings were white patches, from which it has at times been called the white-winged blackbird. However, it bears no relationship to our common blackbird.

One of our stops was made at Fish spring, a circular hole perhaps thirty feet in diameter and filled with tepid water. Just below the surface the water was found to have a temperature of about 80 degrees. In this spring were hundreds of little fish about an inch long. How they got there nobody knows, but perhaps their ancestors may have come in when the great Salton lake covered all this region and filled the great basin to a depth of 250 feet. The hillsides still show a white line where the upper limit of this great inland sea used to wash.

But in spite of the fact that there are very many birds and mammals to be found in the desert, there is another branch of nature which is ably represented, namely, reptiles. At nearly every step one takes it seems that a lizard or a horned toad will scamper out from under the traveler's feet, and they do scamper, too. Some of the little white lizards seem to fairly fly, and when they hold their tails up in the air to keep them from dragging it looks like a little stick standing on end and racing along over the sand. Then there are "sidewinders"—those venomous little rattlesnakes which move almost crabwise instead of straight ahead. I don't think I was ever more startled in my life than when I tried to pick up a stone and found one of these snakes coiled up beside it just ready to strike.

When we reached home we counted our specimens and found that during our short trip we had nearly 300 specimens of birds and mammals, besides many reptiles and a number of plants. F. W. K.

DECEMBER 23, 1894.

BIG TREES NOW STONE

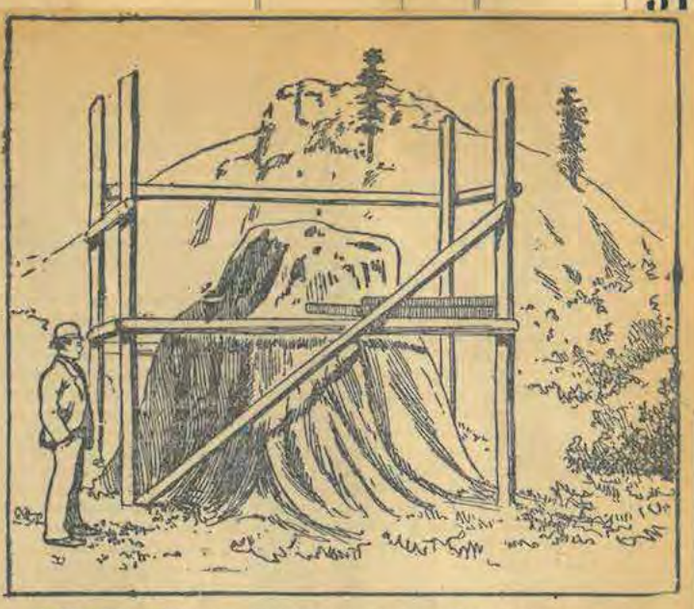
Fossilized Sequoias in Colorado.

Too Hard for the Curio Hunters.

California's Giants the Last Survivors of the World's First Trees.

GOLDEN CITY (Colo.), December 12.—The California big trees or sequoia gigantea, celebrated as amongst the wonders of the world, have an interesting geological history and pedigree. They are not only the oldest and largest trees now living, but their history dates back to quite an early period, even as geological time is calculated. They were among the first genuine trees like those of the present time to appear on this planet, for we cannot consider as trees proper the gigantic reeds and moses of the old Palaeozsic periods, the Devonian and carboniferous, the latter were rather gigantic plants than true trees, despite their height and thickness.

The sequoia make their first appearance in that division of the world's history known as the Mesozoic or "middle life" epoch and in that subdivision of it called the cretaceous, a period teeming with extraordinary reptilian life, both on sea and land. The fossil remains of these great trees are found scattered over the



PETRIFIED STUMP OF SEQUOIA GIGANTEA AT FLORRISSANT, COL.

northern hemisphere even beneath the snows of Spitzbergen, Melville island and Greenland. They are found in the cretaceous rocks of Canada, Saxony, Bohemia, France and Belgium. In the succeeding mammalian age they occur in a fossil state on the tertiary rocks all over the world, in Alaska, Sitka, Colorado, the Hebrides and down through Asia to Italy. Though there are now but two varieties of these trees, and those confined to the Pacific slope, in those older times were as many as twenty-six varieties, extending over the northern hemisphere, from latitude 43 deg. to 78 deg. and even as far south as the tertiary rocks of Australia.

These most ancient of living trees are monuments of the great past, "survivals of the fittest," lingering on into the living present. The great reptilian age began with dreary forests of reeds and these tall, dark pines—probably but little frequented by the great lizards, who forsook their dismal shades for the warm, sunny sea coasts. With the tertiary is a sudden influx of trees similar to those of to-day, coming in like a sudden creation without any marked intermediate forms or "missing links" from which they could have been gradually evolved.

The rocks of Colorado, especially those of the cretaceous and tertiary periods, abound in fossil wood and fossil leaf impressions, and from the erosion and breaking up of these rocks are found quantities of fossil wood scattered over the surface of the prairies among the prairie "drift." These woods doubtless represent the remains of trees, such as oak, hickory and palmetto, whose leaves are still preserved and in place among the unbroken rocks.

Last summer, on my way from the mining region of Cripple Creek to South Park, I stopped at Florissart, a locality where there are the remains of a small tertiary lake, celebrated for the great fossil trees found imbedded in the sandstones and shales, as well as for the impressions of fossil leaves and insects.

Here, right in the heart of the granite hills, upward of 9000 feet above the sea, are the remains of this lake, which was about fifteen miles long, represented by beds of shale and sandstone composed of volcanic ashes, gathered around the flanks of granite hills, which must have been islands in the days of the lake, while the same sediments ramifying up little valleys must represent creeks, inlets and bays.

Around the skirts of one of these primeval granite islets, imbedded in the shale that was the mud of the lake, are a number of gigantic fossil tree stumps. Many of them doubtless rose a few feet above the level soil not long ago, but by the work of tourists and erosion they now, for the most part, are reduced to the level of the meadow.

These stumps, varying in diameter from five to fifteen feet, have the wood so wonderfully replaced by microscopic stony matter that were it not for taking up in one's hand a chip and feeling its hardness and weight, one might well pass them by as stumps of old pine trees leveled by the ax of the early settler.

The prevailing color of the wood is a gray ashen, precisely like that of an old, dead stump. Sometimes the infiltration of a little iron has almost restored the material to its original redwood color, increasing thereby the illusive resemblance to the modern tree. Not only are the wood and bark thus molecularly replaced by silica, but even the sap veins are replaced by translucent chalcedony and opal simulating fossil gum. The thick bark is at times but little changed from the original by alteration into a sort of brown lignite.

One of the largest of these stumps has been unearthed down to the upper part of its roots, to a depth of twenty feet, by some enterprising individuals, who intended to saw it up in lengths and transport it to the World's Fair; but despite their rough machinery and stone saws, and happily for Colorado, their scheme signally failed. The silica of the tree proved too hard for their stone-saws, and the latter are seen still sticking in it as monuments of their failure.

By the grain and general appearance of the wood, a Californian would at once recognize it as his native redwood, turned stone, a presumption which has been satisfactorily proved to be true, thin sections being examined under the microscope and compared with those of the living tree. The diameter of this tree, which stands about twelve feet above the ground, is fifteen feet.

In the fine-grained, paper-like shales surrounding the tree numerous remains of fossil insects have been found, a great number of ants, grasshoppers, aquatic flies and beetles, and some years ago, near the same locality, a perfect butterfly was discovered, so exquisitely preserved that even the pattern of the coloring on its wings was easily recognizable. Very few fossil butterflies have been discovered on the world's crust. Those that have been found were discovered in a somewhat similar deposit in Solenhofen, in Germany. With these were a great variety of leaves, also well preserved, together with branches, twigs and fruit of the sequoia. Some fresh-water fishes and a bird of the sparrow kind were also found.

The history of the lake and its fossil remains is easily pieced together: There was in Tertiary times a lake among the hills, by the side of which grew the sequoias and many other forest trees, some of them of a semitropical character. Fishes inhabited the waters and insects flew over its surface or basked on and drew certain sweet matter from the mud at low water, as insects do to-day. Winds blew leaves from the forests out on to the surface. They sank to the bottom and were entombed in the mud. Insects in various ways found graves in the waters, and the great sequoias growing by the side died in time, or became waterlogged by the rising waters, and their roots and stumps were imbedded in the mud in the position in which they grew.

On the shores of the lake were volcanic vents which emitted periodic eruptions of volcanic dust, ashes and lava. The dust falling into the lake contributed the material entombing the fossil life. Gases from the eruptions may have in some cases helped to kill insects flying over the lake. All the shales and coarser sandstones inclosing their remains are made entirely of comminuted volcanic matter. We noticed distinct evidence in some of the hills of former hot-spring and solfataric action which usually follows the dying efforts of volcanic eruptions.

This, as at the neighboring Cripple creek region, whose eruptions were probably contemporaneous, was the last phase of volcanic activity. In the case of Cripple creek this had much to do with the formation and diffusion of the precious metals. The lake at one time was drained off or dried up. Erosion wore out little valleys or parks in the lake sediment, exposed the buried tree trunks and enabled us to explore the fossil treasures of the locality.

As to the fossilizing or petrifying process, which is a source of wonder to many: In the case of the tree stumps, after they became imbedded in the mud, being hermetically sealed from the air, immediate decomposition was delayed. They became thoroughly saturated or waterlogged, and with the moisture came a minute siliceous matter permeating every cell of the wood, and as the woody matter of the cells passed away, its place was taken by a molecule of quartz, till the whole stump in a truly marvelous manner was replaced by stone.

The insects and leaves were not similarly replaced, but have only left their impressions in the layers of the fine mud, as we have sometimes seen patterns of leaves left on the drying cement of our sidewalks.

Coin Made of Tree Gum.

The "mint officials" of the Malayan peninsula claim the distinction of "coining" the most unique pieces of money now in use in the world, says a St. Louis "Republic" writer. This curious "coin" is simply a thin disk or wafer of hardened vegetable gum, the original source of supply being the bola tree and a bluff of emery sand. Dozens of trusty officials are constantly employed in collecting the bola gum and sifting and pounding the sand which is to be used as "alloy." The coins so struck are not only unique and curious on account of the material used in their composition, but because they have the least commercial or exchange value of any medium of barter known among either civilized or savage men. No other piece of "money" in existence can be acquired with such a small expenditure of time or goods as the bola gum "coin," consequently such pieces are valued very lightly by those unlucky enough to come into possession of a few million of such disks. It is almost impossible for an American whose ideas of minimum money value are associated with the cent piece to frame a very definite conception of the small value of this standard of exchange. We consider the cent piece as being of no particular consequence, yet it could be readily exchanged for 5,000 freshly minted bola gum coins and a $20 gold piece could be traded even for a whole ship load of such "mediums of barter and exchange."

OUT ON SAN CLEMENTE

Interesting Work of a Party of Naturalists.

The Miniature Fox of the Island.

Gallagher the Hermit—A Strange Bird—The Mascot of the Cutter.

The scientific expedition just returned to San Diego on the United States revenue cutter Wolcott, from the island of San Clemente, was an affair of peculiar interest to the authorities of the Smithsonian Institution. Although this island has been surveyed and charted by the Coast Survey people, no bird and mammal collector so eminent as Dr. Edgar A. Mearns, United States Army, has investigated the life of this unfrequented spot. Associated with Dr. Mearns was Professor Brandegee of San Diego, a botanist with a world-wide reputation, whose investigations of the flora of California and Mexico are on record in almost every library of the world.

The scientists, accompanied by W. J. Bailey, embarked in the trim cutter in the early morning and made San Clemente, which lies sixty miles west, one-half south, of Point Loma lighthouse, in ten hours. A run of twenty-one miles more brought the party to Pyramid, or Smugglers' Cove, in the lee of Pyramid Head, where the best opportunity is afforded for landing in small boats.

The island is eighteen miles and a half long, with an average width of two and a half miles and an area of fifty-one and a half square miles. It is a lonesome spot, suggestive of Spanish buccaneers and pirates generally. It rears its ugly head of black plutonic rock nearly 2000 feet above the sea level, and in the deep gulches treasures a few sumac trees as a miser guards his gold. Cactus abounds. Natural water tanks in the rock are found on the edges of the plateaus. They were worn by rocks whirled around in holes during heavy rainfalls. The water in these tanks has saved the lives of many a thirsty mariner who has put in there for a supply of the life-giving fluid. It was here that Cabrillo landed in October, 1542, after discovering San Diego harbor. He named the island "La Victoria," after one of his smaller ships, the present name having been given a century later.

Although the soundings about San Clemente close up to its precipitous edges vary from thirty to 130 fathoms, the places where landings are possible, such as Smuggler's Cove, where the scientists gained the shore, are seething cauldrons, and getting through these tremendous breakers is risky work. The Wolcott anchored a mile off shore, and her cutter, with Dr. Mearns and Mr. Bailey, Lieutenant West and five seamen, attempted the first landing. From the ship's deck the surf did not appear to be formidable. Experience soon proved the danger. When 200 feet from shore awaiting a favorable wave on which to beach the boat a huge comber lifted the party almost high and dry upon the sand. The seamen didn't have time to pull three strokes before they were compelled to jump and run the boat out of the receding flood. It took less than ten seconds to travel 200 feet and land. The uncertainty of the surf was almost incomprehensible. The waves that landed the boat in ten seconds buffeted the mariners two hours before they could launch it. Repeatedly the entire party pulled safely through the first incoming breaker, only to meet a second huge wave which overtopped the boat, swamping it instantly. All hands would struggle to shore and repeat the attempt at launching. Several were badly bruised by the overturned boat.

At last the party reached the Wolcott. Next day Captain Roath, fearing injury to the men, anchored the ship's barge several hundred feet beyond the breakers, sent a surf line ashore from the barge and made it fast on the beach. With a second boat he sent the camp outfit of the scientists ashore, using the surf line as a trolley, along which, with the aid of long ropes, the men on shore pulled the freight boat through the surf. Men in the barge pulled the empty boat seaward again and refilled it with camp equipage. Thus the freight boat was pulled back and forth through the surf and no lives were jeopardized. So high were the waves that a boat 300 feet from shore would sink out of the sight of those on the beach when it fell in the trough of the sea. The trolley system was a success, although a number of times the freight boat was upset and the sailors on shore were busy rescuing sea-chests, tents, bedding and other baggage.

One of the surprises of the expedition was the capture of a leopard seal. These wary creatures seldom come so far south as San Clemente. It is their custom to come ashore more during rough weather than at other times, and they prefer landing at night. By mere good luck Dr. Mearns shot two of these seals, one of which was wrested from his grasp by a furious wave and swept out to sea. These seals are peculiar in comparison with the loud-mouthed sea lions. They seldom utter any sound, but sometimes bark quickly, and when assembled together a bleating is heard. The leopard seal is fond of music, and the banjo music from camp seemingly attracted one or two of the animals to ledges near by.

San Clemente, in common with other islands along the California coast, is of special interest to naturalists, because the birds, animals and plants there found, while belonging to a species found on the mainland have, during the centuries of insular life, attained characteristics different from the mainland families. The beak of an island bird may be longer than the mainland biped, and the color of the plumage may be of greater or lesser intensity. These and other differences entitle the bird, animal or plant to classification as a new variety of the species to which it belongs. For instance, the island fox captured by Dr. Mearns once belonged to the mainland family, but for some unexplainable reason the San Clemente fox has grown to be very unlike his remote ancestors. Instead of the long, bushy tail, which is the mark of the mainland fox, his island cousin is comparatively bob-tailed, and has a stiff mane of black hair projecting from the upper side, looking something like the bristles of a blacking brush. In size this fox is scarcely larger than a big rat. It is very tame, and is soon coaxed to eat from a man's hand. Why this beautiful miniature fox has lost part of his tail is a question which naturalists will probably delight to study.

Professor Brandegee noted many differences in the island flora from that of the mainland. Plants that in San Diego grow to be one and two feet high, on San Clemente are found to be regular trees in size. Why this is so is a conundrum, for the soil of the island is shallow and the rainfall not overabundant. He noticed several plants peculiar to the islands and not found on the mainland, including the Lyonathamnus, a species of Galvesia, the gigantic Eriogonum, and the holly-leaved cherry. The latter is merely a bush in San Diego, while on San Clemente it grows to be a large tree. The professor also secured a specimen of what is commonly known as the Big Root. Its form is that of a mammoth turnip and it grows like a turnip. This huge wild vegetable measured two feet in diameter and weighed over 100 pounds. Professor Brandegee has replanted this specimen in his garden, where he believes it will thrive and possibly in time become a permanent addition to the vegetable list of Southern California ranchers.

In addition to the multitudes of birds and mammals inhabiting San Clemente, there are 14,000 domestic sheep eking out an existence eating such scanty vegetation as they find among the volcanic rocks. These animals appear to live without water other than that obtained from their fodder. The natural water-holes are either dried up or so polluted as to be poisonous. In the opinion of the naturalists these sheep sustain life by eating that plant of fleshy leaves called Cotyledon, the common name of which is "live forever." Certain it is that without this "live forever" thousands of sheep would soon die unless they could learn to assimilate cold lava. The birds, too, depend for water upon the vegetation. They eat the cactus fruit, although usually birds will not inhabit a land where there are no drinking places. The permanent bird population of the island is probably too timid to migrate across the ocean they know not how far.

San Clemente is serpentless. Not even a harmless garden snake could be found—only the harmless lizard represents there the tribe of crawling things. This reptile is several inches long and of a beautiful blue color. It runs about among the bushes with the field mice and appears to be on friendly terms with its neighbors.

There is but one human being on San Clemente, the hermit herder Tom Gallagher. Tom is a character with a history. His shaggy head and beard and curious attire give him the look of a savage, but Tom is very much of a white man in his heart, even though he has lived alone with his sheep for over twenty years. Occasionally a straggling junk seeking abalone, or now and then a fisherman, stops in the caves of San Clemente, brings Tom the news and furnishes him with supplies. To loosen Tom's tongue the explorer must have handy a chew of tobacco and a drink of whisky. He has a favorite water tank somewhere, but he never tells its location. Whisky is a novelty to this hermit, but it never causes him to forget himself sufficiently to reveal the details of his mainland life. He was a fisherman somewhere between San Diego and Monterey bay. He had good prospects, but one day he took it into his head to live alone on San Clemente. That is about all that Tom will say of himself.

There are people who claim to know Tom's history, and it is a romantic story, they say, with a love affair in it, of course. The woman jilted him and he sought the island cloister.

Tom lives in a comfortable hut, with a vegetable patch, chickens, a goat and his sheep. His is a regular Robinson Crusoe outfit, except that there is no man Friday to serve him. This lord of San Clemente does not want servants. He simply wants to be let alone, with only his animals and his gun for companions.

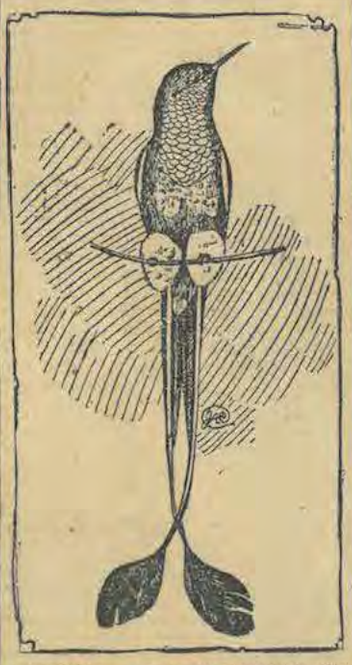
One of the queer birds not found on the mainland is the white-booted, racket-tailed humming bird. It has brilliant plumage, and its long, odd-shaped tail closely resembles the form of the latest style of tennis racket. The bird is a rapid flyer. It is very pugnacious, and never hesitates to attack larger birds, the quickness of its flight protecting it from its larger antagonists.

During the days devoted to killing birds Dr. Mearns was assisted by Frederick Anthony of San Diego, one of the most accomplished naturalists on the Pacific Coast. From dawn until dark the hunters beat the bushes and shot the birds desired to complete certain series of specimens.

At night the work tent was illuminated, and until midnight, with sleeves rolled up, the ardent collectors prepared the skins of the birds and mammals bagged during the day. Exact records of each skin were made, and by this time the trophies are packed in great chests and on their way to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington.

One of the crew of the Wolcott furnished much amusement to the band of scientists. He is an able seaman in some respects and is the most favored creature aboard ship. "Tom" is the cat's name. Nine years ago Tom, when a young and much-abused kitten in the bustling streets of Seattle, was found one night by Lieutenant West of the Wolcott. Tom was sick and in sore distress. He was moaning piteously when the kind-hearted Lieutenant picked him up and put him in the pocket of his great coat, where Tom grew warm and happy. The cat was taken aboard ship and readily developed an undying friendship for the cook, officers and men. He is now the Wolcott's mascot. Tom is a sea cat. He does what the average cat would die rather than attempt. When on shore leave Tom not infrequently comes down to the wharf, and if there is no boat to carry him aboard, he dips his right paw into the water, then the left, and finally plunges in and swims to his floating home. The officers have trained Tom to scale the wardroom walls, mount the rigging and perform other perilous feats. When the first boat upset in the surf at San Clemente Tom was aboard, and he was the first of the crew to reach the beach.

PYRAMID HEAD AND SMUGGLERS' CAVE, SAN CLEMENTE ISLAND.



WHITE-BOOTED, RACKET-TAILED HUMMING BIRD OF SAN CLEMENTE.

GIANT IN FEATHERS.

The Vanishing Condor of California.

1894

Greater Than His Andean Cousin.

A Few Stray Pairs Alone Remain—A Search in the Gabilan Crags.

With all California's boastings of things great, rare and curious, one of the most interesting has been overlooked by all except the naturalists—a giant in feathers. It is the California condor, or Pseudogryphus Californianus, to speak technically, and it is to the scientist the most interesting of American birds. The interest is, in a way, melancholy; for, while this great bird was once common from the Columbia to Lower California, it is now restricted in habitat to one or two counties of this State. In short, the California condor is hurrying along to join the great auk and the dodo in extinction.

The California condor, secluded in the rocky fastnesses, where instinct or a forecast of his impending fate has led him to retire, may reflect proudly on the fact that though his stay may be brief, he is the largest living bird of flight in the world. For years it was taught that the condor of the Peruvian Andes held this honor, but Professor Robert Ridgway of the Smithsonian institution, has settled the fact for all time that the Californian bird carries off the palm in length of wing, measuring from tip to tip nine and one-half feet. The height of the condor is about four feet and his weight twenty pounds. The beautiful curve of the wing feathers, the great strength and lightness of the large wing bones well qualify it for lofty flight.

This condor is more properly called a vulture, being more closely allied in structure to our common turkey vulture than to the Andean condor, although exceeding the latter in size. The color is a glossy black, almost entirely, with patches of white under the wings. The greater part of the neck is bare, as in the turkey vulture, with a ruffle where the feathers begin. The head lacks the turkey-red color of the common vulture, and has a bright orange patch.

A CALIFORNIA CONDOR—SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

Years ago, when these huge birds were common, it was a familiar sight in the valleys to see condors and turkey buzzards feeding in harmony off the same carcass, while occasionally a raven was known to join the company for a smaller share. The condors were often caught alive when gorged with the lasso of the cattlemen. Indiscriminate feeding has led more than anything else to the diminution of the species. The cattlemen would poison a dead steer or cow on some lone hillside to kill off the predatory bear, and it is supposed that the condor, with his infinite relish for things unclean, hesitated not to enjoy the feast, though it meant death. Contributing also to thinning the numbers of these great creatures was the itinerant gunner, to whom so large an object offered unusual opportunities for "sport."

So rare has this condor become that the mere sight of one is recorded in scientific publications and treasured in the memory of the enthusiastic ornithologist. A condor swooping over a hillside a hundred feet away, a sight it was once the writer's privilege to witness, produces an impression never to be forgotten. The

bird at such a time seems like the fabulous creation of a dream rather than the reality.

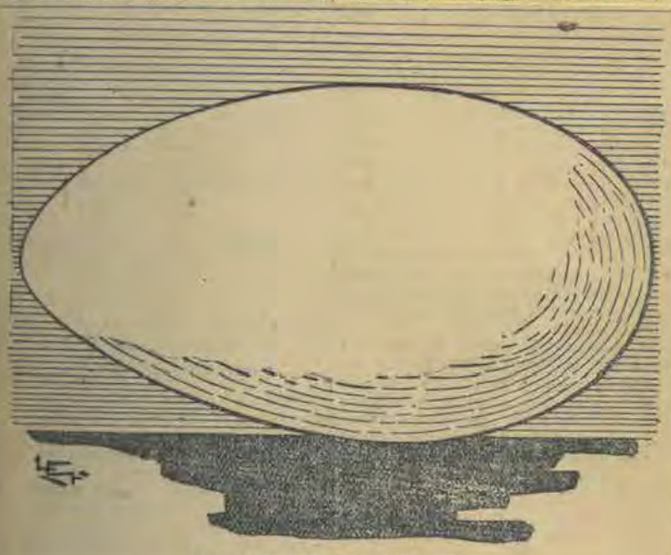
Wonderful stories have been related of the size and flight of the Andean condor, the exaggeration probably being due to the rarified atmosphere. A book extant entitled "Scientific Miscellany" gravely recites that the condor of South America has a wing expanse of forty feet, with primary feathers eight feet long.

Little information has been gleaned by ornithologists as to the habits of the California condor since the fifties, and very few mounted specimens or skins are to be found in museums. The San Francisco Academy of Sciences has a mounted specimen and one was secured by E. P. Roe, the author.

L. Belding, the distinguished ornithologist, says: "It is difficult to believe that this was ever an abundant species in California. It has certainly been very rare in the center of the State north of latitude 38 degrees since the spring of 1858."

The breeding habits of this condor are practically unknown, although it is supposed by Captain Bendire of the Smithsonian Institution to nest in caves in cliffs as does the turkey buzzard, and perhaps at the same time of year. Owing to the doom of extinction which threaten the bird its eggs are as rare and valuable now as those of the extinct great auk, and will probably become more so. Some fifteen perfect eggs of the great auk are in collections, and when one of these is occasionally sold there are plenty of purchasers to offer as much as $1500 for a single egg. Of the California condor there are but two eggs known to exist. The United States National Museum has none in all its immense collection of birds eggs, and it is safe to say that if one of the eggs should be found it could not be purchased for less than $1000, so that it will be fairly worth a life time of poultry-raising to the fortunate collector of a pair of these high-priced eggs.

An egg of this condor is figured in Captain Bendire's work, "Life Histories of North American Birds," from which the



THE CONDOR'S EGG, LIFE SIZE.

accompanying illustration is taken. The number of eggs laid is one or two, and the color is described as plain, pale greenish-blue or grayish-white. The shape is an elongate-ovate, and the size in inches 4.50x2.60.

An expedition was planned not long ago to visit, with rope and tackle, guns and other paraphernalia, the home of the condor in the wild mountainous country of San Benito county, where a few pair was said still to breed. The party was composed of the writer and Penham W. Nahl of Alameda.

Saddle-horses were secured at Sargent's, and the journey was pursued southward into the rough country for more than two days. With a saddle for a pillow, tucked in a blanket by some creekside, where the long-tailed chat, fit comrade to the mocking bird, sang unceasingly in the moonlight, plans were formulated for taking the eggs of the condor. In a region unknown to the collectors, where only terrible cliffs and deep abysses were sure to be found, the prospect was not any too alluring. On some rocky ledge, perhaps, the great condor would be seen perched, and then to reach this in search of eggs a man of steel nerve and stout heart must descend a rope, perhaps hundreds of feet—only an inch of manilla between life and death.

At length the home of the condor was reached, a lonesome gorge with pinnacles and spires of rock and terrible descents, where at night the wild cry of the fox was answered only by the oft-recurring notes of the poor-will—voices of desolation from the rugged rocks.

The next day, with a great coil of rope, a telescope and other requisites a journey was undertaken on foot in search of the condors and their eggs. The rifle, being too heavy for the toilsome climb, was left in camp, and thus the nest hunters proceeded into a region wild enough for the imagination of Dante himself. Several hours of hard climbing brought them to a rocky eminence, where an unsurpassed view was obtained of the deep gorge below and the hundreds of jagged cliffs and points of rock beyond. White-throated swifts whirred dizzily about the face of a cliff near by, an eagle soaring high above and at a distance turkey vultures flapped in lazy circles. A survey of the surrounding country through the telescope revealed no condors.

Of a sudden, when expectation had begun to fail, a great shadow glided over the farther hill and above it was seen, sailing in majesty and at ease, a black bird of immense size. He alighted on a small tree by the side of a rock about a quarter of a mile distant. A moment's study with the glass proved him to be a California condor. Any doubt as to this would have been quickly dispelled by observing the turkey vultures, themselves birds of no mean size, alighting in the same tree. By the side of their big relative they looked like crows. For a half-hour the great bird sat and was closely observed through the telescope.

Then for the eggs. To reach that immense rock the gorge must be crossed and a tortuous climb accomplished under the burning sun, over bowlders, through brush and across rocky pinnacles which might well daunt the stoutest mountain climber.

It was 3 o'clock when the explorers shouldered their coil of rope and began the descent to the gorge. In endeavoring to reach the base an old water course was followed leading between the rocks. Soon a straight jump of four feet was necessary, then another of six feet. Deeming this sufficiently suggestive the climbers retreated and descended by a trail, when they saw that their next jump in the old watercourse would have been a sheer 150 feet—a waterfall in winter time. Although no exertions were spared, the ascent of the rocks beyond the gorge, hemmed in continually by thick brush and rock tombs, proved a matter for desperation. The coil of rope grew heavier and the exhausted toilers fainter, until, toward nightfall, it was no longer a question of finding the condor, but of getting out at all.

At last, about dusk, the rock where the codor had been seen was reached. It was too late to search for the nest. A wildcat came from behind a rock twenty paces ahead and stared at the intruders. A few steps beyond a fox trotted to cover. Nahl was in the rear. Hearing no noise the man in advance stopped and shouted. There was no reply. A hasty search in the moonless night discovered Nahl at last lying in the brush where he had fainted from the heat and exhaustion. The remaining water in the canteen revived him and progress was resumed, a sliding and slipping on the stones and through underbrush and vines. Such was the descent for hours, with every moment the prospect of coming upon a precipice, in which the region abounds.

After frequently falling asleep from weariness the delightful sound of croaking frogs and running water signaled the approach to the creek bed. The nature of the country now offered assurance against precipices, and spirits were reviving when an ominous sound in the chaparral almost in the exact direction traveled caught the ear. No one who has heard such a cry can mistake it. A California lion was directly in the path.

Unarmed it was dangerous to remain and equally so to advance. The latter course was decided on and the nest hunters passed within a few paces of the great cat, which could be plainly heard in the brush. Thus was the creek gained and at 10 o'clock at night the climbers reached the camp, weary and footsore, after as wild an experience as perhaps any one has ever undertaken.

Business engagements and a lack of desire for a repetition of one's day's experience brought about a return to the city the next day, and the California condor was left in his lofty retreat with his valuable eggs still to be rediscovered.

Some day the nesting place of this great bird of the clouds may yet be found, but it must be soon, for ere long not a vestige of the doomed race will remain, save only on some lonely hill an ebon feather or bleaching bone.

The Legend Beautiful.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"
This is what the vision said.

In his chamber all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision;
Prayed for greater self-denial
In temptation and in trial;
It was noonday by the dial,
And the monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendor brightened
All within him and without him
In the narrow cell of stone;
And he saw the blessed vision
Of our Lord, with light elysian
Like a vesture wrapt about him,
Like a garment round him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the monk his master see;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind he healed,
When he walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshiping, adoring,
Knelt the monk in rapture lost.
"Lord," he thought, "in heaven that reignest,
Who am I, that thou should deignest
To reveal thyself to me?
Who am I, that from the center
Of thy glory thou shouldst enter
This poor cell, my guest to be?"

Then amid his exaltation
Loud the convent bell, appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor
With persistent iteration
He had never heard before.

It was now the appointed hour
When, alike in shine or shower,
Winter's cold or summer's heat,
To the convent portals came
All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood;
And their almoner was he
Who upon his bended knee,
Rapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the vision and the splendor.

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration;
Should he go, or should he stay?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate,
Till the vision passed away?
Should he slight his radiant guest,
Slight this visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate?
Would the vision there remain?
Would the vision come again?
Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audible and clear,
As if to the outward ear:
"Do thy duty; that is best;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest!"

Straightway to his feet he started,
And with longing look intent
On the blessed vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed;
At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating
With that terror in the eye
That is only seen in those
Who, amid their wants and woes,
Hear the sound of doors that close,
And of feet that pass them by;
Grown familiar with disfavor,
Grown familiar with the flavor
Of the bread by which men die!
But to day, they know not why,
Like the gate of paradise
Seemed the convent gate to rise,
Like a sacrament divine
Seemed to them the bread and wine.
In his heart the monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor,
What they suffer and endure;
What we see not, what we see;
And the inward voice was saying:
"Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto me!"

Unto me! but had the vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,
Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have listened with derision,
And have turned away with loathing?
Thus his conscience put the question,
Full of troublesome suggestion,
As at length, with hurried pace
Towards his cell he turned his face,
And beheld the convent bright
With a supernatural light,
Like a numerous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling
At the threshold of his door,
For the vision still was standing
As he left it there before,
When the convent bell appalling
From its belfry calling, calling,
Summoned him to feed the poor.
Through the long hour intervening
It had waited his return,
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the blessed vision said,
"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"

Whittier's Last Poem.

TO OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, ON HIS 83D BIRTHDAY.

Among the thousands who with hail and cheer
Will welcome thy new year,
How few of all have passed, as thou and I,
So many milestones by!

We have grown old together; we have seen
Our youth and age between;
Two generations leave us, and to-day
We with the third hold way,

Loving and loved. If thought must backward run
To those who, one by one,
In the great silence and the dark beyond
Vanished with farewells fond,

Unseen, not lost; our grateful memories still
Their vacant places fill,
And, with the full-voiced greeting of new friends,
A tenderer whisper blends.

Linked close in the pathetic brotherhood
Of mingled ill and good,
Of joy and grief, of grandeur and of shame,
For pity more than blame—

The gift is thine the weary world to make
More cheery for thy sake,
Soothing the ears its Miserere pains,
With the old Hellenic strains,

Lighting the sullen face of Discontent
With smiles for blessings sent,
Enough of selfish wailing has been had,
Thank God! for notes more glad.

Life is indeed no holiday. Therein
Are want, and woe, and sin,
Death and its nameless fears, and over all
Our pitying tears must fall.

Thy hand, old friend! Thy service of our days,
In differing moods and ways,
May prove to those who follow in our train
Not valueless nor vain.

Far off, and faint as echoes of a dream,
The songs of boyhood seem;
Yet on our autumn boughs, unflown with spring,
The evening thrushes sing.

The hour draws near, howe'er delayed and late,
When at the eternal gate,
We leave the words and work we call our own,
And lift cold hands alone

For love to fill. The nakedness of soul
Brings to that gate no toll;
Giftless we come to Him who all things gives,
And live because he lives.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

THE NINE WINDS.

The first is the Etesian wind. The word was applied by the Greek and Roman writers to the periodical winds of the Mediterranean.

The second is the Harmattan, a periodical wind which blows during the months of December, January and February, from the interior of Africa toward the Atlantic Ocean.

The third is the Khamsin, which blows for fifty days in Egypt, beginning with April 29th or 30th. The word "khamsin" is from the Arabic, and means fifty.

The four h is the Mistral, a violent northwest wind which blows down the Gulf of Lyons, and is felt particularly in Marseilles, France.

The fifth is the Pampero, which blows during the entire summer season from the Andes across the pampas to the sea coast.

The sixth are the Puna winds of the table lands of Peru, South America. They are dry and parching, nothing similar being known outside of Africa or Persia. When they prevail it is necessary to constantly wear a mask to protect the face.

The seventh is the Samiel, or Simoon, a hot, suffocating wind, which occasionally blows in Africa and Arabia.

The next is the Sirocco, a debilitating wind, which blows from Africa across Italy and Sicily. It is said to produce the most extreme languor.

The ninth and last is the Solano, a hot southeast wind, loaded with fine dust, which blows across Spain. It produces great uneasiness throughout the country. The Spanish have a proverb, which says: "Ask no favors during Solano."—*Ex.*

BIRD SHOOTING ON THE DEEP.

Strange Things an Ornithologist Learned in a Boat at Sea.

ARCTIC BIRDS OFF MONTEREY.

Remarkable Discoveries of Professor Loomis, an Enthusiastic Naturalist Who Spent Nine Weeks Gunning on the Ocean—Pelagic Neighbors With Strange Ways That Were Unknown.

No expert with a shotgun who invades the marshy haunts of canvasbacks this season will have a story that will match that of the recent bird-shooting expeditions of Ornithologist L. M. Loomis.

For two months and more he has been at Monterey studying the birds of the ocean, and his hunting and observing have been done at sea, far off the shores of the bay. Nobody has ever gone hunting down there as he did daily for two months, in a small boat, three, six and ten miles out on the deep, and nobody but a trained student of birds would have found and seen what he did anyway.

He has returned from just a few miles away with stories that sound strange as accounts from a far-off corner of the world, and the beauty and the mystery of the sea give a romantic touch to his simple stories of the life of the ocean that have not before been told of Californian shores. He made important discoveries that will attract the attention of ornithologists all over the world. He found, too, that just a little way out at sea may be seen myriads of birds, having remarkable lives, that people on shore, and even local ornithologists, had never seen before. He found interesting life at our doors that had not been before dreamed of here.

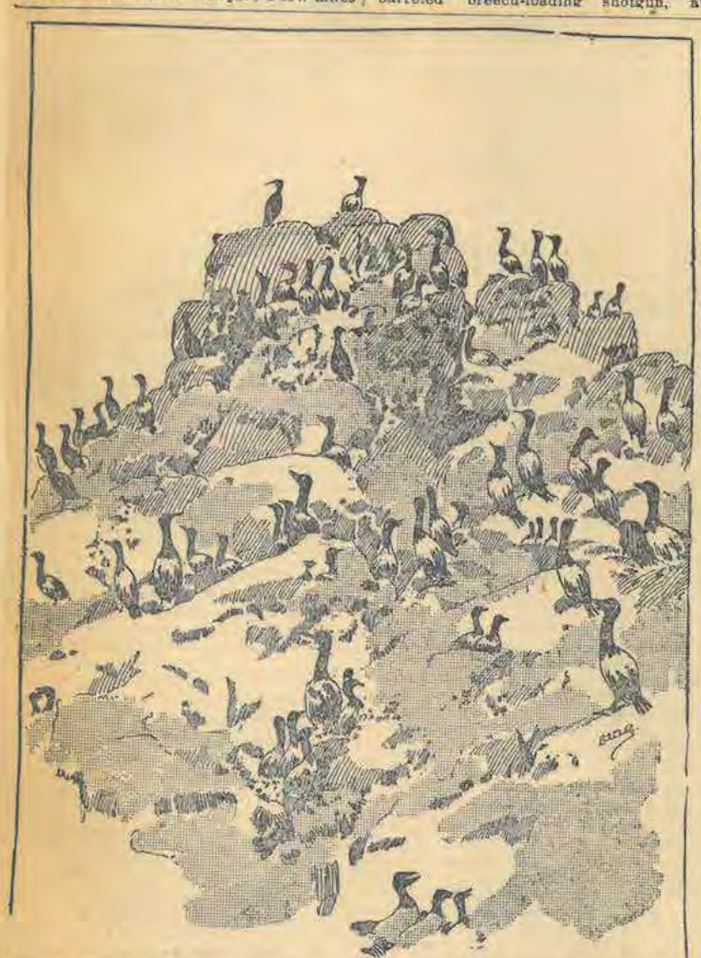
Mr. Loomis is the new ornithologist from the East who took charge of that branch of the work of the Academy of Sciences early in June. He has been studying birds all over the United States for fifteen years and is a well-known authority. His observations at Monterey illustrate what all ornithologists know, that there is an immense amount of work to be done in the study of the birds of the Pacific Coast, and especially of the oceanic birds of the Pacific, about which comparatively little is known in a scientific sense. His special line of study is the migration of birds, and it was to study the migration of oceanic birds especially that he went to Monterey about June 15th.

Not everybody knows, except in a vague way, that the ocean, which teems with life and beauty below, is skimmed and ridden everywhere by myriads of birds that have no home but the deep, find no shelter from its storms and rarely know any resting place but its waves. They breed on rocky Arctic shores, but at other times many of them wholly scorn the land. It was these "pelagic" birds that Loomis went to study. He paid no attention to the songsters of the land and little to the sandpipers of the beach—the shore birds that most people know something of and that hunters often go gunning for along the sands. He came back with 400 selected skins of 104 species of seabirds, carefully stuffed and packed in cotton and boxed up in big cases, marked "This side up with care." Loomis has the scientist's intense devotion to his pursuit, and it is not an exciting day in a small boat far out amid the white caps that he will grow enthusiastic about.

"See this—isn't it a beauty?" he exclaimed proudly yesterday in his laboratory as he picked the fluffy packing off a cotton-stuffed shearwater and stroked the feathered breast that was dry for nearly the first time in its history. "See the difference between the feathers here and in that specimen! That is what I value—the variations. I have a complete series of the *puffinus griseus*."

Mr. Loomis' studies at Monterey will result in a contribution to knowledge that will be published by the academy and which will be read with great interest by ornithological gentlemen, who won't care anything about his being scared by a whale while he was out bird shooting, but there are others who would be more interested in the whale than in new variations in the *fratercula artica*.

When the ornithologist got to Monterey on his interesting scientific expedition he hired a boat and boatman at the expense of the academy. The boatman was a rough old fellow, who used to tussle with gales on Lake Michigan and who could pull a small boat as far in a day as anybody. Mr. Loomis had a fine double-barreled breech-loading shotgun, and fifteen years of shooting birds for the cause of science has made him an expert. For nine or ten weeks Loomis was rowed seaward by 7 o'clock each morning and the brawny boatman was a tired one at each nightfall. A sail was never used because it would interfere with the shooting, and on days when they would go on a seemingly hazardous trip ten miles straight out to sea the boatman would get twenty miles of rowing besides all the rowing about for game at sea.



A SNAP SHOT AT A CORMORANT'S ROOKERY BY MONTEREY, TAKEN FROM THE SEAWARD SIDE.

[*Drawn from a photograph by an "Examiner" artist.*]

The naturalist made two important discoveries about the migration of pelagic birds. Slight observations he had made here two or three years ago had made him guess that there was an "early southward" migration of these birds, beginning early in July and continuing for two months before the heavier known migration which has been set down as beginning about September 1st. He had also guessed that these birds in their migrations follow the shore lines of the continents as a guide instead of unerring instinct, as land birds in migrating will follow a mountain range. These important facts he established conclusively, and they are new to the science. Early in July, in his boat, way out at sea, he found birds flying south, singly and in groups, and straggling along and none going north. Each day's observations gave new proofs of his discovery that it seems strange had never been made before, and he noted every sort of bird that flew each day. They came in waves, some species predominating on some days, but the southward stream that could not be noted from land kept up. They were birds that breed and revel in the brief summers of the Arctic when water-fowl swarm by the millions there, and that they were migrating was unmistakable. The many species he found sweeping by included auklets, puffins, jagers, fulmars, harlequin ducks, shearwaters, and many others. From now on until November the winged retreat from the early cold and lack of food will be much heavier, and will include species that breed and moult later and cannot depart so early. In his discovery Professor Loomis sees nature marshaling her feathered hosts of the deep with wise foresight.

"If the countless millions of the hundreds of species of these birds moved southward along the coast at nearly the same time," he says, "their feeding grounds would not enable them all to live."

His observation that most oceanic birds closely follow the shore line in their migrations is still more interesting. Different pelagic birds habitually fly at different heights above the water. Some closely skim the waves, others fly at a few feet, others at a few yards, while still others fly in their migrations so high that they are invisible. It is to the low-flying birds of the ocean that the observation mainly applies.

"I found," says Mr. Loomis, "that they fly along lines from three to ten miles off shore. They do this to keep the shore line in view as a guide, as land birds in migrating will follow a mountain range as a guide. Birds coming from the Arctic region will thus hug the shore line of two continents clear to Patagonia. I could study the movement from a boat at sea much better than from the shore, and I found that the low-flying pelagic birds would exactly follow the deep inward bend of Monterey bay at a uniform distance. You see it is twenty-seven miles across the bay from headland to headland, and the birds could not see the opposite point. The stream of birds would bend in towards Monterey, outward at Cypress point and then sharply in again. High-flying birds could see the shore line further, and would cut across. I studied this highway of the air for two months, and always when a fog would roll in from the ocean and begin to obscure the land the line of birds would swing closer in to keep the guiding shore in sight. If the fog wraps all the shore they will fly close to the line of surf, and be guided by its sound. If they become bewildered they will drop to the water and stop. When the fog clears, out will go the line. It was a beautiful sight to see a fog roll off to sea in the forenoon and see that line of birds swing steadily out with it until the usual distance was reached."

Yet in all these years nobody at Monterey had dreamed that just above the sea, a few miles out, was an airy, beaten highway that swings to and fro with the familiar fog banks, and no ornithologist had sat, week after week, in a boat at sea at a place where the interesting fact could be demonstrated.

The naturalist kept banging away, and old hunters down there who happened to be around when he would come in would be surprised at what he would bring in from the sea. Monterey is a great place to study the ocean's life, and as the brainy and enthusiastic fellows at the Hopkins seaside laboratory would find in tide pools and drag-nets all sorts of fairy forms and wonders that the summer loungers never dreamed of, so the ornithologist, in his field, found things none others had looked to see and got close to nature and her ways.

Among his prizes were four big albatrosses of two species—the short-tailed and the black-footed. These romantic things about which sailors have been superstitious for centuries are among the largest birds of the ocean. Their bodies are but little larger than a goose, but their magnificent wings stretch from seven to thirteen feet from tip to tip. One is never seen along the shore at Monterey unless injured and driven in by a storm. The boundless ocean is wholly their home. Loomis found them within five miles, but they will not come nearer land. They shadow the waves clear to midocean, and haunt the great sargasso seas that a prow has never entered. They are among the birds that will decoy, that is, they will notice anything thrown on the water and will fly to it. For such birds Loomis would shoot a few common gulls each morning and take them along. When one was seen flying at a distance he would throw a gull up and out on the water. The voracious and keen-eyed albatross would see something fall and sweep toward it within range of the gun. Passengers at sea often catch them with fish-hooks baited with pork and thrown on the water, regardless of the warning curse that befell the ancient mariner.

Some harlequin ducks were among his captures, and they were interesting wonders to people at Monterey who thought they knew all about the birds around there. The harlequin duck is a wonderful thing, and all on account of its picturesque and fantastic coloring. Black, red, white and blue of varying tints and shades and distributed in strange streaks and patches make the name appropriate and the bird famous. They have been having fun for ages up north, from whence people have brought stories of them, and every year for centuries they have described the curve of Monterey bay, but nobody in Monterey has described them. Loomis was particularly delighted at getting some fulmars bound for southern oceans. He secured specimens of four species and says it is the first time that a fulmar has been noted as being taken south of Bering sea. The fulmar is a large petrel and has swept by the Golden Gate twice a year without calling on local ornithologists who don't hunt seabirds on dry land.

Mr. Loomis seemed to think a great deal of a lot of phalaropes he brought down. The interesting thing about the phalarope is that it is a sand-piper, or shore bird, that through evolution has become a sea bird and become adapted anatomically to sea life, though it retains some features of a shore bird. Another interesting thing is that its migrations always cover the whole way between the Arctic and Patagonia. It travels 10,000 miles twice a year. In his tossing boat far out at sea Loomis sat and watched them long one day trying to fly against a strong southeast head wind.

"The whitecaps were thick and it was hard to keep the boat headed so that it would not fill," he says. "The phalaropes would rise and struggle against the wind, but could make no headway. Then they would drop and ride the waves awhile as lightly as the foam. When a whitecap would start to curl over them they would hop over it lightly, and it was keenly interesting to see how they were perfectly at home on the stormy waves."

He was surprised at capturing migrating jagers of the far north at that time of year. These villains of the deep are hawk-like gulls. They are smaller than the familiar seagull, that is inoffensive and peaceable and gets its living honestly, but they are active and fierce fighters. They will fish for themselves when they can't find gulls or other sea birds to rob, but they prefer to be pirates. They will fiercely attack a seagull, especially if they see it gobble anything. They want only what the gull has swallowed, and the gull, knowing somehow the only way of escape, will vomit what it has just swallowed out on the water and be at once excused. That operation was one of the things that entertained Loomis at sea.

Another sea bird that he found in plenty was the shearwater, a swift and low-flying sea bird that, like the petrel, just skims the brine and so gets its popular name. He found puffins, murrelets, terns, scoters, auklets, which are relatives of the extinct great auk, and any number of other kinds of birds that one would never see along the beach in twenty years and that escape observation here because people who are wise about birds don't often risk their necks by loafing around on the deep sea looking for them.

Next to his migration and the skins he wanted for his collection Mr. Loomis valued his notes of what sea birds do with themselves when they are in good health. He was lucky on shearwaters one day and in his journal registered: "A single charge of dust gave me sixteen from a medium flock." He learned that day, though, that if the speedy shearwater is a marine it can't be footed all day. There was a stream of them going steadily south by him and he had blazed away three times. Suddenly one darted from its fellows and shot back up the line 500 yards or more and stopped at a sort of poise. Well, that fellow stayed there and turned every shearwater away from that boat. Loomis had watched the operation without saying a word, and the boatman, who had seen it as plainly himself, observed: "Well, that fellow must have been a general."

Schools of sardines and other small fish frequently strike the neighborhood of Monterey bay, and then—oh, my! what a time the sea birds have, as Loomis found out. These little fish go in millions near the surface, and the top of the water is whipped by them. A school of fish, perhaps acres in extent, can't be missed. Then the screaming, chattering, quarreling sea birds come. The gulls are on hand to grab from near the top. Every sort of sea bird that likes small fish hurries to the scene. The cormorants swarm and dive to the feast. The auklets and the puffins swoop, the pelicans are there, and into the busy, clamoring host of sea birds shoot the jagers, with loud and fierce cries, to pillage and bring woe and disappointment. The school passes, and gradually to the sea comes peace.

Bird hunting like that takes strong nerves and a stout stomach and few would risk an experience of miles at sea in a small boat. In fact, the fishermen down there thought Loomis a blamed fool. Whales were seen blowing several times. One came to the surface one day and shot his stream of water high into the air not a hundred yards from the boat.

"That time I was a little scared," says Loomis, "and the frightened boatman quickly made a record with the oars. The only danger from a whale is that he will come up under the boat and bump it. Then, in self-defense, he will be likely to give it a bat with his tail that will smash it. If you pound on the boat with an oar the whale will dive. We did that on that day and the whale sank at once. We did it with dolphins and with other whales further away, and it always worked."

The naturalist paid some attention to shore birds when he was not at sea, and among the unfamiliar strangers he found were turnstones. They are comparatively small birds that stalk along beaches just above the surf when the tide is out turning stones and other things over to see what good things have lodged below. Another peculiar shore bird he shot two or three specimens of was the oyster catcher. This epicure has a taste for raw oysters and other delicate shell fish, and it really opens the closed shells with much dexterity. It is the only bird that has a long bill flattened perpendicularly. The bill is strong but thin and like a pointed knife set on edge. He got another bird, the herring gull, that likes shellfish, but as nature has not attached an opener to its head, it takes them up in the air and drops them on a rock. Then it swoops down for an inspection, and if the prize isn't cracked enough it goes higher and tries it again.

The cormorant is a big, interesting shore bird that dives so deeply for its flashy prey that Monterey fishermen sometimes find them in deep-sea nets, where they have become entangled. They nest and crowd in the seaward sides of naked, inaccessible rocks, just off the shore, and on the water they float in immense docks called rafts. Loomis wanted to study their nesting, but fishermen advised him not to try landing on a big surf-sprayed rock in Carmelo bay, which venturesome people climb once in years. A Spaniard gave some pointers about getting there, however, and when the boatman poised the boat on a low wave close to the rock he safely made the jump. Hundreds of the old cormorants took to the sea, leaving nests and young and three or four parents who lingered. From the shore nothing could be seen. On the seaward slope of the rocks there were scores of big nests that were heaps of eelgrass and seaweed, protected by nothing. For an hour Loomis watched and picked about. There were scores of young that shrank to the edges of the rocks. Some of the older of the young jumped into the water, evidently for the first time in their lives, and swam and dived like experts. The still younger would have gone too but the naturalist did not crowd them too closely. One of these lonely and naked homes of the cormorants presents a very picturesque view when seen from the seaward side.

On the return home each evening the birds shot had to be skinned and the skins dried, treated with arsenic and stuffed with cotton. Then, no matter how tired, the naturalist must write up his daily journal, wherein measurements of birds, species seen and incidents of any scientific interest noted, must be accurately recorded. Here is a portion of one day's record of Loomis' pelagic studies:

PACIFIC GROVE, Cal., July 14, 1894.
1158-10. Lunda cirrhata †
o
1159-14. Ceppus columba †
o
Clear; sea very smooth and glass like.

Lunda Cirrhata—Three solitary birds were seen, all following the shore line southward. Two came near the boat and were shot. One was only crippled and tried for a long distance to fly, running in the water with the aid of his wings. When he found he could not do so, he dived and remained under longer than any bird I have shot. He came up at a long distance, and as soon as he saw the boat, down he went again and was lost sight of.

Pelecanus Californicus.—A company of over a half-dozen, headed by a fine adult, rounded the point and moved south. At the point the young broke away from his leadership and tried several times to return into the bay, but he got them straightened out coming up from behind each time, and disappeared in the direction of Cypress point with the young in line at his tail.

The 400 specimens will be added to the thousands already filling large cases of drawers in the laboratory of the ornithological department of the Academy of Sciences, which is doing so much for science on this Coast. The oceanic birds of this Coast present a rich field that has been little worked. Mr. Loomis expects to pay more visits to the birds that stick to the sea.

HABITS OF BOB WHITE.

PECULIARITIES OF AMERICA'S FAVORITE GAME BIRD.

He Bears but Slight Resemblance to His European Namesake—Migratory in His Habits, but a Faithful Husband and a Devoted Father.

A Trial to Wing Shots.

Little "Bob White" is one of the favorites of American game birds. He is known to sportsmen from Maine to Florida, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, although different localities give him different names. North and East he is familiar as "quail," while West and

"BOB WHITE."

South he is called "partridge." Compared with the birds of the same name in Europe he is neither, and for this reason many prefer to call him as he calls himself—"Bob White." The European quail is smaller and more dumpy, with fat, dark meat. It does not form in coveys, the plumage is dull, and he is a quarrelsome, selfish fellow, entirely different from the affectionate, gallant American bird. The European partridge is double "Bob White's" weight, but lacks the latter's swift and frequently long continued flight. The flesh is, however, white, and the wings are of the American shape.

"Bob White" is to some extent migratory in his habits. In the fall he has a "running season," during which he will not take wing, but runs with incredible speed before an enemy. In weight, between six and seven ounces is a good average, although considerable depends on the feeding ground, the condition of the weather, and the bird's age. With everything favorable for flesh, bags have been made averaging eight ounces, but this is an exception rather than a rule.

Unlike the grouse and the European quail, the little American is a faithful husband and devoted father. To find him in Mormon practices is rare. Should he, however, discover that his gallant bearing and spruce attire have made him doubly beloved, he will show impartial devotion to two spouses. From a fence-rail, with his two wives on their nests not two feet apart, he will gladden both their little hearts with his love-song. But he is naturally a monogamist. He selects his mate and makes his courtship in the spring, soon after the snow and frost have gone, when the willows have turned yellow, while the frogs are piping in the marsh, and the Wilson snipe is drumming above the meadows. If the wintry storm should come back, the males will reassemble in a covey and keep each other warm o' nights and huddle on the sunny slopes during the day.

"PAT AS BUTTER."

In the month of May they build their simple nest, formed of a slight depression in the ground lined with dried leaves and soft grasses. This nest may be found under a tussock of grass, beneath a small bush, in the briar-grown corner of a worm-fence, at the foot of an old stump, alongside a log, or often in the open fields of wheat or clover. The nest is sometimes closed above with stubble mingled with the grass tussock or briers and provided with a side entrance; but the nest is as often found open above as closed.

In this nest the hen-bird lays from one dozen to two dozen eggs of a pure, brilliant white. When the hen is laying and during her time of nesting the cock is the happiest of husbands. Filled with joy and pride, he sits on the low bough of a neighboring tree, or perches on the fence-rail quite near his spouse, whom he never wearies of telling that he is "Bob White—your Bob White," in such a gay, jolly voice, that every one within hearing distance can but give it attention.

In three or four weeks the chicks leave the eggs. Their food is seed and insects, large quantities of the latter that would otherwise work injury to the farmer being caught. At the age of two weeks the young begin to fly, but the flutter is feeble by the side of the old birds. When too large to longer gather under the mother's protecting wings the flock will take flight at night from the day's feeding ground, and, dropping at some distance under a bush, will huddle up together in a circle with heads out. In this way no foe can approach without instant detection. If the next day is wet and cold they will remain nestled together, or not go to feed till afternoon. But when bright and pleasant they are away to the feeding ground at sunrise, remaining there till about 11 o'clock. Then a rest is taken till the middle of the afternoon, when they forage again till sundown.

AT BREAK OF DAY.

It often happens when shooting in the fall that a covey will be "sprung" with some of the birds too small to bag. This is because there have been two nestings. The eggs and the young are often destroyed by the wet and cold of the early summer, or by beasts and birds of prey. In such case the hen again goes to laying, and the second brood is retarded by the time lost between the first and second nesting. When birds of two sizes are found in the same covey, it seems to show that the parents have raised two broods; and this happens oftener in the South than in the North—the summer of the Middle and Northern States being generally too short for the raising of two broods. Audubon states that "in Texas, the Floridas, and as far eastward as the neighborhood of Charleston, in South Carolina, it breeds twice in the year, first in May and again in September."

The affection which exists between the whole covey of father, mother, and chicks is often noticed by sportsmen, and when the gun has thinned the numbers the feeling is evinced in a really touching manner. "Frank Forrester" writes of it as follows:

"Unlike the young broods of the woodcock, which are mute, save the twitter with which they rise, the bevies of quail appear to be attached to each other by tender affection. If dispersed by accidental causes, either in the pursuit of their food or from being flushed by some casual intruder, so soon as their first alarm has passed over they begin calling to each other with a small, plaintiff note, quite different from the amorous whistle of the male bird and from their merry, day-breaking cheeping, and each one running toward the sound and repeating it at intervals, they soon collect themselves into one little family.

"If, however, the ruthless sportsman has been among them with his well-trained setter and unerring gun, so that death has sorely thinned their numbers, they will protract their little call for their lost comrades, even to nightfall; and in such cases—I know not if it be fancy on my part—there has often seemed to me to be an unusual degree of melancholy in their wailing whistle."

Bob White tries the wing-shot as sorely as the trout the angler. As with the trout, something must be known of his habits and peculiarities if he is to be landed. In fair weather start early, for the birds will be feeding at sunrise. If there are any fields of buckwheat, range about them, for this is a taking dish. By 11 o'clock they will leave the field for some covert near water, where they will dress and smooth their feathers. They will remain here several hours unless started up. If the weather is very dry do not seek the birds on the uplands, for Bob White likes the vicinity of water. After a rainy spell, go to the upland stubble fields and work the dogs along the border of the driest and sunniest of the coverts.

If it is windy and cold, the birds will be found in covert along the sunny lee slopes of the valleys, in the tall rag-

EUROPEAN RED-LEGGED PARTRIDGE.

CALIFORNIA VALLEY QUAIL.

weed and briers of the hollows and on the sunny borders of the woods and hedgerows. They will not now lie well to the dog, and when flushed will go like bullets into the deepest thicket.

As to the best way to shoot a bird on the wing opinions differ. Some hold that "snap-shooting" is the only way to shoot successfully. "Snap-shooting" is generally understood to consist in putting the gun to the shoulder and firing the instant it is in position; making the allowance to the right, left, under, or above, as the case may require, before raising the gun; just as you point your finger, instinctively, to any object, without having to sight along it. Others are just as sure that no one ever shot decently unless he followed the bird with the sight on the gun and covered it before firing. Some again, insist that the gun must swing along with the course of the bird after pulling the trigger. In the opinion of an authority, every one who has shot very much acquires a style peculiar to himself, and cannot do better than depend on his temperament and the kind of birds he has had the most practice on.

He also says the most difficult shot is a bird coming directly toward you and flying about twenty feet above the ground. "I have been quite successful in this shot," he goes on, "by holding directly at the bird until he is within range, and then, just as I touch the trigger, I raise the muzzle of the gun about six inches. I would only advise trying this shot where there is more than one bird, and you want to use the second barrel. When there is only one incoming bird, wait until he passes over you, and then by shooting under him, more or less, according to the speed and elevation at which he is flying, you will be pretty sure to kill.

"In cross shots, at thirty yards and over, hold above the line of flight and from six to nine feet ahead of the bird. This may seem entirely too much, but I have frequently shot Bob White when flying parallel to a rail-fence by aiming the full length of the rail ahead of him."

MAYORS OF SAN JOSE.

The following are the different Mayors that have presided over the destinies of San Jose since 1845:

1845—Antonio Maria Pico, first Alcalde.

1846—Dolores Pacheco, first Alcalde; Pedro Chabolla, second Alcalde; John Burton (after middle of July), first Alcalde; James St kes (after middle of July), Justice of the Peace.

1847—John Burton, first Alcalde.

1848—Chas. E. White, first Alcalde; James W. Weeks, second Alcalde.

1849—H. K. Dimmick, to August, first Alcalde; Richard M. May, from August to November, first Alcalde; John C. Conroy, from November, first Alcalde; Jose Fernandez, second Alcalde; John T. Richardson, from November 2d to December 3d, Judge of First Instance; Wm. M. Kinkaid, from December 3d, Judge of First Instance.

1850—John C. Conroy, first Alcalde; Wm. M. Kinkaid, Judge of First Instance.

Mayors of the city of San Jose from 1850 to the present date of Nov. 15; 1893: Josiah Belden, from 1850 to 1851, Thomas White, from April, 1851 to 1854; O. H. Allen, from December, 1854, to 1855; S. O. Houghton, from April, 1855 to 1856; Lawrence Archer, from April, 1856, 1857.

Board of Trustees, with a President: R. G. Moody, President from April 20th, 1857, to 1858; P. O. Minor, President from April 19th, 1858, to 1859.

Thomas Fallon, Mayor from April, 1859, to 1860; R. B. Buckner, from April, 1860, to 1861; Joseph W. Johnson, from April, 1861, to 1863; J. A. Quinby, from April, 1863, to 1868; Mark Leavenworth, from 1868 to 1870; Adolph Pfister, until April, 1872.

B. D. Murphy, from 1872 to 1878; L. Archer, until 1879; B. D. Murphy, until 1882; C. J. Martin, until 1884; C. T. Settle, until 1886; S. W. Boring, until 1890; S. N. Rucker, until 1892, and H. E. Schilling, present incumbent.

The Humble Bee.

A SONG FOR JUNE.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere,
Swimmer through the waves of air,
Voyager of light and noon,
Epicurean of June.
Wait, I pray thee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum—
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall;
And, with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance;
And infusing subtle heats
Turns the sod to violets—
Thou in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tune,
Filling of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid bank of flowers,
Of Gulfs of sweetness without bound,
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen,
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple sap and daffodils,
Clover, catchfly, adder's tongue,
And briar-roses dwell among;
All beside was unknown waste,
All was pictured as he passed.

—R. W. Emerson.

HUNTER OF THE NIGHT.

Haunts and Habits of the Owl.

Nocturnal Foe of Bird and Beast.

Eyes That See in Darkness and a Noiseless Flight—Queer Beliefs.

Written for the CHRONICLE.

From a sportsman's point of view the hardships incident to the exploration of the New World were more than compensated by the monopoly of vast hunting grounds. An abundance of similar privileges makes it doubtful if the "night-banished owl" is a proper object of pity.

The eagle and several species of hawks have learned to avoid the haunts of man so carefully that in many parts of our national territory their existence is known only to highland hunters, while the large Virginia woodowl extends his forage to the very gate of slumbering farmsteads, and even beyond, to the dovecots in the attic of a dwelling house, which he has been known to rob, unchallenged by the cordon of vigilant watch-dogs.

OWL CASTLES.

THE GREAT HORN OWL.

In his raids upon the game birds of the wilderness the winged night-prowler enjoys the rather unfair advantage of the cavalier in the cloak of darkness, or of the Hebrew captain whose foemen were stricken with blindness on the eve of a decisive battle. As an outdoor phenomenon absolute darkness is rare, and the experiments of the naturalist Welker make it probable that in clear nights, even before the rising of the moon, an owl can see as well as a hawk in broad daylight. His cat-eyes distinguish the outlines of a well-hidden nest from those of a fir-cone or a cluster of leaves. His keen ear catches the twitter of sleeping birds, whose favorite roosts he discovers by the same unerring instinct that guides the panther to the lair of the nursing doe, and these advantages are completed by that of an almost noiseless flight. I have seen horn-owls pass within a few inches of a fence-rail where a roosting cock had just answered the reveille of a distant rival.

The great horned owl (bubo virginianus) does not limit the list of its victims to the feathered tribe. It kills rabbits and opossums, squirrels, weasels and woodchucks, and attacks even young raccoons, whose bones have been found in the neighborhood of its nest. Nearly all the animals named have the faculty of seeing in the dark, and could hardly be caught napping by human hunters, but the inaudible manœuvers of a hovering pursuer enable him to seize upon the right moment and secure his prey by a deadly grip at the first swoop.

Near the caves of the Brazilian coast range the traveler Burmeister saw hawks snap up bats that had been roused from their torpor and were fluttering about, purblind and helpless, but the wood owl retaliates for that trick upon hundreds of birds and beasts. The whole forest, with its multitude of slumbering tenants, is literally at the mercy of the hunter with the night-eyes, whose derisive whoops other sounds—a coaxing cackle, long-drawn moans, indignant grunts and a whoop slightly resembling the crowing of a cock. The vocal performances of a wood owl also include a trick rivaling the feats of a skillful ventriloquist. In the morning twilight of a midsummer day an owl lingering about the scenes of its nocturnal triumphs may perch in a tree directly over one's head and emit a peculiar, hollow hoot that seems to come from a distance of at least half a mile and which might deceive even a close observer, unless he should notice that the repetition of the sound coincides with the movements of the weird vocalist, whose head and swelling throat are thrust forward at every whoop.

In dark pine forests the horn-owl now and then ventures to supplement his work by a daylight hunt, but as a rule he disappears about half an hour before sunrise. In cavernous mountain regions his hiding places are wholly inscrutable, and his progeny will survive that of the golden eagle as the midnight bully of the Mafia has survived the adventurous robber-knight. In Italy, where every peasant is a fowler, and daylight birds have almost disappeared, owls are still extremely abundant, and avenge the wrongs of the feathered tribe by killing pet rabbits, hares, and even young cats, and in Venice, where the doves of St. Mark enjoy the freedom of the city, their over-multiplication is prevented by the church owls that hide in ruins and belfries. By their merciless raids they often fill the moonlit streets with fluttering pigeons.

In Northern Africa, too, the midnight serenades of wall owls prove that the ruins of ancient Mauritania are not all tenantless. Small birds, with the exception of the sandplover, have utterly disappeared, but the bramble-covered mounds of debris may hide mice and, possibly, weasels, though the Bedouins have a different theory; owls and bats, they say, are the emissaries of the archfiend, and after prying about all night in the interest of their master they return in time to take breakfast in Hades. The hour

When screech-owls cry and ban-dogs howl

is supposed to be especially favorable to the perpetration of deeds of darkness, because the power of the Evil One is then in the ascendant, and his messengers hold audible communion with criminals and Ghaours.

In Algiers the naturalist Dumoulin had an interview with an old shiek, who gave him an account of his personal adventures with the birds of sheol, and mentioned the case of Jussuf Ben Teb, a famous bandit, whose long-continued success was due to his skill in consulting the oracles of the night, and who was at last captured at an hour when the voices of his winged familiars had been silenced by a hailstorm. Every orthodox follower of the Prophet had to pronounce a certain anathema to neutralize the baneful influence of an owl screeching in the neighborhood of his dwelling and gathering information to be used for purposes of evil.

"What about shooting a spy of that kind?" inquired the naturalist.

"I have tried that," said the old sheik, "but El Theytan protects his own. More than once have I discharged my prize rifle at an imp of that sort from distances that ought to make miss-shots impossible, and, by the beard of Omar, whose glory be exalted, the rascal flew away as if nothing had happened, and laughed at me for my trouble. You might just as soon try to shoot a witch."

The unquestionable difficulty of killing an owl with a single ball has something to do with the fact that of all creatures night birds have the smallest bodies in proportion to their apparent size. They are two-thirds feathers, and an owl looking as big as a raccoon can be plucked down to the dimensions of a ferret, the thick mass of down being a guaranter of noiseless flight, and a condition of survival in cold winter nights, for owls, with the exception of one or two species, do not migrate, but weather the cold season in caves and hollow trees.

A CAVE DWELLER.

In the extensive forests of the tropics owls are, however, apt to congregate for mysterious purposes of their own and for hours keep up a pandemonium of shrieks and catcalls that may account for the Jumbo superstition of the Senegambian negroes, and suggests the probability that the great swamp owl of western Africa devotes moonlight nights to the settlement of family feuds—perhaps the trial and execution of an outcast, guilty of the crime of general unfitness for the purposes of existence, the same offense that sometimes assembles myriads of crows about a tree where, after the departure of the winged mob, hunters have found the remains of the delinquent in the form of scattered bones and feathers.

The tradition of the wild huntsman may have a similar origin. In mediæval Germany, Poland and France reams of legal cap were filled with the statements of witnesses who swore to their personal presence in localities where the midnight echoes had been wakened by many-voiced whoops and cries, heard approaching from a great distance and almost deafening the observer when the host of obstreperous fiends passed overhead. Experiences of that kind became rarer as the primeval forests of Central Europe gave way to grain farms, but revivals of the old superstition still occur in the thinly settled northlands, especially in Scandinavia, where swarms of the great Harfanger owls often follow the nocturnal migration of the lemming gopher.

F. L. OSWALD.

INTERESTING FACTS.

Jan 1st 1893

Short Items on Wonders of California.

Its Natural and Artificial Oddities.

A Volume of Information Compressed Into the Most Condensed Form.

California is greater in area than all the New England States, New York, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland combined.

The coast line of the State is about 1100 miles from north to south and almost 200 miles from the ocean to the eastern line.

Magnolia avenue, Riverside, is the finest in the United States. It is fifteen miles long, 125 feet wide and lined by three rows of trees—pepper, palm and magnolia.

There are nine counties without railroad connection with the rest of the State, viz., Modoc, Plumas, Lake, Tuolumne, Mariposa, Alpine, Trinity, Humboldt and Del Norte.

San Bernardino produces more oranges than any other county in the United States. There are 2,860,000 citrus trees planted and one-third of them are bearing.

No other locality contains so many varieties of fish as Monterey bay. The United States Fish Commissioner reports over 150 species.

The largest squash reported was at Pomona, Los Angeles county, weighing 283 pounds and four feet in diameter the smallest way.

The census reports 3060 artesian wells in California.

The tallest chimney on the coast is on Jessie street, near Fourth, San Francisco, and is 175 feet high.

The largest output of olives and olive oil from one orchard was from Kimball's, at National City—14,000 gallons of oil and twelve tons of pickled olives.

The first train load of English walnuts—twenty cars—to go east left Los Nietos, Los Angeles county, in October last.

From the summit of Mount Diablo, 3860 feet, can be counted over thirty cities and villages in which reside one-half the population of the State.

The largest special freight train ever sent out of the State was twenty-three cars of canned goods from Los Angeles in October last.

San Bernardino is the largest county in the United States, covering 21,172 square miles.

The largest peach orchard in the State is near Yuba City, Sutter county, and contains 575 acres.

The finest and oldest fig orchard is at Knight's Ferry, Stanislaus county. These trees are over thirty years old, producing large crops.

Oakland is the educational center of the State. There are thirty-five public school buildings, thirty-six seminaries, academies, private schools, military academy, etc.

The Alvarado (Alameda county) beet sugar refinery was the first one started in the United States. There are now three in active operation in this State.

Death valley is situated in Inyo county, and was reported by the United States Commissioner as 385 feet below sea level.

The first American flag raised in California was by General Fremont on a peak of the Gabilan mountains, Monterey county, in January, 1846.

The cotton mills of Oakland are the only ones in the State.

The convention to form the first Constitution for this State met at Monterey September 1, 1849.

Mono lake, Mono county, is called the Dead sea of California. Its waters are strong, caustic alkalies. It has no outlet.

The vessel Shenandoah took from Port Costa the largest load of wheat ever leaving the bay, 5100 tons.

The copper used in the construction of the cruiser Charleston came from a copper mine at Campo Seco, Calaveras county.

Pampas grass plumes are more extensively raised in Santa Barbara county than anywhere else in the United States.

San Quentin State Prison contains nearly 1300 prisoners and Folsom Prison about 1000.

There are several successful ostrich farms in Los Angeles county.

Fresno produces more raisins than any other county in America, and one-half of all raised in this State.

The longest timber flume in the State is in Fresno county. It is sixty miles long and terminates at Madera.

Elsinore lake, San Diego county, is the largest body of water in the southern part of the State, six miles long by three wide.

At Santa Barbara in twenty years, from 1871 to 1891, the thermometer but once reached as low as 31 degrees.

The largest ferryboat in the world is the Solano, used at Port Costa. It is 424 feet long by 116 feet wide, and will carry forty-eight freight cars.

The first street-car cable line ever constructed was on Clay street, San Francisco.

The Sacramento is the longest river in the State, being 400 miles from its source in Goose lake. The San Joaquin is 350 miles; Klamath, 275 miles; Feather, 250 miles; Kern, 125 miles.

Bodie, Mono county, is situated at the highest elevation of any town in the United States, being 9000 feet above the sea level.

The first railroad constructed in this State was in 1854, from Sacramento to Folsom, twenty-two miles.

The United States Mint, on Fifth street, San Francisco, is the largest in the world.

What is believed to be the largest sweet potato ever raised was on exhibition at Fresno last summer and weighed 44¾ pounds.

The largest cantilever bridge in the United States is at The Needles, San Bernardino county, over the Colorado river. Its length of span is 360 feet.

Sacramento is the largest producer of hops of any county in the United States.

The first shipment of wines to France was in 1891 from Napa county, consisting of 800 puncheons.

San Francisco has more miles of cable street car lines than any other city in the world. About 120 miles are in operation.

The first raisins marketed in this State were from Marseilles valley, Butte county, in 1864, and were purchased by Governor Perkins of Oroville. The first carload sent East was by J. P. Whitney of Rocklin, Placer county, in 1874.

The first pig tin ever produced in the United States was from the Temescal mines, and consisted of 207 pigs, or 12,009 pounds.

Santa Clara county has the largest seed farms in the world, and produces one-half the world's supply, shipping over 300 tons annually, mostly to Europe.

The State has three Normal Schools, located at Chico, Los Angeles and San Jose.

The largest telescope in the world is at the Lick Observatory, Santa Clara county,

with thirty-six-inch glass.

San Diego leads every county in the United States in the production of honey. One bee-owner has 6000 hives.

Newcastle, Placer county, shipped in 1891 more than one-fifth of all the fresh deciduous fruits of the whole State.

The Stanford vineyard at Vina, Tehama county, is the largest in the world, covering six square miles and numbering 3,500,000 vines.

The only buhach (pyrethrum) plantation in America is located near Atwater, Merced county, consisting of 300 acres.

Tehama county produces more peanuts than any other in California, raising over 1,000,000 pounds annually.

The largest peach (Orange cling) was raised near Bakersfield, Kern county, with a circumference of fourteen inches and weight of twenty-three ounces.

Sutter county has not one liquor saloon within its borders.

The largest watermelon last year was from Capistrano, Orange county. Its weight was 150 pounds, circumference 4 feet 9 inches by 5 feet 6 inches.

The first religious services held in this State was on June 17, 1579, near Point Reyes, Marin county, by Sir Francis Drake. It is proposed to erect a monument there.

Stockton's Courthouse is the only one in the United States that is lighted and warmed by natural gas from its own gas well, and also supplied with artesian water.

The largest money check ever drawn in the United States was one for $10,000,000 on the Bank of Nevada.

The average annual income of every farmer in Sutter county is about $3000, and the averaged assessed property is about $2000 to each voter.

The oldest paper mill in the State is at Taylorville, Marin county. It was established in 1853, and is still in successful operation.

Near Templeton, San Luis Obispo county, is the largest bearing prune orchard in America of 22,000 trees.

Inyo county has credit for producing two-thirds of the total silver product of the State.

The oldest water-power sawmill is in Mill valley, Marin county. It was erected in 1834 and is now standing.

Santa Clara has more acres in fruits and vines than any other county in the State.

The citrus fruits of Riverside were awarded three premiums at the New Orleans Exposition.

One-half of the corn raised in California comes from Los Angeles county.

The largest nugget of gold ever found in the United States was at Carson Hill, Calaveras county, November, 1851. It weighed 195 pounds troy and was valued at $43,534.

The oldest and largest orange tree in the State is at Campo Seco, Calaveras county, and it is now 32 years old. Its oranges often takes premiums at fairs

At Cave City, Calaveras county, is found one of these peculiar habitations used by primitive man in which are the mouldering bones of unknown ages.

The ten savings banks of San Francisco had loaned on January 1, 1892, $73,720,527.

Stockton is the largest manufacturing city outside of San Francisco, and the factories are run by natural gas from gas wells costing from $2000 to $10,000.

At Angels Camp, Calaveras county, was found the pliocene skull at a depth of 150 feet immortalized by Bret Harte in his "Society on the Stanislow."

Sonoma has more grapevines and pear trees than any other county in California.

The most extensive oil pipe-line system in the West is from the Ventura Oil Works, 120 miles long.

The only malt whisky manufactory in the United States is at Sausalito, Marin county, according to Government reports.

The largest fig tree in California, measuring over eleven feet in circumference, is growing near Burson, Calaveras county, and annually produces large crops.

The largest cherry tree in the State is near Newcastle, Placer county. It annually produces over $200 worth of early cherries.

The largest cork oak tree of California is growing at Campo Seco, Calaveras county, and measures seven feet eleven inches in circumference.

The Palo Alto stock farm is the most noted in the world for raising valuable horses.

An English walnut tree at Vallecito, Calaveras county, measures nine feet in circumference, and is probably the largest in the State. It produces annually a large crop of superior nuts.

The first quartz mill was erected in Grass Valley in 1850. Since then the quartz mills of Nevada county have produced over $100,000,000.

The Mariposa Big Tree grove has 427 big trees. The largest is thirty-four feet in diameter. Through a tunnel or hole cut in one a four-horse stage is driven daily.

The largest sequoia tree in circumference is in Tulare county, given by United States surveyors at 109 feet. The tallest is the "Keystone," in Calaveras, being 365 feet high.

The first olive trees planted in this State were at San Diego, in 1769. They are still producing fruit.

The largest Irish potato reported last year was from San Luis Obispo county. It was forty-six inches long and weighed thirteen pounds.

The tallest cornstalk ever reported was raised last year near Anaheim, Los Angeles county. It was thirty-six feet high.

Yosemite valley is not equaled in the world for sublime scenery, with El Capitan 3300 feet perpendicular and Yosemite falls over 2500 feet high.

San Bernardino has the greatest number of miles of railroad in operation, 647, assessed at $3,459,145.

San Mateo is next to San Francisco, the smallest county, containing 469 square miles.

The largest onion reported this year was on exhibition at Los Angeles. It was thirty-six inches in circumference and weighed seven pounds.

The only antimony mines in operation in America are in San Benito county.

It is claimed that Sierra has produced more gold than any other county in the State.

Glenn is the youngest county, having been formed from the northern part of Colusa in 1891.

Kern county has the most extensive system of irrigating canals under one ownership in the United States. The largest canal is 32 miles long, 100 feet wide, banks 8 feet high, with 65 distributing ditches 150 miles long.

The first printing press used in California was at Monterey in 1834.

The largest flouring mill in the State is at Crockett, Contra Costa county, with a capacity of 6000 barrels a day.

Forestville, Sonoma county, has a chair factory now in operation which was established thirty-six years ago and has made over half a million chairs.

The oldest flouring mill now running is at Valley Ford, Sonoma county. It was started in 1853.

The oldest settlement in the northern part of the State was by the Russians, who built Fort Ross, Sonoma county, in 1811.

California is the only country using the combined harvesters run by a traction engine cutting a swath forty feet wide and threshing and sacking grain as it proceeds.

Oakland has more miles of patent stone sidewalk than any other city in the world. She has over 110 miles.

The largest fruit orchards in the State are those of General Bidwell of Chico, consisting of 63,250 trees, producing in 1891 5,780,000 pounds.

Ventura county is the largest producer of Lima beans in the world; one ranch alone produced fifty-six carloads in one season.

Sacramento is the largest shipper of green fruit, hops and vegetables of any point in the State.

The largest artesian well in the State is in Tulare county. It is fifteen inches in diameter, 713 feet deep, and flows 35,000,000 gallons daily.

From the highest point in the United States, Mount Whitney (15,046 feet) you can look down into Death valley, Inyo county, the lowest spot in the United States, 285 feet below the level of the sea.

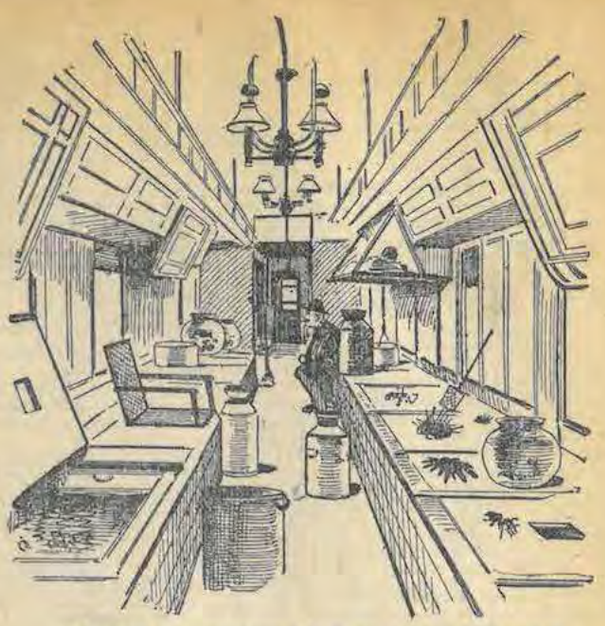
The county seats about Menlo Park are not exceeded in this country, millions having been spent in beautifying residences and grounds.

San Bernardino has the largest number of artesian wells, over 400 in number, in depth from 100 to 400 feet.

At Ontario there is a street railway where horses draw the cars up grade, on Euclid avenue, for six miles and then ride back.

A train of seventeen cars loaded with hops left Ukiah, Mendocino county, consigned to London, valued at $30,000.

Snow often falls so deep in the Sierra that communication is kept up by use of snowshoes twelve feet long and four inches wide. Horses are also trained to use snowshoes, of a different pattern.



THE FISH COMMISSIONER'S CAR IN ORDERLY DISORDER.

CURIOS FOR CHICAGO.

Novel Display of Marine Life.

Excellent Work of Colonel G. H. Lambson.

An Interesting California Exhibit for the World's Fair.

For the past fifteen days the waters of Monterey bay have been searched for interesting and curious forms and manifestations of marine life, to make a part of the great fisheries exhibit in the World's Fair. The result of that search is a rare collection of marine specimens, which arrived in this city yesterday on the United States Fish Commission car in charge of Colonel G. H. Lambson. The car, it will be remembered, first made an appearance in San Francisco several weeks ago direct from Chautauqua lake, N. Y., with 100,000 muscalonge fry, which are now swimming in the waters of Lake Merced. By direction of United States Fish Commissioner Macdonald the car has since been at Monterey, while Colonel Lambson and his assistants, with the aid of Professor Gilbert of Stanford University, made the collection which arrived in this city yesterday.

The car left Monterey at 6:40 A. M. and was boarded by a CHRONICLE reporter at Fourth and Townsend streets shortly before noon. Colonel Lambson was found hard at work and far from looking as spruce as on the occasion of his last visit. Then both car and manager were to a certain extent on dress parade, but yesterday the conditions were much changed. In every tank were specimens requiring constant watching and attention to see that they were placed and kept in proper condition for the long journey to Chicago. The reporter as he entered found Colonel Lambson on his knees and his right-arm, coatsleeve and all, buried in water to the shoulder.

"What luck, Colonel?" was the reporter's salutation.

"Splendid; splendid, indeed," returned the presiding genius of the car as he arose to greet his visitor with characteristic warmth and courtesy.

"We have had lots of hard work," continued the Colonel, "but it was work that paid. The car contains a collection of marine life which I have no doubt would surprise the average Californian almost as much as it will Eastern visitors who view our great aquarium at Chicago."

With these words the Colonel started to display his treasures, not only to the newspaper man, but also to a dozen or more visitors who dropped in one or two at a time. The first specimens displayed were a lot of colored sea anemones, those queer marine formations which attach themselves to a piece of rock by a force of suction that requires more than ordinary human strength to overcome. Most of the anemones were unusually fine specimens, ranging in color from white to a deep green. The largest of the anemones was a rich amber pink in color and fully as large as a man's hat. The wonderful tenacity with which the anemones attached themselves to a hard surface constituted their only evidence of life. Several which Colonel Lambson picked up so that they might be seen to better advantage had to be pried with a knife from the rocks to which they were attached.

Large Sea Anemone.

"We have anemones in the East," explained Colonel Lambson to his visitors, "but not such as these. Such fine and varied coloring we never encounter on the Atlantic coast."

The next tank was found to contain a varied collection of red and black abalones of all sizes. Further on scattered through different tanks were found star fish, ranging in size from the circumference of a man's watch to a circumference of sixteen or more inches. There were also sea urchins evincing no signs of life beyond an occasional spasmodic twitching of the many queer spines, which cause one to regard the sea urchin as a pine cone, clad in the coat of a porcupine.

One tank was explored with a small net, which brought to the surface a wriggling mass somewhat resembling a tadpole.

"This," said Colonel Lambson, "is the electric or torpedo fish. Upon touching them one will receive a shock resembling that imparted by a small battery."

By way of illustration Colonel Lambson placed his hand on the back of the fish. He took it away in a hurry, as did others who tried the same experiment. That the fish was strongly impregnated with electricity was clearly demonstrated to everybody present.

Sea Urchin.

"This strange formation," said Colonel Lambson, indicating another peculiar looking object, "is the penatula, which, to my mind, is the lowest possible manifestation of animal life."

This opinion was shared by the visitors when they saw the specimen. They found the penatula to be an apparently inanimate yet handsome mass of semi-transparent matter. The rear was cylindrical and perfectly smooth and of a mottled crimson color. The front consists of a series of articulated folds of rich crimson which at times unfold and swell into a tall crest reminding one of the plumes worn by a uniformed lodge of the Knights of Pythias. The penatula feels slimy to the touch and one or two specimens were found tied up in a bewildering confusion of hard knots from which Colonel Lambson says they emerge at will with the utmost of ease.

Embraced in the collection are four curious sea worms which will doubtless attract much attention at Chicago. A more remarkable form of animal life

Twenty-two-ray Star Fish.

could scarcely be imagined. The worms are about a foot in length and perhaps three-quarters of an inch in diameter. Each worm is enclosed in a sort of hard flinty tube from one end of which they emerge in water assuming the shape and form of a pocket fan when unfolded. When taken from the water the worm disappears into his tube in a hurry and evinces no sign of life until again returned to his native element.

And so Colonel Lambson wandered on through his unique collection, taking from each tank some new surprise. The visitors saw in bewildering succession star fish, needle fish, naked mollusks, odd-shaped bullheads, naked mollusks of all colors, rock cod, smelt and many other things that were nameless.

Down among the rocks and seaweed in one tank were found some splendid specimens of the kelp crab. In another were several horse mackerel, with queer heads, strangely like the head of a horse. Treasured in still another tank and clinging so close to the bottom as to necessitate careful and complete exploration with a net was a treasured specimen of the octopus, or devil fish.

Kelp Crab.

"I captured one wolf fish," said Colonel Lambson, "but found I could not keep him alive even in a 'live box' anchored in the bay. Of course, getting him to Chicago would be an impossibility, and I had to let him go."

A fine specimen of squid was taken from the water dead. His queer shape and fading spots attracted much attention and comment.

"The squid," explained the Colonel, "is a difficult fish to transport. They are among the most rapid swimming fish known. When placed in a tank they dart to and fro with incredible rapidity. Time and time again they come in violent contact with the sides of the tank, frequently rebounding several inches from the force of the impact. When taken from the tanks dead their heads are always found to be badly bruised."

Electric or torpedo fish.

The collection also includes a score or more of viviparous perch. The female of these species is remarkable for giving birth to her young in the same manner as a whale. This is a phenomenon that has never been observed in any other species of the fish creation.

Other specimens were observed too numerous to mention. The visitors could readily believe the statement of Colonel Lambson when he said that the making of the collection was a big job. While at Monterey the Colonel and his assistants were required to be up many mornings at 4 or 5 o'clock and to clamber over the rocks in order to take advantage of a favorable tide. Duckings were frequent and the collectors were as often clad in wet clothes as dry.

All the specimens were taken from the bay and will have to be kept in salt water during their entire journey. The water now in the tanks was taken on at Monterey Thursday night.

"Will that water last until you reach Chicago?" the reporter asked Colonel Lambson.

"It will have to," he replied, "and I have no doubt will. Every day, however, it will have to be pumped over and over in order to secure sufficient aeration."

The car remained at Fourth and Townsend streets an object of interest until shortly after noon, when it was removed to the Oakland mole. There several additions were made to the collection by Professor Gilbert and Deputy Babcock of the State Fish Commission. The Professor and Mr. Babcock went out early yesterday morning in search of a leopard shark, large octopus and other curiosities to be found in this section. Specimens of the crab and our food fish were secured in the markets.

The car was finally attached to the evening overland and started on the long journey eastward shortly after 5 o'clock. Colonel Lambson expects to arrive in Chicago Tuesday morning.

NESTING TIME.

Olive Thorne Miller on the Homes of the Inhabitants of Tree-Top Country.

How Our Birds Build Their Nests—Various Ways in Which Safety Is Secured—The Chimney Swift's Nest the Most Unique.

Hard is his heart that loveth naught
In May when all this mirth is wrought.

There is always something going on out of doors worth looking at, says Charles Dudley Warner, and this is emphatically true in the time of wooing and home making; when every bush and tree may hold its sweet secret; when little hearts full of love and joy overflow in ecstatic song; when small forms are everywhere flitting about, selecting sites for homes, busily hunting up material, or forming the same into the wind-rocked cradle that shall hold their treasures.

Never is bird life more charming to study than in these days of every summer, and nothing can be more bewitching than the coy manners of the little builders, and the musical rhapsodies of their enchanted lovers. See the pair searching for the exact spot that shall be safest and best in every way for their darlings. The small dame leading, with her gaily dressed mate in attendance, ready to proclaim her the "wisest, discreet-

OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

est, best," and her selection the most desirable nook on earth; she on business thoughts intent, he full of antics and song.

Note, too, although safety is prominently in the thoughts of all birds, the different ways in which they aim to secure it. To conceal the precious spot from the eyes of man and beast is the idea of the bobolink, who chooses the middle of a meadow where tall grass shall cover, and sinks her tiny cup to its brim in the soft earth. The same desire to hide governs the night hawk, who places her dirt-colored eggs among the pebbles of a stony hillside, and the whippoorwill, whose queer, wide-mouthed babies are cradled on a bed of leaves in the woods.

The horned lark who haunts the sandy plains of the West gives to her little ones the concealment of the vast desert, scorning the labor of nest making, and depending alone upon the insignificance of her treasures to escape notice. Wisely, too, for they are so hidden by their very openness that it is a wonder how the mother can find them herself.

To hide is also the aim of the humming bird, who places her gem of a homestead on a branch and covers it carefully with bits of lichen till it perfectly resembles a natural knot or excrescence of the limb. And the same is true of the warbler, who tucks her tiny cradle into the tuft of leaves high up in the top of a tall tree. Daintiest of all hidden nests is that of the daintiest of this fairy-like family, the Parula warbler, whose hammock is in a tuft of hanging moss much as grows on old trees, left on the outside as nature made it, but with fibers drawn together inside, just enough to form a safe platform for eggs and minute nestlings.

Concealment is not so much the thought of the woodpeckers as security, safe and inaccessible situations. Their wooden castles are hewn out in the hearts of trees, dead or living, generally too high for ground prowlers, and with an entrance too small for birds of prey. They are probably the safest nests, and woodpecker babies do not need the lesson of caution many birdlings must learn in the cradle. They are the most vociferous of feathered little folk, and they stay patiently at home till fully plumed and ready for flight.

Secure, too, is the notion of the sea birds, who choose unapproachable cliffs on barren islands, where in large communities they bring up their broad-winged babies to their life over the ocean. The same feeling sends another bird, the horned puffin, into deep clefts in rocks, where neither man nor beast can reach them, and from whence come such sounds of scolding, screaming and growling that the thought is suggested that, perhaps, it was the necessity for a spot out of reach that taught this particular auk where to make her nest. But, before we set this family down as vulgar brawlers, we must remember that the language we hear may be merely puffinese, and the birds only voluble, not quarrelsome.

Hardly less secure than these is the home laboriously excavated by the kingfisher, at the end of a long passage, reaching far underground from a river bank, where the little blue beauties repose on beds of fish bones, and come in due season to the door of their secluded residence to listen for the clattering call of papa or to watch for his coming with a fish dinner.

Different again is the manner of securing an underground home adopted by the quaint little owl of our Western prairies. Desiring a safe retreat in a part of the world where such sites are scarce, yet incapacitated by nature or inclination from digging one herself, she simply accepts the hospitality of her neighbor—as has been supposed. At any rate, she finds welcome quarters in a deserted home of a prairie dog, who, like some of the human family, is possessed of a mania for work, and is constantly engaged in adding to the rooms and passages of his beloved underground city. There are always plenty of unused apartments, and in these the most comical bird on the continent finds a home, dwelling in most unbirdlike fashion, the whole family in the house together, and often presenting the droll sight of a family group sitting quietly around the door, enjoying the fresh air.

Quite otherwise is the idea of security worked out by an oriole, who swings her airy hammock from the end of one of the top branches of a tall tree. It is, to be sure, beyond reach of many nest robbers, but it is a good mark for sticks and stones, and it becomes dangerous in a high wind, which not infrequently tosses the ambitious younglings, clinging to the edge of it, upon a cold world before they are fit to weather a gale.

Security and concealment combine in the selection of a nesting site by the red-winged blackbird, who ties her beautiful woven snuggery to several reeds in a swamp, far enough up to avoid drowning her little folk, and far enough down from the top to be out of sight of the curious. When her speckled and streaked youngsters attain the venturesome age they climb the reeds and get their fresh air and obtain their food from above.

None of these swaying and swinging structures meet the wants of another class of our fellow-creatures in feathers. Homes as solid as we like ourselves suit them best, and they find it easiest to secure what they like by taking advantage of our buildings.

There is the phoebe, who modestly places her nursery on a beam in a cow-shed, or under a bridge; there, too, is the barn swallow, who builds her mansion of clay on the rafters under our barn roofs; and the eave swallow, who plasters her mud retorts under the eaves outside.

There are the bluebirds and martins, the wrens and chickadees who like best some dwelling put up for them by man. One of them, the martin, it is said, refuses in these days to stay where a home is not provided for him. You put up no martin boxes, you have no martins. While if you put up a hundred, as our dear Celia Thaxter did on her beloved island, you have a hundred martin families on your place.

His love, not for man, but for the structures of man (it is inconceivable that he should love his persecutors), secures to us that pest of our cities, the house sparrow. His taste in building places is catholic in the extreme; no bird house is too large or too small, no window ledge too narrow, no crevice in a cornice too obscure; no building is too fine and no statue too sacred for him to take possession of, establish his slovenly nest, and fill with rubbish of the streets and the dust heaps, to the disgust and despair of the housekeeper.

But he concerns himself not the least about the ineffectual remonstrances of the mob down on the earth. A state of warfare with the human race is his native state. Serenely he seeks out his especial nook and places himself therein, and shouting and raving and tearing of hair under his feet disturbs not the peaceful contentment of his soul.

Differing from all these are certain covered bird homes, where the idea seems to be not so much concealment, as warmth and protection. Such are the nests prepared by some of the wrens; not the house wren of the boxes, but the winter wren who dwells apart from men, and pours out his marvelous rhapsodies in the woods; and the marsh wren, who selects a swamp and sings to the frogs. These birds make a nest like a ball, principally of moss, and larger than a croquet ball, with a tiny entrance on one side, and they put it sometimes among the roots of a fallen tree, and again in an inconspicuous place about an old stump, but always near the ground, where they spend most of their lives. These little wren balls are very interesting when, later in the season, they are packed full of the five or six wrenlings who make up the family.

A covered nest, though quite unlike those mentioned, is that made by the golden crowned warbler or oven bird. Usually excavated in the side of a little slope, among the dead leaves in the woods, in shape it deserves its name, though the roof of the oven is oftenest simply the bit of earth under which she burrowed. Occasionally a cover or roof is formed of woven grass and sticks, as carefully as any bird's nest.

Perhaps the most unique nest in North America is that of the dusky little rogue who demands our hospitality by building in unused chimneys, the chimney swift. The nest is a delicate and lovely wall pocket of the daintiest twigs, woven carefully and artistically together, and placed—apparently glued—flat against the chimney, like a bracket. How it holds together long enough to rear swift babies, or why it hangs to the sooty surface a moment, is a mystery. Curious indeed would be the sight, could we only enjoy it, of the city of the swifts, with its hundreds of residents, as it exists in some of our big chimneys.

Other varieties of nests there are, from those without attempt at concealment, like the homes of the robin and the wood thrush, to the artistic and highly decorated nests of other lands than ours. But all I have mentioned are right about us, and may be seen in almost any country walk.

OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

Life.

Life is a sheet of paper white
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two—and then comes night!

"Lo, time and space enough," we cry,
"To write an epic," so we try
Our nibs upon the edge—and die.

Muse not which way the pen to hold;
Luck hates the slow and loves the bold;
Soon comes the darkness and the cold;

Greatly begin! Though thou hast time
But for a line be that sublime.
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

—*Lowell.*

ABOUT BASKETS.

Known From the Dawn of History,

But Scarce Appreciated as Works of Art.

Examples From Various Nations—Strange Queries Suggested.

Baskets have been known for a time very near the dawning of the authentic historical period, from the time of the baby Moses, at least, whose life was saved by an ark of bulrushes. Yet no machine has yet been invented which will take the place of the human hand in making them. Baskets are still, as they have always been, works of art.

Yes, art—in the truest sense of the word. Handicraft, dictated by a thinking mind, by a sense of fitness, even beauty, and by an adaptation of simple means to an honest end.

In a certain sense baskets may be ranked with lace and embroidery. That is, not being "manufactured articles" made in a factory, their production is always limited. Baskets are, or ought to be, expensive, but, unfortunately, those who work the hardest in their construction are not the best paid.

Come to think of it, how many of us really know anything about baskets? Does it strike us as strange that, even to-day, they are mostly made by primitive, not to say uncivilized or heathen peoples?

Pandanus baskets from the Pacific.

Can any one tell how so many nations in so many parts of the world remote from each other developed arts so similar, yet sufficiently distinct to be characteristic? If the inquirer once starts out upon the subject of baskets he will find it a tremendous one, involving scores of questions in geography, ethnography and allied topics. And so far as the writer is aware, he can expect very little help from printed matter. No particular names can be quoted as authorities, such as he might look for if his researches were directed toward needlework, coins or stamps.

Of course we all know that there is a present fancy or fad for decorating all kinds of baskets. This is founded upon a real art instinct of a higher order than the decorator herself is always aware. But baskets are sufficiently pretty, sometimes beautiful, to interest and please, without any addition of silk and ribbon. Is it too much to say that the world waited thousands of years before it began to discover that baskets were something besides necessities or curiosities.

The student of scripture, literature and folk lore may open rich mines for us if he records and comments upon allusions to baskets, but that is another branch of the subject. Do you not begin to see how large it is? Think also of etymology and philology.

By the way, do you remember reading that when John Elliot, the "Apostle to the Indians," wished to translate the word "lattice" into the red man's language, he could find no nearer equivalent than "eel-pot?" This story begins to mean something when you learn that it is still the custom among some tribes of Indians to cook their food in baskets.

It is safe to say that the Indians of this continent make the most beautiful baskets known. The neatness, the originality and the exquisite taste shown is something wonderful. The variety, too, is practically boundless. Now, who taught these unlettered savages? The Indians are not usually regarded as a remarkably clean, industrious or artistic people, but the baskets tell a different story.

The term "Indian" here used is exceedingly elastic. The Indians of Maine construct baskets of fine strips of birch bark, combined with sweet-scented grass. Sometimes the bark takes picturesque twists or curls, forming regular patterns. The Indians of New York State, Michigan and other localities vary the shapes a little. Some birchbark baskets are parallelopipedons, others formed like a boat or half-melon, still others perfect circular boxes with lids. Many have large rings for handles. Of late years the Indians of New Hampshire have been accused of coloring their work with aniline dyes and destroying its characters; but this disease, alas, has broken out all over the world, even in Persia and Japan, as seen in the now degraded embroideries of these old lands.

The Indians of California, particularly the Klamaths and Hoopas, have a style peculiarly their own. Their shapes are perfect bowls or hemispheres, with or without stands. The weave is exceedingly fine and close, so much so that a vessel will hold water. The "squaw caps" are worn by the Indian women on their heads, and are also used as cooking utensils. The fine vegetable, ecru-tinted fiber of which the baskets are woven may be grasses or strips of yucca. The black figures are said to be worked in with the stalks of the maidenhair fern. The brown tints are made by native dye. The brown, black and ecru are woven together in an exquisite, indefinite pattern, suggesting the old-fashioned Venetian carpet of our grandmothers' days. These baskets are very valuable, the more so after they have been used. Then they take on a much-desired tone, as does a piece of real lace.

The Pima Indians of Arizona construct

Indian still life.

vases and bowls of real classic shapes. In some of these dark threads are introduced to form figures of deer or other animals. These baskets are mostly made of fibers of the yucca, either uncolored or dyed with a black pigment. An interesting specimen in the Academy of Sciences is a water bottle two feet high made by an Indian woman who lived alone on St. Nicholas island for eighteen years. She was afterward rescued by Mr. Nieduers of Santa Barbara.

Alaskan baskets are literally priceless. It is to-day next to impossible to see a fine specimen. The Indians themselves have learned the great value of their wares, and the best are eagerly caught up by wealthy collectors. A good Alaskan basket is as pliable as parchment, and can be spread out or folded up. The texture is as smooth as cloth. The tints are ecru except for the dotted lines on the edge, which are colored with deep-toned native dyes. The weave in a general way resembles that of the Klamath baskets, but it forms minute diagonal lines instead of squares. The Alaskans, indeed, are an artistic people, whose true history is yet to be written.

The Ruins.

Sunday last, in company with Henry Keym, we visited what is known as the "Santa Cruz Ruins," supposed by many to be the remains of some old castle, inhabited by the ancient inhabitants. These relics of by-gone days are located in Scott's Valley, about six miles from Santa Cruz, on the ranch of D. M. Locke. The ruins are found on a steep side-hill of loose gravel, destitute of vegetation, save a few stunted pines that can be seen near the curiosities. Arriving close to the ruins we tied our horse, and crossed a creek, which is at present dry; a hundred yards from the ruins. The ruins consist of a number of remnants of pillars. The pillars are made up of concentric layers of stone, and which are perforated through the center, as can be seen by two pieces of columns which have fallen down. The distance from the lower portion of the pillars that supported the arches to the top of the highest column on the left is about ten feet. These pillars look as if they were the remains of some ancient spring, which contained some solutions which have served to so endurate the sandstone in close contact with the water flow as to admit of its withstanding the disinteregating actions of those elements, which have gradually worn around the surrounding rock and converted it into loose sand. By such action a pile of rock would naturally be left standing, to be gradually broken down or worn away. There are a great many pieces of the pillars seen scattered around. The country thereabouts is chiefly of a sandstone nature and worthless. There is a small creek about one hundred yards in front and seventy-five feet from the ruins. The action of the water from this creek in Winter gradually washes away this sand hill, which in the course of human events will entirely disappear. It is a sight worth seeing and easy of access.

CURIOS FOR UNCLE SAM

The Work of a Government Naturalist.

An Expedition to the High Sierra.

Gathering Specimens for the National Collection at Washington.

A COLLECTING naturalist's life is a strange one, embracing, as it does, almost constant travel, combined with an intimate knowledge of the lives and habits of the animals and plants which surround him. It is more common nowadays to find the collector roaming the mountains and valleys of this State than to run across the traditional fur-trapper, whose only aim is to get the animals in the pelt that will bring the highest price. Not only is the naturalist's work more varied, but it is more instructive. He is not looking for fur-bearing animals alone, but takes whatever comes his way, from a grizzly to the tiniest field mouse.

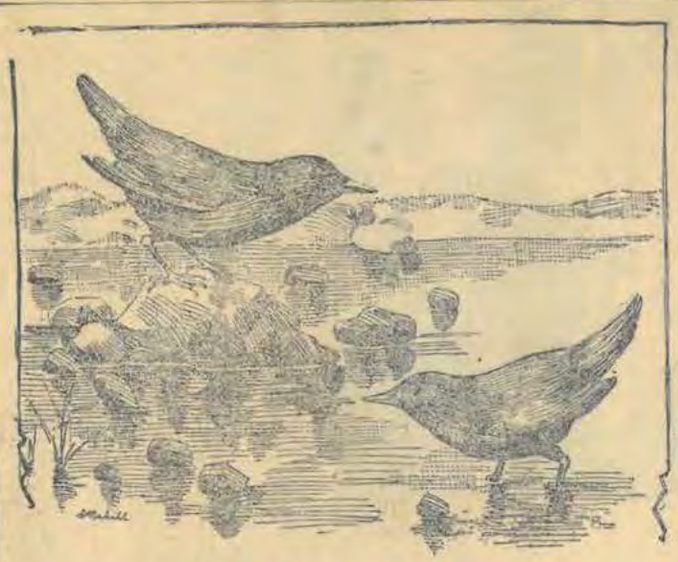
Nearly every year sees new expeditions sent out by the Government to study the fauna and flora of hitherto unexplored sections of the country and report on them. From these reports many of the conclusions as to the character of the products to be raised in these locations are drawn so that a minimum amount of time need be expended by the settler in ascertaining whether or not certain products may be raised profitably. So the Government collector must be a close observer of nature and of his surroundings, and above all must not be afraid to take careful notes of all he sees. All the specimens collected are sent to the United States National Museum in Washington, where they go to make up one of the world's greatest collections of plants and stuffed animals.

In 1891, after finishing three months' work in the desert, a party of us, mostly regular employes of the National Museum, were sent up into the Sierra Nevada in the region of Mount Whitney. Here a barometric station was established, and a log house was built to protect the instruments from the storms which are so severe in the mountains. After a climb of nearly 7000 feet up the side of the mountain the camp was made along the banks of Cottonwood creek at an altitude of about 10,500 feet. It makes no difference to a naturalist whether he has just arrived or not, it is always his duty to get to work immediately. Often before making a permanent camp he sets his traps. These usually consist of two kinds. For the larger animals, and especially those that are carnivorous, steel traps of various sizes are employed. These are usually baited with birds or small mammals, such as squirrels or even the bodies of mammals previously skinned. If the trap is not set at the mouth of the animal's burrow, it is placed either along some well-beaten trail or else is fastened to a tree. For the smaller mammals, chiefly rodents, small tin traps are used. These traps are usually set promiscuously, wherever a favorable spot is found, generally near a decayed log or a pile of brush where the smaller animals may take shelter. When not placed in the runways the smaller traps are baited with grain or bits of meat, for even rodents are often tempted by a morsel of bacon or a bit of "jerkie."

In the Sierra a great variety of animals may be found, most of them differing widely from those lower down in the mountains. If one gets high enough and the locality be favorable, woodchucks are not uncommon, while on the eastern slopes there are still many mountain sheep left. These are best hunted with the rifle, and an Indian guide who knows the country is an invaluable assistant. A side trip was made by our party over to the Inyo range in the Mojave desert, and with the aid of the Indians ten fine specimens of these splendid animals were secured. They favor the open, rocky slopes, where a little feed may be found among the bowlders. Sometimes, when disturbed they will start a veritable avalanche of rolling bowlders, which thunder down the mountain side, tearing through the brush and breaking off good-sized trees.

One of the most interesting little animals of the high Sierra is the little chief hare, or Lagomys, as the naturalists call it, a little animal about the size of a large gopher, much resembling a tiny rabbit in shape and the texture of its fur. Its ears are nearly round, while it is entirely without a tail. This rare animal inhabits the immense granite slides away up the mountain side, where it is almost too high for trees to grow. Sometimes a hunter may wait for hours for it to come out, and find, after all, that it has been watching him from the top of a rock not fifty yards away. The cry of the animal is much like the bleat of a goat, shrill and sharp, yet deceptive as to distance. Even when the collector succeeds in shooting one, there is not one chance in three of his getting the specimen, as it usually wriggles down among the bowlders which lie piled one upon the other to a depth of twenty or thirty feet.

From the foot of the mountains on the eastern side up to the timber line, there are four kinds of chipmunks. Lowest down and extending up into the pinon belt, is the little white-tailed chipmunk of the desert. He is seldom found higher than this semi-desert zone. Next come two slightly larger species, one of them larger than the chipmunks ordinarily seen. They are of a reddish color, with alternate black and white stripes down the back and sides. This species is quite common, and reaches almost to the timber line, where a very small form is found, lighter and duller in color-



WATER OUZELS.

ing, but just as active, in spite of living in a region of almost eternal snow. Nearly all the four kinds are comparatively tame, except the little white-tailed desert squirrel, which is exceedingly shy.

All over the pine woods in this region may be seen trees barked on one side by porcupines. The porcupines are very shy, and it is almost impossible to get anywhere near them.

One of the rarest animals in this part of the mountains is the great snowshoe rabbit, with feet utterly out of keeping with his body. The reason of these exaggerated "trotters" is that a large surface is needed to keep the animal from sinking in the snowdrifts, through which he must make his way during the winter.

These high altitudes bring with them many strange and beautiful birds, though as a rule the plumage is not as bright as lower down, where it is warmer. Probably the strangest bird to those unacquainted with it is the dipper, or water

THE AMERICAN CROSSBILL.

ouzel—a small, slate-colored bird, with a bobtail, which it twiches nervously whenever it alights. It has the power of going under water and walking along the bottom, where it searches for the small worms that make up its food. I was never more surprised in my life than when, having shot at one of these strange creatures, I ran up to the water's edge to get my specimen and found it walking over to the other side of the stream on the bottom under three feet of water. The feathers of the bird were found to be oily and very close, much as with the duck, and in this way it was able to make its strange journeys without fear of getting wet.

The crossbill is an interesting bird on account of the peculiar position of the upper and lower mandibles. These are completely crossed and the strangest thing about it is that it is due entirely to their manner of twisting open the pine cones on whose nuts it feeds. This crossing is really only an acquired physical character, as the very young are found to have bills as straight as any of the ordinary birds.

Up in these mountains the great golden eagle is found. It is not an unusual occurrence to hear a roar as of a passing storm and to find one of these grand birds gliding with the rapidity of lightning just above the tree tops. Here, too, now and then the great California vulture may be seen, hunting carrion. It is not as nearly extinct as is generally supposed.

The mere noting the presence of these strange birds and animals is not the only work of the naturalist. After the specimens are gathered, those to be kept must be carefully measured and skinned and after labeling must be dried. Usually the collector has a chest with trays fitting one on top of the other, in which the smaller specimens are pinned to dry, their feet stretched out before and behind. When dry they are taken out, packed each in a little roll of cotton and shipped to Washington. Larger skins are rolled up and stuffed when they arrive. The boxes of skins are always sent by mail with a Government frank on them. The naturalists have funny tales to tell of opposition by some country postmasters to sending more than four pounds of matter through the mail. One old fellow absolutely refused to handle a box about four feet long and was only made to do so under threat that he would be held responsible for it and in case it did not arrive in time trouble would be forthcoming. As soon as a naturalist has worked out a place pretty well he packs up his goods, either on a pack saddle or, when practicable, in a wagon, and moves to a new locality. In this way he is ever changing from one scene to another and ever learning new facts about nature. He may stay in one place a day or a month, according to the prospects for good work. Most naturalists prefer to avoid settlements, as their traps are less apt to be molested when no one is about who knows their business. Often the Indians will steal them, while frequently, when in a hostile country, constant watch must be kept that the camp is not surprised by the redskins. Most naturalists mark their traps with a little bit of rag tied to a bush near by, but after practice very often a man will have fifty traps out without a mark. However, a collector usually prefers to be on the safe side and sure of getting his traps again. One of the greatest pests that the collector has to deal with is the ordinary tree ant. Hardly is a small mammal caught before these voracious little pests begin their work. Often but a short time after daybreak I have found half of a rare specimen entirely eaten by the busy ants.

F. W. KOCH.

BEETLES GALORE.

A Fine Collection in This City.

Over Sixty Thousand of Them.

All Sorts of Sizes and Colorings—A Variety That Digs Graves for Dead Insects.

Written for the CHRONICLE.

The average man is not a lover of bugs, and to the average man the greater part of the members of the insect world pass for bugs. But Charles Fuchs is not a specimen of the average man, but an entomologist with a hobby, and his hobby is the collection of beetles, while he would repudiate the average man who should designate them as bugs. He calls them coleoptera, but beetles will do. In his rooms on the upper floor of 212 Kearny street Mr. Fuchs keeps his collection of over 60,000 specimens, of all shapes, sizes, colors and descriptions, gathered from the four quarters of the world and the islands of the sea. Here they are in closets and boxes, on shelves and tables, and the walls are covered with cases filled with them, while their owner sits and works, contented in his collection. And some of them are really most remarkable in their brilliancy of color, peculiar developments, size, habits or rarity.

Among the most prominent of these is the megasoma elephas. It is a big name, but it is a big bug that bears it, a beetle five inches long and two inches broad, covered with grayish fur, and requiring seven years to complete its development. This specimen is from the Antilles, where it lives in decayed wood, and though a formidable looking beast it is perfectly harmless.

Another closely allied species is the Hercules beetle, remarkable for the peculiar looking headgear of the male, the upper part of which tapers off to a long curved horn lined on the under side with a row of yellowish hair, while the lower jaw projects with a shorter horn. The whole length of this beetle is over six inches, of which the headpiece forms half. What this strange development is for is unknown. It serves no apparently useful purpose, is useless for fighting, and is supposed to be an ornamental appendage to please the female, who is not so provided, and who certainly evinces a strange taste for beauty. There are a number of these remarkably horned beetles, some with several horns and some with branching horns, known as stag beetles; they are of various sizes, from an inch in length up to the Hercules beetle described, and generally of a somber brown color.

In contrast with these giants of their kind are the Ptilinm beetles, some of which are so minute as to require the aid of a powerful glass to convince one that they are other than mere specks, but which, when magnified, are seen to possess all the characteristic peculiarities of their larger brothers.

Another case is filled with scarabæid beetles, among them the scarabeus sacer, which the ancient Egyptians held in such reverence, and figures of which are found carved in stone on all their monuments, cut in precious stones for jewels, and specimens of which have been found well preserved in mummy cases after a burial of 3000 years. It is a flattened dull black beetle a little over an inch in length. These have the peculiar habit of digging out pieces of animal excrement, using their shovel-formed heads for the work. With their legs they form these into a ball which they gradually increase until it is nearly two inches in diameter. The next process is to roll this ball to a hole a foot or more in depth which has been made for its reception. One of the beetles pushes the ball from behind, seizing it with his hind legs, which are adapted to the purpose, and with his fore feet and head on the ground walking backwards; on the other side another beetle acts as helper, standing on his hind legs and pulling the ball with his fore feet. The ball, at first soft and irregular in shape, becomes covered with sand and dirt and assumes a perfectly spherical form. This ball, which contains a single egg and just sufficient food for the young beetle in its larval state, is put into the hole, which is then filled with earth, and the parent beetles start work on another ball. Each ball is the nest for but one of their offspring, and their whole lives seem passed in providing a home and food for their young.

In this collection are scarabæidæ of varying sizes, generally of a dull velvety black, some of bronze and others of greenish black, but all of a solid color.

In contrast with the somber-hued scarabeus are the members of the Phanæus family. In one of these the prothorax or chest is adorned with what appears to be nuggets of pure gold. Others are of various metallic colors, brilliant copper green, iridescent and reflecting all the colors of the rainbow. Another gorgeous beetle, with an unpronounceable name from Manila, in the Philippine islands, is of a beautiful transparent green and black enamel, surpassing in artistic effect the most perfect work of the jeweler. Another large specimen from Africa, about two inches in length and one in width, is of a soft velvety green as the rays of light strike it in one direction, or blue or black as seen from other points of observation. Here is a sort of polka-dot beetle—the entomologist calls it anthia sexguttata—a rather modest-appearing insect, two inches or more in length, of somber black, but upon each of the wing cases are perfectly round white spots in sharp contrast with the body color.

Another remarkably beautiful insect is the diamond beetle. This is from one to one and a quarter inches in length and really of a black ground color, but its body is deeply punctured and the punctures are lined with brilliant scales, the predominant color of which as seen against the black background is bright green. These scales are so numerous that the insect appears green instead of black, the color being iridescent and changing with the point of observation.

Here is a very modest looking beetle about an inch and a half long, rusty-brown in color, yet one of the most interesting of the collection. It is one of the large fireflies of Central America. Upon each side of the throat is a yellowish white spot about the size of a pinhead. These are its lanterns, and when these lamps are in operation six of these insects are sufficient to light the way on the darkest night. In Vera Cruz these beetles form an important article of trade, being demanded by the ladies who twine them among their tresses for ornaments, and at balls and upon other festive occasions appear in a brilliant headdress glowing from the phosphorescent light of the captive insects. The effect is said to be very startling and brilliant in a crowded ballroom where the heads of all the ladies are ablaze with scintillating flashes from the lamps of thousands of these insects.

Another beetle from tropical America which scientists have named scrocinus longimanus, and which means that he is something or other with long arms, is liberally provided by nature with a wonderful spread of fore legs, sometimes extending to twelve inches in length, and each joint being longer than the entire body of the insect, which is usually about an inch and a half long. Another peculiarity is in the odd marking of body and limbs, in which yellow, gray and black are arranged in a most grotesque pattern with pleasing effect.

But the gem of the whole collection in the owner's estimation is a dingy-looking brown beetle about two inches long, cylindrical in form and called diapsate

OAKLAND SUBURBS—RESIDENCE AND GROUNDS OF CAPTAIN J. C. AINSWORTH—CLAREMONT
From photograph by Rodolph, November 17, 1887.

OAKLAND SUBURBS—RESIDENCE AND GROUNDS OF I. L. REQUA—PIEDMONT. *Photographed December 10, 1887.*

wrightii. This is almost a unique, there being but two others in the known beetle world. It was discovered by W. G. Wright of San Bernardino living in palm trees, in which it burrows, and is a very Goliath of its kind, no other specimens of the family so far as known, exceeding three-fourths of an inch in length.

In striking contrast with the dingy coat of this beetle, and very rare and valuable, but not so much so as the dinapate wrightii is a fine specimen of phisiotis. This is a perfectly plain beetle about an inch in length and three-fourths of an inch in breadth, the whole exterior being like burnished silver. No spot of color is visible on it and it reflects images like a mirror. This specimen was found in Costa Rica, and a collector, A. T. Barron, has two other specimens with coats of burnished gold. Members of the family to which these belong furnish the most gorgeous colored beetles found in the United States. Here is one, brilliant green in color, with silver stripes, another reddish brown alternating with emerald green, and others in which the most beautiful harmonizing colors are blended with a skill and effect beyond the power of the most skillful mortal artist.

Another extraordinary beetle is named the cerambycidæ callichroma holochlorum. Its name is evidently designed to fit its feelers, which stretch far behind

Female Hercules beetle, one-half size.

the insect like a pair of exaggerated mustaches. This beetle is two inches in length and its feelers over six inches long. It was found in Mexico, and it is a rare thing to get a perfect specimen, as it is the males alone in which the feelers attain such extraordinary length and these are very pugnacious and mutilate each other in their battles.

The paelaphidæ is a small beetle, remarkable for the fact that it lives in the nests of ants, which it somewhat resembles in size and appearance, and is the only beetle tolerated by the ant communities. Any others infringing on their domain are quickly attacked and dispatched. These, however, are protected by the ants and their young cared for and tenderly nursed by them. So

Male Hercules beetle, one-third size.

long have they lived this life that many species are blind and helpless and are fed, carried about and cared for by their hosts exactly as they care for their own larvæ. This care for the small beetle is not an unselfish act on the part of the ants, who obtain in return for their care an excretion of which they are exceedingly fond and which they gather as they do that from the aphis.

The bombardier beetle is provided with a peculiar means of defense, and one almost unique in the animal kingdom. It secretes a remarkably volatile fluid which it has the power of retaining or discharging at will. When alarmed it throws out a small quantity of this fluid, which immediately volatilizes with a slight explosion, when it comes in contact with the atmosphere, and looks very much like the firing of miniature artillery. This curious property is used in defense. The beetle being a small and comparatively helpless one is liable to be attacked by larger beetles, one of his especial enemies being

Java beetle, one-half size.

one known as the carabus. When the carabus chases our bombardier the latter calmly awaits his approach until the enemy is within reach and then fires a gun in his face. The effect on the larger beetle is ludicrous. He seems quite scared at his repulse, stops, backs away from the tiny blue cloud, and allows his intended prey to reach a place of safety.

Among the strangest forms of the beetle family, of which there are several specimens in this collection, is the mormolyce phyllodes. This often reaches a length of three inches, and is found in the mountain regions of Java. Its feelers and legs are black, the rest of the body is pitch brown, and from under the wing sheaths a thin flat plate-like projection extends on each side. This is of a lighter color and partly translucent.

One of the most peculiar of all known beetles from its habits is the burying or sexton beetle. He is about an inch in length, black, with two bright orange bands across his back. These hunt in

Long-armed beetle, one-half size.

couples, and when they find the dead body of a small animal or bird they settle down upon it and make a thorough examination of the corpse first and the ground afterward. If it lies on soft ground there is no trouble, but if it lies on hard ground then means are taken to transport it to a more suitable location. The operation of burying is performed almost entirely by the male, the female quietly resting upon the body while the male is at work. He begins his operation by digging a furrow all around the body at a distance of half an inch, turning the earth outside and using his head as a plow. After the first furrow is completed another is made within it, the earth being thrown into the first furrow; then another furrow is made, and the beetle is under the body and out of sight. The little fellow is very industrious and soon throws out the soil until it forms a rampart all around the small carcass, and this rampart increases in height as the earth is thrown out, and the body begins to sink. After incessant work for some three hours, the beetle emerges, crawls upon the carcass and takes a look at his work. If the female is there he drives her away and then remains for an hour perfectly still. Having taken his rest, he commences work again, diving into the grave and pulling the carcass down with his claws. Having settled it all he can, he commences digging again, and the earth begins to heave and rise all around, and at last, after three hours more labor, the beetle comes out again and takes a survey and falls, as though dead, into a deep sleep. When sufficiently rested he treads the body firmly into the grave he has prepared for it, and, having got it settled to his mind, begins to shovel in the earth. He goes behind the rampart he has thrown out, and with his broad head and amazing strength and dexterity pushes the soil into the grave with remarkable rapidity. When the grave is filled up the earth is trodden in and undergoes another keen scrutiny. If the body is completely hidden the beetle next makes a tunnel into it, and having buried the body and his bride, who has returned before the body is buried, next buries himself. The female lays her eggs here, and the couple having eaten as much of the body as they desire emerge from the grave and depart in quest of further adventures.

These are but a few of the strange insects in this great collection. There are numerous others equally remarkable in other respects; water beetles, which exist in air or water or upon land; many that are injurious to man and others that are beneficial, but the average reader would grow tired before he learned all about the characteristics of these sixty thousand beetles.

JANUARY 27, 1895.

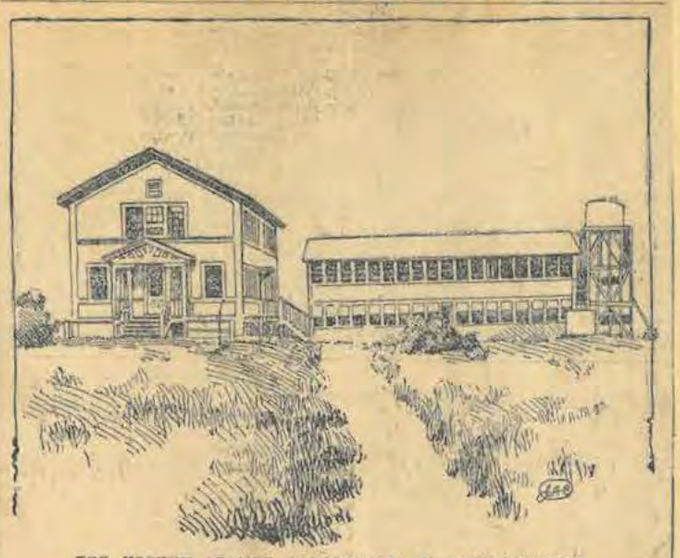
SEA BIRDS AND SCIENCE

A Persistent Hunter Down at Monterey.

Professor Loomis and His Work.

Making a Big Collection for the Academy of Sciences.

On every stormy day the rare pedestrian on the bench at Point Pinos, near Pacific Grove, sees far out from land a small brown boat bobbing about on the waves. There are always two figures in the boat. One rows steadily, stopping for nothing, and keeping the boat's head to the seas, so that she will not be swamped, for it is a dangerous bit of water. The other stands upright most of the time in the bow and looks from the shore like a whaler ready with the harpoon. It has been a long time since the old-time whalers were the glory of Monterey bay, and this boat, which is a double-ender and was once a whaleboat, only serves to call up images in the minds of the old inhabitants, who now watch the performances of the old-fashioned boat through marine glasses.



THE HOPKINS SEASIDE LABORATORY AT PACIFIC GROVE.

In fact this is an old whaleboat which has been rehabilitated for a new purpose. It is used by Professor Loomis of the Academy of Sciences, who is spending the rough, wet winter in Pacific Grove in the interest of science. He is collecting birds for the San Francisco collection and cannot return until he has touched the 800 mark. His first order was for 300, but when this was sent to the city it gave such extreme satisfaction that he was immediately sent back to the Grove to prepare 500 more birds. He is now almost half through the second order.

Stormy days and high seas do not keep the professor indoors. The boatman who rows him is fearless, and the scientist himself thinks only of the birds he will capture. He wears a suit of heavy brown duck that sheds water like its namesake. Stormy days are the best for the scientist (who is, by the way, an authority on ornithology), because on these days, and these only, some rare birds, whose fancy is for deep water and the high seas, come in. These are the days when Professor Loomis is particularly watchful, and, as he is a sure shot, the boat's locker often contains a couple of treasures at the end of one of these storm-tossed expeditions.

For years Monterey bay has been noted for having a greater variety of fish in its waters than any other open bay in the world. It was this that attracted David Starr Jordan there one year, and the result of his visit was the Hopkins Seaside Laboratory. Dr. Jordan is one of the best "fish men" in the world. He recognized the benefits that would accrue to students if they could study these ichthyological specimens on the spot. So the laboratory was built on a local promontory, famous in that part of the country and known as "Lovers' Point." This point is rocky and precipitous, with deep water at its foot and a good landing for the dredging boats which secure the specimens.

Every year there is a summer school for Stanford students at the Laboratory. Young women as well as young men, enthusiasts in science, live here for three months in order to study marine life at headquarters. There are always some professors from the scientific department of the University in charge. It was from them that the announcement came that the bay abounded in rare birds as well as rare fish. When the Academy of Sciences heard this report confirmed it at once sent Professor Loomis down to investigate. He knows about as much about birds as President Jordan does about fish, and he was amazed at what he found. The peculiar location of Monterey bay has caused it to be the rendezvous of birds seldom found south of the Arctic circle or north of the tropics. Here they congregate to exchange notes.

Previous writers had seen the Hopkins Laboratory a very lonesome and desolate place, but this is the very best time to capture rare bird specimens, and consequently the building was turned over to the taxidermists during the winter, and now feathers, instead of scales, accumulate on the tables.

To kill and prepare 500 specimens is no small undertaking. Professor Loomis secured the services of a few local taxidermists, but he makes all the captures himself. This is what takes time. He goes out bird hunting every morning and tries to get back by noon, but sometimes a choppy sea delays him, and once or twice he has been so long in the storm that his assistants were alarmed. One man can cure from five to twelve birds in a day, so that part of the work progresses with reasonable rapidity.

Professor Loomis says there is a knack in shooting sea birds. The feathers are so heavy that the charge from an ordinary shotgun does not affect the bird if it is approaching. When the bird is flying away from the marksman the bird may generally be brought down. That is why the professor goes out in driving rains when the wind is high, for the storms drive the birds within easy range of the boat.

After the bird is shot the specimen is carefully guarded from injury. Blood sometimes oozes from the mouth of a wounded or dead bird, and to prevent this a wad of cotton is stuffed down the throat. Then the prize is carefully laid in the locker of the boat. Upon reaching the laboratory the birds are taken out, one by one, sorted into piles for convenience, and the work of preparation begins.

A taxidermist's workshop is an interesting place. The bird is first laid on a table with its head toward the operator. All the ruffled feathers are gently smoothed down by the same hand that laid the bird low. Dirty and bloody feathers are pulled out with a pair of pincers, unless there are a great many of them, and then the feathers are washed.

The birds at Pacific Grove have a greasy substance on the feathers. It is supposed to be an oil that floats on the water and its removal annoys and delays the taxidermist.

With a sharp instrument like a paper scraper, a small incision is made where the breast-bone commences. The knife is then carefully drawn toward the tail, leaving a slit three inches long. To keep the blood from running over the feathers white cornmeal is poured generously into the cut. Commencing at this slit, the skin is gently raised from the flesh with the fingers. When the knee joints are reached the bone is clipped off and then the skin is turned wrong side out over the bird's head. The head is the hardest part to skin. The cuticle is so very thin there that it is easily punctured, and when this happens the skin must be thrown away. If the bird is a rare one the operator must sew up the holes, which is difficult and tedious. No bones are left in the body except short pieces in the legs and wings. The skull is cleaned and the upper portion is used to give the natural shape to the head.

When the skin has been slipped from the body like a garment it is cleaned and scraped. Then it is allowed to dry. When nearly dry a heavy coat of arsenic is applied to it as it hangs with the feathers on the inside. Any loose arsenic falls back into the box and the operators have to look out for an unblemished skin of their own. If they have so much as a scratch on their hands the arsenic makes an ugly inflammation which sometimes does not heal for months. Masks are often worn to protect the face during this part of the work.

When the skin is quite dry and thoroughly cured cotton is stuffed in and the aperature is sewed up. Each bird is then labeled with its individual name and species. Then the specimen is wrapped in more cotton and is ready to be shipped.

To the casual observer all sea gulls look alike. It takes a trained eye to recognize the differences, but Professor Loomis knows them apart even on the wing. Sometimes as many as thirteen varieties of gulls are seen following one school of sardines, smelt or other small fish.

Probably the rarest bird out of the local 400 that Professor Loomis has honored by selecting to go to the Academy of Sciences is a gull of gigantic proportions, the first of its kind to be taken on this Coast. No description of it can be found in the books. The actual length of the body is twenty-eight inches and its wings spread five feet from tip to tip. Professor Loomis is not only proud of it because of its variety, but because it is the largest gull ever captured on the Pacific Coast. Its color is as remarkable as its size. It is a peculiar mottled brown, and dusky white on the breast and underneath the wings. In flying this silver lining flashed out beautifully, but of course that is all passed now. All its muscular activity is replaced by cotton stuffing, though it looks very natural. It has a long, straight, black bill and a graceful, sleek head.

One of the small birds that are interesting is an Asiatic murlett. These birds are plentiful enough on the Monterey rocks, but they are very watchful and suspicious, and hard to get.

Among other rare birds that Professor Loomis recently shipped are terns, shags, scudders, loons and auks. There is one bird that the professor wants particularly, but has not yet been able to get. He says he has seen several of them, or the same bird several times, but has never been able to get a shot at it. It is a sherwater, and the capture of one is a feather in any ornithologist's cap.

At present there are three albatrosses in the laboratory and they do not seem to have brought any trouble to it yet. These birds are hard to get because they are ocean birds and care nothing for the calm pleasures of inlet and bay. The heavy winds blew them in, all against their will

and to their everlasting sorrow. The recent winds were such that the albatross flew with difficulty, and as it can only rise by dropping from a great height, it chose to go without food and was at length forced to come to land for it. An albatross near the coast is a helpless thing. One of these was being dashed against the rocks by wind and tide when the bird hunter captured it.

And in spite of the fact that the completion of the Loomis collection will mean 800 less feathered occupants on the beautiful Monterey rocks, they are still thickly populated and a great chattering goes on and secrets are exchanged almost within hearing of the passers-by on that famous drive.

CALIFORNIA OCEANIC BIRDS.

Researches of L. M. Loomis in Santa Cruz Bay Produces Important Results.

L. M. Loomis lectured at the Academy of Sciences last night, his subject being "Migration of California Oceanic Birds."

Professor Loomis began by stating that very little had been written of the oceanic birds of the California coast, and that no one had made any systematic observations of these birds outside the headlands of the bays. The special study of which the professor was engaged in related chiefly to oceanic or deep-sea birds. Santa Cruz bay was the locality where the lecturer spent several months in collecting and study.

At the close of the summer season in August, he said, Arctic birds begin to appear here in large quantities—birds that formerly had been supposed to be very rare on this Coast. The jaigers became common in Santa Cruz bay at this time. These birds are the pirates of the sea, as the hawks are the freebooters on land. Among other rare birds found was the Sabine's gull, only one such bird having been found in California before.

Among the birds which speak their winter croons in the bay were loons, scoters, etc. A peculiarity, was the finding of many birds the breast and feathers of which were smeared with tar, caused by oil wells in the sea. An interesting find was the ancient murrelot, a small auk, the summer home of which is way up among the icebergs of the north. It had never been known to go so far south from its native haunts. It was found outside of the kelp belt and never came ashore.

Another remarkable bird was the black-vented shearwater, which, according to Cook, is found only in the southern seas. This black-vented shearwater was found to fly at the rate of seventy miles an hour. Specimens shot proved to be ready to nest and rear the young ones undoubtedly on the southern shores to which they were flying with such rapid speed. Further studies explainid more clearly the presence of many kinds of birds so numerous in the northern hemisphere during summertime. It was formerly supposed that they went there to nest, but this fact with these sheer waters proved conclusively that these Artic birds only went north to escape the Southern winter.

Many whales visited the bay, and they were always surrounded by swarms of birds feeding on the small fry turned up by these living island covered with barnicals

POOR LO'S ART IS LOST

Indian Baskets Are Hard to Get.

Makers Deem the Work Too Laborious.

A Woman Collector's Indefatigable Pursuit of the Willow Ware.

About a year ago I was asked by a friend to secure through an official connected with the Indian Agency at Colton some Indian baskets, and gallantly responded that I would undertake the task myself.

"They are not easy to get," said my friends, but I assured them, though it was difficult for one unacquainted with Indians to obtain these baskets, it was easy enough for those who were in continual contact with the desert tribes. It was a rash promise, for it soon was apparent that this was rapidly becoming a lost art, the younger women refusing to learn and the old ones being incapable. There are quite a number of the Cahuillas at Palm Springs and they have married into the Coyotes, Serranos and Marongos, so I argued that surely among their far-reaching relations baskets should be procurable.

Palm Springs, better known to the Indians and travelers of pre-railroad days as Agua Caliente, was quite famous for its basket manufacture. In the adjacent canyons of the San Jacinto range grew the willow and devil's claws which were used in the making. They were easily gathered and each family had several baskets in their possession. With the coming of the whites crept in a newer civilization; money was more easily obtainable, for the husbands found work in ditchmaking and on the ranchos which followed. The women took in washing, became acquainted with the sewing machine, corsets and high-heeled shoes and spurned the art of weaving baskets. After

TWO APACHE BASKETS.

persistent inquiry I found one basket which had been made at the Springs, and this was in the settlement at the mouth of Aidres canyon.

It was a large and handsome basket, with a small pattern in jet black. It was new, and fetched $4. It could easily have been resold for $25. I took up the search again, offered to buy in advance, but was met by refusal.

"Too much trabajo," they all declared. 'One basket, big, will take one year to finish. We have too far to go for the willow and the devil's claws. Too much work."

"Do the young women know how to make them?"

"No, they no sabe. Too much work."

Finally an old woman started to work on a basket. It is not yet completed, but it shows that she has by no means unlearned the art. Her age is great, her eyesight dim, and she and her husband use the same glasses. They were sold her by some rascally shopkeeper, and are plain glass.

Still hunting baskets, I visited the various houses. I found a very pretty basket in the possession of a Cayote woman. It had been made several years ago by her sister at the famous Warner's rancho.

"Did she make any now?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Too much work."

"Will you sell this one?"

"No. No can get any more now. We no make them."

She produced another basket, grimy with dirt and smoke.

"Where was this made?"

"Here."

"By whom?"

"My mother-in-law. Years and years ago."

She had some sentimental notions regarding these heirlooms. She particularly valued the basket made by her mother-in-law. The defunct had been a good woman, monstrously kind for a mother-in-law, and Francisco, her husband, had been given the basket with the solemn injunction to keep the same. A little bartering, an approaching fiesta and lack of money decided her; she would sell for $8, and finally $4 purchased the two.

And this then was the total—three baskets in a community which had made them for ages.

A short time ago I was in San Jacinto and visited the famous reservation of Saboba.

"Baskets were not obtainable," said my cicerone. "Some are yet made by the Indians in the mountain ranchos, and if you really desire one ask Miss Noble to get you some."

In Banning the same reply, "Temecula, 'ye, there were some there." At Indio I found one or two, small and high-priced. In Salton they made none; from Fig Springs came three, two large ones and a smaller one. Possibly there were some in Mertinez and Torres, but Mr. Davenport, the assistant Indian Agent, had spoken for a large one, and it was doubtful whether I could get one.

Fifteen or twenty years ago they were plentiful. A lady, who has herself a most handsome collection, said to me:

"I was most foolish. I had so many I would fill baskets with fruit and send them to friends. Now I have begun collecting, and cannot get them."

It is strange the Indians should have so entirely abandoned this art. It must be lucrative, for baskets can always be sold. A curio store on Catalina island makes a specialty of basketware, and the prices this man charges would cause the stiff hair of an Indian forever to stand erect. The very smallest, which he probably buys for $2 or $1 50, he sells for $10, and plumes himself on his modesty.

In Pasadena a lady has a wonderful collection, which she refused either $5000 or $7000 for. The handsomest collection I have yet seen belongs to Miss Mary Noble of Valle Vista. She has had some magnificent baskets given her. One of the largest in Southern California belonged to

MARICOPA BASKET OF WILLOW.

General McCook. It was a superb basket, but was made, I believe, in Arizona.

The collector, not the miserable market grabber, will undergo strange hardships to secure baskets. Probably the most enthusiastic among the enthusiastic is Mrs. John R. Loosley of your city, known in artistic circles as Mrs. Susan Sroufe, and to her capable pen I am indebted for the drawings which accompany this paper.

Mrs. Loosley is an indefatigable traveler. She has ridden from one end of Arizona to another in a buckboard, always keen after baskets. On one of her trips she saw the gem of her large collection—a basket capable of holding 1500 pounds of grain. She found the specimen in a Pima village between Tempe and Phœnix.

"When I saw this basket," she said, "I wanted no other. It is four feet high and three men can get into it. It is white and dark brown. My husband immediately began to bargain for it. Imagine my luck when it was sold to me for $5. I was overjoyed. It was impossible to get it into the buckboard, so we determined to seal the bargain by giving the braider one-half of a paper while we kept the other half. Next day with an express wagon we started for the village. No; they had changed their mind; they would not sell. I could have cried with vexation. Mr. Loosley then laid five silver dollars on the ground and added one. He kept on adding till $28 lay on the ground. Still 'no.' Well, we both were wearied then. Mr. Loosley picked up the money and started to get into the buckboard when the woman clutched his arm. The basket was ours. That basket had to be lodged in a stable and the door of my studio had to be taken off before we could get it into the room."

The most curious basket in Mrs. Loosley's collection is a Quiho curio made by the Pima Indians. She says: "It is manufactured from cactus grass hammered into a pulp and spun into a thread, knitted up into basket form in regular pattern, colored in blue and red and black. The sticks are made of giant cactus wound around with rope made from squaws' hair, which is used to tie with the rest. This stick at the top is ornamented with strips of leather and beads. It is used by the squaws to assist them to rise, for the basket, when laden with wood or pottery, is intensely heavy, and the women have sometimes to actually lie down before they can get the band on their forehead, and with the aid of this stick gradually get to their knees and then on to their feet."

She also secured some smaller baskets and did not hesitate to venture into their wickiups, having to crawl into them on hands and knees.

The Apaches are deft basket-makers, and it will be seen from the accompanying illustration that the forms they use are decidedly prettier than the average. The handle-basket is decidedly pretty and convenient, and though the shape of the basket from the San Carlos reservation is often found in California, yet they are uncommon. The California baskets are generally flat with but slight curvature, or similar in form to the great grain basket. The Indians about Maricopa used to make a good many baskets, and at the interesting depot

GRAIN BASKET THAT WILL HOLD FIFTEEN HUNDRED POUNDS, MADE BY PIMA INDIANS.

QUIHA BASKET MADE BY PIMA INDIANS.

which is the junction for the line which goes to Phœnix baskets, and cheap ones, were procurable, but the railroad men tell me the days of easy basket-getting are gone. The one which came from Waters, with Gila monster pattern, is decidedly unique and shows considerable skill. The Arizona artists run more to decided patterns than those of California. Birds, men and curious unknown beasts are often found on their baskets, while in California it is always the square, the wavy riband or the lozenge. A basket found near Tucson is a regular lunch basket, with lid and hinges.

The Hoopah Indians of Round Valley make beautiful little baskets. Their work is smoother and more ornamental than the rest, and are correspondingly dear, a very insignificant one fetching $3. Curious baskets, too, come from Alaska, and the same kind comes from the far north as the extreme south. They are not being made.

These baskets, it must be borne in mind, are perfectly water-tight.

The work is certainly hard. The squaws strip the willows with their teeth and also the devil's claws. The basket is worked from the base up, and it takes some time before the willows are properly seasoned. The devil's claws only give eight strips, and sometimes they are not easily found. They are jet black and very strong—strong as whalebone, while their points are sharper than needles. With devil's claws the black pattern is worked, and not dyed, as many erroneously suppose.

These baskets, it must be borne in mind, have an additional value from the fact of their being perfectly water-tight. In the old days they were put to every possible use. Californians tell me they were commonly employed for cooking purposes, water being boiled in them by dropping in hot stones, but the cheap wares from tinsmiths has superseded the picturesque basket, and though the collector is rampant still the basket is not forthcoming.

Mrs. Loosley informs me that the grain from the great basket was obtained by making a hole at the base, and around each house were enormous basket rings which served as mangers. It is curious that the willow and the devil's claw should have so completely lost its importance in an Indian household. The basket, too, was vicariously used. It served as a hat and cooking utensil. A gentleman told me that an Indian woman once came to his house for milk and he was about to give her a vessel to carry it in when she whipped the basket off her head, where it reposed as a dignified covering, and was speedily converted into a jug.

I have no doubt if a man gave up his time to the purpose of collecting baskets, and made a careful tour of this State and Arizona, he would be rewarded by getting a few which he could sell at a high figure. The curio stores make enormous profits out of baskets. It is surprising to know what they do make. Certain it is that before another twenty years the art of making baskets will have entirely died out and the present collections will bring fabulous amounts.

The person who desires to make a collection nowadays will find it a hard and most expensive task, for I do not believe the rapacity of the curio-store keeper can be exceeded by the greed of the venders of precious relics in the holiest of all holy cities in India.

JOHN HAMILTON GILMOUR.

CARMEL MISSION ANNIVERSARY.

Never since the days of 1770, when the adventurous Father Junipera Serra and his Franciscan friars reared the walls of the historic Carmel mission, has there been witnessed such a scene of activity and animation as on the 4th of November when was celebrated the 123d anniversary of its founding.

The day has been named by the Catholic Church San Carlos, and aside from its religious observance has been set apart as a day for feasting, merry-making and the exercise of athletic sports.

The day was most propitious for the celebration, and fully 1,000 people congregated at the scene of the festivities, not only coming from Monterey but from the country for miles around. The impressive ceremonies were conducted by Father Mastress of the San Carlos Church of Monterey, and consisted of high mass, during which was delivered a stirring eulogy of the Franciscan friars.

At the conclusion of the services a collation was served by the Ladies Aid Society of the San Carlos Church.

The afternoon was occupied by a baseball contest. Following came an exhibition drill by the San Carlos Cadets and athletic games of various kinds. At 5:30 o'clock a sham battle between the cadet companies was enacted.

THE CONVICT'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY WILL CARLETON.

THE term was done; my penalty was past;
I saw the outside of the walls at last.
When I left that stone punishment of sin,
Twas most as hard as when I first went in.
It seemed at once as through the swift-voiced air
Told slanderous tales about me everywhere:

As if the ground itself was shrinking back
For fear 'twould get the Cain's mark of my track.
Women would edge away, with shrewd she-guesses,
As if my very glance would spoil their dresses;
Men looked me over with close, careless gaze,
And understood my downcast, jail-bred ways;
My hands were so grim-hardened and defiled,
I wouldn't have had the cheek to pet a child;
If I had spoken to a dog that day
He would have tipped his nose and walked away;
And so I wandered in a jail of doubt,
Whence neither heaven nor earth would let me out.
The world itself seemed to me every bit
As hard a prison as the one I'd quit.

If you are made of anything but dirt,
If you've a soul that other souls can hurt,
Turn to the right henceforth, whoever passes;
It's death to drop among the lawless classes!
Men lose, who lose the friendship of the law,
A blessing from each breath of air they draw;
They know the advantage of a good square face
When theirs has been disfigured by disgrace.

So I trudged around appropriately slow
For one with no particular place to go.
The houses scowled and stared as if to say,
"You jail-bird, we are honest; walk away!"
The factory seemed to scream when I came near,
"Stand back! unsentenced men are working here!"
And virtue had th' appearance all the time
Of trying hard to push me back to crime.

It struck me strange, that stormy, snow-bleached day,
To watch the different people on the way,
All carrying bundles, of all sorts of sizes,
As carefully as gold or silver prizes.
Well dressed or poor, I could not understand
Why each one hugged a bundle in his hand,
I asked an old policeman what it meant.
He looked me over with eyes shrewdly bent,
While muttering in a voice that fairly froze,
"It's 'cause to-morrow's Christmas, I suppose."
And then the fact came crashing over me,
How horribly alone a man can be!

I don't pretend what tortures yet may wait
For souls that have not run their reckonings straight;
It isn't for mortal ignorance to say
What kind of night may follow any day;
There may be pain for sin some time found out
That sin on earth knows nothing yet about;
But I don't think there's any harbor known
Worse for a wrecked soul than to be alone.
Alone!—there maybe never has occurred
A word whose gloom is gloomier than that word!

You who can brighten up your Christmas joys
With all affection's small but mighty toys,
Who fancy that your gifts of love be rash,
And presents are not worth their price in cash,
Thank God, with love and thrift no more at war,
That you've some one to spend your money for!
A dollar plays a very dingy part
Till magnetized by some one's grateful heart.

So evening saw me straggling up and down
Within the gayly-lighted, desolate town,
A hungry, sad-heart hermit all the while,
My rough face begging for a friendly smile.
Folks talked with folks in new-made warmth and glee,
But no one had a word or look for me;
Love flowed like water, but it could not make
The world forgive me for my one mistake.

An open church some look of welcome wore;
I crept in soft, and sat down near the door.
I'd never seen 'mongst my unhappy race
So many happy children in one place;
I never knew how much a hymn could bring
From heaven, until I heard those children sing;
I never saw such sweet-breathed gales of glee
As swept around that fruitful Christmas tree.

You who have tripped through childhood's merry days
With passionate love protecting all your ways,
Who did not see a Christmas-time go by
Without some present for your sparkling eye,
Thank God, whose goodness gave such joy its birth,
And scattered heaven-seeds in the dust of earth!
In stone-paved ground my thorny field was set;
I never had a Christmas present yet.

And so I sat and saw them, and confess
Felt all th' unhappier for their happiness:
And when a man gets into such a state,
He's very proud—or very desolate.

Just then a cry of "Fire!" amongst us came;
The pretty Christmas-tree was all aflame;
And one sweet child there in our startled gaze
Was screaming, with her white clothes all ablaze.
The crowd seemed crazy-like, both old and young,
And very swift of speech, though slow of tongue.
But one knew what to do, and not to say,
And he a convict, just let loose that day.

I fought like one who deals in deadly strife,
I wrapped my life around that child's sweet life;
I choked the flames that choked her, with rich cloaks
Stol'n from some good but very frightened folks;
I gave the dear girl to her parents' sight,
Unharmed by anything excepting fright;
I tore the blazing branches from the tree;
And all was safe, and no one hurt but me.

That night, of which I asked for sleep in vain—
That night, that tossed me round on prongs of pain,
That stabbed me with fierce tortures through and through,
Was still the happiest that I ever knew.
I felt that I at last had earned a place
Among my race, by suffering for my race;
I felt the glorious facts wouldn't let me miss
A mother's thanks—perhaps a child's sweet kiss;
That man's warm gratitude would find a plan
To lift me up, and help me be a man.

Next day they brought a letter to my bed,
I opened it with tingling nerves and read:
"You have upon my kindness certain claims
For rescuing my young child from the flames;
Such deeds deserve a hand unstained by crime;
I trust you will reform while yet there's time.
The blackest sinner may find mercy still.
(Enclosed please find a thousand-dollar bill.)
Our paths of course on different roads must lie:
Don't follow me for any more. Good-by."
I scorched the dirty rag till it was black;
Enclosed it in a rag and send it back.

That very night I cracked a tradesman's door,
Stole with my blistered hands ten thousand more,
Which next day I took special pains to send
To my good, distant, wealthy, high-toned friend,
And wrote upon it a steady hand,
In words I hoped he wouldn't misunderstand:
"Money is cheap, as I have shown you here,
But gratitude and sympathy are dear.
These rags are stolen—have been—may often be;
I trust the one wasn't that you sent to me.
Hoping your pride and you are reconciled—
From the black, sinful rescuer of your child."

I crept to court—a crushed, triumphant worm—
Confessed the theft, and took another term.

My life closed, and began; and I am back
Among the rogues that walk the broad-gauged track.
I toil 'mid every sort of sin that's known;
I walk rough roads—but do not walk *Alone*.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."—*Phil. 4:8.*

GETHSEMANE.

In golden youth, when seems the earth
A summer land for singing mirth,
When souls are glad and hearts are light,
And not a shadow lurks in sight,
We do not know it, but there lies
Somewhere, veiled under evening skies,
A garden all must sometime see,—
Somewhere lies our Gethsemane.

With joyous steps we go our ways;
Love lends a halo to the days;
Light sorrows pass like clouds afar;
We laugh and say how strong we are;
We hurry on, and, hurrying, go
Close to the border land of woe
That waits for you and waits for me—
Forever waits Gethsemane.

Down shadowy lanes, across strange streams,
Bridged over by our broken dreams,
Behind the misty capes of years,
Close to the great, salt fount of tears
The garden lies; strive as you may
You cannot miss it in your way;
All paths that have been or shall be
Pass somewhere through Gethsemane.

All those who journey, soon or late,
Must pass within the garden's gate,
Must kneel alone in darkness there,
And battle with some fierce despair;
God pity those who cannot say,
"Not mine, but thine," who only pray,
"Let this cup pass," and cannot see
The purpose in Gethsemane.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

ADVICE.

"I must do as you do?"—Your way, I own,
Is a very good way; and, still,
There are sometimes two straight roads to a town—
One over, one under the hill.

You are treading the safe and well-worn way
That the prudent choose each time,
And you think me reckless and rash to-day
Because I prefer to climb.

Your path is the right one, and so is mine.
We are not like peas in a pod,
Compelled to lie in a certain line
Or else be scattered abroad.

'Twere a dull old world, methinks, my friend,
If we all went just one way,
Yet our paths will meet no doubt at the end
Though they lead apart to-day.

You like the shade and I like the sun;
You like an even pace;
I like to mix with the throng and run,
And then rest after the race.

I like danger and storm and strife;
You like a peaceful time;
I like the passion and surge of life;
You like its gentle rhyme.

You like buttercups, dewy sweet,
And crocuses, framed in snow;
I like the roses born of the heat,
And the red carnation's glow.

I must live my life, not yours, my friend,
For so it was written down;
We must follow our own given paths to the end,
But I trust we shall meet—in town.

—*Ella Wheeler.*

THE KOLA NUT.

AN AFRICAN TREE THAT WILL REPAY EXPERIMENT.

Probably Adapted to Cultivation in Some Sections of the Pacific Coast. What Is Known of the Qualities of the Nut.

The kola nut is a native of Africa, and has long been esteemed by the natives as refreshing, invigorating food. Wherever the traveler has penetrated he has found the kola nut an article of trade and barter. In districts far removed from where the tree thrives it is often bartered for its weight in gold. It is rich in that nerve, brain and muscle stimulant, caffeine, of which it contains from 2 to 3 per cent., while the coffee bean, from which the name of the drug is derived, carries only from six-tenths to nine-tenths of one per cent., and the best tea carries 1½ to 2½ per cent. The kola nut is reinforced by another stimulant known as theobromine to the extent of 1½ per cent.

The kola nut is the fruit or seed of several species of the genus Sterculia, trees reaching sixty feet in height, and resembling a chestnut. The nuts grow in clusters of three, and are nearly the size and shape of a Brazil nut, inclosing a somewhat flattened, rough seed. The nuts are preceded by a panicle of large, showy flowers. After the tree comes into fruiting at four or five years from seed, its nuts ripen constantly the year through. Commerce has spread the kola tree widely through tropical and semi-tropical countries, and in some of its new homes it has come into nearly universal use, taking the place of other but more injurious stimulants, of which it seems the best, if there can be any best among stimulants. Most other stimulants not containing caffeine, and especially theobromine, have a tendency to lead those who use them into alcoholism; but the kola nut takes away all desire for alcoholic stimulants; in fact, it is one of the modern cures for chronic alcoholism. It has the power of nearly instantly sobering up a drunken man. Therefore the planting and culture of the kola nut tree wherever it will thrive seems a good thing to do, and should be encouraged. It should thrive in the warm and moist parts of the Atlantic seaboard, and possibly in the warmer portions of this Coast. It thrives in Southeast Africa, which indicates that selections from some of the species should thrive on this Coast, though most of the species are natives of moist, hot countries. One botanist remarks that its natural area of growth is bounded by that of the palms, and if that is true we can grow them here. It is reported as thriving quite high up on the Andes.

A recent writer says of this nut: "It is not only esteemed for purposes of nutrition, but pre-eminently as a nerve and muscle bracer and stimulant. The nuts are used fresh, and also in the form of dried powder. Kola is also invaluable to persons who make too free use of ardent spirits, as well as to all who undergo violent or long-continued exertion or exhaustion of mind and body, enabling one to sustain prolonged efforts without fatigue." So far as can be learned from reading the notes of travelers among peoples addicted to the use of the kola nut as a stimulant, it seems to be the only one which has not a bad reaction and which does not lead to a slavish habit by its use. So far the evidence all indicates that it is a safe stimulant, which can be laid down and taken up at will, with no traces of bad results.

D. B. WIER.

CROSSING THE BAR.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

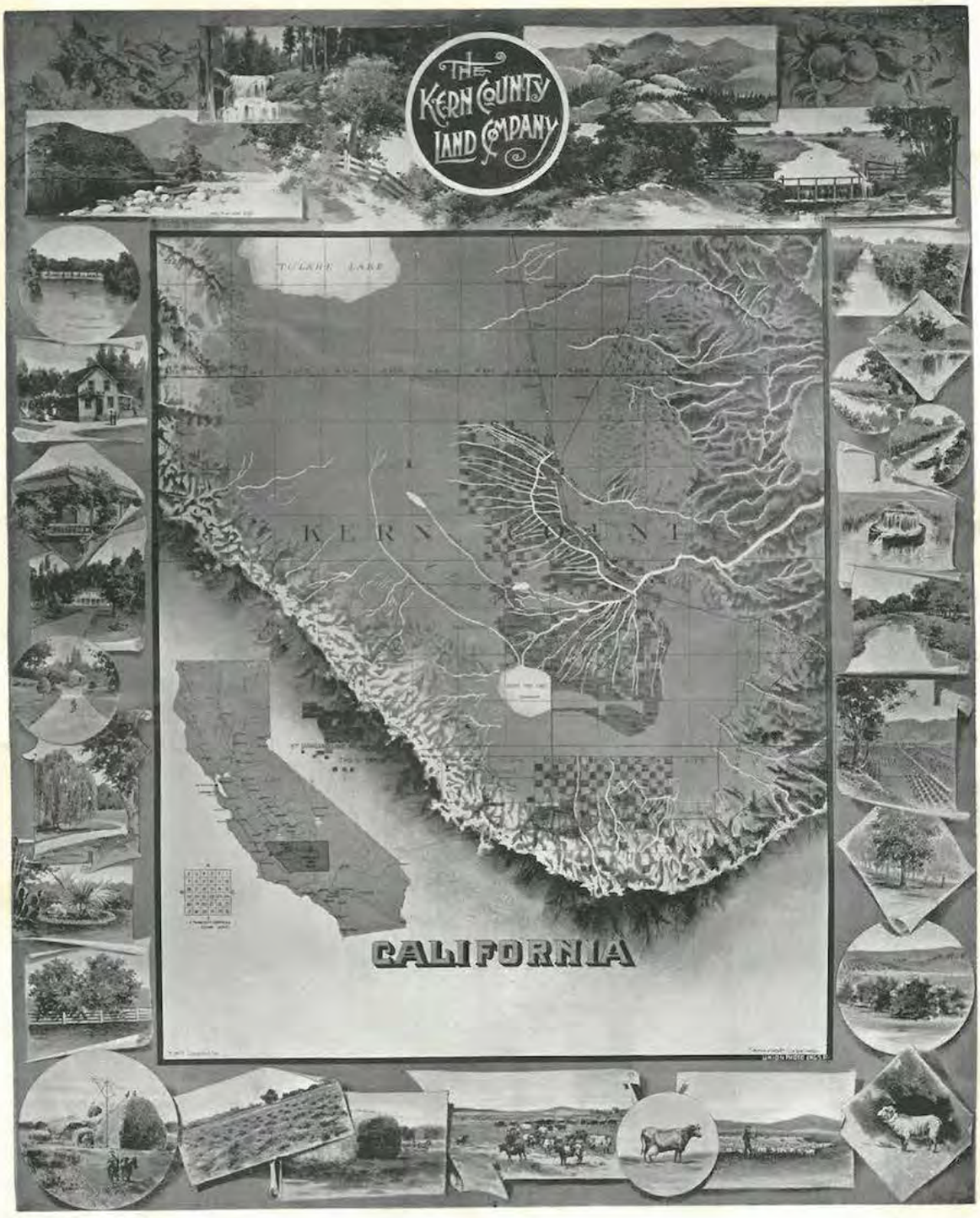
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

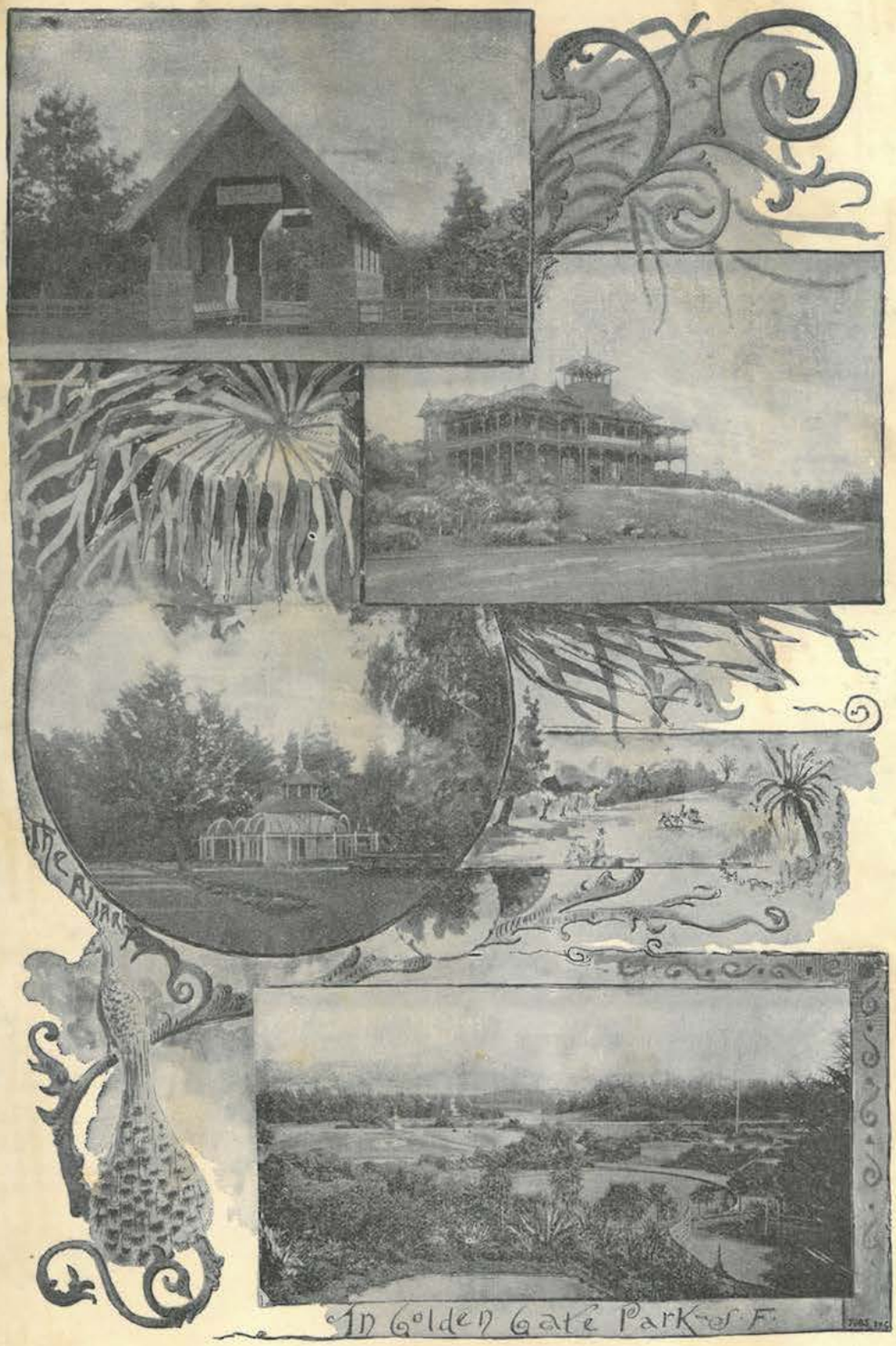
For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

PALM AVENUE, HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

A SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA GARDEN AND ORCHARD.



COCOANUTS, LAKE WORTH.



A Bit From Joaquin Miller.

To be what thou wouldst truly be,
Be bravely, truly, what thou art.
The acorn houses the huge tree,
And patient, silent bears its part,
And bides the miracle of time.
For miracle, and more sublime
It is than all that has been writ,
To see the great oak grow from it.
But thus the soul grows, grows the heart—
To be what thou wouldst truly be,
Be truly what thou art.

To be what thou wouldst truly be,
Be true. God's finger sets each seed,
Or when or where we may not see;
But God shall nourish to its need
Each one, if but it dares be true
To do what it is set to do.
Thy proud soul's heraldry! 'Tis writ
In every gentle action; it
Can never be contested. Time
Dates thy brave soul's ancestral book
From thy first deed sublime.

—*From "Song of the Balboa Sea" in the Overland.*

The Rudder.

Of what are you thinking, my little lad,
With the honest eyes of blue,
As you watch the vessels that slowly glide
O'er the level ocean floor?
Beautiful, graceful, silent as dreams,
They pass away from our view,
And down the slope of the world they go,
To seek some far-off shore.

They seem to be scattered abroad by chance,
To move at the breezes' will,
Aimlessly wandering hither and yon,
And melting in distant gray;
But each one moves with purpose firm,
And the winds their sails that fill,
Like faithful servants, speed them
On their appointed way.

For each has a rudder, my dear little lad,
With a stanch man at the wheel,
And the rudder is never left to itself.
But the will of the man is there;
There is never a moment, day or night,
That the vessel does not feel
The force of the purpose that shapes her course
And the helmsman's watchful care,

Some day you will launch your ship, my boy,
On life's wide, treacherous sea;
Be sure your rudder is wrought
Of strength to stand the stress of the gale;
And your hand on the wheel, don't let it flinch
Whatever the tumult be,
For the will of man, with the help of God,
Shall conquer and prevail.

—*Celia Thaxter.*

THREE OLD BOOKS.

Contents of a Venerable Check Apron.

A Very Quaint New England Primer.

Cook's Last Voyage and Death in Hawaii—The Lost Ship Boston.

Written for the CHRONICLE.

The old gentleman walked in softly and, with an old-time courtesy, hoping that he did not intrude, laid a little parcel on the desk. There was a good deal of newspaper wrapping about the package and two or three different pieces of string. He appeared to be a little nervous, held his umbrella between his knees, declined a seat and with trembling hands began to untie the strings, which he put in his mouth one by one. Cover after cover of newspaper was taken off and then, as a piece of blue and white check cloth appeared, he whispered softly, "There, it's 250 years old." He unwrapped the cloth and tenderly laid the old books it contained to one side. "My great-grandmother wove that with her own hands at Springfield, Mass.," and he held up the long apron, with its strings and armholes, against his rather gaunt frame. "It's soft and stout, and it's quite a curiosity. The ladies admired it very much at the Polyclinic exhibition some time ago."

It was not, however, the apron which he particularly wished to show, but the books which it enfolded. He picked up one of them. It measured two and a half inches in length and two inches in width, it was not over a quarter of an inch in thickness. The cover, made of a thin cedar veneer or bark, was covered with blue paper, and gave no clew to the contents, as it was made before the days of finished bindings and gilt lettering. As he opened the book a little slip of paper fluttered to the floor. Gathering it up, he said, "Here is a remnant of revolutionary days. It was just on account of a slip of paper like this that England lost the United States. This scrap of paper caused the Boston tea party, and was the origin of another piece of paper the signing of which is celebrated every Fourth of July."

THE CAUSE OF THE BOSTON "TEA PARTY."

The duty stamp is printed in red, now very much faded, but bearing in distinct letters on a circle round England's crown the words "duty three half pence." Across an end is the word "stamp," and at the other "office," while between the first word and the circle are the words "value is, and under," and on the other end the address, "F. Newbery, No. 45, St. Paul's."

On the title page of the book it is described as "The New England Primer, Improved; or, An Easy and Pleasant Guide to the Art of Reading, to which is added The Assembly's Catechism. Adorned with cuts. Boston: Printed by James Loring. Sold wholesale and retail at his bookstore, No. 2 Cornhill."

The book was used by the father of Joshua A. Loring of King's Chapel, Boston, the friend of General Knox, the Boston bookseller who became chief commander of the artillery during the revolutionary war, was Secretary of War before and after Washington became President, and died by swallowing a chicken bone. There is no date to show when the book was printed, but the facts cited and the quotations in the book prove that it dates from ante-revolutionary days.

The frontispiece is very suggestive of the old pictures of the "Babes in the Woods." It is an old woodcut, and beneath it a little hand points to the legend: "All good boys and girls pray every night and morning, and ask their parents' blessing; and God Almighty loves and blesses them."

In Adam's fall We sinned all.	As runs the glass Man's life doth pass.
Thy life to mend God's book attend.	My book and heart Shall never part.
The cat doth play And after slay.	Job feels the rod, Yet blesses God.
A dog will bite A thief at night.	Proud Korah's troop Was swallowed up.
The eagle's flight Is out of sight.	The lion bold The lamb doth hold.
The idle fool Is whipt at school.	The moon gives light In time of night.

Nightingales sing In time of spring.	Time cuts down all, Both great and small.
The royal oak it was the tree That saved his royal majesty.	Uriah's beauteous wife Made David seek his life.
Peter denies His lord, and cries.	Whales in the sea God's voice obey.
Queen Esther comes in royal state, To save the Jews from dismal fate.	Xerxes the Great did die, And so must you and I.
Rachael doth mourn For her first born.	Youth forward slips Death soonest nips.
Samuel anoints Who God appoints.	Zaccheus he Did climb the tree His Lord to see.

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The long, old-fashioned "s" is used in every case, and there is a good deal of quaint bordering. The first pages of the small book are devoted to the capital letters, small letters, double letters, of which there are fourteen, italic letters, italic double letters, vowels, consonants and diphthongs. Words of one, two, three, four and five syllables follow, and then comes a rhyming illustrated alphabet, which is one of the curiosities of the little volume. The woodcuts are as funny as the accompanying rhymes. The secular and the religious are delightfully mixed, and the range of history, sacred and profane, is so extensive that one may well wonder how much of the rhymes the little Yankees understood. Their irreverent descendants with ironic reference to the doctrine of original sin added to the first two lines of this alphabet so that they read thus:

> In Adam's fall
> We sinned all.
> In Cain's murder
> We sinned further.
> And after that as soon as we were able
> We all set to and built the tower of Babel.

An alphabet of lessons for youth, taken almost entirely from the Scriptures, is followed by a series of "Instructive questions and answers" which imply a good deal of extensive biblical knowledge prior to studying this "easy and pleasant guide to the art of reading." A quaint little woodcut shows "the burning of Mr. John Rogers," and, underneath, the youthful reader is informed that the said Mr. Rogers "was a minister of the Gospel in Queen Mary's reign and was burnt at Smithfield February the fourteenth, 1554. His wife, with nine small children, and one at her breast, followed him to the stake, with which sorrowful sight he was not in the least daunted, but with wonderful patience died courageously for the Gospel of Jesus Christ."

Hymns, short prayers and the shorter catechism "agreed upon by the Reverend Assembly of Divines at Westminster," complete the little volume, and it needs no stretch of the imagination to believe that it was probably carried by some little New England maid to Sabbath school until she had committed its contents to memory.

An original copy of Captain Cook's last voyage to the Pacific ocean in quest of a northwest passage between Asia and America, bearing the date 1783, was another volume wrapped in the time-honored apron. The chief interest in the book, apart from its age, old letter-press and quaint diction, lies in the chapters descriptive of Captain Cook's visit to the Hawaiian islands, which he discovered, and his death there at the hands of the natives.

From the account published, it appears that although at first on friendly terms with the natives, little thefts on one side and petty acts of tyranny on the other engendered bad feelings. On November 26, 1778, Captain Cook "discovered land 2 degrees east of Attowai, which we afterward found to be an island called by the natives Hawyhee, or Owyhee." Other islands were discovered, comprising "a group of ten, mostly in sight of each other," but of these "Owyhee is the easternmost and most considerable. It lies in lat. 19 28 north, and 204 east longitude from Greenwich, is nearly in a parallel latitude with Cape Lucas, which is the southernmost part of California in North America, and is about 900 leagues distant from it. "The author of the book, John Ledyard, says that Captain Cook's failure to find a harbor and continued laying off and on the north side of Mauwee, and particularly Owyhee, with no other supplies than those furnished by the natives, caused considerable discontent. "This conduct of the commander-in-chief," he says, "was highly reprobated, and at last remonstrated against by the people on board both ships (the Resolution and the Discovery), as it appeared very manifest that Captain Cook's conduct was wholly influenced by motives of interest to which he was evidently sacrificing not only the ships, but the health and happiness of the brave men who were weaving the laurel that was hereafter to adorn his brows." On January 16th a harbor was found and a landing effected. At first rigid discipline was exacted and Cook required the utmost respect for his men, endeavoring to impress upon the natives the superiority of their visitors. In time, however, greater familiarity was allowed, and out of it contempt was bred. On February 3d the rudder of the Resolution was being repaired on the shore and, being too heavy, the master's mate ordered some of the natives to help in mooring it. Fifty or sixty got hold of the rope and pretended to haul. The mate became angry and told the chief to order his men to pull. The chief and natives simply laughed, and then the tars beat the Hawaiians. Two days later the ships raised their anchors and left the harbor, only to be obliged to return to its shelter in six days' time. The feelings of mutual dislike which had gradually sprung up were not lessened by this second visit.

The immediate trouble which culminated in the death of Captain Cook arose over two pairs of tongs which a native picked from the forge on the deck of the Discovery and with which he leaped into a canoe manned by natives, evidently ready for the commission of the theft. Cook determined to teach the natives a lesson, and planned to capture King Kireeaboo and hold him and others as hostages for future good behavior. A landing was made with a body of marines, and it was evident that the natives expected trouble, for they had concealed themselves so effectively that the village appeared deserted, but as soon as Cook made an effort to lead the King to the shore the Hawaiians, or Indians, as they are misnamed throughout the book, swarmed round him and his men from all sides. The description of the fatal fight is as follows: "Some of the crowd now cried that Cook was going to take their King from them and kill him, and there was one in particular that advanced toward Cook in an attitude that alarmed one of the guard, who presented his bayonet and opposed him, acquainting Cook in the mean time of the danger of his situation, and that the Indians in a few minutes would attack him; that he had overheard the man whom he had just stopped from rushing in upon him say that our boats, which were out in the harbor, had just killed his brother and he would be revenged. Cook attended to what this man said, and desired him to show him the Indian that had dared to attempt a combat with him, and as soon as he was pointed out Cook fired at him with a blank. The Indian, perceiving he received no damage from the fire, rushed from without the crowd a second time and threatened any one that should oppose him. Cook, perceiving this, fired a ball, which, entering the Indian's groin, he fell and was drawn off by the rest. Cook, perceiving the people determined to oppose his designs and that he could not succeed without further bloodshed, ordered the lieutenant of marines, Mr. Phillips, to withdraw his men and get them into the boats, which were then lying ready to receive them. This was effected by the sergeant, but the instant they began to retreat Cook was hit with a stone, and perceiving the man who hove it, shot him dead. The officer in the boats, perceiving the guard retreating and hearing his third discharge, ordered the boats to fire. This occasioned the guards to face about and fire, and then the attack became general. Cook and Mr. Phillips were together a few paces in the rear of the guard, and perceiving a general fire without orders quitted Kireeaboo and ran to the shore to put a stop to it, but not being able to make themselves heard and being close pressed by the chiefs they joined the guard and fired as they retreated. Cook having at length reached the margin of the water between the fire of the boats waved with his hat to cease firing and come in, and while he was doing this a chief from behind stabbed him with one of our iron daggers just under the shoulder-blade and it passed quite through his body. Cook fell with his face in the water and immediately expired."

The third volume in the possession of the antiquary was an old edition of "A narrative of the adventures and sufferings of John R. Jewitt, only survivor of the crew of the ship Boston." The vessel was destroyed by savages on March 22, 1803, and the book was published in 1815. The Indian races described were the ancestors of the siwashes who still people Vancouver island and live in the vicinity of Puget sound. The village of Nootka, between 49 and 50 deg. north latitude, corresponds to the location of Whatcom

The burning of Mr. John Rogers.

pretty nearly, and to reach it the ship sailed for seventy-four days from Cape Horn. Many of the words used in the book correspond with those used by the Indians now, as for instance tyee, meaning chief, klootzmah (woman), klootchein-up (sister), so-har (salmon), chapaiz (canoe), etc.

The entire crew except the writer and a sailmaker was massacred by the savages.

One interesting feature of the book is the way in which its author escaped from his captors, using with success the very methods which in Cook's case had failed. By strategy he had Maquina, the tyee of the Nootkians, held captive on board the vessel which rescued Jewitt and his companion Thompson until the two men and all their belongings were safely on board the brig Lydia of Boston. A picture of the King decorates the back cover, and the frontispiece is a quaint engraving representing the Boston in the possession of the savages. A couplet which presumably adds to the literary merit of the volume occurs in two places, and reads thus, being a sort of summing up of the contents of the book:

> Dire scenes of horror on a savage shore,
> In which, a witness sad, a part I bore.

JAPANESE ROCK CRYSTALS.

J. Z. Davis Donates a Fine Collection to the Academy of Science.

Jacob Z. Davis, director of the museum of the Academy of Science, has donated one of the finest collections of Japanese rock crystals in the world to the institution. The superb specimens were placed on exhibition in the gallery of the museum for the first time yesterday afternoon and attracted a great deal of attention. The collection consists of several specimens of the crystal in various shapes. Some are beautifully carved in fantastic designs. One represents a Japanese hare and another an oriental frog, illustrating the Eastern idea of evolution.

The gem of the collection is a large crystal sphere seven inches in diameter. As rock crystal commands somewhere in the neighborhood of $150 an inch the sphere is valued at $1000. An idea of the immense power of this crystal can be formed when it is understood that if the rays of the sun were focused through it on gunpowder an explosion would occur in the fiftieth part of a second.

CLERICAL MISSTATEMENTS.

In the course of a sermon on Admission Day, Dr. Dille of the Central Methodist Church of San Francisco is reported to have said of the California Pioneers that "they emigrated in order to obtain freedom from worship instead of freedom of worship." If Dr. Dille uttered that sentiment he uttered a falsehood. Every intelligent person knows that the subject of worship was not a factor in the emigration of the Pioneer. He came here from the best of motives—to improve his condition and then create a home-nest for his loved ones. Many of the Pioneers were devout Christians at the time of leaving their Eastern homes and ever maintained their integrity in that regard. Rev. Dille is further reported to have said of the Pioneers: "But their great faults were love of money, ungodliness and gambling, and these faults they have bequeathed to their descendants. Dice were shaken at the foot of the cross for the Savior's clothes, and ever since that day the most sacred things in life have been staked on the turn of a card or a dice." If, as asserted, the most sacred things have been gambled for since the days of Christ, why does the reverend gasconader attack the Pioneers so viciously for following the customs of the ages? But happily, there is no truth in the assertion that the Pioneers were or that they or their sons are gamblers. There was and is a certain amount of gambling everywhere; but that the Native Sons are more addicted to it than other classes, is not true. There never was seen a more orderly, intelligent and dignified body since the world begun, than that which celebrated the forty-fourth Admission Day. We are getting tired of correcting base misstatements like the above concerning the Pioneers, nearly all made by whangdoodle preachers like Dille. This slanderer of the noble Pioneer and his children will do well to preach more of the shortcomings of his brother members of the cloth, like the alleged blackmailer of Hirst, and thereby try to do them good, permitting the good old Pioneer and his boys, of which he seems to know comparatively nothing, to pursue their course in life without a knowledge of Dille's unworth.

THE ARCTIC SEA-COW.

A Specimen of the Extinct Rytina Gigas.

Setting Up the Mammoth Skeleton.

A Noteworthy Addition to the Museum of the Academy of Sciences.

Written for the CHRONICLE.

There is now being set up in the museum of the California Academy of Sciences by William G. Blunt and assistants, under the supervision of Dr. Harkness, president of the academy, a nearly complete skeleton of the Arctic sea cow, Rytina Gigas, which has been extinct more than a hundred years. This sea cow was a sirenian mammal, or so-called herbivorous cetacean, of the family Rytinidæ, and is closely related to the manatee and dugong of tropical seas.

It first made the acquaintance of civilized man in 1741, when Behring, returning from a voyage of discovery to the coast of Alaska, was shipwrecked on the island now bearing his name, one of the Commander islands, about 100 miles from the coast of Kamchatka. During the ten months' enforced stay of the party on Behring island they occasionally used the flesh of the rytina for food. G. W. Steller, an enthusiastic naturalist, was the surgeon of Behring's command, and his descriptions of the animal, its habits, etc., are the only records extant.

THE ARCTIC SEA-COW.

It attained a size of 24 to 30 feet in length and about 20 feet in circumference, weighing probably 8000 pounds. The head was very small in proportion to the body and the jaws were toothless, biting and chewing being accomplished by means of large horny plates. The skin was so thick and wrinkled that Steller compared it in appearance to the bark of a tree. The epidermis was an inch thick and so hard that an ax was necessary in order to cut it.

The rytina was gregarious, living in herds about the mouths of streams, feeding on seaweeds. It was stupid and sluggish, and its inability to dive compelled it to seek its food in shallow water.

Later expeditions for hunting fur-bearing animals used to winter on the Commander islands, and depended largely on the rytina for both fresh and salt provisions. Dr. Stejneger has shown in the *American Naturalist* of December, 1887, that it is a matter of record that between 1743 and 1768 no less than nineteen parties of from thirty to fifty each wintered on Behring island; others are known to have wintered on Copper island and still others stopped there for supplies. All these parties lived on fresh rytina meat, and killed and salted as many as possible for future use.

By 1754, nine years after the discovery of Copper island, the seacow had ceased to exist on that island, and by 1763 had become very scarce on Behring island. The last individual of the race was probably killed in 1767 or 1768. Thus this species, which seems to have properly belonged in a tropical region, and was probably slowly dying out from unknown natural causes, was totally exterminated within thirty years of its first discovery by civilized man.

Only four skeletons approaching completeness are known to be in existence, one in the Imperial Museum of St. Petersburg, one in the collection of the Imperial Academy of Helsingfors, one in the United States National Museum, and the one in the California Academy of Sciences. The British Museum highly prizes two ribs. That in the National Museum was made up from the remains of several animals, and is not as perfect as the one in this city. The latter will be on exhibition as soon as a proper case can be built for it.

This skeleton was presented to the academy some years ago by the Alaska Commercial Company, by whom it was obtained from the Commander islands. The bones remained packed while the academy occupied its former cramped quarters, but now that there is ample space it will be placed in the exhibition collection for the benefit of the visitors to the museum.

It would be a boon to the public if the Alaska Commercial Company's excellent Alaskan collection could be exhibited in one of the galleries of the academy museum, where it would furnish information to hundreds of visitors daily.

CIRCLETS OF GOLD.

They Tell of Love, Hope and Power.

They Are Also Emblems of Pride.

The Roman Ring Wearers' Queer Extravagances in Modern Times.

A great variety of interests are contained within the circumference of a ring. The oldest records of human history show that the Egyptians used it as a badge of trust and power. It was so used at the time that Jacob was sold by his brothers.

In all probability Tubal Cain, the primal artificer of iron and brass, was the first to set the fashion of wearing rings, although Pliny says it is not definitely known.

Like some of the rings of to-day, the signets worn by the Israelites bore inscriptions. The breastplates of the high priests were set with twelve precious stones, each one representing a tribe of the Children of Israel.

The ring of Ahasuerus was used to seal the decree for the massacre of the Jews.

The Jews wore their rings or signets on their right hands.

Persians, Babylonians and Chaldeans also made use of rings.

Quintus Curtius says Alexander sealed with his ring the messages he sent into Europe.

The Greeks were probably ignorant of the use of rings until the time of the Trojan war. Then they adopted the custom of wearing them on the third finger of the left hand. This was to prevent the hand from dishonorable action, as that finger was supposed to be connected to the heart by a small nerve.

Then the Sabines took up the custom. The Romans did not adopt rings, however, for a long period after. Pliny, who was well up in ring lore, informs us that the Romans wore rings of various metals, according to rank.

Marius was the first to wear a gold ring, and no one, unless he had been an Embassador, could wear one except on State occasions. Gradually the ring came to be the badge of knighthood and finally all restrictions as to its being worn were cast aside and the ring was adopted generally as an ornament.

The Roman "dudes" finally became so enamored of their rings that they put one on every joint of both hands. Then they had "weekly" rings and summer and winter rings, and some never wore the same ring twice.

This must account for the gayly bedecked hands of some of our modern dudes. This extravagant fashion soon became outre and the display was confined to the left hand entirely.

The barrows of our Saxon forefathers show indubitable proofs of the early use of rings or signets in the British islands. The Romans when they invaded Gaul and Britain found the inhabitants wearing rings on the little finger of the left hand.

Rings were early worn as part of the pontifical apparatus. They symbolized the union between the bishops and the church.

From these functionaries the custom passed to those kings (as the name implies) of the papal government, the cardinals, who wore rings with the same significance.

Kings, likewise, were invested with a ring when crowned, the archbishop who presented it first blessing it. The monarch was solemnly bidden to accept it as a sign of faith and sincerity in his desire for the welfare of the church. Bishops and princes were buried with rings on their fingers.

There is no data for the period when the custom of placing a ring on the wedding finger was first introduced. The Polychronicon speaks of a young man who placed a ring on the finger of Venus. He could not get it off, so the stony hearted young woman claimed him as her own.

For 600 years the Doge of Venice performed the figurative nuptials of himself with the Adriatic sea. He dropped a ring into the bosom of his betrothed, saying, "We wed thee with this ring in token of our true and perpetual sovereignty!"

The fashion of engraving mottoes or "posies," as they are called, within rings appears to be an old one. Shakespeare speaks of these "posies" many times. From the same source it is learned that it was customary for Aldermen to wear rings as distinguishing badges.

The serpent ring, which is so frequently seen now nowadays, appears to have been a favorite form of this ornament in antique times. The Egyptians and Romans wore it and it was found on the hand of a skeleton at Pompeii, a relic of human vanity twenty centuries old.

Among the poorer classes of Egypt porcelain and glass rings were largely used. These were inscribed with hieroglyphics and were used probably for amulets.

Gold, silver, bronze, iron, jasper and cornelian rings were also worn.

In the British Museum there are two cornelian rings of Egyptian manufacture bearing in alto-relievo the sacred frog.

Death's heads were sometimes used as devices on rings.

Rings were also made the receptacles for poisons. It is said of Hannibal that he always carried a powerful poison in a ring, and finally committed felo de se by its aid. Another novelty in rings was made with a small syringe concealed in it. On the occasion of a magnificent dinner given by a Russian prince to a certain French Minister under the empire the Frenchman was admiring the ring of a certain lady who sat near him. She suddenly pressed a spring, and the small quantity of water contained in the ring was discharged in his eyes. The Minister replied with a glass of water, and the little ring was thus the source of great merriment.

To-day there are rings in every imaginable shape and style, the solitaire diamond of course holding first place.

The most curious use to which rings have been applied is in the cure of rheumatism, and many there be who affirm their conviction of being benefited thereby.

Much more could be adduced to prove the interest attached to the subject of rings, but enough has been said to show how love, hope, fear, power, friendship and religion have made these mystic circles their interpreters.—*New York Telegram.*

ODD RAFINESQUE.

PRESIDENT JORDAN'S INTERESTING LECTURE.

Peculiarities of a Little-Known Naturalist—His Services to the World.

That odd scientist Constantine S. Rafinesque, who flourished in the latter part of the eighteenth and the early part of the present century, was the subject of President Jordan's lecture before the Geographical Society of California in Union-square Hall last evening. The lecturer was greeted by a large audience, to whom he was introduced by Dr. F. W. d'Evelyn.

The odd naturalist.

Professor Jordan mentioned many of the incidents in connection with the strange naturalist's career related in yesterday's CHRONICLE. He stated that Rafinesque was born in Constantinople in 1783, was married in Sicily and died in Philadelphia, having in the fifty odd years of his life scoured every portion of the earth from the Hellespont to the Wabash. His proudest possession was a gold medal, the gift of the Geographical Society of France. From it the only portrait of Rafinesque extant has been obtained, though the original disappeared in the melting pot of the United States Mint before the grass was green on the scientist's grave in Ronaldson's Cemetery, Philadelphia. Round this medal was the inscription, "C. Rafinesque-Schmaltz, Sonicolog: N. October 22, 1783." The Schmaltz was his mother's maiden name, and the "sonicolog" was short for sonicologist, though what sort of a scientist a sonicologist was no one has ever known before, since or during Rafinesque's time.

This medal is mentioned in Rafinesque's will, and from that document much more has recently been learned of the naturalist than was known before. It was published a few years ago by Thomas Meehan, the Philadelphia botanist. Rafinesque's mother was a German, his father a Greek. His wife ran away from him, married a comedian and lost all her money. His daughter supported his wife and never claimed her father's effects after his death, while his son died before him. The only sign of any affection in the man's composition, and the only mention of anything like a feeling of human sympathy, is in the will, and is included in the words "my much-loved sister." He wished that his collection of specimens, which some one referred to as a "herbarium of hay" and "a cartload of sticks," should be given to a girls' school. When an inventory of his estate was made and all had been paid out of the proceeds he was still indebted to the world $13 43, that is in cold cash. What the world's debt to him was it is difficult to estimate. His works are better appreciated now than ever. He certainly foreshadowed the doctrine of evolution, and though, like many questioners of nature, he mistook the answers and blundered, his works contributed much to the knowledge of the world's flora and fishes. He desired to have his remains cremated and to have his ashes added to his collection of specimens, but his friends had to lower his body out of the back window and hurry it off to a cemetery, as his landlord was holding the corpse for back rent.

Professor Agassiz first made known Rafinesque's worth and fulfilled the eccentric's prophecy, "Time renders justice to all alike."

The next lecture will be by E. McD. Johnstone on September 14th, subject, "From the Mississippi Delta to the Columbia."

COX-FREEMAN.

Two honorable pioneer families of Fulton county were united in the marriage, at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Anna Freeman in this city Wednesday eve., Feb'y 28th, 1894, of Miss Lu Freeman to Mr. Edward Gaskell Cox, son of Mrs. Anna Cox. To the music of the wedding march performed by Miss Cora Galbreath the bride and groom, preceded by Rev. G. W. Ross, took their place in front of the company of immediate relatives and young friends assembled to witness their solemn vows. The short but beautiful ring ceremony was said, and the usual congratulations extended after which refreshments were served.

The bride was attired in a white satin dress with flowers at the waist. The groom in the conventional black. The bride has been a resident of Vermont since early childhood, a graduate of our High School and a willing and earnest worker in social and religous circles. She is entirely worthy of the estimable gentleman who now claims her as a wife. Mr. Cox likewise is a Vermonter from birth, grown to manhood in the same locality, and under the same religous and social influences as those of his newly made wife, how natural that they should meet, love and marry, and who can doubt that such a union will not only prove a blessing to themselves, but to all who love, honor and care for them.

Mr. Cox is associated with his brother, Theodore, in the large hardware and implement business conducted under the firm name of T. M. Cox & Bro. in this city. He is an honest, energetic capable business man, and a success in what ever line his energy is brought to play.

Numerous handsome and valuable presents from friends at home and abroad were given them which the guests had the pleaure of viewing.

Among the guests out of town were: Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Freeman; Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Cleveland, of Rock Island; Mr. and Mrs. Mark Kellar, of Moline; Miss Mattie Scott and Mr. Sherman Cox, of Galesburg; Miss Nellie Toler and Miss Lillie Oviatt, Astoria; Miss Luna Miller and Mr. E. H. Kinney, Table Grove.

WHAT MEN HAVE DONE.

Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" at 48.

Cicero is thought to have written "De Officiis" after he had passed 40.

Chaucer is thought to have written the "Canterbury Tales" after he was 50.

Emanuel Swedenborg's "Arcana Cœlestia" was printed when the author was 61.

Immanuel Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" appeared when the author was 57.

Xenophon is supposed to have finished the "Retreat of the Ten Thousand" about 50.

John Locke finished the "Essay on the Human Understanding" at 58.

Isaac Newton wrote the last of the "Natural Philosophy" when he was 45.

Mill's "Logic" appeared at 37; his "Principles of Political Economy" at 42.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

Bearing one another's burdens is harder than bearing one's own. But we can never bear another's burdens until we make those burdens ours. Therefore it is that the burden we bear for another presses upon us with double weight, because we feel it for ourselves and for one who is dearer to us than self.—*Sunday-school Times.*

THE CRADLE OF ALAMEDA

It Was the Old Mission of San Jose.

HOW IT LOOKS TO-DAY.

In the Shadow of Mission Peak Lies All That Remains of a Once Prosperous and Populous Settlement.

Written for the MORNING CALL.

Midway between Mount Diablo on the north and Mount Hamilton on the south, Mission Peak, the highest point between these, rears its rugged head and stands guard over the quaint old ex-Mission of San Jose, lying peacefully at its foot.

The mission fell asleep years ago, and nothing has chanced thus far to disturb its peaceful slumbers: but time was when this beautiful spot, "the cradle of Alameda County," as it has been called, was the busiest section in that whole corner of Alta California. Here, in 1797, the mission was established "at the expense of the Catholic King of Spain (God save him) and by order of the Marquis of Branciforte, Viceroy and General Governor of N. S.," as the ancient report sets forth, on Sunday, June 11, by the Franciscan Friar Augustine Lamen.

The location of the mission is not only one of the most beautiful in that whole region, but it would seem as though even those shrewd fathers, who everywhere throughout the State picked out the garden spots of each section where to establish their centers of civilization, had shown more than their usual sagacity in their selection of this site. The pueblo of San Jose was but ten miles to the south, the Presidio (San Francisco) less than thirty miles away on the north. Within a dozen miles was a fine embarcadero, and close at hand the agua caliente of that region, famous for miles among the Indians for the healing virtues of its waters.

Back of the little settlement arose the great bulk of Mission Peak, a shelter from wind and storm and a protection against frosts. Before it the land sloped gently down for miles to the bay, a vision of as fair fields and beautiful country as one would wish to dream of. Close beside the compound a clear, sweet, delicious stream came tumbling down the mountainside, fed along its course by scores of little brooks, until just at the mission it became big enough and strong enough to turn a mill, and was the first stream in Alameda County to be thus set to work.

Through an opening in the mountains just at the right of the mission a trail was already open, leading over the range, across the Calaveras and Sunol valleys, over what is now called the Livermore Valley, and on into the San Joaquin. This road afterward became the great highway from Stockton to the mines, in the gold days, and the opening between the rocky mountain sides near the mission is still called the Stockton place. Lower down, three or four miles away, "is the place of the Alameda," described by Don Pedro de Allerni, who was sent out by Don Diego de Borica in 1794 to find a place suitable for the establishment of a third pueblo, in addition to those of Los Angeles and San Jose, already planted. Through this "place of the Alameda," a densely wooded canyon, now traversed by the railroad, flows the river of that name, watering the plains for miles of its course and making them green and fruitful.

The whole region is now dotted with prosperous villages, and is one of the richest fruit-growing sections of this great fruit-growing State. In that early day, however, only the aborigines inhabited the mountains and roamed the plains. The Indians of that section were a sorry lot, and even years of association with whites and experience of the civilizing influences thrown round them by the mission fathers has not wrought much improvement in them. A mere handful survive of the thousands who once surrounded the mission and were pensioners on the bounty of the good fathers. They have short, broad faces, wide mouths, thick lips, flat noses, low foreheads, the hair of some still to be seen almost meeting the eyebrows, and have none of the dignified air and pleasing appearance that characterizes the Indians in some other parts of the State. Originally, it is believed, there were four tribes in these mountains—the Juchiyunes, Acalenes, Bolgones and Carquinez—but to the residents of Alameda and Contra Costa counties now they are all "Diggers." At the time the mission was established they were a timid, childlike, stupid race, ranging the hills like the cattle that came after them, pasturing like these, living upon grass and herbage, upon which they actually grazed, feeding over the meadows like four-footed beasts. That region was once a veritable happy hunting ground, and is still a choice haunt of the sportsman, but these Indians were but sorry hunters, though expert in the use of nets for capturing fish and small game.

To domesticate and educate and christianize these poor creatures was the work to which the mission and the labors of its devoted padres were consecrated, and how well these duties were performed may be gathered from the figures showing the progress of the mission, from which we learn that between 1802 and 1822 over 4500 Indians were baptized at the mission. Significantly, in the same period nearly 3000 died. A dozen years later but 400 remained at the mission, and to-day not one lingers, though there are a dozen or so still living near Pleasanton, the other side of the mountains. The aborigines died by thousands throughout the State, victims of smallpox, measles and other diseases, due, probably, to the sudden change in their manner of living, from nomadic to the quiet existence of permanent villages. Strolling about the quiet streets of the old mission it is hard to realize that so few years ago it swarmed with busy life.

THE OLD MISSION SAN JOSE.
(From a sketch taken before it was destroyed by earthquake in 1868.)

The quaint old adobe buildings covered a large tract of ground. Now only the old wine cellar remains, and its old tile-roof has recently been replaced with one of shingles. Stepping within its vine-clad porch a motley array of debris greets the eye. Here are old wheels and tires, ancient garden tools, a saddler's bench, a discarded plow and lumber ad infinitum. We push open the unlocked door and enter. Only casks, everywhere, filled with the vintage from the vineyard that still spreads out upon the hills back of the church. There is an inner door; its sills and posts are of primitive timber, with the bark still on, and peering through the opening we are able dimly to make out, in what at first seemed the impenetrable darkness, the outlines of still other casks.

Tradition has it that on the occasion of one of the memorable conflagrations, of which the mission has had several, the casks from this cellar were rolled out and their contents used in extinguishing the flames, the water supply of the town being exhausted. Leaving the wine cellar we stroll up the hill and around the old vineyard. There are stocks here as large around as a man's head of old mission grapes, after all as good an all-round grape as was ever brought to California, though like many another dog it has had its day and has given way to new comers.

Here are huge olive trees, with wide-spreading branches, planted by the early padres, who kept countless numbers of their Indian proteges busy in setting out and cultivating what was once a great garden here. THE CALL artist gets a picture of this vineyard and the few remaining olive trees. All the other traces of the old orchard have long since been uprooted. The Dominican sisters have recently opened a seminary here in a pretentious brick structure, that presents a strong contrast to the crumbling old adobe wine cellar. The church itself is a smart wooden structure, which took the place several years ago of the old adobe, which was destroyed by an earthquake.

Like all the missions this place used to keep open house in the good old days. Travelers coming through the pass were welcome to stop here for days. There was always a bed to be had, a corner by the fire, a seat at the hospitable board that was always spread, and if his horse was exhausted, or he was traveling afoot, the traveler was welcome to a remount from among the thousand and odd horses, the property of the mission, that roamed the meadows.

With 10,000 or more horned cattle feeding upon the hills, some 30,000 head of sheep, goats and pigs wandering in the mountains, fish in abundance in the many streams and game galore, huge elk on the plain, deer and bears in the wooded fastnesses and quail and other game birds in the underbrush, the stranger's needs were supplied and never felt, in the open-hearted hospitality of those free-handed days; but had the simple-hearted, world-loving, devoted old padres had but a handful of corn and a bed of the dried forest leaves to offer the wayfarer these would probably have been proffered in the same spirit of genuine welcome and fostering care. You were welcome to what you needed, and it was neither trespass nor larceny in those days to kill a beef, use the flesh and hang the hide and tallow on a tree, secure from coyotes, where it could be found by the owner.

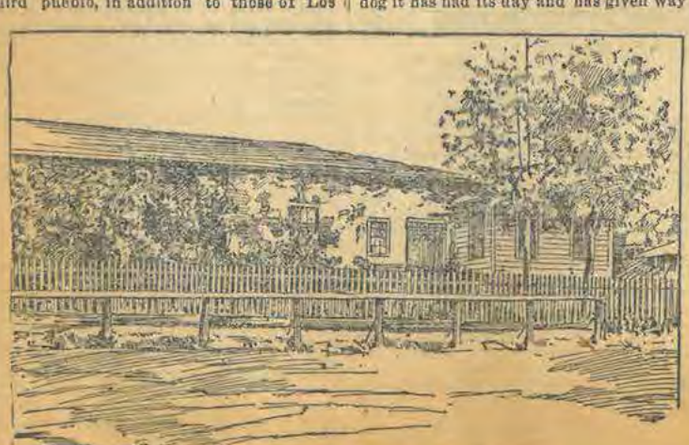
A number of old Spanish families were settled hereabouts some time after the opening of the mission, and the names of Castro and Sunol, Higuera, Vallejo, Amador, Moraga, and others equally familiar in the annals of the Spanish regime, are still local in the section. The old adobe residence of the Higuera family, on the original grant known as Los Tularcitos, is now used as a cattle-shed by the present owner of the rancho, an American orchardist and farmer, and the family residence of Don Juan Vallejo, brother of the general, who once lived here in all the stately magnificence of those lavish days, now lies a crumbled heap of clay on the spot where, until a few months ago, it still stood, a time-honored landmark.

What was once the courtyard—where a score or more of horses stood day and night ready for use, the gardens where beauty wandered under the jealous eyes of stern duennas, and brave caballeros lingered and played and planned expeditions into the mountains after game—is now occupied by a sorry little row of nondescript shops kept by the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker and other gentry who cater to the needs of dwellers at the mission. The gardens and orchards have long since disappeared, and the first rains this autumn will reduce the bricks of the house to a shapeless mass of adobe mud.

With the crumbling of the wine-cellar the last trace of the old mission days will disappear, but it will be many long years before the influence of that great era will be forgotten. It is largely owing to the influence and example of the old padres that this is a pioneer fruit-raising section in California. It has been better for the country that the Spanish-Mexican regime gave way to American rule, but the memory of the palmy days of the old regime may still remain as a beautiful and romantic background to our practical, matter-of-fact American life.

A large congregation still worships at the old mission under the ministrations of Father Caraher, the present pastor, but instead of the simple, dependent mission Indians the present worshipers are descendants of the early Mexican and Spanish families, some Americans and a large proportion of Portuguese, land-owners, most of them, and representing possibilities of future useful citizenship that the Indians never presented.

The cradle of Alameda County served well its purpose and rocked a lusty infant into strength and maturity; now, outgrown and laid aside, its memory should still be cherished and its last fading landmark preserved from the ravages of time and decay.



ALL THAT IS LEFT OF THE OLD MISSION.

A SERMON IN RHYME.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him, yes—and let him know
That you love him, e're life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend, till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it—do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one that thrills your heart
Lack the joy you might impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it—do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of two or three in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling,
Falling from a brother's eyes,
Share them—and thus by the sharing
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should any one be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

Selected.

Backward Looking.

ED SENTINEL:—The recent deaths of so many old pioneers of Santa Cruz county recall to my mind those who have died since my arrival here in the fall of 1852, and thinking that it might not be uninteresting for those who remain to look over the list, and make preparation to "view the ground where they must shortly lie," I send you the names of all those who I can now remember who have departed this life since that time. I, perhaps, have not got them down exactly in the order of their dying, but as nearly so as possible:

Capt. Graham, Billy Ware, J. L. Majors, Eli Moore, Paddy Russell, Judge Blackburn, Geo. Aldrich, Jas. Williams, Peter Tracy, James Skene, Judge Watson and Chape Willson, (two noble, noble Romans), Harry Speel, Mr. Cathcart, Howard Coult, Mr. Liddell, Sr., Melville Parsons (Little Dick), Luther Farnham, Geo. Chappel, Charles Winterhalder, Theo. Winterhalder, Frank Alzina, Rafael Castro, Lash Hull, Capt. Brannan, Bill Thompson, Sam Thompson, Bill Roach, Dr. Rawson, Harry Love, Buck Shelby, Jack Bennett, Chance Isabel, —— Glover, Jose Bolcoff, Sr., Nick Gordon, Phil Leggett, Prewett Sinclair, Samuel Byrd, Billy Morrow, Chas. Williams, S. J. Lynch, Robt. Lampe, Bill Butler, Jones Hoy, Lawyer McDougall, Judge Pace, Dr. Kittredge, Hiram Scott, B. P. Kooser, Judge H. W. Pope, Judge Wellington, Wm. Elden, Dr. Bailey, W. W. Waddell, Alex. McPherson, Peter McPherson, Dr. Parsons, A. Pray, Sr., Dave Haslam, Norval Stevenson, Bill Elliott, Wm. Anthony, Col. Paine, Surveyor Hames, John Patterson, Wm. H. Moore, Capt. Dame, Matt Tarpey, Lawyer Pugh, Lawyer Gregory, Supervisor Dean, Henry Worthington (old Henry), John Cooper, Walter Cooper, Geo. Hoff, Paul Sweet, W. T. Henderson (ex-Assessor), Tom Davis, Mr. Harris of the Franklin house, Col. Ord, Dan Monteith, Judge Rice, Walter Rice, Geo. Inskeep, Geo. Evans, Mansel Bennett, Silas Felker, (ex-P.M.), Col. Heath, Lucien Heath, Moses Meder, Charles Eastman, Johnny Carpy, Geo. Peckham, D. Gardner, Wm. H. Hunter, Richard Lair, Charles Brown, Wm. Vahlberg, T. A. Walker (peddler), Justice Clements, R. H. Hall, J. D. Chace, Mark Whittle, E. J. Swift, Henry Skinner, Underwood McCann. Byron's apostrophe to Henry Kirke White would suit poor Underwood's case:

"Unhappy White: while life was in its Spring,
And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,
The spoiler came; all, all thy promise fair
Has sought the grave to sleep forever there."

Charley Hoff, Geo. V. Mitchell, Ed Briody, Sam Drennan, A. L. Rountree, J. J. McMenomy, Manuel Perez (Pistole), Otto Diesing, Robt. Whidden Ben Bullock, Daniel Linstedt, Dr. Gally, P. V. Wilkins, Robt. Majors, Ed Miller, Jack Smith, John Boughman, N. T. Peck, J. F. J. Bennett, Mountain Charley, Joseph Munson (Adobe Joe), J. P. Davenport, James Skirm (another bright and young life suddenly, ah too soon, called away), J. W. Jarvis.

Mr. Editor, every one on this list I knew personally, and with all of them, with a few exceptions, I was on the most intimate terms, and have passed many a social hour, and

"When I remember all
The friends so linked together
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed."

M. W. SIMMS.

PHILADELPHIA'S FAMOUS EAGLE.

His True Portrait May Be Seen on the Early Coins.

If you have a silver dollar of 1835, 1838 or 1839, or one of the first nickel coins coined in 1856, you find upon it the true portrait of an American eagle that was for many years a familiar sight in the streets of Philadelphia. Peter, one of the finest eagles ever captured alive, was a pet of the Philadelphia Mint, and was generally known as the "Mint bird." Not only did he have free access to every part of the Mint, going without hindrance into the treasure vaults, where even the Treasurer of the United States would not go alone, but he used his own pleasure in going about the city, flying over the houses, sometimes perching upon lamp posts in the streets. Everybody knew him, and even the street boys treated him with respect. The Government provided his daily fare, and he was as much a part of the Mint establishment as the Superintendent or chief coiner. He was so kindly treated that he had no fear of anybody or anything, and he might be in the Mint yet if he had not sat down to rest on one of the great fly-wheels. The wheel started without warning and Peter was killed.—*Harper's Young People.*

OUR FIRST FACTORY.

A Workshop of Centuries Ago.

Ancient Olla Industry of Catalina.

Interesting Discoveries Made in This Remnant of the Western Atlantis.

Not infrequently in Southern California, deep in the canyons or hidden below the surface, the stroller finds curious bowl-like objects, hollowed out and shaped like pots for holding water. Many are broken and show a singular crystalline appearance, unlike any rock in the vicinity or anywhere in Southern California. In

IMPLEMENTS AND OBJECTS FROM CATALINA.

SOME OF THE ANCIENT MANUFACTURES OF CATALINA.

almost every portion of this section of the State, from San Diego north, these vessels have been found or unearthed, particularly along the shore from Redondo beach to Point Conception, where there were hundreds of Indian settlements centuries ago.

The question as to where these pots came from early became an interesting one, and especial attention was drawn to the subject some years ago when scores of them were taken from the earth just north of Santa Barbara. It was then suggested that as the greater number of steatite bowls was found on the seashore they might possibly come from the islands. Inquiry elicited from an aged Spanish lady the fact that her mother had heard from an ancestor that she had seen Indians coming from an island off shore in canoes loaded with ollas or pots which they exchanged for roots, seeds, skins of deer, rabbit, coyote and mountain lion and other articles which they did not have on the island. In the records of another family similar information was found.

Search was made by different people on the various islands, and finally the ancient manufactory was discovered on Santa Catalina at what is known to-day as Potts' valley or Empire landing, on the north coast of the island, about eleven miles from Avalon. The find was made by Paul Schumacher of Los Angeles, who was at the time collecting for the Smithsonian and other institutions of science.

Little attention was paid to the locality until lately, when from new discoveries in the vicinity it has been visited by scores of people. Trails have been made to it from above, and a wharf has been erected for the convenience of those who make the trip by sea.

Here, then, was the first California manufactory. It was in full blast hundreds of years ago, and by the records at the Nipomo rancho of San Luis Obispo it is shown that between this locality there was an extensive trade carried on in the canoes that Viscaino saw, in fact the first and earliest commerce of California, showing that the Golden State had its shipping and trade years in the misty past.

The locality has recently been visited by archæologists from the East and pronounced one of the most interesting aboriginal workshops in America.

Especial interest is given the incident at this time from the fact that after a careful examination of the flora of the island and others in the vicinity—San Clemente, Santa Barbara island—many botanists claim that Santa Catalina is the last vestige of what was in former years a Pacific Atlantis. To prove this they point to the strange plants, many of which are not found on the neighboring shore, and some, it is believed, being found only on Santa Catalina island, showing that despite its proximity to the land it has affinities with other sections of the country, particularly Lower California.

Recently Professor Sargeant of Harvard examined some of the rare plants of the island and pronounced the flora extremely interesting.

The trip by sea to the ancient olla manufactory is a most delightful one, passing along eight or ten miles of the northern coast of the island that is extremely picturesque. Rounding a big headland a valley is seen reaching up to the summit of the range in a gradual slope. About a mile away peculiar heaps of glistening earth are visible—the veritable heaps that were thrown up by the ancients.

The trip up to the quarry is an easy one, and here hours may be profitably spent by any one interested in the subject of prehistoric California, as here is a manufactory as valuable to the natives of Southern California as any of the great Eastern manufactories are to-day to the people of that section.

Climbing the hill evidences of ancient work are at once apparent in the excavations and piles of debris, and here are the ledges from which the cooking utensils or pots of all the Southern California aborigines were made. The stone is the same that was used in the time of Pliny and Theophrastus—the magnesium stone—identical with that found at Siphnus and Comun, better known as lapis ollaris. It is known to Americans as steatite, and has a greenish gray tint and is easily cut. In almost every old burying-ground on the island and mainland the writer has found pieces of it. The stone is soft, while other ledges are hard, and takes a beautiful polish and is valuable as a building stone. When burnt it changes to a leaden color.

The ledges, mounds and pits all tell the story of the ancient works. Here is a mound covered with circular marks where the pots have been cut out, the work being done entirely by hand and with rude flint knives. How long it must have taken to work out such a pot with such tools is difficult to determine. When the place was first discovered it was exactly as the native workers had left it. The tools of slate and flint were lying about, broken pots were scattered over the ground, and among the bushes or cactus many good ones more or less finished, were evidently waiting for the canoe that was to bear them to the mainland. To-day in the piles of debris that are seen on all sides are broken bits and various objects showing that the natives used the soft stone for a variety of purposes. Some of the objects found were gauges of steatite, pointed scrapers a stone perforated in the center (perhaps used in some game), a flat stone, slightly rounded and presumably used in case of sickness, being heated and placed on the afflicted member or portion of the body, slabs bearing rude representations of fishes showing that the ancient Santa Catalinans were to some extent artistic, sinkers for fishing lines and nets—one of the former being beautifully polished—small beads of steatite, dishes for paint, sculpture representing whales, seals and other animals, spoons, etc., showing that the soft stone was employed for various purposes and took the place of metal, which they were wholly without. The writer has seen these Santa Catalina ollas down in the mountains of San Diego county, where they must have been carried by the Indians.

Potts valley is a most interesting place. It is a wide valley, and everywhere the peculiar stone is visible. A conspicuous rock marks the best locality, standing in the middle of the valley. Not far above is a deposit of slate, also showing markings, this being the material from which many of the tools were made with which the stone was cut. About 1200 feet below the spring is a pit partly filled in, and near by is a ledge of the lapis ollaris or pot stone. There are seven or eight marks on this, and some show that others have been cut over them by the patient workers. Some of these markings are sixteen inches in diameter, about the average size of the complete pots. The writer has seen large mortars of steatite in San Diego county that were two feet in height and a foot across.

There are two ledges that tell their own stories—that of the steatite from which the pots were cut, and that of the slate from which the tools were made. Standing in this ancient workshop one can imagine the early natives, dressed in skins, some fashioning the knives from flint and slate, others at work on the pots, cutting and shaping them, bit by bit, finally breaking them out like a big cannon ball, that is then laboriously dug out to form the perfect vessel. Some of the vessels that were used to heat water or hold seed are marvels of symmetry, when it is understood that the work is that of savages. When the ollas were completed they were packed in the large canoes, that would hold twenty men, and taken to the main land, some, perhaps, going to San Luis Obispo, some to Santa Barbara, and others to San Pedro, Redondo, San Juan and all along the shore.

The old manufactory, the pioneer in California, is now simply a curiosity, but it has a deeper value as an object lesson in ancient history, to the youth of to-day, illustrating the possibilities of life on an island, where metal was unknown up to 1542, and where all the utensils were of shell, wood or bone.

CORAL-MAKERS.

The Old-Time Moral Out of Date.

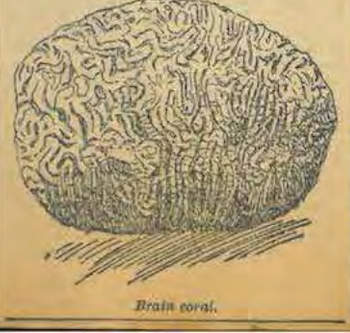
Polyps Do Not Toil, but Simply Die.

Some Popular Names — The Only Described California Coral.

Written for the CHRONICLE.

The term "coral insect" survives in literature, although science discarded it long ago. Possibly the idea of "toil" and "patience" and "building for the future," as the lesson taught by the coral insect, also survives to point a moral and adorn a tale of the same order as one praising the industry of the ant or the bee. Alas, for old beliefs! Our grandmothers were exhorted to reflect on the vanity of the moth and butterfly. Now it is known that the moth and butterfly are among the chief agents by which the most beautiful and fragrant flowers are fertilized, and that honey and perfume and color and fruit largely depend upon the energy of the insects formerly despised. The other so-called insects have no more energy than a simple vegetable existence. Their toil is nothing greater than dying and leaving their skeletons behind them.

But how beautiful are these skeletons, or a conglomerated accumulation of myriads! And how beautiful, and interesting, too, the animal-vegetables, or rather flower-like animals. "Sea-anemones" is the popular name given to the whole tribe, with their disk-like mouths, their petaloid tentacles, their stomachs suggesting seed vessels, and their fixed bases corresponding to stout stems, to say nothing of their brilliant colors rivaling the most gorgeous corollas ever blown.



Brain coral.

According to Dr. Gustav Eisen there are two kinds of corals of the sea-anemone order—those which produce coral, that is the hard calcareous formation, and those which do not. The popular term "coral," as applied to the accumulated dead skeletons of the polyps, is not strictly correct; coral, properly speaking, refers also to the living animal.

The sea flower, although suggesting a plant-like structure, is still a true animal. It has a skin; also rudimentary nerves. It can seize with its tentacles, it can swallow and digest its food, and throw out the refuse from its mouth; it can defend itself from its enemies by forcibly ejecting poison from its many stings. It has some sensation. Quite a number of species of polyps have rudimentary eyes, arranged around their circular edges like beads. The hardened base of the sea flower corresponds to a skeleton in a higher order of animal, even though in some anemones the hardness may only be relative.

Coral animals of the sea anemone or-

Tree coral.

der reproduce their kind in several ways. One is by ova, which develop perfect polyops within the parent flower. Another mode is by budding; still another by fission. In the latter method a new mouth may form beside the old one in the center of a fringed disk, which then divides into two disks, each surrounded by its own tentacles and each leading to its own closed sac. In the budding process branches are thrown out, from which spring new polyps. Tear one polyp to pieces and each piece may reproduce all the parts it needs to form a fresh polyp.

The familiar "tree coral" is the result of the budding process. The branches

Fungus coral.

below are the dead skeletons, above which the living polyps have mounted. The singular convolutations in "brain coral" were caused by fission, one mouth giving rise to strings of others, which never completely separated from each other, and so left a continuous line of stony skeletons. It must not be supposed, however, that zoophytes of the style of sea anemones are the only coral producers. Some calcareous secretions are left by animals related to the medusæ or jelly fish. Other corals come from the bryozoans, which look like polyps, but really belong to the sub-kingdom of mollusks. The bottom of the sea is largely covered with deposits from such animals. It is

Living polyp.

even believed that in early times they made up the greater part of limestone strata. Mention must also be made of the beautiful and brilliant corallines, or vegetable corals, calcareous seaweeds, which look like red, white and yellow branched coral, but which, properly speaking, are algæ.

Corals of some kinds are found in all seas. Those stony formations popularly called corals are mostly produced within the tropics. Probably the variety best known is the red, or pink coral, long esteemed for ornaments. This was found in the Mediterranean from a very early period. Now, however, it has become so rare as to be practically extinct.

The specimens of coral seen in museums and private collections are, of course, masses of dead skeletons. Hard as rock they are, as might be expected, when it is remembered that the famous reefs of Florida and the Pacific islands are built up of them—no credit to the animals, however, despite the old tale. Yet, if the antiquated moral be lost, the study of the calcareous formation is none the less interesting.

There is the fungus coral, a dull gray in color, and shaped somewhat as the umbrella of a mushroom, with ridges run-

ning from the long, mouth-like center to the edge. The lace coral, of a pure white, with delicate wheels, indicates the radiate structure of each animal when alive. The

Renilla, a California coral.

frost coral, just as dainty as its popular name implies, shows a mossy grove of tiny upright spires. The organ-pipe coral is a tree form, with smooth, round, nearly perpendicular branches.

Perhaps the museum also contains specimens of fossil coral from the deserts of Arizona or the Mississippi valley. Are you surprised to learn that a great part of our continent is underlaid with corals produced thousands of years ago by animals long extinct? In many of these dull brown formations can still be traced the radiate character of the skeletons.

The corals of the coast of California are as yet little known. The species are few and of these only some produce calcareous coral. So far as science is yet aware, this formation occurs in small masses, none larger than a human finger. According to Dr. J. G. Cooper, the chief localities in which such deposits are found are Monterey bay and the Farallon islands. Along the southern part of the coast, however, occur specimens of the so-called vegetable corals or corallines.

Dr. Gustav Eisen considers the renilla a coral. He says it is the only California coral that has yet been fully described. Dr. Cooper does not class it as a coral at all. At least, it has no calcareous skeleton. The renilla of this coast consists of a compound animal, of a beautiful violet hue, and shaped somewhat like a kidney. The living mass fastens itself into the sand by a long purple tail. The flower-like polyps thickly studding the creature are golden yellow. This coral was described by Dr. Eisen in a work on zoophytes published in Sweden.

IT BEGAN AT HOME.

The Little Girl Did Not Go Much on Charity.

A good lady in this city who is very charitable has a three-year-old daughter who does not yet believe in the principle of giving.

The other day a case of such genuine poverty came to the lady's attention in her own home that she felt she must immediately relieve it. But she had no change and called on her little girl for the amount in her toy savings bank.

The child studied over it, and finally asked:

"May I give the poor woman the bank, mamma?"

"Yes," said her mother, much pleased to know that the child could be so generous, "you may give her the bank, too."

The child wrapped it up carefully and gave it to the poor woman with her own hands.

"It will relieve you temporarily," said the mother. "There are several dollars in it in small change."

It was not until the woman had returned to tell her that the bank was empty that the mother discovered the diplomacy of the infant mind. The little girl had carefully removed the money before giving away the bank. She evidently believed that charity began at home.—*Detroit Free Press.*

BOSTON'S BIG BLAZE.

It Destroyed Sixty-three Acres of Fine Buildings.

The great fire of Boston, which occurred November 9, 1872, started at the corner of Summer and Kingston streets and spread over sixty-three acres of the business part of the city, leaving the entire district bounded by Summer, Washington, Milk and Broad streets a heap of smoking ruins, and destroying over $100,000,000 worth of property. Many of the buildings, although of solid granite, seemed to be no barrier to the spread of the conflagration. Boston recovered with marvelous speed from this terrible blow, and the burned district was reinit out in greater regularity and the buildings erected were of much more substantial character and under strict regulations with regard to greater safety from similar disaster. Indeed, the beauty of the great avenues of warehouses in this quarter of the city is now frequently commented on by strangers.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

LACES OF LONG AGO.

TREASURES STITCHED AND WOVEN IN CALIFORNIA.

One Woman Made All and Left Them to Descendants in This City.

California is the home of America's oldest art—that of making hand-made laces. A beautiful senorita made them long ago, and now they belong to a family in this city, her descendants. So, you see, California has an art, and had it when the forefathers of the people who deny it were hoeing corn in Massachusetts. The people who carp at what they are pleased to call our lack of art should see these old

THE OLD HAND-MADE LACES.

needle pictures. No artist ever sketched with more delicate touch than the Spanish maiden wove.

It is not often in these days when adobe churches are being razed or modernized and old landmarks are being destroyed as ruthlessly as if they had no history that one comes upon such treasures as these. They are prized by the lucky possessors as highly as if they had life, and it is only on very grand occasions, indeed, that they are exhibited in public. Women who rave over old Valenciennes, Brussels and point d'Alencon imported laces would almost fall down and worship these beautiful things.

One piece in the collection has a groundwork as fine as cobwebs, and running through it is a serpentine winding of delicate silver threads. Above and below the coil are rosettes, each of different design, and on the edge of the lace is a dainty border of pearls like dewdrops. Another has a row of conventionalized

LACE MANTILLA, WORN BY A DESCENDANT OF THE MAKER.

roses and leaves, with star-like points and centers, woven into a body of open linen threads, as gauzy as a summer cloud. A third piece is about three inches wide, in heavy geometric designs, with threads of silver outlining the design and dotting it like bright gems here and there. One magnificent piece is of leaf pattern on a linen thread ground. The veins are of pure gold and the rosettes separating the leaves are spangled with gold.

It was in the early, early days that the senorita made lace and other pretty things. Her father was the Commandante of a Spanish settlement founded when the Jesuit priests first came to this Coast, more than a hundred years ago, and he built himself an adobe castle, for he was a nobleman. All around were Indian huts, and only a little way off was the church where the fathers taught the Indians all sorts of good things. In spite of the Indians and the castle and the climate the little senorita was often lonely and she stitched many a tear and many a heartache for the sunny land across the sea into her laces and embroideries. They became to her such dear companions that she would not let any one else so much as touch them, nor would she teach any one the art, so the work she left is the only thing of the kind on this continent. But she did a great deal with her one pair of small hands. In the old church there are altar cloths, robes and a great many other very valuable articles given by her. The fathers in charge now guard these precious relics so jealously that the person who gets a peep at them considers himself highly favored, but they are there, and it is worth a good deal merely to look at them. One piece used in the church ceremonies, and which must never be touched with the naked hand, is of heavy silk, literally covered with embroidery of pure gold. Then there are delicate draperies and here and there a piece of point lace. Every bit in the collection would make the art connoisseurs go into ecstasies.

The little lady wove into embroideries day dreams of how some time a gallant lover was to come from over the sea. By and by he did come and then there were no more tears and heartaches. Of course, there must be an elaborate trousseau, for if she did live a long time ago she was a real woman and her relatives in Spain were grand people. Some of it was sent from Spain, the richest, heaviest silks and all kinds of beautiful things. The finest of her own laces must go into this wonderful trousseau, too. Dainty, filmy things they were, quite unlike the stiff gold and silver ones for the church, but exceedingly beautiful. Queen Victoria's wedding gown of Honiton lace was scarcely more elegant than the one this bride wore when she stood before the altar in the little adobe mission. Afterward she gave her wedding finery to the church and it was used to decorate the image of the Virgin. It is still preserved with the other things she gave.

The draperies of the bridal chamber were in keeping with the trousseau. On the bed was a spread of brocaded silk of the colors of the rainbow, lined with white silk and bordered with fringe of silver at least four inches in width. Above were canopies of the same silk and fringe, looped with cords and tassels of silver; rich things from Spain, and everywhere her own beautiful embroideries and needlework. Then the senora had a black mantilla of real lace to wear over her head when she went outside the adobe castle walls. Very charming was she in this, and very charming, too, is her black-eyed modern descendant when she wears the selfsame mantilla, not exactly as her great-great-grandmother did, but draped en traine over a ball costume. The mantilla is two yards square, of beautiful black silk lace. The design is a large leaf, so closely worked with fine silk thread that at first glance one would almost take it to be applique work, so thick and firm are the meshes. The ribs and veins of the leaf are of the same straight stitch, made openly. The spaces between the leaves are of an openwork in which are not less than six different stitches, and all around the edge is a heavy silk fringe. The heading of the silver fringe is an inch deep, tied in diamond-shaped meshes, the sides of each being four threads, solid silver, every bit of it. The brocade is in flower design, rich beyond compare. The senora had some aprons, too, embroidered on silk with gold or silver threads, that she wore when she flitted about doing her little matronly duties or sat behind the coffee urn and poured the golden drink for her husband.

Then there was another senorita old enough to make the beautiful work. The senora had grown older and stouter and did not care so much for laces and embroideries. Besides, the senorita and her sisters had many other things to think about, for there were more young senors with big moustachios, and so the pile of laces grew no larger. But they were all kept very carefully, and have been handed down, until to-day some of them are in San Francisco and the rest in the same adobe mission church to which she gave them. A well-known literary woman from the East tried a few years ago to purchase a piece from the church, but she got for response such a rebuff that she did not press the matter. So here they are to-day, and here they will stay as long as the meshes hold together to prove that California has an art.

CALIFORNIA PIONEERS.

The California Pioneers observed Admission Day with appropriate ceremonies. Christian Reis presided and Chas. J. King introduced the speakers. Rev. S. H. Willey acted as chaplain. Gen. W. H. L. Barnes was the orator of the day, and Joaquin Miller the poet. Dr. Washington Ayer also read some verses. Mr. Barnes paid a glowing tribute to the Pioneers, and mentioned in feeling terms the cynical and eccentric philanthropist James Lick. At the close of General Barnes' remarks, Joaquin Miller came forward, prefacing his verses with: "I want to thank you, General Barnes, for what you said about the plains. I thank you as one who tramped over them, and I am sorry that my mother did not come to hear you." Then he read the following poem:

TO THE CALIFORNIA PIONEERS.

How swift this sand, gold-laden, runs!
How slow these feet, once swift and firm!
Ye came as romping, rosy sons
Come jocund up at college term;
Ye came so jolty, stormy, strong,
Ye drown'd the roll-call with your song,
But now ye lean a list'ning ear
And—"Adsum! Adsum! I am here!"

My brave world-bearers of a world
That tops the keystone, star of States,
All hail! Your battle flags are furled
In fruitful peace. The golden gates
Are won. The jasper walls be yours.
Your sun sinks down yon soundless shores,
Night falls. But lo! your lifted eyes
Greet gold outcropping in the skies.

Companioned with Sierra's peaks,
Our Storm-born eagle shrieks its scorn
Of doubt or death, and upward seeks
Through unseen worlds the coming morn.
Or storm, or calm, or near, or far,
His eye fixed on the morning star,
He knows, as God knows, there is dawn;
And so keeps on, and on, and on!

So ye, brave men of bravest days,
Fought on and on with battered shield.
Up bastion, rampart, till the rays
Of full morn met ye on the field.
Ye knew not doubt; ye only knew
To do and dare, and dare and do!
Ye knew that time, that God's first born,
Would turn the darkest night to morn.

Ye gave your glorious years of youth
And lived as heroes live—and die.
Ye loved the truth, ye lived the truth;
Ye knew that cowards only lie.
Then heed not now one serpent's hiss,
Or trait'rous, trading, Judas kiss.
Let slander wallow in his slime:
Still leave the truth to God and time.

Worn victors, few and true, such clouds
As track God's trailing garment's hem
Where Shasta keeps shall be your shrouds,
And ye shall pass the stars in them.
Your tombs shall be while time endures,
Such hearts as only truth secures:
Your everlasting monuments
Sierra's snow-topt battle tents.

DO NOT BE DISCOURAGED.

On a certain occasion Marie Antoinette asked her prime minister whether or not a project which she contemplated could be accomplished, and his reply was, "Madame, if posssble, it shall be done."

Of course the impossible cannot be achieved; but "impossibility" would not seem to have had any place in the vocabulary of those who have attained the highest distinction. "Experience is the best of teachers," and we learn from the experience of others, if we have as yet not learned from our own experience, that tireless exertion and steadfastness of purpose will remove whatever obstacles bar one's way to the proudest eminence.

Andersen, the popular Danish author, was the son of a cobbler, and in his earlier years worked "on the bench" most industriously, doing his first literary work on scraps of paper kept beside him, in the moments when he rested from his regular duties.

Arsaces, who founded the Parthian Empire, against which the mighty hosts of Rome long contended in vain, was a mechanic of obscure origin.

Beranger, the celebrated French poet, wandered about Paris in a state of pitiable destitution until he obtained a situation as pot boy—that is, to carry pots of beer in public houses and restaurants.

Burns was the son of a small farmer, and at an early age displayed an appetite for learning which he had few opportunities for gratifying, as is shown in the most brilliant of his poems.

Carrera, beginning life as a drummer-boy and driver of cattle, rose to the Presidency of the republic of Guatemala.

Catherine, Empress of Russia, in some respects one of the most remarkable women that ever lived, was a peasant girl of Livionia and a camp *grisette.*

Demosthenes, the Grecian orator and "prince of eloquence," was the son of a blacksmith. In his first attempt at public speaking he displayed such a weakness of voice, imperfect articulation and awkwardness, that he withdrew from the speaker's platform amidst the hooting and laughter of his hearers.

Giotto, noted as a painter, sculptor, architect, worker in mosaic, and really the founder of modern Italian art, was a shepherd boy whom Cimabue discovered drawing sheep on the sand with a pointed stone, with an accuracy that indicated a natural artistic ability, and so he took him as a student.

Handel was nearly fifty years of age when he published the first of those musical compositions which have immortalized his name.

Sir Isaac Newton while attending school was considered by his teachers but little better than an idiot; and Sheridan, the celebrated play writer, was presented by his mother to a tutor as a "blockhead."

The foregoing examples prove conclusively that an humble origin, poverty, natural defects, age, or physical ailments, need not prevent the attainment of distinction, and they should be encouraging, especially, to the young.—*Harper's Young People.*

The Land of Used-to-be.

Beyond the purple, hazy trees
Of summer's utmost boundaries,
Beyond the sands, beyond the seas,
Beyond the range of eyes like these,
And only in the reach of the
Enraptured gaze of memory,
There lies a land long lost to me—
The land of Used-to-be.

A land enchanted, such as swung
In golden seas when sirens clung
Along their dripping brinks, and sung
To Jason in that mystic tongue
That dazed men with its melody.
Oh, such a land, with such a sea
Kissing its shores eternally,
Is the fair Used-to-be.

A land where music ever girds
The air with belts of singing birds,
And sows all sounds with such sweet words
That even in the lowing herds
A meaning lives so sweet to me.
Lost laughter ripples limpidly
From lips brimmed o'er with all the glee
Of rare old Used-to-be.

O land of love and dreamy thoughts,
And shining fields and shady spots,

Of coolest, greenest, grassy plots
Embossed with wild forget-me-nots,
And all the blooms that cunningly
Lift up their faces unto me
Out of the past—I kiss, in thee,
The lips of Used-to-be!

I love ye all, and with wet eyes
Turned glimmeringly on the skies;
My blessings like your perfumes rise,
Till o'er my soul a silence lies
Sweeter than any song to me,
Sweeter than any melody
Or its sweet echo—yea, all three—
My dreams of Used-to-be.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

ST. JOSEPH'S PIONEERS.

Their Annual Gathering Last Wednesday.

A Successful Meeting Despite the Dust and Heat.

1894

A deep notch in the stick of the St. Joseph county pioneer marks another year accomplished in his precarious life journey, and reminds him of the many gaps in the erstwhile unbroken line of the vanguard who came with him to make for themselves homes in southwestern Michigan more than a half-century ago. He cuts the '94 mark with a thought that it may be the last, but feels that the hard life-duty which fell to his lot was bravely met and well done. He found the wilderness and subdued it; he leaves it a land of fruitfulness and plenty.

All in attendance last Wednesday who were present one year ago could not fail to note with sorrow the absence of the genial, benevolent face of President Lewis Rhoades, who died at his home in White Pigeon a short time ago. He was re-elected president of the society at the last annual meeting, and his appearance at that time gave little indication of an early demise. The casual observer would have given him ten years more of active life.

The pioneer, long accustomed to facing and overcoming difficulties which would overwhelm weaker men, lives actively and gives little warning of his taking off. He came to take up a life of labor in a new country, and as a rule he labors to the end. His life-work stands for more than most men's, and nature recognizes his worth by an allotment of more years and better health than come to those who live easier lives because of his untiring toil.

"The good die young" in other lands,
They scarce fill out a score of years;
God varies here His wondrous plans
For good St. Joseph's pioneers.

Dust and heat and perspiration galore were the leading all-day features of Pioneer Day for the year of grace 1894. The thermometer began an upward movement at an early hour, and by 11 o'clock, the time for the morning meeting, was toying with the 90's, with scarcely a breath of air stirring, the sun's penetrating rays sending a shooting sensation through the body that made a shady spot indispensable to the enjoyment of any degree of happiness. At 3 o'clock p. m. the "cerulean vault" became "sicklied o'er" with a muggy haze that rendered existence little less tolerable than the broad glare of the forenoon, with rumbling thunder in the far distance that gave some promise of an agreeable change in the trying atmospheric conditions. But as time wore on the promised change hid itself somewhere below the horizon, and the day closed without diminution of its dust, its heat, or its transpiration.

The attendance in the forenoon was, probably owing to the dust and heat, smaller than that of last year, but a goodly number of the older pioneers were present and the following proceedings were had before adjournment for dinner:

The meeting was called to order by Henry Sevison, who was appointed president by the executive committee after the death of President Lewis Rhoades, who was formally elected president of the society.

L. H. Hascall, of Centreville, was elected secretary and Wm. Benjamin, of Florence, treasurer.

The following vice presidents were then chosen by townships: Leonidas, Wm. M. Watkins; Mendon, Henry Worthington; Park, E. A. Strong; Flowerfield, John Freeman; Fabius, Jas. Wetherbee; Lockport, Henry Young; Nottawa, W. B. Langley; Colon, J. B. Dean; Burr Oak, Luther Graves; Sherman, George Carmen; Florence, A. Hotchin; Constantine, M. Beardsley; Mottville, Jonathan Waltham; White Pigeon, J. Hotchin; Sturgis, Amos Sturgis; Fawn River, H. G. Wait.

The secretary was instructed to notify the vice presidents of their election.

The afternoon meeting was called to order by President Sevison at 1 o'clock.

Singing by the choir.

Prayer by Rev. Chas. J. Sonnema.

President Sevison announced the appointment of the following executive committee: Wm. M. Watkins, of Leonidas; M. Beardsley and Thos. Jones, of Constantine; E. A. Strong, of Park; Jos. H. Sheap, of Sturgis.

The resolution adopted at the last annual meeting, in which a residence of thirty years in the county was required of any person desiring membership in the society, was on motion reconsidered and amended so as to read as follows:

Resolved, That our constitution be so amended that all children of pioneers who settled here before 1840 be members by signing our constitution, and that any person who has been a resident of this or adjoining state for thirty years may become a member by signing this constitution, and that our constitution be so amended by the adoption of this resolution.

The following resolutions on the death of Ex-President Lewis Rhoades were then read and adopted unanimously:

Whereas, In the course of human events our worthy President of the St. Joseph County Pioneer Society, Lewis Rhoades, of White Pigeon, departed this life on the 23d day of May A.D. 1894, at the age of 73 years, 5 months and 26 days; and

Whereas, Our departed President of this Society then filled the office of President of the village of White Pigeon and of Justice of the Peace in that township, and had lived in this county 65 years, and in all respects was an honored and useful citizen of our county all these years, ever defending the good and opposing the bad in human society; therefore be it

RESOLVED, By the officers and members of "The St. Joseph County Pioneer Society," at this its annual meeting held on the fair grounds in Centreville, this 13th day of June A. D. 1894, That in the demise of our President, Lewis Rhoades, this Society and County has lost a most valuable member and pioneer citizen; and

RESOLVED, That in his departure from us we can but mourn his loss; yet we rejoice that although he has gone to the other shore, his influence, and the lessons his life taught us, still live with us as a beacon light, to guide us to higher and holier endeavors; and

RESOLVED, That this preamble and resolutions be spread on our records, and our secretary be requested to forward a copy to our brother's bereaved wife and son and daughter.

C. H. STARR, }
WM. SADLER, } Com.

The secretary was instructed to send a copy of the foregoing to the family of the deceased, and have the same published in THE CENTREVILLE OBSERVER.

The following letters were then read:

WM. B. LANGLEY, Secretary.

Centreville, Mich.

Please accept many kind thanks for your invitation to the 21st annual meeting of the St. Joseph County Pioneer Society June 13th.

I trust the day will be a pleasant one, and that a large attendance will be present to extend a heartfelt greeting to the few who remain this side the river, and respectfully honor the memory of the loved ones gone before.

Yours truly,
G. D. G. THURSTON.

Sturgis, June 11, 1894.

Niles, June 5th, 1894.

MR. W. B. LANGLEY, Secretary.

I was pleased to receive your card of invitation to the pioneer meeting at Centreville, June 13th. Much as I would like to meet the old friends of long ago, I must forego that pleasure. As I cannot well go to them, they must come to see me in my own house, where they will be welcome. Kind regards to your wife and yourself from your own and your parents' friend.

E. T. JOSSLYN.

East Millstone, N. J., June 6th, 1894.

MR. WM. B. LANGLEY, Secretary.

DEAR FRIEND:—Your cordial invitation to attend your 21st annual meeting awakened most delightful memories. The first of your meetings I attended was your 8th, in 1881. Many of the noble men and women present then, and whom I knew, have gone to the better country. I realize that those who remain are a vanishing host. In a few years they too will live only in deeds and memories. I would give my warmest greeting to these venerable pioneers of a noble civilization. May your last days be your best, and your eventide be light with assured hope of a happy inheritance beyond this vanishing world.

Truly etc.,
A. PAIGE PEEKE.

Petoskey, June 11th, 1894.

C. H. STARR, Centreville, Mich.

DEAR FRIEND:—I thank you for remembering me again in sending to me the cordial invitation to be with you and our fellow pioneers, Wednesday next. When these anniversaries come, I think too, too bad I have to forego this great satisfaction; next year I will certainly go; but the time is near, and again I must say I truly hope to see you in the future, and convey to you, each and all, my loving wishes for everything good, and regret that I cannot be with you next Wednesday. I left my dear mother well, in her ninety-seventh year of age, three weeks ago.

Yours faithfully,
ISAAC D. TOLL.

Lima, Ind., June 12th, 1894.

President Pioneer Society, St. Joe. Co., Mich.

DEAR SIR:—From you and my friend Starr I received kindly notice of and invitation to meet with you on the 13th inst.

To most of those who will be present I should be a stranger. To meet the few who yet remain of those who constitute the pioneers would be a pleasure to me.

At the first gathering of your organization I was with you, and with six or seven old friends registered as settlers in St. Joseph county in 1832. At that date White Pigeon was the terminus of the stage line from Detroit to Chicago. The land office was at that place, and Savery's hotel, the "Grand Pacific" of the territory of Michigan. For five pleasant years of my long life I was a citizen of your grand state, and in it cast my first vote. I have with pride witnessed its growth and prosperity. Though a world of new and fresh territory has been steadily opening west of you, your good state is still advancing in all that serves to make it desirable for comfortable homes and maintaining its standing in the sisterhood of states.

You all have my best wishes for a full and pleasant meeting, by which you keep in memory those who first marked out the road for your prosperity and left for you the rich inheritance you now possess.

I have been pleased with the large number who attend your yearly meeting. They honor the pioneers, they honor the parents, and I trust these pleasant gatherings may continue and increase in attendance.

I much regret my inability to be present at your meeting. My duties call me in another direction.

Fraternally yours,
S. P. WILLIAMS.

LANSING, June 12, 1894.

C. H. STARR.

DEAR SIR:—I received your invitation to attend the pioneer meeting at Centreville, and would like very much to be there, but unfortunately cannot. I had been thinking of it before hearing from you. I was at the State Pioneer meeting here on Friday evening, but saw no one that I was acquainted with. I am much obliged for the invitation. We are all well at present and send best regards to yourself and family.

Yours truly,
EDWARD TALBOT.

Rev. Lee Fisher, of White Pigeon, spoke of the labors of the pioneers as the ground-work of the prosperity which surrounds us today.

John Gibson, of Nottawa, read a poem which was highly commended by all.

Andrew Elison, of La Grange, Ind., spoke of the early settlers as descendants of the Pilgrims, from whom they received the sterling qualities which made them successful as pioneers.

Miss Judson, of Three Rivers, read an interesting paper of her grandmother's early experiences in the county.

Miss Ruth Hoppin, of Three Rivers, spoke briefly of pioneer life and said she was desirous of obtaining material for a history of pioneer times.

E. G. Tucker, also of Three Rivers, read an original poem.

A vote of thanks was extended to the speakers, the choir, and others who had contributed to the success of the gathering, and the meeting adjourned.

The Bravest of Battles.

The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you'll find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought
From mouth of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo, there is the battle-field!

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave!
But oh, these battles, they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave!

—*Joaquin Miller.*

Howard Glyndon.

ED. SENTINEL:—In regard to the mention of me in the article on the literary people of Santa Cruz copied from the Call by you to-day, written by a kind but unknown hand, I will say that I did not come to Santa Cruz until the summer of 1887, and that a few days before I came I had no idea of coming; did not know there was such a place as Santa Cruz and had never previously met a single person living here. I came from the East, by complimentary invitation, with a convention of teachers (many of whom had been my friends for years) for the deaf and dumb, which met at Berkeley. There I succumbed to nervous prostration, the result of all I had previously gone through. Mr. Wilkinson, the Superintendent of the Berkeley Institution for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind, where the convention met, whose guest I was at that time, recommended Santa Cruz and I came here under the escort of two of the teachers at Berkeley, Douglas Tilden, son of Mrs. Tilden-Brown, of San Francisco, and Mr. d'Estrella. I had rooms in what was then the Pelton place, now Phelan Cottage, and in Mrs. and Miss Hecox at the light house I found friends. When I came to live in town during the ensuing winter I sought out Mrs. Kirby, for I had known friends of hers in the East, notably George Ripley, of the Tribune, and others of the Brook Farm people. The friendship of that noble woman and the rest of her family greatly cheered my loneliness. The writer should have said that Miss Kirby has her mother's largeness of heart as well as of head, and also that Mrs. Kirby had the largest funeral ever known in Santa Cruz, and that this was due to her as a woman more than as an author. Higher praise could not be.

I was expected back from California in three months, but I felt (and still feel) the effects of the long spell of nervous prostration from which I suffered so much that I have never felt that I could take up the battle of life with all the added hardness it has in the East, and so I have not yet been back.

HOWARD GLYNDON.

Santa Cruz, June 13th.

A RARE COLLECTION.

AN ANCIENT SET OF JEWISH COINS.

It Exceeds That of Any of Our Public Museums.

Doubtless the most complete set of ancient Jewish coins in this country is that which forms a part of the numismatical collection of the Rev. W. Scott Watson of Guttenburg, N. J. It was gathered during his sojourn in Syria, and far exceeds in the number of specimens that of any of our public museums.

The oldest coins in the strictly Judean series are two of Simon Maccabæus, bearing the date of the "fourth year," which corresponds with 135 B. C. Mr. Watson has coins of Syria much older than these, his Phœnician series going back nearly 2300 years, to about 400 B. C. These are followed by specimens of the coinage of John Hyrcanus (135-105 B. C.) and Alexander Jannæus (105-78 B. C.). Then come issues of the mints of the Herodian family, Herod the Great, Herod Archelaus and Herod Agrippa being represented. There are also quite a number of the coins of the procurators who governed Judea under the Emperors Augustus, Tiberius, Claudius and Nero. The set closes with pieces issued by the victors and the vanquished about the time that Jerusalem was captured by Titus, and others struck by the insurgents during the so-called second revolt under Bar Cochab (132-135 A. D.). Probably the specimens most interesting to the general reader are those of the King who was reigning in Jerusalem when Jesus Christ was born and those of Pontius Pilate, before whom he was brought for sentence. The latter have on them as their date the seventeenth year of the Emperor Tiberius, i. e., 30-31 A. D. The various "mites" are also of much interest.

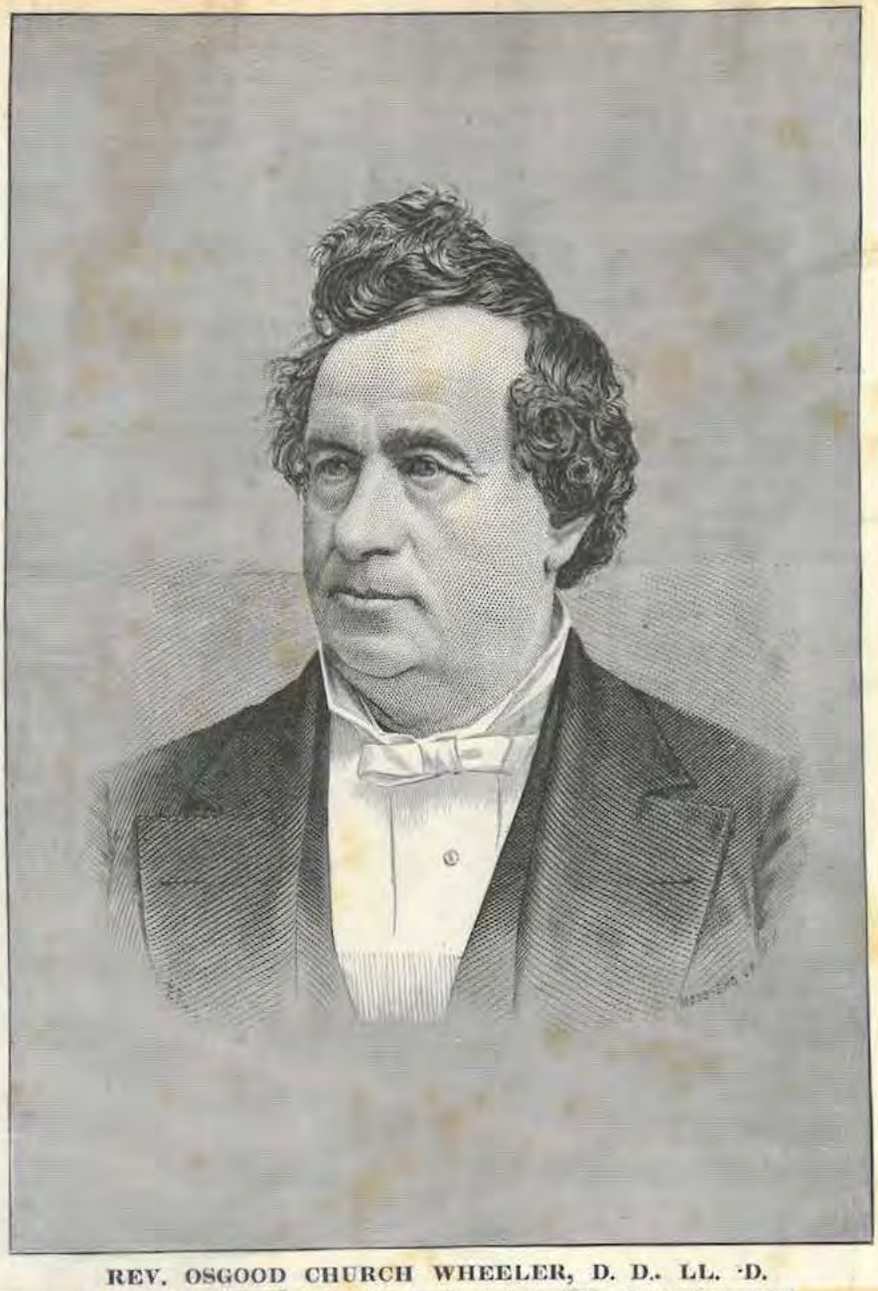
Such a collection as this one has a special value to students of paleography. It furnishes contemporary representations of the forms of letters in use at different periods. The oldest specimens have their inscription only in the ancient Hebrew characters, which differ greatly from the square characters now in common use. In the time of Alexander Jannæus we find bilingual coins, the Hebrew language and letters being employed on one side and the Greek language and characters on the other. The pieces of the Herodian family and of the Roman governors have Greek alone. The use of this in preference to Latin, even on Roman coins, is one of the many facts that prove the wide prevalence of Greek at the time that the New Testament was written.—*New York Sun.*

REV. OSGOOD CHURCH WHEELER, D. D. LL. D.

Founder of the First Protestant Church in California.

In this issue will be found an excellent likeness of Rev. Dr. Wheeler, whose long residence in California (nearly thirty-six years) and the many important and beneficent enterprises in which, during that extended period, he has been actively engaged, have made his name a household word, especially among the earlier residents of California. Dr. Wheeler was born in the township of Wolcott (now Butler), Wayne county, New York, on the thirteenth day of March, 1816. His parents were blessed with a family of twelve children, he being the tenth in succession. The facilities for obtaining even a common school education were, in those days, far inferior to those enjoyed by the youth of the present time, and it was not until Dr. Wheeler had attained his majority and began life as the abiter of his own fortunes, that he had an opportunity to acquire more than the mere rudiments of English lore. At the age of twenty-one, without money or influential friends, he went forth into the world hungering and thirsting after knowledge. When he left the paternal roof his entire fortune consisted of three shillings (37½ cents), his wardrobe of one suit of homespun clothes, and his knowledge of the world was a negative quantity. He possessed, however, a fund of courage energy, and perseverance that was inexhaustible, and he determined, at all hazards, as a basis of future operations, to obtain as thorough an education as the schools of the period could furnish. He accordingly sought admission to Madison University, was accepted, and, although his health at that time was by no means robust, he worked his way through an entire eight years' course in that institution, and graduated with honor, both from the college proper and the Theological Seminary. During his college career, he made the acquaintance of Miss H. E. Hamilton, a young lady of good family, of high moral and intellectual culture, true piety and sound practical common sense. Soon after he graduated they were married, and she proved to him a helpmeet indeed. A son and daughter were born to them, and the happy family circle remained unbroken until 1849, when, after a long and painful illness, death came as a kind messenger, to relieve the devoted wife and affectionate mother of her sufferings.

Mr. Wheeler's first regular pastorate was at East Greenwich, R. I., where he was ordained a Minister of the Gospel, and became the first pastor of the Baptist church in that town. He was very successful here in his ministry, and after two years service he received a call to a wider and much more important field in Jersey City, N. J. After harmonizing some serious dissentions in this church, and securing a large and appreciative congregation, Mr. Wheeler was just beginning to taste the sweets of rewarded efforts and to look forward with bright anticipations to the future, when he was requested by the Baptist Home Missionary Society to go to California as their Pioneer Missionary. To this somewhat startling proposition he strenuously objected, and, at first, absolutely refused to comply with the wishes of the society, but after sixteen days urgent persuasion by influential members of the clergy and others, he yielded to the pressure and consented to resign all the comforts and attractions of home and cast his lot in a comparatively unknown land. But little time was given him for preparation; the steamer was advertised to leave on the 20th of December, but, for some reason, the time was changed and she was announced to leave on the first, instead, leaving him only fourteen days in which to make his arrangements for the voyage. Mr. Wheeler was, however, equal to the occasion. During these fourteen days he resigned his pastorate, closed up his business, made a visit to Philadelphia, preached ten sermons, delivered three addresses, attended personally to the preparation of his outfit, and one hour before the steamship "Falcon" sailed, on the first day of December, 1848, three days before the discovery of gold was published in Washington, he was on board with his wife, armed and equipped for missionary service, in what the Rev. Dr. Cone, president of the society under whose auspices Mr. Wheeler embarked, characterized as the "darkest spot on earth." On the voyage out Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler won the warmest respect and esteem of their fellow passengers by their readiness to comfort the sick, to console the dying and give Christian burial to the dead. After a tedious voyage of ninety days, the discomforts of which none can appreciate save those who made the trip in "early days," they arrived safely on the pioneer steamship "California," on the twenty-eighth day of February, 1849. Mr Wheeler, after a brief survey of the field of operations, formed his plans and at once commmenced his labors. There was no church edifice in San Francisco, and in this emergency arrangements were made for holding religious services in the private dwelling of Mr. C. L. Ross, a pioneer merchant, well known to the early settlers, and who did much to promote the cause of religion in former days. At that period, society in California was thoroughly demoralized, the discovery of gold had attracted thousands to her shores whose only idea was to reap a rich harvest in the shortest possible time and return to their homes. Few dreamed of establishing homes here. The absence of female society, with its refining influences, operated largely to lessen the moral restraints which usually prevail in civilized communities, and men sought for amusement and recreation where they could most readily be found—in the gambling houses and liquor saloons,—names that were synonymous in pioneer days. In a community where Satan apparently held a sway so complete, very few ministers of the gospel had the courage to "buckle on the armor of faith" and attempt to stem the tide of iniquity which swept through the land. Mr. Wheeler, however, had come here as a missionary; his heart was in the work, and he was neither discouraged nor dismayed at the prospect before him. The first attempts to gather a congregation were somewhat discouraging. On the fourth Sabbath, six persons, only, assembled to hear the preacher, three of them being residents of the house, and the Sabbath School consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler, as teachers, and one scholar, the son of John W. Geary, late Governor of Pennsylvania. Mr. Ross became disheartened and advised Mr. Wheeler to abandon the enterprise. The good missionary, however, had "come to stay," and was not to be turned from his purpose at the first encounter with adverse circumstances. He redoubled his efforts, and in four weeks from that time, every available portion of the house was filled with attentive hearers, and forty scholars assembled in the Sabbath School. This was what might be termed a religious bonanza, and Mr. Wheeler worked the lead diligently and with good success. In a few weeks more, he had organized a church of six members, and in July, 1849, he bought a lot on Washington street, for $10,000, cleared off the chapparal, and being possessed of considerable mechanical skill, he commenced with his own hands to frame a building for the first Protestant church in California, which, with what assistance he could obtain, he finished and dedicated in twenty-two working days. The structure would cut a sorry figure beside the grand churches of the present day; it was fifty feet in length by thirty feet in width, on Washington street, framed of three by four-inch scantling, with twelve feet posts, and covered with rough clapboards; the roof was constructed of old sails, obtained from a vessel in the harbor, and the seats were of the rudest and cheapest construction. This structure, simple and unpretending as it was, cost over $6,000 in gold. On Sabbath mornings, a motley congregation of roughly-clad men assembled, the only female present being the pastor's wife. Soon after, Mr. John C. Pelton, an experienced teacher from Massachusetts, arrived and proposed to open a free school in the church, provided Mr. Wheeler would allow him the use of it rent free. His proposition was accepted and the school was established, and thus, under the auspices of Mr. Wheeler, this rough, and unpretending little edifice became the home of the first Protestan church, the first Sabbath school, and the first free, public school in California; the germ which has developed into the grand system of which Californians are now so justly proud. We might mention many acts of Christian charity performed by Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler, in their ministrations to the wants of the sick, the dying and the distressed, but the mere recital of these acts would alone occupy more space than we can devote to this article. Col. J. D. Stevenson, in recognition of many acts of Christian benevolence rendered to the discharged soldiers of his command, in an address replete with grateful sentiments, presented to Mr. Wheeler, on behalf of the surviving soldiers of his regiment, the best gold watch and chain to be procured on the Pacific coast.



REV. OSGOOD CHURCH WHEELER, D. D.. LL. ·D.

Mr. Wheeler, from a stand erected on the Plaza, delivered the first Fourth of July oration ever spoken upon the soil of California. Thousands assembled to hear him, and his effort gave such general satisfaction that it was printed at the public expense, and is still counted among the gems of California anthology. His fame as a speaker soon spread abroad, and he was called upon on almost every occasion, where the advancement of moral or religious enterprise was involved, to address the people, often traveling far into interior for that purpose. The constant demands made upon his oratorical powers during the first five or six years of his residence here, drew heavily upon his nervous system and engendered a disease of the throat which compelled him to relinquish public speaking and seek rest and relaxation. With this view he visited the East in 1854, but he soon found that no rest was to to be obtained there; he was called upon from all quarters to address large assemblages upon the subject of California and the condition of affairs in this land of absorbing interest, and so great was the desire to hear him that he was invited to address the President, Cabinet and Members of Congress, in the Hall of the House of Representatives, an honor never before extended to a civilian. In 1869, Dr. Wheeler met with a sad misfortune in the death of his wife, with whom he had spent nearly a quarter of a century of uninterrupted conjugal happiness. He was prostrated by the blow, and for a time it was thought he would soon follow the loved one to the "better land," but there was yet work for him to do; he rallied his energies and recovered, and about this time the Central Pacific Railroad Company proposed to him to take charge of its baggage department, a position requiring no ordinary ability and energy. He soon brought order out of chaos, for, when he entered upon the discharge of his duties, he found the department without method or system, in fact completely demoralized. His efforts to system tize this branch of railway service were completely successful and are highly appreciated by the company, in whose service he still remains.

In April, 1871, Dr. Wheeler was married to his second wife, Miss Ellen R. Frisbie, of Quincy, Illinois, a most estimable lady, respected and beloved by all who know her.

In May, 1879, the honorary degree of D. D. was conferred upon Mr Wheeler by California College, and in July of the same year, the University of Jackson, Tennessee, conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL. D. D. These honors were unsought by him, and were gratuitously conferred.

Dr. Wheeler has been prominently connected with the Masonic Fraternity since 1852, and has held many important positions therein. He has served several terms as Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge, and is now Grand Prelate of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templar and Supreme Prelate of the Sovereign Sanctuary, Royal Masonic Rite, of the United States. His efforts at Chicago, in 1880, were effectual in inducing the Grand Encampment of the United States to hold its next Triennial Conclave in San Francisco, and he did much to render that memorable occasion a triumphant success.

Dr. Wheeler has nearly reached the allotted age of man, but the burden of years sits lightly upon him, and it is hoped that his days may yet be "long in the land."

BIRTH OF THE DIMPLE.

I STOLE of the rose leaf within her chin,
And she said, with a little nod,
As she touched a dimple as sweet as love,
"Oh, that was a kiss from God."

—*Ella Hopkinson.*

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

How It Attained Its Present Form.

Banners That Have Been Used.

World-Wide Sentiment of Devotion to the National Standard.

Written for the CHRONICLE.

Carlyle somewhere says that he sees in a flag "the divine idea of duty, of heroic daring, and in some instances, of freedom, of right." From what dim tradition or custom of the past we can trace that peculiar sentiment which manifests itself so unmistakably in the hearts of all men of devotion and love for one's country's flag who can tell? A volume would be required to relate even what is known on the subject; and long before written history began the story of standards and heraldic insignia borne in battle had been made immortal by the picture writings of the Phrygians and Egyptians. The oldest known Egyptian bas-reliefs show standards borne by soldiers and gazed upon with awe by the multitude, and they lend peculiar significance to the words of Solomon: "Terrible as an army with banners."

United States flag, 1777.

Among the followers of Mahomet the belief was inculcated that for an infidel to gaze on the standard of the prophet was to incur death. On one occasion we are told that some hundred Christian prisoners, ignorant of the danger, looked upon the dread symbol as it was borne past in a procession, but not dropping dead with the promptness the occasion required, they were set upon by a mob of infuriated true believers and massacred to a man.

And so through all history we find that same devotion to the standard of one's country strongly manifest. Whether it be in following in the footsteps of the Roman soldiery, with their gilded eagles, conquering the world, or in reading with fast-beating heart of brave Sergeant Jasper's rescue of the shell-torn flag on the walls of Fort Moultrie, each one of us can feel a thrill of sympathy, a joyous and courageous uplifting of the very soul, a sensation which Carlyle does well to call divine, for no matter what may be the consequences of acts committed while under the influence of the feeling its inception is distinctly ennobling.

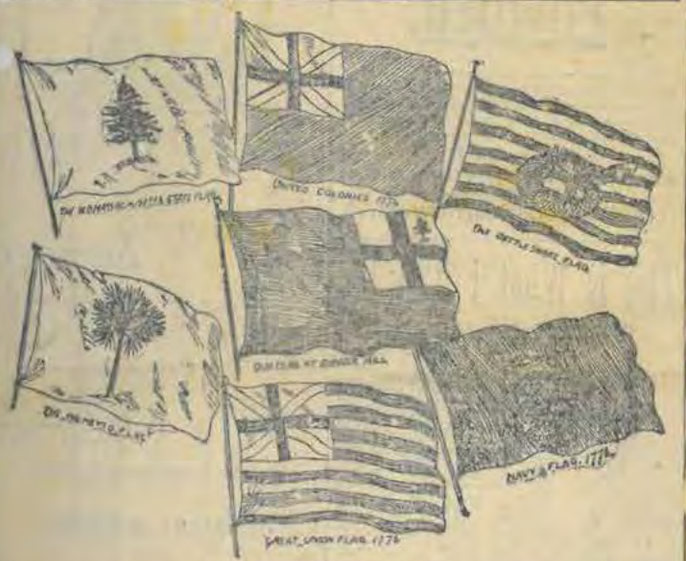
The history of our own flag is not without interest, but, recent as its adoption is in comparison with that of other nations, all is not known in regard to it, and the special significance of some of its characteristics will ever be a matter of surmise and doubt.

The flags used by the colonies before their final separation from the mother country would naturally be those of England. But this was not always strictly the case, several flags differing more or less from those of the kingdom having been adopted at different times previous to the Revolution. A crimson flag of which the union was a St. George's cross on a white field was one most frequently used. Another flag showed a pine tree in one of the corners formed by the cross, and still another, called the "flag of the New England colonies," had a dark blue field with the cross on a white field in the corner, and in place of the pine tree a half-globe was represented.

These various departures from the English flag indicate a growing feeling of independence among the colonies and the necessity for union is no where more plainly shown than in the adoption of badges and flags by the colonies which took place at various times previous to their actual rupture with the mother country. The flag displayed by General Putnam on Prospect Hill, July 18, 1775, was red and bore the motto of Connecticut, "Qui transtulit sustinet" (God, who transplanted us, will sustain us), on one side and on the other "An appeal to Heaven." Trumbull, in his celebrated picture of the battle of Bunker Hill has represented our troops as displaying a red flag with the pine tree on a white field in the corner, and such a flag was probably used in the battle.

Navy flag, 1776.

The flags in use in the navy during the first part of the Revolution were as various as those adopted by the colonies. The Massachusetts Provincial Congress adopted a white flag with a green pine tree and the inscription "An appeal to Heaven," while many of the cruisers were sailed under ensigns consisting of seven red and six white stripes, across which a rattlesnake was stretched, and the significant words "Don't tread on me" on one of the white stripes. On February 9, 1776, Colonel Gadsden, evidently not quite satisfied with the supine attitude of the snake, presented to Congress a standard to be used by the navy, representing in a yellow field a rattlesnake of thirteen rattles coiled to strike, and the motto "Don't tread on me."



SOME OF THE OLD-TIME BANNERS.

The flag in general use by the united colonies, however, was designed by a committee appointed by Congress, consisting of Dr. Franklin and two other members, who met at the American camp at Cambridge on the 1st day of January, 1776, and in honor of the organization of the new army displayed for the first time the flag of the United Colonies. It consisted of thirteen alternate red and white stripes with the red and white crosses of St. George and St. Andrew in a blue field in the corner. John Paul Jones, the famous naval hero, claims the honor of having first hoisted this flag on board an American man-of-war, the Alfred, but his claim is disputed by John Adams, who claims the honor for a native of Massachusetts.

Upon the declaration of independence in July, 1776, at Philadelphia the King's arms were taken down from their place on the walls of the hall and burned, thus destroying every semblance of allegiance to the crown. But it was not until nearly a year later that Congress adopted a national flag. The resolution was passed on the 14th day of June, 1777, but was not made public until September 3d of the same year. Henceforth the flag of the thirteen United States was to be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, with a union consisting of thirteen white stars in a field of blue, "representing a new constellation."

Some writers profess to believe the constellation mentioned referred to Lyra, which in ancient times was the symbol of harmony and unity among men, but as Lyra was not new by any means it is more likely the words were not intended to be taken literally.

The committee appointed by Congress to design the new flag consisted of George Washington and four other gentlemen, who drew the design and subsequently waited upon a Mrs. Ross, an upholsterer in Philadelphia, and arranged with her the terms of manufacture. Mrs. Ross, it appears, had a woman's idea of the eternal fitness of things, and, after looking over the plans submitted for her inspection by the five wise men, decided that a five-pointed star would be much nicer than one of six points, because it could be cut out with one cut of the scissors, and she recommended that the designs be changed in this particular. The committee evidently felt themselves at a disadvantage while dealing with a woman who was so dexterous with her scissors and amicably acquiesced. This is the reason why the stars on our national flag are made with five points, while those on our coins are made with six.

Revenue flag.

The first change in this flag was made in 1794, when Congress resolved that "from and after the 1st day of May, 1795, the flag of the United States shall be fifteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be fifteen stars, white, in a blue field." This flag was borne through the two succeeding wars with England, waved in victory over our troops at New Orleans and our sailors in Tripoli and flew triumphant from the peak of the Essex in her famous fight at Valparaiso.

In 1818 Congress adopted the following resolution: "That from and after the Fourth day of July next the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be twenty stars on a blue field, and that on the admission of a new State into the Union one star be added to the union in the flag, and that such addition shall take effect on the Fourth day of July next succeeding such admission." This resolution was approved April 4, 1818, and has been in force ever since.

With regard to the origin of the characteristics of the national flag and their special significance much has been written, but, strange to say, the committee having charge of the preliminaries does not appear to have considered the matter of sufficient importance to deserve special mention. By a curious coincidence the coat of arms of the Washington family bears both the stars and stripes, but if this fact influenced the father of his country in the making of the design or the rest of the committee adopted it as a means of flattering the great man neither have committed themselves to writing in the matter, and contemporaneous history is discreetly silent. The stripes have been variously described as being imitations of the flag of the Netherlands or the East India Company, and the colors red, white and blue have been represented as symbolizing almost every sentiment known to the human heart.

A curious and pleasant criticism of our flag comes from the Chinese. When the first American ship entered the harbor of Canton with the Stars and Stripes flying the wondering Chinese called her the kaw-kee-chan, or flower-flags-hip, and so popular did this term become that America is to this day known to the Chinese as Kaw-Kee-Koh, or flower-flag-country. We are further told that Yongee (Yankee) in Chinese means flag of the ocean, and Wo-shin-tung means rescue and glory at last.

Pine tree flag, 1775.

This article would not be complete without an allusion to another flag which has a national character, being peculiarly an invention of this country, but which does not share the popularity nor provoke the enthusiasm of "Old Glory." In March, 1790, Congress passed a law organizing the revenue cutter service, and among other things provided for it a distinct ensign and pennant. The ensign consisted of thirteen perpendicular stripes, alternately red and white, with a union to be a blue eagle bearing the Union arms in a white field. This flag has been borne by the revenue cutters for over a hundred years, and until very recently it also floated over Uncle Sam's custom-houses throughout the land.

The wave of popular sentiment in regard to the national flag which rolled in with the present administration bore upon its crest an order dated May 19, 1889, instructing the custodians of all public buildings, including custom-houses, to display the national colors in the place of honor. This relegated the revenue flag to its proper place beneath the national ensign on all public buildings, but by a strange omission nothing was said in the circular about revenue cutters, and in consequence this popular branch of the national Government remains conspicuously prominent as being the only bit of national property over which it is not permissible to fly the national flag.

J. C. CANTWELL.

TO TELL TIME AT NIGHT.

How a Man Without a Watch Can Read the Stars.

Most people on a clear day can, without a watch or other timepiece, form a closely approximate idea of the time of the day by the position of the sun, but few perhaps have guessed at any similar method of computing the time during the night without any other means than the "starry skies." Notwithstanding, a fairly reliable time indicator can be found in the northern skies on every cloudless night. As is generally known, the group of fixed stars called the "Dipper" makes an apparent revolution toward the North star in every twenty-four hours, with the two stars forming the outer elevation of the bowl of the dipper pointing nearly directly to the polar star continuously.

If the position of the "pointers" is taken at any given hour, say 6 o'clock in the evening in winter time and as soon as it is dark in the summer, the hour can thereafter be pretty accurately measured by the eye during the night. Frequent observations of positions will have to be made at the given hour, as, owing to the constant changing of the earth's position in space, the position of the "pointers" in relation to our point of observation and the star also change. Observations taken during a year and impressed on the mind will make a very good time indicator of that part of celestial space.—*Mechanical News.*

NAMES ENDING IN O.

There has been from time to time a good deal of comment upon the names of places in California, especially such as are blessed with the euphonious appellations of "Red Dog," "You Bet," "Hangtown" and the like, but attention has not been called, we believe, to one peculiarity—that is, the number of geographical names in California which end with o. In this respect this State must be awarded the championship medal, as a brief inspection of any list of names of places will show.

First, among the fifty-eight counties of California there are no less than fourteen which end with the round letter. They are El Dorado, Fresno, Inyo, Mendocino, Mono, Sacramento, San Benito, San Bernardino, San Diego, San Francisco, San Luis Obispo, San Mateo, Solano and Yolo. It is to be observed that only a portion of these are named from masculine saints in the Spanish calendar, Fresno, Inyo, Mono, Solano and others being presumably Indian names, though the termination may have been put on by the early Spanish settlers.

When we come to towns in California whose names end in o their name is legion. There are, among others, Acampo, Alamo, Bernardo, Blanco, Cahto, Capistrano, Decoto, Echo, El Casco, Fruto, Igo, Jacinto, Largo, Llano, Milo, Moreno, Navarro, Nicasio, Ono, Palermo, Philo, Rialto, Sausalito, Tropico, Venado and Volcano. In the compilation of this imperfect catalogue the towns and cities named for saints have been omitted, as the list would be entirely too long, running from San Antonio through most of the letters of the alphabet to San Ysidro.

There is said to be a reason for all things, and it is not unlikely that the names given by the early and pious Spanish settlers to their settlements may have sounded pleasant to the *gringos* who came after them, and have influenced them, perhaps unconsciously, to confer upon their own mining camps and villages and towns names ending with the letter o. Whether this theory be correct or not the fact remains that California has an unusually large number of places whose names end with the fourth vowel.

PIONEER JOURNALISM.

The First Newspaper in California.

A Queerly Mixed Jumble of Matter.

The Monterey "Californian" of 1846 and Its Remarkable Table of Contents.

In few lines is the progress made by California during the little more than half century that has elapsed since the commencement of the American occupation more notable than in the growth of its newspapers. Between the *Californian* of 1846 and the CHRONICLE of 1892 stretches a gulf whose extent can be scarcely appreciated except by an actual personal comparison. Few copies of that journal, the first published in California, have been preserved, but one has recently come into the possession of the CHRONICLE bearing date of Saturday, December 26, 1846, being the twentieth issue of the first volume of that pioneer journal. A fac simile of a portion of the first page is given herewith. In actual size the entire sheet was but half as large as one of the pages of the CHRONICLE.

It bears date at Monterey, and was published by Messrs. Colton & Semple—

CALIFORNIAN.

Vol. I. MONTEREY, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1846. No. XX

The Californian is published every Saturday morning,
By COLTON & SEMPLE,
At Two Dollars per annum, if paid in advance
Price—Subscription, one year in advance $5 00
Six months 2 50
Single Copies, 12½

From the Polynesian of Oct. 17th.

DENMARK.—The presence in our waters of His Danish Majesty's frigate Galathea, (the first Danish ship of war that ever visited our Islands) naturally leads us to make some remarks upon that ancient and respectable Kingdom.

The Kingdom of Denmark, situated on the North of Europe, contains about 22,650 English square miles, and a population of about 2,200,000 souls, including Iceland, which has about 57,000, and the Faroe Islands, 2000.

The population is composed of four distinct races. 1st. The Danes, who form the great mass of the population and occupy the Islands with North Jutland, and three-fifths of Schleswig. 2d. The Germans, who possess Holstein, Lauenburg and part of Schleswig. 3d. The Frisons, who inhabit the islands along the west coast of Jutland and at the South point of the bailiwick of Hoyum in Schleswig. 4. The Angles; who live between the bight of Flensburg and the Kongo-Aa, on the Baltic. There are upwards of 6000 Jews in the Kingdom.

There is no authentic account of the origin of the name Denmark, nor of the quarter from which the country received its early inhabitants.

The Danes are remarkable for their early maritime expeditions. As early as the eighth or ninth centuries, they made repeated invasions of England, frequent descents on

The modern Danish language is a daughter of the Norse or Ancient Danish, formerly called "Normens" or Dansk Tunga," and it bears exactly the same relation to that language that Italian does to Latin. It is spoken by three-fourths of the population, the remaining fourth inhabiting Holstein, Slesswik and Lauenberg, speak German.

The Government of Denmark, like that of other Gothic countries, was from despotic, the succession of the Crown was even elective until the revolution of 1660. That event ended in a great increase to the influence of the Crown.—It is tempered, however, by the benevolent dispositions of the sovereigns who have succeeded each other, by the influence of the Reformed Faith, the freedom of the Press, and the progressive improvement of the nation. In 1835, the late King Frederick VI., voluntarily relinquished a large share of the royal power by granting to his people a free constitution.

The present King, His Majesty Christian the Eighth, is greatly beloved by his subjects. He was born on the 18th September, 1776—succeeded his cousin, Frederick VI., on the 3d of December, 1839. His Majesty married on the 11th June, 1806, the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg Schwerin, by whom he has issue, Frederick, Prince Royal, who was born on the 6th of October, 1808.

His Majesty married a second time on the 22d of May, 1815, Caroline, daughter of Frederick Christian, Duke of Holstein.

There are in Denmark two orders of titled nobility—Counts or Earls, and Barons. There are also, as in every feudal Kingdom, an untitled nobility, who rank as high in public estimation as those whom the King has ennobled.

Few countries can compete with Denmark in regard to educational institutions. The number of grammar

REDUCED FAC SIMILE OF HALF FIRST PAGE OF "CALIFORNIAN."

names well known in California since this first journalistic venture was made. The subscription price was $5 a year, but single copies were offered at 12½ cents each.

There was either a remarkable scarcity of news or the editors of the *Californian* had a peculiar idea of what constituted it, for the entire first page is devoted to an extract from the *Polynesian* of Honolulu, giving an historical sketch of the kingdom of Denmark. The presence at Honolulu of a Danish man-of-war was the reason for the publication in the *Polynesian*, but what earthly interest the people of California could have in such things has not yet transpired.

The second page is devoted to editorial matter, or what is intended for such. It carries the date of December 25th, Christmas, at the head of its columns, and the leader is a rhapsody on the holiday, ending with three stanzas of poetry appropriate to the occasion.

Then follow fifteen lines devoted to the condition of public affairs in California, as follows: "Home Affairs—Monterey and its vicinity continue quiet. A mounted force of fifty all told left here on Wednesday morning, under the command of Captain Maddox. Their destination is not a subject to which it would be expedient to give publicity. Mr. Baldwin is left as acting Military Commandant of Monterey. The temporary absence of the force that has left need therefore create no uneasiness. We have no fresh intelligence from Com. Stockton. At our last advices he was at San Diego; there is a rumor however that he has taken San Pedro and fortified that position. Col. Fremont when last heard from was below San Luis, this was more than two weeks since, he must by this time be in Santa Barbara. He marched through all the heavy rains that have fallen."

The *Californian's* font of type was evidently of Spanish origin, for instead of the capital "W" two "Vs" were used, while the punctuation, as will be observed, is open to serious objection.

Following is an article on the matter of horse-stealing, which it would seem was a source of great trouble. The Indians from "the Tulares" had made several raids, which were unchecked because of the "insurrection in the Angeles," which drew away the troops to that section.

Several extracts are given "from the United States papers" in regard to the war with Mexico and the possibility that damage would be done to our commerce by vessels having letters of marque from the Mexican Government. Rates of marine insurance had gone up and commercial circles were greatly excited.

Rev. Sidney Smith's defense of the theater receives considerable space and with this the second page is completed and the third page commenced, and then follow a number of short items containing some remarkable information, thus: "Twenty years ago there were not thirty miles of railroad in Europe. Now there are over 5000 miles, constructed at a cost of over $500,000,000."

There is evidently something wrong about the cost of these railroads, but could the writer have looked into the future and seen this 5000 miles converted into 150,000, he must have been filled with amazement.

"The charge for transmitting a communication of fifteen words to Boston from New York by telegraph will be 25 cents," says another item. Although telegraphy was then in its infancy, it will be observed that so far as the cost of sending a message is concerned little progress has been made.

"A magnificent Roman Catholic Church is to be built at Washington, something like the great cathedrals in Europe, at a cost of $75,000." Fancy erecting a church "something like the cathedrals of Europe," for the beggarly sum of $75,000!

The war with Mexico gave interest to the information that "there are at least one million of finished muskets in the different armories and arsenals of the United States." Nothing is said as to rifles, and considering that flint locks were issued to some troops so lately as the outbreak of the rebellion, it is evident that arming our soldiers with improved weapons was not at that time thought of.

The arrival of a murderer at Boston, the sentencing of an Alabama duelist to the penitentiary, and the passage of resolutions by the Legislatures of several States in favor of cheaper postage are each the subject of a short item, and then without any dividing "dash" there follows a little German love story, which in turn is succeeded by an account of a fatal duel at Bladensburg, Md., between T. F. Jones and Dr. David Johnson of Elizabeth, N. C.

Interjected between items of more or less importance is the statement: "It is a singular fact that when an Indian swears he swears in English. There are no oaths in the Indian vernacular."

Some news from Tahiti is given, to the effect that Queen Pomare has announced her intention to put herself under French protection.

The third page concludes with a communication over the signature of "G. R. G.," printed in the Spanish language. It is addressed to the Christians of Monterey, and bewails the fact that their spiritual father is badly neglected, and so far as the people of that place are concerned, is not provided with raiment, food or shelter. The people are urged to meet and make suitable provision for their padre, and the writer concludes by offering to contribute $2 a month—which leads to the conclusion that the people of Monterey were not much more liberal in religious matters than others are now.

The fourth and last page of the *Californian* is devoted entirely to advertising. As the printers evidently had no display type they were compelled to do the best they could with the small font of Roman letter possessed by them.

The first advertisement is a card of thanks from the "Y. M. of L. H. Club of Monterey" to William H. Davis, for valuable presents made by him to the club. The card concludes thus:

> We'll fill our goblets high to-night,
> And pledge to him right cheerily;
> Whose warm fraternal spirit sent
> The boon we prize so dearly.

William M. Smith gives notice that he has located himself permanently in the town of Yerba Buena for the transaction of business about the bay of San Francisco. His office was at the store of F. Ward, Montgomery street, Yerba Buena. This notice was published in both English and Spanish, as are several of the other advertisements.

W. D. M. Howard of 1 Water street, Yerba Buena, advertised the departure of the A1 fast sailing ship Vandalia from San Diego for Boston with freight and passengers.

Walter Colton, Chief Magistrate, gave notice that any one selling cattle or horses not legally marked or without a bill of sale from the former owner would be prosecuted and punished.

D. Spence, Esq., advertised a fine two-story house on the "western side of the gulph of Monterey," which he desired to let. Whether the western shore of the "gulph" was to be found in China or not is not specified.

Talbot H. Green, in a four-line advertisement, stated that he had a stock of general merchandise for sale or barter, also a large lot of brown mantas, which he would sell for cash or hides.

With the exceptions already noted the only announcement that would lead one to suspect the momentous occurrences that had recently taken place in California is to be found in two notices over the signatures of Walter Colton, chief magistrate, and William A. T. Maddox, military commandant, stating that in the present crisis it is necessary that all persons arriving in Monterey report themselves to the authorities, and those wishing to depart must provide themselves with passports.

It is evident that Messrs. Colton & Semple felt a delicacy about discussing the current local events or at least the affairs of the coast.

The opening of the Portsmouth House at Yerba Buena by J. Brown and that of the store of Paty & Co. in the building of J. Stokes conclude the business announcements and wind up the last page of the short-lived *Californian*.

OLD SPANISH COINS.

Recollections of the Fips and Levies of Our Grandfathers' Days.

"No one born in this generation in this country knows anything about the old time fips and levies that constituted a large portion of the subsidiary coin in circulation as late as the breaking out of the civil war," says Colonel C. A. Pine of the Port Jervis Gazette, who remembers everything. "These were Spanish coins, and they got into circulation in this country through some pecuniary settlement between the government of the United States and Spain.

"Fifty years ago very few silver coins from our mint were in circulation, especially the smaller ones. A few half dollars were in use. The Spanish small coins were essentially the people's money in those days.

"The fip represented one-sixteenth of a dollar, the levy one-eighth of a dollar. Fip was the abbreviation of an abbreviation of fivepenny bit. When people spoke of the whole of what they meant in talking of a fivepenny bit, they called it a fippenny bit, but just fip was sufficient for ordinary everyday transactions. Similarly folks didn't often say 11 penny bit, but they contracted it to levy—that is, except in New York, northeastern Pennsylvania and northern New Jersey and in New England, where they had no use for either 11 penny bit or levy. In those localities a levy was a shilling.

"But in southern New Jersey, southern Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and other border states if you said shilling people wouldn't know what you meant. They called it levy. Farther south a levy became a bit, and the fip was a picayune. This was especially the case at and about New Orleans, and this nomenclature was carried up the Mississippi river by the popular means of communication in those days, the steamboat, to Rock Island, Dubuque, Galena, St. Paul and other river points.

"In the same way the terms were carried from New Orleans up the Missouri river as far as the white people had pursued their way, up the Ohio to Louisville and above, and even up the Illinois river to Peoria and Peru, and they took root in California when the Pacific coast was settled by people from the east. In the west it was easy to tell from what part of the country a man had emigrated, according to the way he handled the names of the coins. If he said levy, he was sure not to be from the New England states, New York, northern New Jersey or northern Pennsylvania.

"These Spanish coins must have been circulated many years, for they were generally worn very smooth. Some of them were so smooth, in fact, that they would not pass current. The rule was that if the pillars on them could be plainly seen the coins were all right. I have seen fips that were so smooth and thin that they resembled nothing more closely than a shad scale and levies that had been so long in use that they were like smooth circles.

"In some parts of the country, notably in the southwest, the fips and levies were rated equal with 5 cent and 10 cent pieces, but in the east, and particularly in Philadelphia and the Quaker country about it, the people wouldn't have it that way. They insisted that eight levies made a dollar, while it required ten 10 cent pieces to make a dollar; hence, if the levy had been recognized as on a par with the dime, the frugal Philadelphian argued that he was out just 25 cents on every deal of that kind. Then, again, 20 5 cent pieces had to be got together before a man had a dollar, whereas he had only to accumulate 16 fips to have the same amount. This was because the levy was valued at 12½ cents and the fip at 6¼ cents. The same rule existed among those who called the levy a shilling.

"Down south, however, there was more flexibility in the rule of the value of these coins, and they were passed for either their face value or as dimes and half dimes. This was owing to the contempt and indifference with which the southern ers of that day regarded small coins. They held pennies especially in contempt. Back in the early days a Vicksburg gentleman told me how the people of that town scorned to take pennies in change at the postoffice and brushed them contemptuously off the counter to the floor, from which even the 'niggers' wouldn't condescend to pick them.

"Those old Spanish pieces, worn as they might be, contained more pure silver than the newest of our own coins, and one of them would be a great curiosity today."
—Washington Star.

SEAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Department of State at Washington has found time amid the graver affairs of the nation to prepare and issue a monograph of historical and popular interest. It is an authentic statement of the development and adoption of the seal of the United States and contains colored illustrations of the symbol of authority, as well as representations of devices submitted but not accepted. Only 1000 copies of the monograph have been or will be issued, and one of these has been sent to the CHRONICLE by Secretary of State John W. Foster.

The first step toward securing a seal was taken on that memorable day July 4, 1776,

Seal of the United States—Obverse.

just after the Declaration of Independence had been read in the Continental Congress, when a resolution was adopted declaring "that Dr. Franklin, Mr. J. Adams and Mr. Jefferson be a committee to prepare a device for a seal of the United States of North America." This committee reported in extenso on August 10th, but only two of the features suggested by it were ultimately adopted. These were the eye of Providence on the triangle, now on the reverse, and the motto "E Pluribus Unum," which was familiar to the colonists as the motto of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Nothing more was done until March 25, 1779, when a new committee, numbering no men of prominence, took up the matter. It reported May 10, 1780, but the device suggested was unsatisfactory and another committee was appointed, consisting of Middleton and Rutledge of South Carolina and Boudinot of New Jersey. It was assisted by the Secretary of Congress, Charles Tomson, by Congressman Arthur Lee of Virginia and by William Barton, A. M., of Philadelphia.

Finally on June 20, 1782, the seal was adopted, being a composite device from all those suggested. The Journals of Congress give the following official description of the seal: "The device for an armorial achievement and reverse of the great seal for the United States, in Congress assembled, as follows:

"Arms: Paleways of thirteen pieces, argent and gules; a chief, azure; the escutcheon on the breast of the American eagle, displayed proper, holding in his dexter talon an olive branch and in his sinister a bundle of thirteen arrows, all proper, and in his beak a scroll inscribed with this motto, 'E pluribus unum.'

"For the crest—Over the head of the eagle, which appears above the escutcheon, a glory, or breaking through a cloud, proper, and surrounding thirteen stars, forming a constellation, argent on an azure field.

"Reverse—A pyramid unfinished. In the zenith an eye on a triangle, surrounded with a glory proper. Over the eye these words, 'Annuit cœptis.' On the base of the pyramid the numerical letters MDCCLXXVI, and underneath the following motto, 'Novus ordo seclorum.'"

Reverse of the seal.

Accompanying the report was the following explanation, which was also adopted:

"The Escutcheon is composed of the chief and pale, the two most honourable ordinaries. The pieces, paly, represent the several States, all joined in one solid compact entire, supporting a Chief, which unites the whole and represents Congress. The Motto alludes to this union. The pales on the arms are kept closely united by the chief, and the chief depends on that Union and the strength resulting from it for its support to denote the confederacy of the United States of America and the preserva-

tion of their Union through Congress. The colours of the pales are those used on the flag of the United States of America. White signifies purity and innocence, Red hardiness and valour, and Blue, the colour of the Chief, signifies perseverance and justice. The Olive branch and arrows denote the power of peace and war, which is exclusively vested in Congress. The Constellation denotes a new State taking its place and rank among other sovereign powers. The Escutcheon is borne on the breast of an American Eagle without any other supporters to denote that the United States ought to rely on their own Virtue.

"Reverse. The pyramid signifies Strength and Duration; the Eye over it and the motto allude to the many signal interpositions of providence in favour of the American cause. The date underneath is that of the Declaration of Independence and the words under it signify the beginning of the new American Æra, which commences from that date."

The words "Annuit cœptis," meaning "it (the Eye of Providence) is favorable to our undertaking," were probably adopted from a passage in Virgil's Æneid, book 9, verse 625. The other motto, "Novus ordo seclorum," meaning "a new order of centuries," are from the fourth book of the Eclogues, fifth verse.

The seal was cut in brass soon after its adoption, and is found first on a commission dated September 16, 1782, granting full power and authority to General Washington to arrange with the British for the exchange of prisoners of war. This seal continued in use for fifty-nine years. The present seal differs from it only in details of execution. There is no clew to the engraver of the first seal. It was probably made in Philadelphia. The reverse of the seal has never been cut, and as it cannot be conveniently used has never been officially used until now.

The second seal, smaller than that now used and containing only nine arrows, was cut in 1841, Daniel Webster being Secretary of State. The seal now used was cut in 1885, under the direction of Secretary of State Frelinghuysen. The practice of making the impression on wax was abandoned in 1864. It is now made upon the paper itself with a thin white wafer. By an act of Congress passed September 15, 1789, the Secretary of State is the custodian of the seal, but has no power to affix it to any paper that does not bear the President's signature.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

1894

THE STATUS OF WOMAN AS A VOTER THE WIDE WORLD OVER.

Twenty Brave Lighthouse Women—Our Improving Womanhood—A Graceful Gown—The Chicago Woman's Club. Christine Ladd Franklin.

The countries of the world where women already have some suffrage have an area of over 18,000,000 square miles, and their population is over 850,000,000.

In Great Britain women vote for all elective officers except members of parliament.

In France the women teachers elect women members on all boards of education.

In Sweden women vote for all elective officers except representatives, also indirectly for members of the house of lords.

In Norway they have school suffrage.

In Ireland the women vote for the harbor boards, poor law guardians and in Belfast for municipal officers.

In Russia women householders vote for all elective officers and on all local matters.

In Finland they vote for all elective officers.

In Austria-Hungary they vote by proxy for all elective officers.

In Croatia and Dalmatia they have the privilege of doing so in local elections in person.

In Italy widows vote for members of parliament.

In the Madras presidency and the Bombay presidency (Hindustan) the women exercise the right of suffrage in all municipalities.

In all the countries of Russian Asia they can do so wherever a Russian colony settles. The Russians are colonizing the whole of their vast Asian possessions and carrying with them everywhere the "mir," or self governing village, wherein women who are heads of households are permitted to vote.

Women have municipal suffrage in Cape Colony, which rules 1,000,000 square miles.

Municipal woman suffrage rules in New Zealand, and, I think, at parliamentary elections.

Iceland, in the north Atlantic; the isle of Man, between England and Ireland, and Pitcairn island, in the south Pacific, have full woman suffrage.

In the Dominion of Canada women have municipal suffrage in every province and also in the Northwest Territories. In Ontario they vote for all elective officers, except in the election of members of the legislature and parliament.

In the United States 28 states and territories have given women some form of suffrage.

In Colorado women have the full suffrage on the same terms with men. They will exercise the right for the first time at the comiug election in November.

School suffrage in various degrees is granted to women in Arizona territory, Connecticut, Delaware, Idaho, Indiana, Kansas, Kentucky, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Nobraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Oregon, South Dakota, Texas, Vermont and Wisconsin.

In Arkansas and Missouri women vote, by petition, on liquor license in many cases.

In Delaware suffrage is exercised by women in several municipalities.

In Kansas they have equal suffrage with men at all municipal elections. About 50,000 women voted in 1890.

In Montana they vote on all local taxation.

In New York they can and do vote at school elections. The question of the constitutionality of the law is still undecided. They vote also in many places in this state on local improvements, such as gas and electric street lighting, paving, sewerage and municipal bonds.

In Utah women voted until disfranchised by the "Edmunds law," when they promptly organized to demand its repeal.

In Pennsylvania a law was passed in 1889 under which women vote on local improvements by signing or refusing to sign petitions therefor.

In Wyoming women have voted on the same terms with men since 1870. The convention in 1889 to form a state constitution unanimously inserted a provision securing them full suffrage. This constitution was ratified by the voters at a special election by about three-fourths majority. Congress refused to require the disfranchisement of women and admitted the state July 10, 1890.

And let it not be forgotten that in the senate of the United States Feb. 7, 1889, a select committee reported in favor of amending the federal constitution so as to forbid states to make sex a cause of disfranchisement. Congress adjourned, however, on March 4 following without reaching the subject.—Political Progress.

Twenty Brave Women.

1894

An official list of women who are lighthouse keepers, which the government has furnished the New York Marine Journal, shows that there are 20 of them in all. Some of the lighthouses which they take care of are at Robin's reef, New York harbor; Stony Point, on the Hudson river; Elk Neck, Md.; Biloxi, Miss.; Port Pontchartrain, New Orleans; Pass Manchac, Pontchartoula, La.; Harbor Springs, Mich.; Point Pinos, Cal., and Santa Cruz, Cal.

The most famous of all these sturdy women is Ida Wilson (nee Lewis), who is in charge of the lighthouse at Lime Rock, Newport, R. I., but Ida Lewis is not the only heroine of the lighthouse service, as the following report of an inspector shows: "At about midnight yesterday, Aug. 21, 1888, while blowing a gale from the southwest in Charleston harbor, with a heavy sea, a boat containing three men and a boy was swamped some distance from the wharf at Castle Pickney. The boy, being a good swimmer, struck out for the beach, which he finally reached in safety. Meanwhile one of the men clung to the boat, and the other two managed to reach the piles of the wharf, where, owing to the heavy sea and strong tide, they were barely able to sustain themselves above water, and all were crying loudly for help. Mrs. Mary Whiteley, the sister-in-law of the keeper, J. W. Whiteley, and Maud King, aged 13, the granddaughter of Henry Brown, the master of the lighthouse tender Wisteria, having seen the accident, lowered the boat belonging to the station, and at the imminent risk of their lives proceeded to render them assistance. When they succeeded in reaching them, the men were so overcome that they were unable to help themselves, but after great exertion, attended by no little danger, this young woman and young girl, unaided, got them all into their boat and carried them safely ashore."

It is from the households of such men as Whiteley that the women who hold positions as keepers are drawn. On this head The Marine Journal says, "Every widow and orphan daughter of the mariner who has the proper qualifications should be provided for in such positions in all lighthouses where the work does not require the services of men."

CALIFORNIA GOLD.

The First Discovery was Before the Date of the Marshall Find.

BY W. L. MANLEY.

It was in 1846, when the fame of California was very small and little known about it, except what now and then a traveler might relate, that a small party of people started from Illinois to make the trip overland. They had heard of the climate from an explorer, and it seemed to be exactly what some of the party needed, for pulmonary troubles were agravated in the rigorous climate of the western prairies.

Crossing Iowa, they found that the Mormons had gone on before them, leaving, in some respects, an unsavory trail, for when this train of respectable people tried to buy supplies they were refused until, by some remarks, they were led to believe that the refusal was because they were supposed to be Mormons, and when they disclosed they were anti-mormons, supplies were not forthcoming till they produced some proof beyond their words that what they said was true. But when the provisions were bought and paid for, then the settlers said they were convinced, for the Mormons had not been noted for fair dealing.

They journied on to Green River, and there fell in with a man named Hastings, who persuaded a part of the train to go over a new route, which he said was shorter than the usual traveled route by way of Fort Hall, and California could be reached this way much earlier and easier than otherwise. The history of this party is the history of the Donner party, a story perhaps the saddest of all who suffered in the overland journey from East to West.

The other part of the train was satisfied to follow the beaten path, and by hastening on were able to safely cross the snowy Sierra Nevada Mountains before the winter snows came whirling down the canyons to delay or bury them. Once below the early snow line on the western side they found a good camping place on a branch of the Yuba River, and, for the first time in many weeks, good water and grass, game and fish. No wonder they improved the opportunity for rest and recuperation, for they felt their journey was nearly done. Here they rested, near a beautiful running brook of clearest water, cold as ice, and fed from the melting snows of the highest peaks. A glorious camp they called it when they thought of those made in the alkali plains, with poison water, no grass, and only the smallest brush for fire.

After a day or two of rest they began to take in the fascinating beauty of the place and examine the curiosities of the situation. Not the least among these was the character of the rocks and pebbles in the swiftly running stream. The men were interested in the speckled trout and set about to capture them, but the women of the party found, among other things, a great delight in the curiously worn and colored pebbles. Some were round as marbles, some pearly white, some black as jet, some red as jasper, if they were not, indeed, the very rock. They loved the relaxation from fatiguing travel, and almost aimlessly gathered the beautiful stones, some of which they thought to take with them as keepsakes and mementoes of the safe and happy ending of their journey, which now seemed close at hand.

One of these women was Mrs. Sarah A. Aram, the wife of him whom California loves to honor as Capt. Joseph Aram, of San Jose, who, in the trials of the war which gave us California, and the evolution from a mining camp to a State, proved himself a safe leader and a wise counselor. To Mrs. Aram the gathering of these beautiful treasures of the brook became an exciting pleasure, and not only on the surface, but deep as her hands could dig therein she sought for still stranger, prettier ones. In bringing up one handful from beneath the water she saw one dull yellow piece that seemed from its weight to be a metal. It was flat and about the size of one's thumb nail, and when she showed it to the men they all thought it might be gold. To test it they pounded it with a hammer and found that it would bend easily without breaking, and the bright golden luster in places showed that it was indeed pure virgin gold. They thought, at first, to search for more, but they had no tools to work with and no provisions to sustain them, and so passed on to the settlement beyond. The gold was afterward satisfactorily tested by good judges.

Marshall has the fame of the first discovery, and the monument to his memory; but to the memory of the worthy Mrs. Aram, whose discovery of gold was more than a year before, belongs the honor of the true discovery of the placer mines of Central California.

HOW STATES WERE NAMED.

Maine takes its name from the province of Maine in France, and was so called as a compliment to the Queen of Charles I., who was its owner.

New Hampshire takes its name from Hampshire, England. New Hampshire was originally called Laconia.

Vermont is French (Verd Mont), signifying green mountain.

Massachusetts is an Indian word, signifying "country about the great hills."

Rhode Island gets its name because of its fancied resemblance to the Island of Rhodes, in the Mediterranean.

The real name of Connecticut is Quon-eh-ta-but. It is a Mohican word, and means "long river."

New York was so named as a compliment to the Duke of York, whose brother, Charles II., granted him that territory.

New Jersey was named for Sir George Carter, who was at that time governor of the Island of Jersey, in the British Channel.

Delaware derives its name from Thomas West, Lord de la Ware.

Maryland was named in honor of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I.

Virginia got its name from Queen Elizabeth, the "Virgin Queen."

Kentucky does not mean "dark and bloody ground," but is derived from the Indian word, "Kain-tuk-ae," signifying "land at the head of the river."

Ohio has had several meanings fitted to it. Some say that it is a Suwanee word, meaning "The Beautiful River." Others refer to the Wyandotte word, "Oheza," which signifies "something great."

Missouri means "muddy water."

Michigan is from an Indian word, meaning "great lake."

Colorado is a Spanish word, applied to that portion of the Rocky Mountains, on account of its many-colored peaks.

Nebraska means "shallow waters."

Nevada is a Spanish word, signifying "snow-covered mountains."

At Last.

When on my day of life the night is falling
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting—
Earth, sky, home's picture, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
No street of shining gold.

Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace,
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last beneath Thy trees of healing
The life for which I long.

—*J. G. Whittier.*

Another wreck of 1852 was the Winfield Scott, which was driven ashore at Anacapa Island, off Santa Barbara, while going down the coast with passengers. Captain Blunt, her master, sailed as was customary then, inside the islands, courting danger on every trip. On this fateful voyage the weather was foggy and owing to bad seamanship the steamer worth a quarter of a million dollars was lost.

Forty-nine passengers were drowned. Many of the adventurous fellows who had come to California in search of gold were returning to their distant homes on the Winfield Scott with bags of gold dust. Ever since there is a tradition that fully $500,000 in treasure went to the bottom or is still buried on the island, but never reached its destination. Searching parties have repeatedly sought the lost treasure, but without success. On a clear day the steamer can be seen in twenty fathoms of water on the bottom.

In 1853 the steamer Independence was run too close to the shore of Magdalena Island, Lower California, and as a matter of course sailed upon an inconveniently shallow spot. The passengers were all taken ashore and the Independence was wrecked. She was worth $200,000. Captain Sampson, her commander, felt his disgrace so keenly he left the Pacific Coast immediately after and was never heard of since by local mariners.

Along in the fifties the steamer S. S. Lewis was coming into San Francisco with passengers and cargo, but her master mistook his bearings and sailed her boldly upon Duxbury Reef. The passengers and crew got into town in an altogether novel manner over the Marin hills.

The Major Tompkins, which went by the name of Pumpkins in the early days, was lost on the coast of Vancouver Island, February 25, 1855. The ship and cargo were valued at $50,000, but all on board got to land safely, and her captain was not blamed, as fogs and currents, then but poorly understood, carried him out of the right course.

A taste for liquor among some of Uncle Sam's soldiers is responsible for the loss of the Little America on June 24, 1855, off Crescent City. This steamer was chartered to convey troops to the Puget Sound from San Francisco. She was a new vessel that cost $200,000. There were cases of coal oil aboard, and the soldiers thinking it was whisky took a case below to have a merry time. One of them lit a match and accidentally set fire to the oil, but all escaped from the doomed ship.

The Sea Bird was lost in the mouth of Fraser River in 1858 by running on a sand spit through careless navigation. No lives were lost, however.

The Pacific Mail steamer Salvador, an old ship, began to founder in the Gulf of Nicoya, near Punta Arenas, San Salvador, while taking in a cargo of coffee. Captain Wise beached her, and she became a total loss. This was his first command and his last. She was worth about $60,000. The Salvador was the first iron ship sent to this coast by the Panama Railroad Company.

One of the most terrible disasters of the Pacific Coast was the destruction by fire of the Pacific Mail steamship Golden Gate, on July 27, 1862, just fifteen miles from Manzanillo and four miles off shore. As many as 200 people met death where the old-fashioned paddle steamer went up in smoke. The passengers were at dinner when a cry of fire startled all aboard. Flames burst upward from the galley and with such fury that nothing could subdue them. They suddenly broke out in immense masses and all aboard had hardly time to realize what had happened before it became necessary to get away from the doomed vessel. Some passengers clung to ropes as directed, but others, confused and bewildered, threw themselves headlong into the water. Half an hour after the alarm was given the upper deck fell in and the foremast went by the board, falling to the starboard. Soon after this the Golden Gate took the beach very easily, her engines working up to this time.

"I quickly regained my strength," said Captain R. H. Pearson of the Mail Company in relating his awful experience, "and I was deeply pained to learn that more were not saved. Some were lying dead on the beach, and some, whose names I called, had not been seen. We mustered but 160 persons. We were sad indeed.

"While the fire roared through our noble ship, and huge seas made breaches through the charred timbers, hurling the flames high in the air, we gathered our dead by the light and laid them up on the sand out of the reach of the sea, and then sat down to watch the gloomy scene. As soon as day broke we buried the dead, digging graves with pieces of board. We placed crosses at the heads of the graves to designate the spot as sacred."

All next day boats were out in the bay rescuing all they could find. Several dead bodies were seen drifting to the southeast.

Although there were ten boats aboard—sufficient to save every one—only three could be reached by the passengers, while the others burned at the davits. The delay in getting out the boats was responsible for panic and loss of life. The Golden Gate was the second finest ship of the Mail Company. She was 2001 tons burden. Her loss, combined with the cargo, amounted to $1,750,000.

For many years after she was a landmark of the lower coast, her great sidewheel appearing high above the breakers. Officers and crew of coasting steamers used to say on seeing it, "We are so many miles from Manzanillo." Men were all the time diving for the sunken treasures. It is the firm belief of seamen that many victims of the disaster were eaten by sharks, which abound in the vicinity of the wreck.

The Brother Jonathan was lost on July 31, 1865, about ten miles northwest of Crescent City. Her wreck is among the most terrible of marine disasters and was due to bad management. She was owned by the California Steam Navigation Company and plied between San Francisco and northern ports. When under command of Captain de Wolf on a trip from Portland to this city she struck on a sunken rock, near Crescent City, and went down to the [illegible] in forty-five minutes after striking. [illegible] 150 persons on board and only

The Columbus, a wooden propeller of 800 tons, engaged in the Central American trade, was run ashore in November, 1850, at Point Romidias, while Captain Ludwick was in command. Her loss was $180,000, but the passengers and crew were saved.

The Sierra Nevada, Captain Bogart, went ashore in a fog on October 17, 1869, near Piedras Blancas. The vessel and cargo were a total loss of $40,000. The crew and passengers were saved.

The Herman, an old steamship built for trading between New York and Bremen, was brought to the Pacific Coast and put on the Japan service. Captain Newell lost her on the Japanese coast by going on shore in 1869. She was a side-wheeler, worth $300,000, and became a total loss.

The Pacific Mail steamer Golden City, under command of Captain Comstock, was stranded on February 22, 1870, at Point San Lazaro, Lower California, and became a total loss. She was on a voyage hence to Panama. Passengers, baggage and treasure were saved, but the ship, which registered 3590 tons and was one of the finest vessels belonging to the company, was lost. She was considered worth $500,000. This was a case of keeping too close in.

The steamer Active from San Francisco to Victoria in command of Captain Lyons was lost in a fog, about twenty-two miles south of Cape Mendocino, June 4, 1871. The crew and passengers and part of the baggage were saved. The vessel was a total loss of $50,000.

The Salinas, from Santa Cruz, went ashore on rocks at Point San Pedro December 18, 1871, was got off and beached, but became a total loss. She belonged to the Coast Steamship Company. No lives were lost in this disaster.

The Pacific Mail Company lost the America, a very valuable steamer, by fire in the harbor of Yokohama on September 4, 1872. She had over $1,000,000 in specie,

Captain Griffith lost the Honduras, a fine steamer chartered by the Pacific Mail, but sailing under the English flag. She was engaged in the Central American business and was caught like many another steamer on the shore of Salvador early in the seventies. The only loss was the steamer, then valued at $250,000.

The steamer George S. Wright, Captain Ainsley, was lost on February 28, 1873, near Cape Caution, B. C. Not a soul of her crew was saved from the wreck. At the time fierce storms swept across the Northern Pacific, and it is believed that she was the victim of the elements. Only vestiges of the wreck told her story, but nothing was found to indicate the locality of the wreck or the exact cause.

The Pacific Mail steamer Japan was burned on December 17, 1874, when forty miles from Swatow and twelve miles from the Chinese coast. She had $375,000 in treasure on board, and a cargo worth $98,000. The ship herself was worth $750,000. Captain Warsaw, now chief officer of the Mariposa, was in command. The Chinese passengers on board became panic-stricken. They numbered 424, and as they were cut off from the boats by fire amidships, they jumped overboard with their sacks of gold and Mexican dollars, and 400 sank never to rise. The crew and white passengers escaped in boats. A court of inquiry in Japan censured the company for not having a "boat-station drill," by which order would be preserved; also Chief Engineer John Cosgrove for not inspecting the coal-bunker, where the fire started spontaneously.

Captain Saunders got a small steamer, the Montija, in 1875, which ran between Panama and Central American ports with passengers and freight, but he collided with Quibo Islands and lost his ship and a cargo of cattle.

The Ventura, sailing for San Diego, went ashore at Point Sur April 20, 1875, near where the Los Angeles struck. All on board were saved, but the vessel and cargo were lost. She was formerly the United States war vessel Resaca, and cost about $20,000.

On August 23, 1875, the steamer Eastport from Coos Bay to San Francisco went ashore at 2 A. M. north of Point Arena lighthouse. A woman and two children were drowned and the vessel, valued at $75,000, was a total loss. Captain Whitney was held responsible for the disaster and his license was revoked.

When bound to this port from San Diego in December, 1860, the Pacific, under command of Captain Sherwood, collided with the steamer Oriflamme about twelve miles south of Santa Barbara and had one wheel completely carried away. The loss by this blunder was $17,500. When in charge of Captain Harrison, May 2, 1871, she struck on Middle Rock, at the entrance to Victoria harbor, and was damaged slightly.

The steamer Pacific was a vessel that could not keep out of trouble. She left Victoria, B. C., bound for this port on November 4, 1875, and at 9:30 P. M collided with the ship Orpheus forty miles south of Cape Flattery. In a very short time she sank beneath the waves. The number of passengers and crew aboard was estimated at 187 and only two were saved—Henry Jelly, a passenger, and Neil O'Hawley, the quartermaster. Captain Howell was in command, but it was shown that the collision was caused by bad management on the part of the ship's master, who did not attempt to lay by or assist the steamer in any way. The Pacific was valued at $100,000 and the cargo at $25,000, both partly insured.

The General Barrios, a small Central American steamer, was lost by bad seamanship at San Jose de Guatemala in 1876, but the disaster was not accompanied by loss of life.

A disaster, accompanied by incidents as romantic and horribly real that they read like fictions of the sea, was the wreck of the Pacific Mail steamship San Pablo in the Straits of Formosa, when sailing from San Francisco to the Orient. It occurred on April 18, 1887, about 3 A. M., when Captain Reed was engaged on the soundings. Much to his surprise the handsome vessel went upon the rocks. It was impossible to do anything that night.

"There was no sleep for any one aboard and the danger of the situation was heightened by a threatened outbreak of the Chinese passengers in the steerage," related the captain on his return home. "The British steamer Pechili was sighted next day and her captain consented to take our passengers, crew and specie. But now a new and more terrible danger threatened us. An immense fleet of Chinese junks came floating toward the steamer, and a glance was sufficient to tell that the inmates were pirates whose cruel and rapacious nature is only too well known along the Chinese coast. They numbered fully a thousand and I saw it was useless to fight them with firearms. I ordered the hose attached to the pumps and met their approach with streams of cold water, which didn't have the desired effect. By a concerted effort fully 200 of them swarmed up the ship's side. I ordered the hot water to be turned into the hose, and as soon as they appeared again they were met with a stream of scalding water, and with horrible yells they fell back and sought their boats. When we left the ship on the Pechili we could see the pirates threading the San Pablo. Soon the steamer was in a mass of flame, there was a lurid flash, a noise like thunder, and we could see the masts topple and fall. My opinion is the pirates started a fire through carelessness. Many of them were on the steamer when the explosion occurred and I think most of them were killed."

The loss was $500,000. Captain Reed was exonerated from all blame, as there was a heavy fog and the currents carried him out of his course.

The West Coast parted her moorings at Point Arena on December 21, 1891, and drifted on a reef, becoming a total loss. She was valued at $20,000. In attempting to reach shore in the lifeboat nine men lost their lives in the breakers. No blame was attached to the captain.

While off the Vancouver coast the Michigan went on the rocks thirty miles from Bonilla Point, a spot dreaded by mariners, particularly in foggy weather, such as prevailed on January 25, 1893, when the Michigan was lost. The steamer was valued at $50,000. She used to carry passengers, but fortunately she had only a cargo on her last voyage from San Francisco and her crew escaped in boats.

She steamship Bismon, a small steamer of early days, was lost on Duxbury Reef. The Emily, under Captain Lucas, another little boat, was smashed to pieces at Coos Bay, July 17, 1893.

The Monterey, belonging to the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, under command of Captain Von Helms, went ashore in thick weather in September, 1880, ten miles south of Fort Ross. The captain was given the Newbern of the same company, and she was lost while under his command on October 4, 1893, in a dense fog at Point Vincent, near Redondo Beach. He is now in command of the St. Paul, which plies between here and Mexican ports.

The recklessness of Pilot Johnson, while taking the splendid steamer City of New York out of this port in a fog on October 26, 1893, is still fresh in the people's minds. She was bound for the Orient with passengers and a valuable cargo. The pilot kept her too close to the North Heads, and ran her upon the rocks just inside of Point Bo-

PROMINENT PLACES AND BUILDINGS IN SAN FRANCISCO

There are many interesting places in San Francisco that one should see, when visiting that city. Among them are: Alcatraz Island—Two miles northwest of Telegraph Hill. Angel Island—Five miles from City Hall. Bay District Fair Race Grounds—Entrance corner Seventh avenue and Fulton streets. Bernal Heights—South of Serpetime avenue, between San Jose and San Bruno roads. Buena Vista Park—South of Haight, between Broderick and Lott streets. Faralon Island—Twenty-nine miles from City Hall. Fort Mason (Black Point)—Junction of Van Ness avenue and bay shore. Fort Point—Near Golden Gate, four miles west of City Hall. Golden Gate—Entrance of San Francisco bay, six miles west of City Hall. Golden Gate Driving Park—Point Lobos avenue, five miles from City Hall. Golden Gate Park—West of Stanyan, between D and H to ocean, entrance on Baker, between Oak and Fell streets. Hayes Valley—North of Market and west of Larkin streets. Hunter's Point—Five miles south-east of City Hall. Laguna de la Merced—Seven and a half miles southwest of City Hall, near Ocean View House. Lake Honda—Four miles southwest of City Hall. Lime Point—Opposite Fort Point. Lone Mountain—South of point Lobos avenue, near toll gate. Mission Dolores—Two and one-quarter miles southwest of City Hall. North Beach—Foot of Powell, west to Black Point. Ocean View Riding and Driving Park—Ocean House road, seven miles southwest of City Hall. Pacific Heights—California street to Broadway, between Van Ness avenue and Fillmore street. Point Lobos—Six and one-half miles west of City Hall. Point San Quentin—Potrero Nuevo. Potrero Heights—Potrero Nuevo, near bay shore. Presidio—Three miles west of City Hall. Rincon Hill—Between Folsom, Bryant, First and Second streets. Russian Hill—Taylor, between Broadway and Green street. Seal Rock—Six and one-half miles west of City Hall. Sutro Heights—Terminis of Park and Ocean Railroad, six and one-half miles west of Old City Hall. Telegraph Hill—Montgomery, from Broadway north to the bay. Visitacion Valley—Near the bay and San Mateo county line. Yerba Buena, or Goat Island—Two miles northeast of City Hall.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS

Almshouse—San Miguel or Ocean House road, four and one-half miles from City Hall. Academy of Sciences—South side of Market street, between Fourth and Fifth. City Hall—See *City Hall*. County Hospital—East side of Potrero avenue, between Twenty-second and Twenty-third streets. Custom House—Northeast corner of Washington and Battery streets. County Jail—North side of Broadway, between Kearny and Dupont streets. Hall of Records—South side of McAllister street, near Leavenworth. House of Corrections—Old San Jose road five miles from City Hall. Industrial School—Old San Jose road, five miles from City Hall. Mechanics' Pavilion—West side of Larkin street, between Hayes and Grove. Merchants' Exchange—South side of California street, between Montgomery and Sansome. Marine Hospital—Presidio Reservation near Mountain Lake. Odd Fellows' building—Southwest corner of Market and Seventh streets. Pioneers' building—West side of Fourth, between Market and Mission streets. Postoffice—Northwest corner of Washington and Battery streets. Safe Deposit building—Southeast corner of Montgomery and California streets. San Francisco Stock Exchange—South side of Pine, between Sansome and Montgomery streets. Southern Pacific Company's building—Northeast corner of Fourth and Townsend streets. Twenty-sixth-street Hospital (Smallpox)—De Haro street, between Colusa and Marin streets. United States Sub-Treasury—610 Commercial street. United States Mint—Northwest corner of Mission and Fifth streets. United States Appraisers' building—East side of Sansome, between Washington and Jackson streets.

18 MARRIED. 94

BERRINGER—HALL—In Santa Cruz, June 24th, by Rev T. H. Lawson, of Santa Clara, Blanche E. Hall, of Santa Cruz, to Ernest Berringer, of San Francisco.

DIED.

DAVIS—In Santa Cruz, June 25th, Mary E Davis, wife of Calvin W. Davis, a native of Maine, age 52 years.

On Sunday afternoon, at the residence of the bride's parents on California St., Ernest Berringer, San Francisco, and Miss Blanche E. Hall were united in marriage, Rev. T. H. Lawson, Santa Clara, being the officiating clergyman. The young couple will reside in San Francisco, where Mr. Berringer is in the commission business.

BERRINGER—HALL. 1894

Another Fair Santa Cruz Maiden Won Away From Us.

A very quiet but very pretty wedding occurred yesterday afternoon, the result of which will be the loss to Santa Cruz of one of its fairest daughters.

Miss Blanche E. Hall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Hall, was married at the residence of her parents, on California street, to Mr. Ernest Barringer of San Francisco.

The ceremony was performed at 2 o'clock in the presence of the relatives and a very few friends, the officiating clergyman being Rev. T. H. Lawson of Santa Clara.

The bride, who is a fair and lovely girl, was more charming than ever in her gown of white crepe, with trimmings of white chiffon, orange blossoms in her hair, and gloves, shoes, etc., all en suite.

After congratulations and refreshments the traveling dress was assumed, and Mr. and Mrs. Berringer departed for San Jose. They will afterward go to San Francisco, where Mr. Berringer is a prosperous young commission merchant.

The bride was born and educated in Santa Cruz, and has lived here continuously with the exception of a few years spent in San Jose and San Francisco. She possesses a sunny disposition and many other winning qualities, and in the relations of home, church and business life has won for herself respect and affection which she may well prize as better than gold. The young couple have every promise of smooth seas and prospering winds on the coming voyage, and have besides a hearty godspeed from many warm friends.

1895 BORN. Hall.

BARRINGER—In this city, April 26th, to the wife of C. E. Barringer, a son.

STORY OF THE ROCKS.

Ancient Records of the South.

The Piedra Pintada in Kern County.

Protected Hieroglyphics Preserved for Ages—No Translation As Yet.

Traces of the prehistoric tribes which at one time inhabited the Pacific Coast of the United States are sprinkled all the way from Mexico to British Columbia. Shell mounds, "kitchen middens," ancient burial places, "factories" for the manufacture of mortars, pestles and metates of lava, sandstone, granite and harder materials or the fashioning of domestic implements and weapons of war or the chase from obsidian and flint are so numerous as not to excite wonder or especial interest, except to the ethnologist who delights to burrow in these mounds or burial places, and from the indestructible articles of stone found therein, construct a history of the habits and character of the long-forgotten people whose handiwork they were. The islands off the southern coast, the immediate shore line of the mainland, the valleys of the interior and even the mountain fastnesses which bound those valleys are rich in the unmistakable traces of these lost tribes.

To the unpracticed eye there is little to distinguish many of these. Ages have covered burial place and kitchen midden alike with a thick layer of mold, and only the expert is able to distinguish them as different from their surroundings, which are as Nature left them at the creation. A chip of obsidian, or flint, a layer of blackened earth, a stone or a collection of bowlders which do not belong to the native formation, any one of half a dozen signs serves to point infallibly to the living or burial place of some tribe whose history has never been written and never will be.

For while certain infallible and indelible traces were left behind when these numerous people perished, to say to the investigator of thousands of years later something of the character of those who so long ago went down into oblivion, nothing of a historical character has been left behind, or if left it has yet to be found. Yet it is hardly fair to say nothing was left, since in the rock paintings and carvings found in various localities are the rude attempts of these prehistoric tribes to convey ideas by the aid of pictorial signs, the meaning of which, however, has so far eluded all attempts at solution.

These traces are of two kinds—carvings and paintings. Of the former there are but few, and those are confined to less than a half-dozen localities in Nevada and in the desert region of this State and Arizona. But of paintings there are numerous examples, and more particularly in the southern portion of California. Most of these are found in localities remote from the settlements of the people of to-day and more or less difficult of access. Sometimes they are on the faces of lofty cliffs, inaccessible without the use of lengthy ropes or impossible ladders, their very presence in such places being sufficient token that their designers had some important message to convey far different from the desultory markings with color made to while away idle hours. The regularity of the markings, their repetitions in widely separated localities, the reiteration of certain designs, point unquestionably to the conclusion that those who made them had in mind the recording of some important historical fact or the conveyance of a message to others. No other conclusion can be reached after an impartial study of the paintings and their surroundings.

In the foothills of the Sierra eighteen or twenty miles east of Visalia are to be seen a collection of these rock paintings, which have attracted considerable notice, since they are comparatively easy of access. These paintings are on the faces of cliffs and on the under surface of overhanging rocks. In the former case the lapse of years and the work of the elements has almost obliterated many of the designs, though their general character can still be traced. In the latter the colorings, protected from the rain and sun, are still as bright and as clearly defined in outline as when the hand that executed them ceased from its labors. The pigments used were of a practically imperishable nature, else the lapse of years alone must have faded them out. But such is not the case, and there these signs remain, awaiting the coming of him who shall translate them—for translatable they certainly are.

A remarkable fact about these and other paintings in this State is that certain of the characters are identical with those found sketched on rocks hundreds of miles distant. This fact alone is one of the strongest proofs cited in support of the belief that there was a deliberate purpose in the composition of these ancient records.

In Kern county there are several localities where rock paintings are found, notably in the San Emigdio mountains. There are here two caves of considerable extent, far from human habitation, whose walls are liberally adorned with pictured representations of all manner of beasts and other objects. By far the most wonderful collection of the kind in this State, however, is that at what is aptly termed the Piedra Pintada, a remarkable rock formation in the Carrisa plains, a short distance west of the boundary line, between Kern and San Louis Obispo counties. The rocks themselves are worthy of especial notice beyond the interest created by the paintings, illustrations of some of which are herewith given. The Carrisa plains are a vast level stretch of country, bounded on the east by a spur of the Coast range locally known as the Diablo mountains. Out on the floor of this valley, many miles from the nearest mountain, rises a strange-looking group of rocks shooting almost straight up from the level surface to a height of 200 feet. They can be seen for miles in every direction, the only thing that breaks the monotony of the level expanse for a great distance. Seen from a distance the rocks are an apparently solid mass, but when the traveler approaches he finds that there is really an amphitheater of considerable size, around which are the precipitous rocks. Entrance to it is gained by a narrow, natural gateway in the giant rampart. The space inclosed within this amphitheater is about half an acre in extent, and whatever its former and prehistoric use may have been, it has for years been devoted to the very prosaic occupation of a sheep corral. It is admirably adapted to this use, since only the slightest barrier across the narrow gateway is needed to safely inclose the largest band of sheep that ranges the Carrisa.

SOME OF THE INSCRIPTIONS.

The formation of the Piedra Pintada is a hard sandstone and the walls have been washed and worn into all sorts of fantastic shapes by the action of the water. It is believed by those who have examined the surroundings closely that at some time in the now very remote past this great plain was covered by an arm of the ocean, and it was the waves of the sea that produced the caves and hollows in the rocky walls of the Piedra Pintada. Certainly no other agency than the tremendous force of such waves could account for the remarkable formations found here. This belief finds support in the fact that in the hills which bound the valley are to be found great deposits of the fossilized remains of extinct marine life of a prehistoric age. Several miles from the exact location of the Piedra Pintada and occupying a position directly in front of the main entrance to the amphitheater, is a salt bed or lake, where is to be found an immense deposit of this mineral glistening like a snow bank in the sun and visible for a great distance.

Once inside the narrow gateway of the amphitheater, a glance shows that the surface of the walls was at one time well covered with pictorial representations of the strangest character. Where these have been exposed to the action of sun and rain they have faded and been washed away until only dim outlines remain. But wherever overhanging rocks have protected the paintings they are still sharp and clear in outline, as shown in the illustrations. Vandal hands have chipped off great slabs of the sandstone and carried them away as "relics," but there are enough inscriptions still remaining to arouse the liveliest curiosity. There are snakes and turtles and likenesses of other strange things from the earth and the waters under the earth, as well as patterns that are apparently meaningless. Red, yellow and black are the colors used, and in many cases these are almost as clear and fresh as when first laid on.

What these inscriptions mean and what was the reason that impelled their delineation upon the rocks in this desolate and forbidding spot can, of course, only be conjectured. The fact that it is several miles to the nearest palatable water precludes the belief that this was ever used for residence purposes, except of a very temporary character. That the amphitheater was utilized for some purpose is shown by the calcined remains and other indications of the presence of human beings found at a depth of several feet below the surface. Very little excavation has ever been done here, and it is not known by those resident in the vicinity that the actual floor of the amphitheater has ever been uncovered. Sheep and other stock have been herded here so many years that their droppings have accumulated to a great depth, and the floor as it once was has been covered from sight for many seasons. That systematic excavation would reveal much of interest there is every reason to believe, and it is to be hoped that some time or other it will be undertaken.

Some who have visited Piedra Pintada have affected to discover reason to believe that the amphitheater was a sort of temple used for the worship of heathen deities and that the inscriptions have a religious significance. This may as well be true as any other theory, for there can be nothing but theories in the matter.

But whetever may be the true solution, whether the amphitheater was once the residence of the priests of some prehistoric tribes; whether it was the gathering place of the people scattered over a wide range of territory, occupying, as it does, a midway site between the coast region and the great interior valley; whether they met here to practice cannibalism, or what not, the fact remains that the Piedra Pintada is one of the most interesting objects in the southern-central part of the State—perhaps the more so since it is so remote from lines of travel or centers of population that considerable hardship, especially in midwinter, must be undergone in a visit to it.

G. F. W.

THE FIRST HOUSE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Clay street has the honor of the first house in San Francisco says *The Call*, as well as that of the first cable road. Of course, It was not Clay street then, but the rude house that was the first where metropolis of the Pacific Coast stands happened to stand where the thoroughfare afterward ran. At that time the old Mission Dolores had already started on its down-hill trip and an old soldier was watchman at the rude barracks at the Presidio. There was a saddle trail through the sand and brush from the Mission to where the town was afterward started.

An Englishman named Richardson, who did business with the whalers that put into the bay, moved from Sausalito and put up a tent near Clay and Kearney street in the winter of 1835-36, but tents do not count.

In the spring of 1836 Jacob P. Leese, who was in business at Monterey, took somebody's advice and decided to establish a trading-store at Yerba Buena, where he could collect hides for ships that came after them. He had a little trouble getting permission to occupy a plat of ground, but he finally succeeded, and in July, 1836, he built a rude house on what is now the south side of Clay street, near Dupont. He didn't know then that a Chinese shoe-shop would stand there some day, nor did he dream that his little house and store was the first of a collection of buildings that would house 350,000 people.

Leese chose this site by the cove which then ran up to where Montgomery and Washington street now intersect rather than the Presidio or the Mission Landing because he thought it a more convenient landing for small boats, and that natural circumstance governed the location of the first ones who followed him here and established the nucleus of a city.

The Hudson Bay Company soon established a trading-post here, and the agent ran Leese out of business, bought his house and occupied it. Trade slowly increased with the whalers and trading ships that entered the bay, and the Mexicans throughout the country, and Yerba Buena slowly became a small business center.

According to Hittell, in 1844, eight years after the first house was built, the houses of Yerba Buena were: The Hudson Bay Company's store (Leese's), the stores of Spear and Hinckley and William A. Leidesdorff, the groceries of David Cooper, J. J. Vioget, Peter Sherreback and Victor Prudon, the restaurant of John Fuller, the grogshop of Gregorio Escalante and Jacinto Moreno, the blacksmith shop of Tinker and Thompson, the carpenter-shops of Andrews, Davis and Reynolds and Rose, and the dwelling of Senora Briones, these stores and shops were probably all of them dwellings as well.

We have here mention of what were probably the first restaurateur, saloon-keepers, blacksmith and carpenters of San Francisco, but the history does not record the quality of John Fuller's baked beans or Escalante's rum or the prosperity of Tinker & Thompson's smithy.

This was on the eve of a new era—the American occupation—and between this time and the gold discovery in 1848 there was to be a comparatively rapid growth and the development of most of the features of an American community. Hence it is into this period that we must dig for most "first things."

Just before and during the Mexican War Americans began drifting into California in increasing numbers, and the times became eventful ones. In January, 1846, there were thirty buildings in Yerba Buena. In August, 1847, seventeen months later, there were 187 houses and the population was 459.

FILES OF AN OLD PAPER.

ITS COLUMNS TELL THE HISTORY OF OREGON'S PIONEER DAYS.

A few days ago, states the Portland *Evening Telegram*, Captain J. H. D. Gray of Astoria, sent to Portland a well preserved and neatly bound volume of the Oregon *Spectator*, which was published at Oregon City in 1846. It was the first paper published in Oregon. It was a four-column folio, printed in minion type, and has a neat typographical appearance. The bound volume is the property of the Gray estate, and has been sent to James T. Gray of Portland, who has been requested by a number of prominent old-timers to let them see it. The first number of the *Spectator* was issued February 5, 1846. Its editor and proprietor was William G. T'Vault. After the first issue it changed hands and H. A. G. Lee became editor and J. Fleming proprietor. They continued together till July 23, 1846, when Mr. Fleming became editor and proprietor. On October 1, 1846, Governor George L. Curry became editor and Fleming was proprietor. October 15, 1846, N. W. Colwell bought out Mr. Fleming and Grover and Colwell continued at the helm through the volume till January 21, 1847. This volume of the *Spectator* contains a notice of the first number of the *Weekly Californian*, published at Monterey, Cal., which was the first newspaper printed and published in California. The *Spectator* was issued every two weeks. It tells of "lively" times on the Willamette, with the racers Mogul and Franklin, that ran twice a week from Oregon City to Champoeg, with a capacity for fifteen or twenty passengers. Another item of unusual interest is that giving the following facts: In 1840 there were in Oregon 36 American settlers, 26 married women, 13 lay protestant ministers, 13 Methodist (ordained), 1 Presbyterian (ordained), 5 Congregational (ordained), 32 American women and 32 children.

OLD SPANISH FAMILIES.

It appears that in the year 1761, twenty-four families arrived on this coast from Spain and from Sinaloa, Mexico. They were the Spanish pioneers of California. The males were called the soldier missionaries, and the head of each family was called the Sergeant. Following are the names of the families who arrived from 1761 to 1777, with the places of their settlement:

San Diego—Pico, Lopez, Serrano, Alvila.

Los Angeles—Pico, Carrillo, Lugos, Sepulveda, Vedas, Sanchez, Dominguez, Machados, Abilas, Nieto, Delaoza, Cota, Alvarado.

Santa Barbara—Delagerra, Carillo, Arillanes, Ruiz, Baldez, Pico, Gonzalez.

Monterey—Castro, Estrada, Alvarado, Vallejo, Romero, Malarin, Horrel, Pinto, Soto.

San Jose—Pacheco, Pico, Sepulveda, Higera, Bernal, Sunol, Soto, Castro, Berrelles, Vagorque, Mesa, Alvires, Garcia, Fernandez, Sanchez, Vasque, Noriega, Romero, Salazar, Narbais, Feles, Buelna, Galindo, Alviso, Juarez, Amador, Pinto, Pena, Peralta.

San Francisco—Sanchez, Aros, Guerreror.

Sonoma—Hegira, Vallejo, Berrellesa, Pacheco, Garcia, Juarez, Pens.

DARK DAY—N. E. R., Byron, Contra Costa County, California. The dark day in New England was a phenomenon of 1708. It occurred on the 19th of May and the darkness extended from Maine into New York and New Jersey, but it was most intense in Massachusetts and the lower part of New Hampshire. The darkness lasted from 10 o'clock in the forenoon until midnight and during its prevalence in what is generally known as the daylight hours it was so dark that it was impossible to read ordinary print. Candles had to be lighted within doors and animals mistaking the hour went to sleep. The Legislature at Hartford, Conn., was in session at the time and the unexpected darkness created such consternation that members proposed an adjournment. A number of similar but less intense phenomena have been observed in the United States, Canada and England. Several hypotheses have been suggested by scientists to account for the dark days by alleging the smoke of burning forests, volcanic smoke and ashes, vapors generated by internal heat, smoke caused by the combustion of meteors, cosmical dust drifting from outer space into the atmosphere, terrestrial dust raised in clouds from the deserts and moved great distances by atmospheric currents and ordinary clouds re-enforced by smoke from furnaces and factories. All but the last were set aside. This seemed to meet the conditions most nearly, especially with a double rather than a single stratum of clouds.

A GIRL DOCTOR OF SCIENCE

Carol Baldwin of This City Receives That Degree at Cornell.

ON June 20th the first woman doctor of science at Cornell received her degree. The fact is of peculiar interest to Californians, because the girl is a Californian and a graduate of the State University. The conferring of the doctor's degree on this brilliant young woman was interesting at Cornell because she was the first to receive such a degree and her post-graduate path through college had been strewn with honors such as fall to few students, least of all, women.

The name of the new doctor in the scientific world is Carol Willard Baldwin, and she was the first woman to receive a degree as bachelor of science in the College of Mechanics in Berkeley. The course is esteemed a difficult one, and though other women had taken mechanics for a while, none of them ever wrote finis at the end of the four years' course. There is a good deal of shop work in the mechanics course, but in its place Miss Baldwin took higher mathematics, and when she was graduated Professor Stringham told her that she had taken more mathematics than any other undergraduate in Berkeley's halls.

MISS CAROL W. BALDWIN.

Miss Baldwin was born in San Francisco June 30, 1869, but she has always lived in Santa Cruz. Her mother was a teacher before her marriage, and the only child was most carefully trained. She attended the common schools and high school at Santa Cruz, graduating as valedictorian from the latter with the highest honors in 1887. Before entering the University she spent a year studying music, painting, elocution, French and Latin, with some cooking and the art of housekeeping in addition, for the student was an only child and the family of New England stock. Consequently, although they were well-to-do, they kept no servant, and it was considered eminently fitting and proper that the only daughter should have clever fingers as well as a cultivated brain.

In Berkeley Miss Baldwin mapped out for herself a novel course, but, unlike the majority of scientific students, she did not withdraw herself from the social life of her class. There was never a glee or festivity of the class of '92, or any other class, that Miss Baldwin did not attend. She was a pretty, petite girl, with gray eyes, a creamy skin and very long, dark hair. With the students she was popular because she was so unassuming. She never obtruded her numerous first sections on the gaze of other students not troubled by visits from their delightful hieroglyphics. With the professors she was popular on account of the quality of her work. She was what the students call a "dig," that is, though a student of brilliant endowments and attainments, she studied early and late to get the very most out of her college course. She did not rely on her natural ability, but was extremely industrious. She continued, however, to have time for other things, and never boasted of her long, quiet hours of study. Only the quality of her work revealed her secret.

At the end of four years of studying and pleasuring Miss Baldwin graduated third in a clas of over sixty. There was only a fraction of a per cent between her rank and that of the first-honor student, and everyone knew how difficult was the course she had completed. Usually the student of highest standing in the scientific course writes a thesis, the subject of which is announced on the programme, but which the student is excused from reading out of mercy to the audience. In Miss Baldwin's case the time-honored rule was broken on account of her great popularity with the scientific department as well as on account of her unusual gifts, and she read her thesis. In so doing she broke two well-established Berkeley rules—one that a scientific student is never popular, and the other that a girl cannot do original work in the most difficult realms of science.

After graduating, Miss Baldwin taught four months in the Watsonville High School and for a month in the Oakland High School, and then returned to Berkeley for post-graduate scientific work.

In 1892 Miss Baldwin decided that nothing except the degree of doctor of science would satisfy her. So she went East to select a college for the added two years of work. She visited the University of Chicago, Harvard Annex, Yale and Cornell. In her own words, she says:

"Chicago's laboratories were not completed, Harvard Annex had no use for a girl with a degree from a college of mechanics, and Yale was not up in graduate physics; besides, I did not receive much encouragement there and was given to understand that they preferred older women. They added, rather ungraciously, that if I really wished to stay I could have my degree degree in two years.

Miss Baldwin decided that Cornell was the best for her purposes. Of the 1800 students there about 200 are women. There are about 200 graduate students, of whom twenty-five are women.

Miss Baldwin has been as popular socially at Cornell as she was in Berkeley, though the former is not a college where coeducation is very well received. She says that she has had a very pleasant two years, with plenty of parties to punctuate the delving into space with six dimensions. As at Berkeley, Cornell professors have made much of the woman whom they persist in considering a prodigy.

On May 29th Miss Baldwin took her final examination. It was an ordeal which no one who has once experienced it cares about repeating.

"For the first time in my life," said Miss Baldwin, "I was scared. But I guess I was no more nervous than many of the men are. But think of it—to go into a room with three august professors, and to know that they have four hours in which to ask you any question they please on anything you have ever studied about physics or mathematics.

"Under the circumstances the victim remembers so very clearly how very little he does know that it is no wonder he is nervous. After answering at their questions for four hours they told me they were satisfied and that I should have my degree.

"I left the room with a queer, weak feeling about the knees and ankles, but with the sublime consciousness that I had neither cried nor fainted."

After the fiery ordeal Miss Baldwin left Ithaca for Cleveland, O., to visit relatives until commencement on June 20th. She tried to get out of attending commencement, for this scientific young woman is modest and retiring. But the faculty at Cornell is as fussy as some other college faculties one has heard of, and required the doctor of science elect to be present.

The big event of commencement at Cornell is the Prox's reception, which Miss Baldwin attended. She sent for her mortar-board and gown from California and appeared in her Berkeley insignia when she received her degree.

But the prize of all she has won that Miss Baldwin esteems the most is her election to the home society of Sigma Xi, which is the Phi Beta Kappa of scientific men. The prerequisite for membership is "marked ability in scientific study," and a high standing alone does not avail, for many who have the highest percentages do not receive the honor. The person proposed for membership must show the ability to do original work and contribute something of value to science. There are about 400 members in this country, less than twenty of whom are women. The prominent professors of science in the East are members, so is David Starr Jordan and Joseph Le Conte Jr. of Berkeley. Mr. Jepson, also of Berkeley, was elected this year.

Miss Baldwin confesses that she wanted this election more than anything else in her college course. Her reason was because they always say, you know, that women fail when it comes to original work and are (theoretically) unable to cope with any branch of applied mathematics."

The title of Miss Baldwin's thesis is terrific. It is "A Photographic Study of Arc Spectra." Of course she did not read it. It will be published in the Physical Review, beginning with the September number and continuing for two or three months. Miss Baldwin took over 300 photographs of the spectra of the electric arc, varying the conditions in different ways, chiefly by boring out the center of the carbons and filling the hole with all the metals under the sun. There are pages and pages of figures—numbers enough to make one's head swim—until the article looks very much like a table of logarithms in some parts. The illustrations are all to be carefully engraved.

Some of Miss Baldwin's work has already been published under her own name in Professor Nichol's "Laboratory Manual of Physics and Applied Electricity," which came out last fall.

Miss Baldwin—or Dr. Baldwin, as she is properly styled—will reach San Francisco on June 26th, and has already accepted the position of teacher of science in the California School of Mechanical Arts (the Lick School), where she will probably be the only woman teacher. She has no intention of abandoning original investigation, and hopes to be able to start a chapter of Delta Xi at Berkeley.

But, in spite of all Miss Baldwin's Cornell success, she says good things about the scientific work at Berkeley. It is her opinion that the work at Berkeley is fully up to the mark of Eastern colleges, and that the life is better and more enjoyable, and when one is a doctor one is permitted to speak with authority upon these matters.

STORIES OF STORKS.

A BIRD THAT DISPLAYS AN INTELLIGENCE ALMOST HUMAN.

Their Regular Annual Visit to Strasburg. Meetings at Which the Storks Undoubtedly Discuss Their Affairs and Reach Conclusions.

Twenty years ago I resided at Strasburg, in the vicinity of the old Protestant church called the Temple Neup. It was a structure built wholly of brick, somewhat unsightly, very large and capped by an immense roof. The church had no spire, and the choir, which was detached from the nave, at that time sheltered the municipal library. All that was since destroyed by the bombardment.

Regularly every year, between the 10th and 20th of August, all the storks of the city came toward evening to meet at the Temple Neup. They arrived from the neighboring chimneys, old and young, and placed themselves in a long row upon the comb of the roof. It was a curious scene to see all those big white birds, with their slender bills, mounted upon their slender stilts. They flapped their wings, standing first on one and then on the other leg, while making that noise quite peculiar to storks called "clapper." Some old ones were busily flying here and there, as if to give out the countersign. Messengers were dispatched to the stragglers to hasten their arrival.

The meeting lasted at least one hour, after which each family retired to its nest, to return next evening at the same hour. Again the inspection was gone through by the elders and the countersign repeated. This parting review was renewed three or four times in succession, and one fine morning the Strasburgers observed with regret that all the storks had vanished.

The habit of annual migrations among storks is as old as the world. Pliny the Elder, who perished on the day when Pompeii and Herculaneum disappeared, testifies to that effect. In his "History of Nature" he expresses himself as follows:

"Whence come the storks, and whither do they go? It is still a problem. No doubt they come from afar, the same as the cranes. The latter travel in the summer, the storks in the winter. No one fails to come to the meeting unless sick or a prisoner. They depart all at once, as if the day were fixed by law. No one ever saw them leave, although they make no secret of their intentions. We observe soon enough that they have come back, although no one saw them arrive. The arrival and departure invariably take place at night."

What was said of the storks 18 centuries ago is still the truth. These beasts are too intelligent to change their habits. It is quite certain that their migrations are concerted. The time is decided upon and the place selected. The consultations do not transpire without discussion. Everything is not harmonious at first. The young, the inexperienced, want to remain a little longer. The old and wise, the veteran travelers, insist upon departure. They argue that the autumn rains beat down the insects, which then seek refuge in the ground. Thenceforth food becomes scarcer—"we must seek milder climates." But the way there is immense. Distant mountains, seas and deserts must be traversed. Winds are variable, and all kinds of perils must be affronted. However, the feebler ones take heart in thinking of the large number of their traveling companions and the pleasure of basking in a warmer sun. The day of departure is fixed.

Where do the storks go to spend the winter? In warmer latitudes, in Greece, in Arabia, around Mount Sinai and Egypt and throughout Africa down to the cape of Good Hope.

"At Basle," says Toussenel, "in a room of the city hall, is a stuffed stork whose body is pierced through by an African arrow from the vicinity of the cape. This accident had not hindered the bird from starting with the others on their northern voyage."

The storks return to Alsace in the spring, and the same couple reoccupy the same nest. These nests are invariably installed on the top of chimneys, which, in Strassburg, are high and broad and generally in groups of three or four. The upper surface thus constitutes a sort of platform overlapping the lateral openings whence escapes the smoke. It is thus that storks establish their domicile, affecting the disposition of a basket, lined inside with straw, feathers and down, a warm bed for the eggs to be hatched in.

The valley of the Rhine seems to be a resort of predilection for the race of storks. From Basle all the way to Holland you find storks dwelling on the chimney tops. Today France has no longer any storks. She lost them when she lost Alsace.

Wherever the storks reside, whether on oriental minarets or on the church steeples of Germany, everywhere they are revered by the people. They are sacred birds. It is incontestable that storks render valuable service. They are the foes of snakes and other reptiles, moles, field mice and every sort of vermin. They are seen gravely following the plow and devouring the larvæ of the May bug, which the furrow turns to the light. Never a sportsman fires at a stork. I have to think that the immunity which this bird enjoys is due to its virtues. It would distress me to think that it is respected only because its flesh is unpalatable. However that may be, old legends regard the stork as a bird of good omen.—French of Maurice Engelhard.

About Postage Stamps.

BY PHILETAS.

There has recently been a revival of interest in the collection of war envelopes. These are not postage stamps, but they have an interest to philatelists. The North issued the largest number of these emblematic envelopes, but the South also had its issues. Most of the envelopes bore messages of defiance and ridicule to the enemy. All sorts of inscriptions appear upon them, and rude caricatures of the enemy abound, with flags and cannons galore.

A curious feature shown by the envelopes preserved of that period is the dearth of stationery that existed in the South. Envelopes were made of wall-paper and of title-pages of books and pamphlets. In many cases envelopes were used twice, either by turning them inside out, or defacing the old superscription and writing a new one.

SOME RARE COINS.

The Fancy Prices Paid by Collectors.

Twelve Hundred Dollars for a Dollar.

Coins That Are Worth Many Times Their Intrinsic Value—A Costly Fad.

Written for the CHRONICLE.

Of all the fads or hobbies to which mankind is prone to devote its leisure moments and its means as well, few are more interesting than the collection of coins. Not their collection because of the intrinsic value they possess—that is a pursuit common to nine-tenths of the human race—but because of the love for numismatics, and the historical associations connected with the little pieces of metal by which commercial values are measured.

It is a hobby which can best be followed by people of wealth, however, for a collection of coins of any considerable extent represents vastly more than the intrinsic value of the gold, silver or other metal contained in them, and to accumulate such a collection requires the expenditure of very large sums of money. When it is remembered that, although our own coinage dates its commencement scarcely a hundred years ago, there are coins so rare that numismatists gladly pay $1200 or more for a single specimen of a face value of but a single dollar, one can gather some idea of the large outlay involved in carrying out a comprehensive scheme of coin collecting.

It is interesting to note some of the prominent features of our national coinage

These dollars are worth $15 to $40.

and to set down the larges value that are attached to certain coins which otherwise would be held in little esteem.

One of the first steps taken by our Government after the final severance of the apron strings that had bound the stripling to its little loved and unnatural parent was the establishment of a Mint. Prior to that time the specie in circulation was a queer hodgepodge of the coins of all nations, private mints, individuals, etc. In 1794 the Mint was put into operation and

Valuable half-dollars.

the first silver dollar—the far-famed "dollar of our daddies"—was struck. It was a handsome coin, one side being shown in the accompanying illustration. On the reverse was the American eagle surrounded by a wreath and with the letters "United States of America" on the outer edge. On the outside of this coin, where it is now milled, were the words, "Hundred cents one dollar or unit." This issue has

Worth $1000 to $1200.

become scarce, and at present specimens in good condition are worth $40.

A half-dollar was struck in the same year, but this is not nearly so scarce, good specimens commanding $5 each, which is

Small but valuable.

a respectable price after all, when intrinsic values are considered.

Little change was made in the silver dollar until 1836, when the coin shown herewith was minted, known as the Gobrecht dollar. A thousand of these were struck and eighteen of them contained the words, "C. Gobrecht, F." These command a fancy price, while the others of the same date sell for $12 to $15.

The half-dollar of 1838 is another rare coin, when it has the letter "O" underneath the bust, signifying that it was made at the New Orleans Mint. When so marked it is work $12 to $15.

Rarest of all American coins is the dollar of 1804. There are only ten of these coins known to be in existence, and from $1000 to $1200 has been cheerfully paid by enthusiastic numismatists for them. It is said that these coins were not actually minted in the year mentioned, but this does not matter. They are so very rare that they are valued at a thousand times or more than their intrinsic worth.

The half-dollar of 1796, as shown in the illustration, is worth $3. But if the head have a fillet about it and there are sixteen stars instead of fifteen, it is valued at $20, while the same coin with fifteen stars is worth $17 50.

The quarter-dollar of 1796 is valued at $2, while the same coin of 1823 is worth $20 or more.

The dime of 1796 is worth $2 and the same coin of 1836 is valued at $3. The rarest is the one of 1804, and it sells at $10.

The half-dime of 1794 is valued at $15, while the one minted in 1802 sells at from $75 to $100, being exceedingly rare.

The 3-cent coins are worth twenty to forty times their face value if of the dates that are rare, such as 1864, 1873 and 1877.

The copper half-cent of 1793 is valued at $1, and the same coin of 1796 is worth

Copper cents.

$7 50, while those of other dates have various fictitious values.

The eagle nickel cent of 1856 sells at $1, and even more. The nickel 3-cent piece of 1877 is also fairly valuable.

The copper cent of 1793 is quoted at $1 25, while those of 1799 are rated at $3 to $6. Those of the next century are not quite so valuable, but good specimens sell for various fancy prices.

In colonial times there were a variety of coinages made in this country, some of which are very rare and highly prized by collectors. The pine tree coins of New England are an example, the three-penny piece commanding $100 and others in like proportion.

A brass three-penny piece struck in England for use in this country early in the sixteenth century is valued at $60, and shillings of the same coinage are worth $20.

A composite "token," known as the Carolina elephant from having the figure of that animal stamped on one side, and

Half-cents, cent and nickel three-cent pieces.

issued in 1694, is valued at $200, and a similar coin issued in New England is worth $225.

IORNING, MAY 7, 1894

DOLLAR OF OUR DADDIES.

One of the Rare Silver Coins of 1804 Sold in Boston for $1,200.

THE HISTORY OF ITS ISSUE.

A Tradition That All the Dollars of That Date Were Used in Paying the Sailors of the Mediterranean Fleet.

One of the rarest coins, if not the most rare, of United States mintage is the silver dollar of 1804. All sorts of interesting stories, more or less fabulous, are told concerning this issue, says the Boston *Transcript*, but so-called authorities disagree on almost every point. Now and then one is sold to a collector for a big sum, and only a few days ago there was a transaction of this nature in Boston. Not long ago W. E. Skinner, a Washington-street dealer in coins, heard that one of these rare dollars was held by John F. Whitley, the registry clerk in the Taunton Postoffice. Mr. Whitley found the coin stored away among his father's possessions soon after the latter's death. Skinner opened correspondence with Whitley and offered $1,000 for the curiosity, but even this offer failed to tempt the possessor, who evidently had some idea of its worth.

Finally the dealer, who had an order for a specimen of this mintage from some one in New York, raised his offer to $1,200, and at this figure the silver piece changed hands.

Dealers and collectors differ in their statements as to how many of these dollars are known to be extant. Some say four, others eight, while Mr. Skinner says he can locate twelve. Four of these, he says, are held in New England, one being owned by Captain Nathan Appleton of Boston, one by Loring G. Parmelee, also of Boston, one by William Brown of Salem and one other, the owner of which he does not remember.

A writer on this subject says, in an article published not many years ago, that Colonel Phineas Adams of Manchester, N. H., has a specimen for which he paid $500. Another was purchased in 1889 by Dr. Walther of St. Paul, Minn., from an old Norwegian settler, who had long treasured it in a stocking. The doctor secured this specimen for $150. A little previous to this a man named S. L. Cohen bought a specimen somewhere in Tennessee for $150. The British Museum holds one for which it paid $800, and there is one on exhibition in the Philadelphia Mint. This accounts for eight or possibly nine of these dollars.

The whole history of this coinage is shrouded in mystery. According to the Mint records 19,570 silver dollars were coined in 1804. This is the last authentic record of the mintage, and it is not known whether they were held in the Treasury and subsequently struck over into a later date or whether they were sent to Africa to pay off our sailors, as one story runs.

The origin of this yarn is likewise shadowy, but it is given for what it is worth, which, it is feared, is not as much as the face value of its subject. In 1804 the United States was engaged in a war up the Mediterranean with Tripoli, and it is said that the dollars coined that year were sent out to pay off our seamen. As the coins were new and bright the natives ashore took a great fancy to them when "Jack" would ring them down in payment for some gimcrack for his Nancy at home. The chiefs of the tribes, or beys, if that is a more correct term, as soon as they heard about these gleaming white dollars, coveted them for ornaments and tokens and took measures to get possession of all they could.

It appears from the scarcity of the dollars in this country that they were unusually successful, and must have either robbed or tricked away the pay of about every man in the American fleet.

Another story about the specimens now in collections is not quite so romantic, but it is none the less interesting. It is that Captain Hall of the United States Secret Service in the West, who was accidentally shot in 1887, was at the time of his death investigating the counterfeiting of antiquated coins for collections of numismatics.

His attention was first drawn to this subject by the sale of an 1804 dollar at an auction sale of a collection in Philadelphia. The Captain examined the coin, and at once questioned its genuineness, and, on taking it to the Mint, it was found to be a counterfeit.

Under the action of acids which were applied slight traces of a lighter metal were discovered, marking a complete square at the base of the figure "4" of "1804," and a further expert analysis disclosed the fact of its being a modified dollar of 1805, of which issue there are many. The "5" had been drilled out and the opening plugged with a "4" taken from some other issue. The coin had then been treated to corrosive acid to give it the old and worn look.

It is further stated by persons well posted on the subject that the dies for this mintage were out of the possession of the Mint for over a year and a half before they were destroyed, and it is believed that many of the specimens now held in collections were made at this time. This was in 1828, it is said. Such a procedure is, of course, a penal offense, and the story may be entirely without foundation, although it is credited by many students of numismatics.

When the collection of H. R. Linderman, at one time Director of the Mint, was sold by auction in New York in 1888, a fine proof of the 1804 dollar brought $470. The market value of the coin varies. One catalogue fixes it at $200, while another offers $600 for specimens. Collectors value their specimens at from $1,000 to $2,000.

The dollar has a flying eagle with twelve stars upon the reverse, while the face bears the date and a head of the Goddess of Liberty with flowing hair.

At Home To-night.

The lessons are done and the prizes won,
And the counted weeks are past;
O, the holiday joys of the girls and boys
Who are "home to-night" at last!
O the ringing beat of the springing feet,
As into the hall they rush!
O the tender bliss of the first home kiss,
With its moment of fervent hush!
So much to tell, and to hear as well,
As they gather around the glow!
Who would not part for the joy of heart
That only the parted can know?—
At home to night.

But all have not met; there are travelers yet!
Speeding along through the dark,
By tunnel and bridge, past river and ridge,
To the distant, yet nearing mark;
But hearts are warm, for the winter storm
Has never a chill for love;
And faces are bright in the flickering light
Of the small dim lamp above;
And voices of gladness rise over the madness
Of the whirl and the rush and the roar,
For, rapid and strong, it bears them along
To a home and an open door—
Yes, home to-night!

Oh, home to-night, yes, home to-night,
Through the pearly gate and the open door!
Some happy feet on the golden street
Are entering now to "go out no more;"
For the work is done, and the rest begun,
And the training time is forever past,
And the home of rest in the mansions blest,
Is safely, joyously reached at last.
O the love and light in that home to-night
O the songs of bliss and the harps of gold!
O the glory shed on the new-crowned head!
O the telling of love that can ne'er be told!
O the welcome that waits in the shining gates,
For those who are following far, yet near,
When all shall meet at his glorious feet,
In the light and love of his home so dear—
Yes, home to-night!

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

COINS A FOOT SQUARE.

Gustavus Steinburg, a Swedish coin-dealer, received through the custom house a collection of exceedingly unique coins, which it was proposed to exhibit at the World's Fair. The coins came from Sweden, where they circulated in the sixteenth century. They bear more resemblance to pieces of boiler-iron after an explosion than money. The coins are great flat pieces of copper cut into very poor squares. The smallest coin is four inches square, and worth 30 cents, and the largest over a foot square, with a face value of $400. Each slab of copper is stamped in several places with an inscription giving its date of issue and its denomination. The largest weighed over four pounds. These enormous and cumbersome coins were the result of an absurd craze which prevailed several hundred years ago regarding the exclusive use of copper for money. It carried the coinage of copper to absurd lengths, and the people discarded its use. In those days of copper coinage wealthy ladies were compelled to hire an attendant to accompany them to carry a bucket full of coppers while shopping.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

KIRBY'S TANNERY.

An Important Plant That is Closed Down Permanently—Its History.

No smoke now rises from the tall chimney at Kirby's tannery; the sound of machinery is silenced, and the hurrying of busy men from one shop to the other, and the wagons loaded with tanbark and hides, are not to be seen, for the tannery, after a run of thirty years, has ceased operations permanently. The wooden buildings of the uppert annery are to be demolished and the machinery sold. A few pieces have already been disposed of to the Krons. The lower tannery will not be dismantled, as the water power is so valuable that work can be resumed at once if a purchaser is found. Mr. Kirby owns four and a half acres of land at the tannery, which will be subdivided into small lots and thrown on the market. He has done with tanning and can look around with satisfaction at the many to whom he has given employment. The best evidence of his being a good employer is that many of his employees have been been with him for years.

The tannery was originally owned by Chas. Brown and Frank Brady, who started it some thirty years ago. They only had a small yard with twelve vats. Twenty-six years ago Mr. Kirby retired from the firm of Boston, Jones & Co., and bought out Brown & Brady for $5,000. He invested $5,000 more in machinery and in enlarging the plant, doubling its capacity. His predecessors employed nine hands, while Mr. Kirby ran the tannery with fifteen. He had all of the latest machinery to do business with. Being a practical tanner he knew how to utilize every department to the best advantage, and his leather obtained more than a State reputation, bringing the highest prices in the Eastern market. Hides cost from $7 to $9 each, and he has paid as high as $11. In one month he paid Miller & Lux as much as $10,000 for hides.

Fifteen years ago he purchased the lower tannery of Matthei, Miller & Fisher, paying $6,200 therefor. He increased its capacity to fifteen vats, and put in new machinery, thus having one of the best equipped yards in the State. The entire plant was run to a capacity of 2,200 hides a month, or 2,000 a month more than when Brown & Brady had it. Forty-five men were employed, the monthly wages paid, including board, being $50 each. To Mr. Kirby's credit it may be said that the wages were never lowered.

His harness leather was pronounced to be the best ever made in California, being manufactured out of the best hides and bringing the highest prices. The tannery, which represents a cost investment of over $50,000, has two hundred vats. For the past five years Mr. Kirby has been reducing his force, owing to the dullness of the leather market, the last employes to go being Nathan Knapp and J. B. Harris. There is not now the money in tanning that there formerly was, owing to overproduction, and the expense in making leather. Prices are not as good as of old, although the present process of making leather has slightly increased the expense of production. Mr. Kirby has had years when the tannery was a mint, the yearly profits being away up in the thousands. He has labored for many years and paid out hundreds of thousands of dollars for wages, but the results now do not justify him in continuing the business any longer. No employer has done more for his men than R.C.Kirby in urging them to become better and to practice habits of economy. As a result of his teaching some of his former employes are moneyed men, and many have homes of their own.

Bark has dropped down to $14 a cord. It has been as high as $17. Mr. Kirby one year paid H. Cowell $10,000 for stumpage, Cowell reserving the wood. All that Mr. K. wanted was the bark. The Krons also paid him a like sum since for stumpage. Sole leather once sold for from twenty-eight to thirty cents a pound; now it is rated at from eighteen to twenty-two cents a pound.

In former years there were four tanneries in operation in this county, but now there is only one.

Mr. K. has had a long, active business career. All the money he has distributed has been in Santa Cruz. In former years he was the most hospitable entertainer ever in this city. The result of his hospitality was to make Santa Cruz known all over the world, for those whom he entertained told the story of how well they were treated in the city by the sea to their friends. Mr. K. has had as guests English Lords, statesmen of national renown, literary lights, distinguished travelers, noted men and women. Years ago the United States Minister to France was his guest. Gail Hamilton, Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton are among those who broke bread beneath his roof-tree, and Senators and Governors, when here in the heat of campaigns, partook of the hospitality the Kirbys enjoyed extending to the prominent men of the State and nation.

THE PIONEER OVERLANDERS.

The First Regular Emigration to California—The names of the Emigrants, Etc.

The following interesting account of the first regular emigration to California is from the pen of a correspondent of the *S. F. Bulletin* of July 27th, 1868:

The list is the fullest that has yet appeared in print. This enterprise occasioned at the time much excitement on the Missouri frontiers, and accounts of it were published in several of the Western journals, as it was then considered a great undertaking to cross the Rocky Mountains and explore a new road through the snowy ranges and howling desert south of the Columbia, the only well-ascertained points being the Great Salt Lake and the mystical St. Mary's, now Humboldt river, so called by Fremont afterwards. An interesting sketch of this 1841 adventure appeared a few months after in Chambers Edinburg Magazine, which seems to have been written by some one well acquainted with all the particulars, and who foretold the effects on the future prospects of California. At the period of these important events, the Western people were much excited by the different works written by Dr. Gregg on New Mexico, and Washington Irving on the explorations and tradings of Astor's fur trappers, and on those of Capt. Bonneville in the Rocky Mountains, the results of which were the emigration to California, and several month after that to Oregon, and also from Texas to Santa Fe. The *Bulletin*'s correspondent says:

Mr Toomes writes: I sat down with my old partner, Thomas, a few days ago, and got to talking of old times in California, and all that sort of thing. It occurred to us to make a list of our ancient companions in the hard journey we made from Independence a long twenty-seven years ago, and, Sandy, our hairs are getting gray, and we often remember those blessed old bailies and meriandera of gay Monterey. I claim that we were the first regular emigrants who ever started from the States to California, as those who arrived in the country before us, dropped in by mere chance, as old trappers, whalemen and sailors from the Islands and Boston ships. Our party was divided into two companies, who left Independence on the 6th of May, 1841, and we got into California on the 10th of November of the same year. The first company was headed by Robert H. Thomes, who crossed over by the way of Salt Lake, and the second by William Workman (who died in Los Angeles in 1876,) and went by the way of Santa Fe and the middle route to Los Angeles; and both got into the country at nearly the same time.

We were all armed with rifles and mounted on horseback, and had literally to smell our way every day of that long, hard journey of 176 day; but we arrived all safe and hearty, and nearly every one of the emigrants mentioned have either died in the State or still reside here. But I never want to cross those hard deserts and big mountains again, except on the railroad, and you bet I shall run over to old Pike on the 4th of July, 1870-car, or, mayhap, on those of 1869, as I hate water sailing. I have mentioned on the subjoined lists the names of many "foreigners" then so-called, who lived in California before my time, but several have escaped me, as I have never seen a proper list of the names of the first immigration. You know when Thomes and myself got our ranches up here from Micheltorena and Jimena, this place was out of the world, and large farms to be had for the asking; but it is quite different now. The Indians, once so common, are all gone, and the rail cars will soon rush by our doors, and land is worth $20 an acre. that house we built in Monterey for Gov. Jimena, in 1845, was one of the best jobs we ever did in our lives, for the old gentleman not only paid us well, but got our farms without any of the trouble others had. Here is the list of our old friends:

Pioneer Companies by the Overland Route of the Mary's, Ogden or Humboldt River in 1841—In Company No. 1: Robert H. Thomes, of Tehama; Mr. Bartlett, Joseph Childs, Major Richman, Talbot H. Greene, Josiah Belden, of San Jose; Charles M. Weber, of Stockton: Henry Hubert, John Bidwell, of Chico; Charles Flugge, Mr. Barnett, Mr. Brolasky, Charles Hopper, Grove Cook; Benjamin Kelsey, Andrew Kelsey, of Sonoma; Mr. Henshaw, James McMahon, Nelson McMahon, Mr. Patten, Mr. Dawson and brother, Mr. Chandler, Michael Nye, Mr. Walton, Mr. Swartz, Mr. Jones, James Littlejohn.

In Company No. 2, of 1841—William Workman, John Roland and Benito D. Wilson of Los Angeles; Albert G. Toomes, of Tehama; William Knight, William Gordon, William Moore, Isaac Givens, Charles Givens, Mr. Pickman, Frederic Bachelor, Mr. Teabo, Wade Hampton, Dr. Meade, Dr. Gamble, Hirman Taylor, Mr. Lindsay, Col. McClure.

There were three or four others in these two companies whose names I have now forgotten, and many on the list are still living in the State. We suffered great hardships, and got into tight pinches for food and water, but we made up for it when we got among the fat beef and venison of California.

In the company that came cross in 1843, were Major P. B. Redding, Major S. J. Hensley, of San Jose (died in 1865;) Major Jacob R. Snyder, of Sonoma; Wm. Blackburn, of Santa Cruz; James and John Williams, Isaac Williams, of Los Angeles, and two others whose names I have forgotten. This company crossed over the Pitt River Mountains and came down the Sacramento Valley to Sutter's Fort, and their history is better known than ours.

When I arrived on the coast, in 1841, I found living in different parts of the country the following old American and foreign settlers:

In Los Angeles—John Semple, Abel Stearns, William Carpenter, Richard Lochlin, Mr. Vignes, William Wolfskill, John J. Warner, Mr. Williams and Stewart and Sam, two American colored men.

At Monterey—Thomas O. Larkin, David Spence, John B. R. Cooper, James Watson, Wm. E. Hartnell, George Kinlock and wife, George Allen, James Stokes, William Watts, Ernest Romio, from Germany, Wm. Foxsom, Mr. McVicker, William E. Garney, James Meadows and James McKinley.

At Santa Cruz—Isaac Graham, Henry Nail, Job F. Dye, now of Idaho, Wm. G. Chard, Jacob Majors, Peter Lassen, John Sinclair, Mr. Dickey and several others.

At Yerba Buena or San Francisco—Mr. Ray and wife; of the Hudson Bay Co.; Hickley & Spear, merchants; Teal & Titcomb, merchants; Sherrebach & Voiget, of the hotel; William H. Davis and Daniel Sill;——Davis, blacksmith; ——Andrews, carpenter; Robert Ridley, John Coppinger, Eliab Grimes and Mr. Johnson.

At Santa Barbara—Daniel E. Hill, Lewis Burton, Ziba F. Branch, Isaac Sparks, A. B. Thompson, Thomas Robbins, Nicholas A. Den and Alfred Robinson.

At San Diego—William Shook.

At Sonoma and the Bay—Jacob P. Leese, Victor Prudham and Geo. Yount, of Napa.

W. D. Howard and Joseph P. Thompson, of San Francisco, came in one or two years after my arrival. Besides these were W. A. Richardson of Sauselito, John Gilroy, Harry Bee, and David Littlejohn, who had lived in the country many years, and our well known old friend, Capt. John A. Sutter.

THE $50 SLUG.

Alexander Duncan, a pioneer, claimed that he had a hand in the coining of the first $50 gold slug ever issued on this coast, or, in fact, anywhere else.

"I came to California in 1850," he says, "and during the winter of 1850–51 I had a blacksmith shop on Portsmouth alley running through form Sacramento to Clay streets, San Francisco. At that time there were three private mints in San Francisco, Wm. Moffitt, Billy Garrett & Co. and another firm whose name I do not recall. Moffitt was coining two-and-a-half, five and ten dollar gold pieces—the double eagle did not make its appearance until several years later, when they were issued by the United States mints. When Moffitt decided on making the $50 slug he came to me and had me make the dies for them. I fitted the dies to the press, which had been converted out of a boiler maker's punch, and after they had been engraved I tempered them. When they were finished I took them up to Moffitt's place on Clay street. The gold was already rolled out in strips and, cutting off a piece, we put it in the press and stamped the slug. I had hold of the handle of the press, so you see I came pretty near making the first $50 slug ever coined, except the engraving. The slug, you know, is octagon in shape. Well, after both surfaces were stamped, the slug was put in a machine something like a vice and each of the eight flat surfaces on the edge of the piece were stamped by hand. If I had kept that slug as I intended to, it would have been very valuable today. When I went back to Ireland, ten years ago, I thought I would take home one of the slugs as a curiosity and I had to pay $70 for it. I have since had several disputes about the old $50 pieces. I believe the government afterwards issued the same slug, but several persons with whom I have talked say no, that the only slugs ever put out were by the early private coiners in San Francisco."

The authorities are against Mr. Duncan. No gold pieces of the denomination of $50 were ever issued by the United States mints and most of the slugs were called in when the double eagle was issued.

THE SEVEN WONDERS.

Different authors disagree in describing the seven popular wonders of olden times. At present the pyramids, the Colossus of Rhodes, the Temple of Diana, the Mausoleum, the statue of Jupiter Olympus, the hanging gardens of Babylon, and the Pharos or watch tower of Alexandria, are usually reckoned as the "Original Seven Wonders." With the single exception of the pyramids, all of the above have disappeared. One, two, and three thousand years ago, according to traditions and authentic history, some of them were wonders indeed.

The first of the wonders, the great pyramid of Cheops, is situated seven miles from the banks of the Nile, and twelve miles from Cairo, Egypt. It was built in the childhood of the human race, long before history began. Yet it stands to-day a monument to the memory of a wonderful people. The "Great Pyramid of Cheops" is believed to have been built by the monarch whose name it bears, about three thousand years B. C. Its height is 480 feet nine inches, and its base 764 feet square. Many of the monster blocks of granite used in constructing it weigh thousands of tons. Tradition tells us that 100,000 men were employed for a period of thirty years in constructing it.

The Colossus of Rhodes, the second in the list of ancient wonders, was a great brazen statue of Apollo, which stretched its huge legs across the harbor of Rhodes, and was so large that ships in full sail passed between. It was 105 feet high, and of most exact proportions. The erection of the Colossus was begun in the year 3700 B. C., but was not finished for nearly two hundred years. It was of brass, cast in sections, and was overthrown by an earthquake in the year 224 B. C. It weighed 729,900 pounds.

Fourth in order of prominence was the Mausoleum—the tomb of Mausolus, the first king of Caria. According to Pliny, it had a total height of 140 feet. It was erected by Artemisia, the widow of Mausolus, about 353 B. C. It consisted of a basement sixty-five feet high, on which stood an Ionic colonnade twenty-three and one-half feet high, surmounted by a pyramid, rising in steps to a similar height, and on the apex of the pyramid a colossol group of Mausolus and wife in a chariot drawn by four horses of heroic size. The Mausoleum endured until about the year 1404 A. D., when it was partially destroyed by an earthquake, and finally torn down by the Knights of St. John.

The fifth wonder, the Olympian Zeus, was a statue of Jupiter Olympus, said to have been sixty feet high, and chiefly composed of ivory and gold. It is usually located at Ellis, but nothing certain is known of its location or of its reputed builder, Phidias.

The Temple of Diana is another of the seven wonders of the world which has entirely disappeared. It was a magnificent structure, situated upon the Evantine at Ephesus, and was constructed at the common cost of all Asiatic countries. The lofty domed roof was supported by 127 monster columns of Parian marble—the tribute to Diana of 127 kings. The facade of the temple occupied 200 feet upon the Evantine, and the walls stretched back 425 feet, glittering with gems and precious stones.

If possible, tradition and history have told us less about the sixth wonder of the world—the hanging gardens of Babylon—than they have of the fifth. Herodotus does not mention them; Pliny only casually alludes to their existence, and the Scriptural account of the reign of Nebuchadnezzar ignores the subject altogether. Popular accounts of the hanging gardens say that they were huge baskets of brass and iron, 400 feet square, swung on mammoth stone arches, which were erected

near the royal palace at Babylon.

The seventh wonder was a combined lighthouse and watch tower, situated on the eastern end of the Island of Pharos, at Alexandria, Egypt. Its construction was begun by Ptolemy Soter about the year 322 B. C. It was 400 feet high and cost a sum equal to $1,240,000 of United States currency.—*St. Louis Republic.*

TWO KINDS OF ENGLISH.

One On the Original Isle and the Other in America.

[From the Philadelphia Inquirer.]

In England one universally hears, and most English writers use, "differ to" rather than "differ from," though when "pinned" down usually admit it to be incorrect. They "take in" the newspaper, an expression where we economize a word by only "taking" it.

"Attractive," as a personal quality, carries further to the English mind than to the American, who, for qualities beyond the social, as in a statesman or commander, would use "magnetic," and thereby acquire a finer shade of meaning. A gentleman asked me if I did not find the English "homely," which certainly I could not be so uncomplimentary as to acknowledge in an American sense of the term. Seeing my hesitation he changed it to "hospitable," which most emphatically I could assent to; and assent also to their having the better of us in that word which so beautifully conveys its own meaning and bears not the slightest resemblance to its American prototype of ill-favored. "Clever" is short English for "intellectual," while the American use of the word is quite the reverse. "Sick" is never used but to discriminate the kind of "illness," an adoption we may wisely make. "Remember" is "mind." Furniture is not "removed" or "stored," but "warehoused." The expression "top" and "bottom" of the street or town at first strikes one singularly, but it is easier said than "upper" or "lower part" of the same, and certainly conveys the same meaning. "Stores" are "shops," and as we go "shopping," why not "shop" in "shops"? If in England we wish to "shop" for a "spool of thread" we must ask for a "reel of cotton;" for "Canton flannel," "swan's down calico;" for "suiting," "calico"—though an English writer on Americanisms asserts that we ask for a "web of muslin;" or, if we wish "samples" it is necessary to ask for patterns."

While Americans have been much and deservedly ridiculed for their abbreviations of "gents" and "pants," I have seen both used in England; which does not, however, prove it a commendable custom, but only exemplifies the folly of "throwing stones by people who live in glass houses." "Draper," "haberdasher," "ironmonger," etc., more briefly designate the kind of "shop" than do the American equivalents.

In pronunciation—whatever may have been his verdict as to the relative order of different words—this unprejudiced umpire must, if letters have any arbitrary signification, give the victory to America. The corruptions of the ignorant have, however, so engrafted themselves upon the mother tongue, many times even changing the spelling—as when Rue du Roi became Rotten Row—that the true Briton looks with indulgent pity upon one who, ignorant of the valuelessness of letters in these exceptional cases, uses them with the power bestowed upon him by linguistic English authorities.

At Oxford you must never betray your nonisolarity by mentioning Magdalen College, which to all good Englishmen is "Maudlin," Cholmondely is "Chumly," Leicester, "Lester," Marylebone, "Marrowbone," while St. John as a family name becomes "Sinjin." Clerk is universally called "clark," though by what rule "e" can be made to have the sound of "a" doth not appear; perhaps by the same rule which too many Americans apply to "very," pronouncing it "vary," until in England it is accounted an Americanism. American "railroad" is English "railway," and everything connected with it is known by a different name, some of which better convey the meaning, while in others we have the advantage. "Station" is certainly more correct than "depot," borrowed in spelling, though not in pronunciation or in signification, from the French. In England you "book" at the "booking office" with the "booking clark," while in America you "get your ticket" at the "ticket office" of the "ticket agent."

The "car" is called a "carriage," and that European vehicle partakes more of the nature of a carriage than does its American prototype. The "baggage-car" is a "luggage-van," and, of course, "baggage" is "luggage;" but why—as it is neither universally "bagged" nor "lugged"—not sacrifice economy to truth and give to it the comprehensive Latin name "impedimenta?" "Freight trains" are "goods trains," perhaps equally significant. "Checks" would be "brasses," if travelers in England ever had the good fortune to use them; and the "rails" are called "metals," neither of which words conveys an idea of the use of the "metals" or their kind. "Conductors" are "guards," and as they both conduct and "guard" the train, have, perhaps, equal significance. When about to start the "conductor" shouts "all aboard;" the "guard" "take your seats," so in the interests of brevity we would have the "guard" shout "all aboard." "Street car" is "tram," each perhaps equally appropriate; so again the shorter would win. The "telegraph operator" becomes "telegraph clark;" while "operator" conveys an added dignity, we might accept "cierk"—"clark" never.

ENDING OF AN EPOCH.

This Is What the Death of the Prince of American English Essayists Marks.

With the death of Oliver Wendell Holmes America comes to the end of its first epoch in distinctive native poesy.

With Emerson, Bryant, Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, in particular—with Poe, Drake, Percival, Halleck and Whitman also if one wishes to be truly catholic—the genial ripened soul that has now been garnered unto rest constitutes the galaxy of singers whose names for all time will crown the first century of the letters of this young republic.

It is not, however, as a poet of the first magnitude that the three generations of American readers who were his contemporaries will chiefly honor Oliver Wendell Holmes. As essayist and philosopher rather than poet or novelist his memory will be the most widely and most tenderly cherished by his survivors and transmitted to the generations that are to be. He had in a degree rarely given to man the faculty of making the reader of his quaint philosophy and kindly cheer his friend and lifelong grateful beneficiary.

He was the prince of American English essayists. He had the sense and insight of William Hazlitt, the grace and sympathy of Leigh Hunt, the strength and quaintness of William Cobbett and at will and upon occasion the polished diction of Macaulay. It is a proof of the virility of Oliver Wendell Holmes' genius that he has left in the field of English prose that he trod a crop of imitators and disciples. Would that his school of writers might have inherited the mantle of their preceptor, might have derived something of the profoundness, the geniality and the cheeriness of Oliver Wendell Holmes.—New York Telegram.

Upturned Graves of a Once Mighty People on San Nicolas Island.

The schooner Alexander, Captain Scott, arrived in port from an otter-hunting trip along the southern coast last Saturday. The last point at which Captain Scott touched was San Nicolas island, and he brought from there many curious relics of an ancient race of Indians.

San Nicolas island is the most southwesterly of the little group off Santa Barbara, and it is many years since vessels have touched there. Captain Scott describes the place as one of the most barren spots on the earth, and yet up to half a century ago it was covered with vegetation and contained soil so rich that the rarest exotics flourished there. Now it is a sandy waste, the only sign of habitation being a flimsy-looking hut of rough boards. Twenty or thirty sheep in a half-starved condition were the only signs of life visible, and on the hilltops bleaching in the sun were found the bones of hundreds of the ancient rulers of the island.

"We put in under the lee of the island," said Captain Scott yesterday, "to get a safe harbor until the weather was propitious for otter hunting. While there I determined to go ashore and see what kind of a place it was. We landed on the beach and the aspect was dreary enough. As far as the eye could reach over hill and lowland there was nothing to be seen but

RELICS OF THE LOST TRIBE OF SAN NICOLAS ISLAND.

sand and rocks, and a little way off there were twenty or thirty sheep. They looked more like wool-covered skeletons than anything else. One of the men ran after some of the animals, and the latter hobbled about fifty yards and then dropped dead.

"The island is about ten miles long and five miles wide, and not a bit of soil is to be seen. There had been soil there once, but the sheep had dug up the grass by the roots and the wind blew the sand up all over the island. We went to the top of a little hill and there saw a most curious sight. Evidently this had been the graveyard of the former inhabitants, but no cross or monument marked the spot of burial.

"The wind had swept up the sand and left bare the bones of the dead. All around us were grinning skulls and whitened skeletons, and the whistling wind, as it soughed through the little hills and valleys, lent a weird aspect to the scene. We gazed on the remains of what had been mighty specimens of manhood, for the size of the bones showed that the proportions of the dead men must have been immense. I am over six feet in height, and a number of thigh bones I measured extended far below my knee.

"I picked up this club," said the captain, exhibiting a heavy bar of sandstone. "It is evidently a war club, which was used hundreds of years ago, and you can tell by its heft that it required a pretty strong man to wield it. "Here is a mortar and pestle which I also picked up. There were a number of them scattered about the island. They were probably the property of the medicine men of the tribe.

"I have heard that the name of the tribe never could be learned and that but little is known about the Indians. The people living in and about Santa Barbara in years gone by could not understand their language and so never were able to find out much about them. Thirty years ago Captain Nidever went to San Nicolas in a schooner and took off what was left of the tribe. There were only fifteen there, one of the number being a woman. If the men had been warriors in times gone by their martial spirit was then diminished, for they offered no resistance. When all hands were aboard and the anchor was about to be weighed the woman signified that she wanted to go ashore and made the captain understand that her papoose had been left behind. She was rowed ashore, and as soon as her feet touched the beach she sped away like a deer. She was a woman fully six feet in height, comely and well formed, and built in proportion. After an unavailing search for several hours the men returned to the vessel.

"The woman remained on the island for ten years after that, although several hunting parties went after her at different times from Santa Barbara. She lived in a cave, subsisting on the mussels and abalones which she gathered from the rocks. Finally she was caught, her pursuers having got on her trail and followed her to her cavern home. She was taken to Santa Barbara, but civilization was too much for her and she died in a few months. She refused to sleep in a bed, preferring the floor, and she used to play about the place like a child."

The war-club which Captain Scott brought up with him is twenty-four inches in length, nine inches in diameter at one end and five inches at the handle. The mortar is thirteen inches in diameter and the pestle is about half the size of the club. The mortar has the appearance of having been hollowed out by the continual pounding of the pestle. Among the other relics of the tribe Scott has a flint arrow-head about two inches in length and sharp as a needle at the point. He also has two flint balls with holes through them. He thinks that they are part of a three-ball catchall similar to that used by the Patagonians. The instrument of the latter consists of three balls, to which are attached strings. The latter meet and are fastened to a long leash or rope, and when thrown at a horse, a bird or a man, if they strike the object, the strings wind around and around, holding the victim as tightly as a fish in the meshes of a net.

The Park museum with its collection of Old World curiosities and unique attractions retains its reputation of being the principal object of interest at the Park. Additions are constantly being added to the collection and the new features alone are worth a visit. During the past week a number of valuable donations have been received. Among these are:

A specimen exocoetus exiliens (flying fish) from the Pacific ocean, by J. H. Aver of San Francisco.

A model of Japanese costume, beautifully embroidered by hand (French process), by Arthur Rochat of Livermore.

A very large blue haliotis (abalone) shell, probably the largest specimen of the rare blue species ever found. It is from the coast of Southern California, and was donated by J. L. Bardwell of this city. He also presented a large slab of malochite, polished, that came from the Ural mountains of Siberia; a pair of large and handsomely polished horns from a wild steer of Texas. The same gentleman has also loaned the museum an interesting oil painting by the celebrated painter, Goceda, who died in Japan in 1893. The subject of the picture is "The interior of a Buddhist Temple, Japan."

A breastpin made of a piece of root of Virginia laurel, found in 1864 on the battle-field near Fort Haggerty, Arlington Heights, Va., and a copper coin of Portugal, dated 1820, were presented by Eugene A. Lord of this city.

W. G. Walz of Los Angeles has sent to the museum an ancient stone ax, probably Aztec, dug from the ancient mounds in Arizona. A. N. Fuller of Lawrence, Kas., has contributed a specimen of rhodochrosite, beautifully crystallized. It was found in Lake county, Col. Captain H. C. Cochrane of the United States Marine Corps has presented a piece of live oak taken from the hull of the United States ship Hartford, Admiral Farragut's famous flagship.

A very choice and valuable collection of mineral specimens has been loaned to the museum by C. H. Northup of Dixon, Cal. If, as is anticipated, the loan becomes a gift it will add greatly to the mineral display. The collection consists of a large aragonite group of crystals and a group of crystals of celestite and sulphur from Sicily; auhydrite from Stassfurt, Germany; crystals of gypsum, containing a large movable bubble; a brown tourmaline from Hamburg, N. J., and a radiated tourmaline from Warswick, Mass.; amazon stone from Pike's Peak, Col.; pink tourmaline of the rubellite, new species found near Pala, in San Diego county; specimen of pectolite from Snake Hill, N. J.; Thomsonite, in matrix, from Minnesota; a showy specimen of chabozite from Oregon, and about twenty other rare specimens from Macedonia, Italy, Brazil, Africa, England, Missouri, Arizona, Arkansas, Dakota and other places.

—Twenty-four carat gold is all good, twenty-two carat gold has twenty-two parts of gold, one of silver and one of copper, eighteen carat gold has eighteen parts of pure gold and three parts each of silver and copper in its composition, twelve carat gold is half gold, the remainder being made up of three and one-half parts of silver and seven and one half parts of copper.

THE PIONEER'S STORY.

18——94.

A Reminiscence of the Days of '49—A Big Law Suit Averted.

An old pioneer sat on a pile of brick on Cooper St. Friday afternoon, and as he gazed at the bricklayers and carpenters at work, muttered to the bystander that when he first saw Santa Cruz no brick buildings adorned its principal street, nor wooden structures for that matter either.

The pioneer being in a reminiscent mood, after only a little persuasion, told the following story: "It was in 1849 that I first came to Santa Cruz. I was a partner with Judge Blackburn in a store on the upper plaza. I remember that I was coming across the mountains with George McDougall, my other partner, and Walkenshaw, who was interested in the Almaden quicksilver mines. McDougall was a picturesque character. He was an ideal Texan, with long black hair ready to shoot at the drop of a hat, quick to resent a wrong and true to his friends. He was a brother of Governor McDougall, Commodore McDougall and W. C. McDougall, all men noted in the early history of California.

"George had a chronic case of rheumatism, which he was unable to get rid of. On my advice he had gone to Mazatlan to see if the climate there would not effect a cure, but which had failed to do so.

"We were all on horseback on our way to Santa Cruz. McDougall, owing to his rheumatism, could not sit on a horse long, so we had to stop every now and then to give him a chance to alight and rest himself. I had a fractious horse, which would not stand still. McDougall feared that my horse would run against his, and he said to me if my animal kicked him he would shoot me. We knew that he meant what he said, so I tried to be very careful, but suddenly my horse ran against his animal, with the result that McDougall's horse ran away, despite the rider's efforts to hold him. Mac was very angry, and we feared that he might do some shooting. For ten minutes his horse ran in the brush before he could check him. Then Walkinshaw and myself went to Mac to try to placate him, which we did. But the strangest part of all was, that he never afterward complained of rheumatism, the violent exercise he had undergone apparently having effected a complete cure.

"When we arrived in Santa Cruz there was very little to be seen. I remember I could see from a distance a vessel, which was about ready to be launched. Of those I met I remember Eli Moore, Harry Spiel, and I think Tom Weeks. Times were very dull, duller than they are now, most of the Sonoriane having gone to the mines.

"On our return the streams were swollen from the rains, and in crossing over my horse sank out of sight, but I managed to reach the shore. Luckily I had handed over to McDougall $4,000 in gold dust, which I had become tired of carrying, so I didn't lose it. I went up to a water-wheel saw-mill to dry myself while my companions started to find my horse, which they discovered half a mile from where I landed. The horse was quietly grazing, but was minus the saddle and bridle. As nature made him there he was.

"Gen. Stoneman, Col. Stevenson, Gen. McDougall, Judge Blackburn and myself located Santa Cruz, but we never took the trouble to retain possession, with the exception of Judge Blackburn, who got in with "both feet." Some five years ago Col. Stevenson wrote to me about bringing suit to recover possession, but I advised him to drop it and he did."

PROF. TYNDALL DEAD.

Passing Away of the Noted English Physicist—His American Tour, His Generosity and His Literary Productions.

LONDON, Dec. 5.—Prof. Tyndall died last night at his home at "Halsemere," Surrey. He had long been ailing, and recently his vitality decreased steadily. His death was hastened by a severe cold.

In 1872 Prof. Tyndall made a tour of the United States. His earnings on this tour were $33,000, most of which he devoted to founding scientific scholarships at Harvard, Columbia and the university of Pennsylvania.

Prof. Tyndall held several public offices of an educational nature, but he resigned them all in 1883. Among his works are "Light," "Sound," "Faraday as a Discoverer" and "The Forms of Water in Clouds and Rivers, Ice and Glaciers."

He married in 1876 the first daughter of Lord and Lady Claude Hamilton.

A BLIND HYMN WRITER.

FANNIE CROSBY, WHO COMPOSED "SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS."

The woman who has written more Sunday-school hymns than any other ten living writers has her home in this city. Her maiden name was Frances Jane Crosby, and she is always familiarly called Fanny Crosby, the name attached to some of her hymns. Few of the thousands who weekly sing the words she has written know that she is blind, and has been so ever since she was six weeks old. She is now 61 years of age.

Visitors to the music-publishing house that prints the majority of her hymns may see, on certain days in the week, a shrunken figure in a a black dress and colored spectacles either entering, guided by some one who has brought her from her uptown home, or feeling her way around among the desks and avenues of books, helped now and then by the employees of the place, who all like the little woman. A smile generally lights up her face, and she speaks in the voice of one who is seldom sad. A certain rocking chair in a back room is devoted to her use, and she comes down to occupy it several times a week. Probably no other house in existence has so regular a composer of one kind of hymns. She furnishes by contract a fixed number, some of which are at once used, some not. She is considered to have a marvelous faculty for knowing what will "sing," and does considerable revising of the hymns of others to make them suitable for music.

Miss Crosby's method of work is unique, even for a blind person. When the piece is finished to her satisfaction she dictates it to some one who writes it out as "copy." Generally the music is composed after the stanzas are written, though sometimes she is required to make verses for tunes, new or well known. Another of her specialties is the composition of all the hymns and recitations required for annuals used by Sunday-schools on Christmas, Easter, Children's day and like occasions, and sometimes she performs this service for the celebration of any special date in a single church.

A GIRL AT SCHOOL.

When 15 years old Fanny Crosby was removed from her home to the Institution for the Blind, this city. She received so good an education in this school that she afterwards taught there English grammar, rhetoric and Greek. Roman and American history for eleven years before her marriage. Her gift for rhyming showed itself early, and her first piece was composed at the age of eight. She says it has been the motto of her life and the secret of her cheerfulness—

Oh, what a happy soul am I,
Although I cannot see!
I am resolved that in this world
Contented I will be.
How many blessings I enjoy
That other people don't!
To weep or sigh because I'm blind,
I cannot nor I won't.

While a teacher she wrote words to many songs of George F. Root, the well-known composer. Some of them became very popular, and are favorites still, among them, "Hazel Dell," "Rosalie, The Prairie Flower," "Proud World, Goodbye," "I'm Going Home," "Honeysuckle Glen," and "There's Music in the Air." The words for some successful cantatas, notably, "The Flower Queen" and "The Pilgrim Fathers," were included in her work.

Miss Crosby was selected to read a poem in the Senate Chamber. She was the first woman to speak there in a public capacity.

HER LIFE WORK.

Her living, lasting work was begun in 1864, six years after her marriage with Alexander Van Allstyne, also from the Institution for the Blind. In that year, at the request of William B. Bradbury, the famous composer of sacred music, she began to write Sunday-school hymns, and found her real life work. The first hymn she ever composed—

We are going, we are going
To a home beyond the skies—

Came into existence at the Ponton Hotel, Franklin street, New York, on February 5, 1869, and ever since its author has earned her living by writing hymns. In the twenty-seven years since then she has composed nearly 1000 hymns for Mr. Bradbury and the firm which were his successors. Beside these, she has done the same kind of work for many well-known men, Philip Phillips among the rest.

The hymn by which she is most widely known, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," was composed in 1868. It is her own favorite. In the same year she produced the well-known one beginning—

Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry.

Each succeeding year Miss Crosby has written hymns that have sung their way into many hearts, and have been translated into many tongues. Notable among them are "Rescue the perishing," written in 1869; also "Jesus, keep me near the cross," and "Keep thou my way, O Lord," a piece composed to suit the music. It was used for several years as the prayer song of the Mayflower mission connected with Plymouth church, Brooklyn. In 1871, "The bright forever" was written. In 1873 "Close to Thee"; in 1874, "O come to the Saviour," "Like the sound of many waters," and "Saviour, more than life to me"; in 1875, "I am thine, O Lord," "So near to the kingdom," and "O my Saviour, hear me."

PREFERS TO BE BLIND.

There are many interesting incidents connected with some of Miss Crosby's hymns, and those which come to her knowledge are carefully treasured. She tells the story of how she came to write, "All the way my Saviour leads me": "I was sitting in my room on a hot day in July thinking. Some one came in and gave me $10. I didn't expect it. The gift awakened a train of thought, and I reflected that, step by step, God was leading me, and said, 'Praise God that I cannot see any more than I do!'"

"Do you really mean that?" her hearer asked, astonished. "Do you really mean you are glad you cannot see?"

"Yes, I mean just that," the little woman said. I wouldn't change if I could, for I feel this is best for me. Why, if I had not been blind I should never have had so good an education, nor know so many beautiful things by heart. If I could see perhaps I would not be able to do the good I can now. When I'm going along the street, if I hear a man swearing I'm not afraid to go right up and speak to him. They listen to me always, because they do not like to treat me any other way. Then I should not have known music as I do now."—*New York Sun.*

Crossing the Bar.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea;

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

—*Tennyson.*

EARLY RESIDENTS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Following is a list of the residents in San Francisco July 10th, 1846, when the American flag was first raised. The list is supposed to comprise the names of every family and individual then in the settlement known as Yerba Buena, now called San Francisco. It will be very interesting to our old settlers, as well as to future generations. The names of the heads of families are given, with the number of houses, stores, or other buildings owned or occupied by each:

	No. in Family.	No. of Houses.
Nathan Spear and family	4	3
Mrs. Wm. S. Hinckley and family	3	1
W. A. Leidesdorff, clerks and servants	6	2
Jack Fuller and family	10	2
John Sullivan and brother	2	..
John V. Voight and family	7	2
Peter Sherecbeck and family.	8	1
Robert T. Ridley and family.	4	1
Juana Briones and family	10	1
A. A. Andrews and family	6	1
Thompson & Bennett and servants	6	1
Wm. Reynolds	1	.
John Rose	1	.
John C. Davis and family	5	1
John Finch	1	1
Jesus Noe (Alcalde) and family	10	1
Vincent Miramontes and family	8	1
Henry Mellus	1	..
Wm. D. M. Howard & family.	4	2
Joseph P. Thompson	1	..
Josiah Belden	1	..
Wm. Basham	1	..
Henry F. Teschemacher	1	..
——Hoen	1	..
Wm. H. Davis	1	..
Richard M. Sherman	1	..
Eliab Grimes	1	..
Wm. A. Richardson & fam.	6	..
Andraes Hoeppner and wife.	2	..
Blas Angelius and family	4	..
John Evans and family	3	..
——Dougherty and family	4	..
Jose Ramnez	1	..
Wm. Hood	1	..
Wm. Patterson	1	1
Wm. Smith	1	..
Benity Daiz and family	6	..
Francis Mellus	1	..
Mrs. Montgomery (afterward married Talbot H. Green).	1	..
Grigolia Escalante	1	..
Victor Purdon and family	4	..
Capt. Mariano Silva (Capt. of the port) and family	4	1
Juan Padillo	1	..
Chas. Clein	1	..
George Denecke	1	..
Jacob Dopken	1	..
Wm. Johnson	1	..
Wm. Thompson	1	..

MISSION SAN FRANCISCO DE ASIS.

	No. in Family.
Candelario Valencia and family	15
Francisco de Hara and family	15
Francisco Guerrero and family	8
Carmen Cibrian and family	8
Tiburcio Vasquez and family	16
Jose Galindo and family	4
Domingo Feliz and family	5
Francisco Sanchez and family	12
Padre Brudencio Santillian & seryt.	4
Felipe Gomez and family	5
Felipe Soto	1
Jesus Valencia and family	10
Antonio Feliz	1
Total population	255

TOM REED IN SAN JOSE.

S. O. Houghton's Reminisences of the Man from Maine.

S. O. Houghton, now here on legal business, says the Santa Cruz *Sentinel*, was in Congress two terms. He first came to Santa Cruz in 1850 while on a hunting expedition. He had a law office in San Jose, and Congressman Thomas B. Reed of Maine, was his clerk. Mr. Houghton remembers how bashful Reed was in going into Court to attend to a case. Mr. H. was too busy to attend to it so he sent Reed. Every time they meet Reed refers to his first case. Mr. H. was in Congress with Blaine, and says that the great statesman was not a brilliant orator, but argumentative and logical, convincing his hearers by his sincerity. Mr. H. is one of the youngest looking men of his years in the State. His exercise at his home in Los Angeles consists of sawing wood, which he purchases by the carload. This, he advocates, is the best kind of exercise.

A fac-simile reproduction of the famous Casa Grande, which stands in the southern portion of Arizona, will be built on the World's Fair grounds by that Territory. The building will be used for housing the Territorial exhibits. The old structure, which was built in the sixteenth century, is only fifty feet square, yet stands six stories high.

AN IMPORTANT SUIT.

It Revives Memories of "Chape" Willson, an Old-Time Local Attorney.

Frederick E. Willson has filed an amended complaint in his suit against J. Bernheim & Co., Mary Neary, Maria L. Greentree, Mary L. Willson, Jane Heath, C. H. and F. L. Heath, to recover one-sixth of the property, corner of Pacific Av. and Church St. For cause of action plaintiff alleges that he was the son of I. C. Willson, a lawyer who died in this city in 1869, leaving a widow and three children. In 1870 the widow, Maria L. Willson, was appointed administratrix. Prior to the death of Willson the widow had filed a declaration of homestead on the property. In 1871 all but fifty feet frontage on Church St. was set apart to her. In 1873 L. Heath purchased a lot 31½x112 feet on the corner of Pacific Av. and Church St. In 1876 J. D. and H. C. Chace bought 31½ feet on Pacific Av., and in the same year the Bernheims became the owners of 60 feet, each lot having a depth of 115 feet.

Plaintiff alleges that he never conveyed his interest to the defendants, and asked that the deeds of conveyance made by his mother be set aside, and that the defendants be adjudged purchasers as trustees for his interest. Eugene N. Deuprey is plaintiff's attorney.

The property is now among the most valuable lots in this city. The purchasers of the lots erected fine buildings. From the time the Bernheims moved to their buildings dates the downfall of Front St. as a business center.

Old residents will remember the Willson cottage that stood back some hundred feet from the street in a grove of trees. Then there were no bituminized sidewalks, and boys, some of whom are now prominent citizens, played marbles and leap frog on the dirt sidewalk.

"Chape" Willson was a thorough Bohemian in his tastes. He practiced law and played in the band. He was the best practical joker this city has ever known. His wit effervesced, and no matter how important the occasion he had his joke. He had a brother, Sib, also fond of music and archery. The last heard of him he had a small ranch near Los Gatos.

Attorneys Willson and Coult bought the lot described above some forty years ago. It was a part of a tract, including all the land to Peterson's saddle shop and Mrs. Boston's house lot, and they secured it for some $1,400. Church St. was opened by Willson and Coult, who divided up, taking lot about.

IF AND PERHAPS.

If everyone were wise and sweet,
And everyone were jolly;
If every heart with gladness beat,
And none were melancholy;
If none should grumble or complain,
And nobody should labor
In evil work, but each were fain
To love and help his neighbor—
Oh, what a happy world 'twould be
For you and me—for you and me!

And if, perhaps, we both should try
That glorious time to hurry;
If you and I—just you and I—
Should laugh instead of worry;
If we would grow—just you and I—
Kinder and sweeter-hearted—
Perhaps, in some near by and by
That good time might get started.
Then what a happy world 'twould be
For you and me—for you and me!

—*Harper's Young People.*

ONE TEAR THE LESS.

If you have caused one tear the less
Down sorrow's cheek to flow;
If you have caused one smile the more
On any face to glow;
Then, friend, you have not lived in vain,
For whereso'er you stray
Through learning's walks, or labor's paths,
Or trouble's tangled way,
You still have this bright thought to cheer,
This memory to bless,
That you have caused one smile the more,
And one sad tear the less.

'Tis sweet to have the things we prize,
And sweet to be content
With whatsoever lot in life
The Gracious Powers have sent;
But sweeter far to feel and know
That kindly word or deed
May help, through seas of care and woe,
Some soul in direst need.

When those brave men who stationed are
On many a rock-bound shore
Put out, at peril of their lives,
Where billows rage and roar—
If they but save from death's cold grasp
One half-drowned, shipwrecked man
They feel repaid for all their toil,
And all the risk they ran.

And thus if we, by timely aid,
Rendered with loving care,
Can save one sad and sinking heart
From surges of despair,
Kind Heaven will smile upon our task
And every effort bless,
If we but cause one smile the more
And one sad tear-drop less.

—N. Y. Weekly.

When Spring Began.

While roaming in the woods one day,
I asked the question, half in play,
"Who can tell when spring began?"
Straightway the answer came, "*I* can!"
And Robin Redbreast cocked his head
"All right! Then pray proceed," I said.

"I must," said he, "express surprise
That any one with two good eyes,
Or even one, should fail to see
Spring's coming must depend on me.
When I come, then will come the Spring,
And that's the gist of the whole thing."

"Ho, ho! he, he! Well, I declare!"
A Squirrel chuckled, high in air.
"That is too droll—that you should bring,
Instead of being brought by, Spring.
I hadn't meant to boast, but now
The cause of truth will not allow
My silence; so I'll merely state
That Spring for me must always wait.
The thing admits not of a doubt:
Spring can't begin till I come out."

"Well, bless my stars? For pure conceit,"
Began the Brook, "you two do beat
All I have heard. As if 'twere true
Spring never came at all till you
Were born, and can't come when you're dead.
I'm sorry, sir, you've been misled,
But I can set you right. I know
Spring comes when I begin to flow.
When my ice melts, and not till then,
Spring dares to venture forth again."

"Whew!" sneered the Breeze, in high disdain,
"You're wrong as they are, it is plain.
When first I came, not long ago,
I found you naught but ice and snow.
'Twas my warm breath, you thankless thing,
That broke your bands and brought the Spring
The Robins and the Squirrels all
Come only when they hear me call.
In fact, I may assert with truth
I am the Spring itself, in sooth.
Spring's here because I'm here, and when
I leave, you'll have no Spring again."

—*St. Nicholas.*

THE SONG "AMERICA."

Nobler, more tender, more human-like than the "Marsellaise," more enduring than "God Save the Queen," is our national lyric, "America"—"My Country 'Tis of Thee"—by Dr. S. F. Smith. At the recent celebration of Washington's birthday at the William H. Lincoln School, Brookline, Dr. Smith was the principal guest, and told the pupils how he came to write the familiar song:—

"Many times I have been asked," said Dr. Smith, "how I came to write 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee.' I wrote it while a student at the Theological School at Andover. At that time William C. Woodbridge went to Germany to study the school system of that country, with a view of introducing into our schools anything that commended itself to his judgment. He found that a great deal was made of singing in the schools, for the public school teachers in Germany believed that everybody had a voice to sing if he only thought so and would open his mouth and try.

"Mr. Woodbridge brought home with him a large collection of singing books especially adapted for school use. These he put into the hands of Lowell Mason, then one of the most noted musicians of the day. I was on terms of familiarity with Mr. Mason, and he brought to me a great heap of those books.

"'Here,' said he, 'Mr. Woodbridge has brought me a lot of German songs, and I can't read them, but you can and you can make verses. Will you please look them over and sort out those which you think will be best adapted to school use.'

"One dismal day in the month of February, as I was standing near my window looking over the collection, I came to one which I liked. My attention was attracted to the words, which were of a patriotic nature, and the impulse came over me to make a patriotic hymn for my own country.

"I began at once, and at the end of a half hour put the piece into my portfolio. I went to my supper, thinking no more of the circumstance. The next time I went to Boston I took the song with me and gave it to Mr. Mason. As he did not refer to it at our next meeting I did not, and it passed from my mind.

"On the next Fourth of July, as I was passing Park-street church, I was attracted by the sound of music. I entered the building and found it filled with boys and girls engaged in a patriotic celebration of the day. While the orator of the day was speaking, I glanced over the shoulder of a person in front of me, who had a programme, and saw that the last piece on the programme was to be a song, 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee.' That was sixty years ago. I have since had a number of translations of it sent to me from foreign countries.

"In 1838 Mr. Mason, through the school committee of Boston, was enabled, with great effort, to have singing introduced into the public schools. What was done in Boston has been since done in almost every place in the United States.

"I have heard the piece, 'America,' sung in country schools from the woods of Maine to the log houses of Texas. When gold was discovered in California I heard it there. Once, when in the State of Colorado, in the city of Manitou, I visited a great limestone cave, near which is Pike's Peak. In this cave is a room called the 'Organ Room.' The action of the climate upon the limestone has caused the lime to melt and drop into the cave beneath. This substance has congealed, until large pillars have been formed resembling the pipes of an organ. Many of these are hollow and are three, four and even six feet in length. The guide, who went from place to place with us, had found that by striking these hollow pillars with a billet of wood he could produce musical sounds. When our party entered the room he said, Stand apart and I will play you a tune.' To my great astonishment I heard my own song, 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee.' I had heard it on the sea and on the land, and it is now my pleasure to hear it under the earth."

DEATH OF THE APOSTLES.

The following is said to have been the end of the apostles:

Bartholmew was flayed alive.

Paul was beheaded at Rome by Nero.

James the Great was beheaded at Jerusalem.

Luke was hanged on an olive tree in Greece.

Peter was crucified at Rome, with head downward.

Jude was shot to death with arrows—probably in Persia.

Matthew suffered martyrdom with a sword at a city of Ethiopia.

Philip was hanged up against a pillar at Hicropolis, Phrygia.

Thomas was run through the body with a lance in the East Indies.

Mark expired at Alexandria, after having been dragged through the street.

Barnabas of the Gentiles was stoned to death by the Jews at Salonica.

Andrew was bound to the cross, from which he preached to his persecutors until he died.

James the Less was cast from a lofty pinnacle of the temple, and then beaten to death with a fuller's club.

John was put in a cauldron of boiling oil, but escaped in a miraculous manner, and afterward banished to the Isle of Patmos, and died, it is thought, at home, naturally.—*India Watchman.*

A BIT FROM JOAQUIN MILLER.

Blind Homer! Nay, poor Greece was blind;
All Greece, so blind, so deaf, indeed
She knew not roaring of the wind
From low, soft pipings of a reed,
Or recked, or saw so far ahead
As did his poor dumb dog that led.
Ah, ye who stoned your prophets, say
Where are ye now? And where are they?
Oh, ye who stoned your prophets—ye
Who see so well to stone them still—
The blind alone can see!

—From "Song of the Balboa Sea," by Joaquin Miller, in January Overland.

WHITE EDITH.

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Above an ancient book, with a knight's crest
In tarnished gold on either cover stamped,
She leaned, and read—a chronicle it was
In which the sound of hautboys stirred the pulse,
And masques and gilded pageants fed the eye.
Though here and there the vellum page was stained
Sanguine with battle, chiefly it was love
The stylus held—some wan-cheeked scribe, perchance,
That in a moldy tower by candle-light
Forgot his hunger in his madrigals.
Outside was winter; in its winding-sheet
The frozen Year lay. Silent was the room,
Save when the wind against the casement pressed
Or a page rustled, turned impatiently,
Or when along the still damp apple-wood
A little flame ran that chirped like a bird—
Some wren's ghost haunting the familiar bough.

With parted lips, in which less color lived
Than paints the pale tea-rose, she leaned and read.
From time to time her fingers unawares
Closed on the palm, and oft upon her cheek
The pallor died, and left such transient glow
As might from some rich chapel-window fall
On a girl's cheek at prayer. So moved her soul,
From this dull age unshackled and divorced,
To far moon-haunted gardens of romance.
But once the wind that swept the pulsied oaks,
As if new-pierced with sorrow, came and moaned
Close by the casement; then she raised her eyes.
The light of dreams still fringed them while she spoke:
"I pray you tell me, does this book say true?
Is it so fine a thing to be a queen?"

As if a spell of incantation dwelt
In those soft syllables, before me stood,
Colored like life, the phantasm of a maid
Who in the childhood of this wrinkled world
Was crowned by error, or through dark intent
Made queen, and for the durance of one day
The royal diadem and ermine wore.
In strange sort wore—for this queen fed the starved,
The naked clothed, threw open dungeon doors;
Could to no story list of suffering
But the full tear was lovely on her lash;
Taught Grief to smile, and black Despair to hope;
Upon her stainless bosom pillowed Sin
Repentant at her feet—like Him of old;
Made even the kerns and wild-men of the fells,
Drawn thither sniffing pillage in the air,
Gentler than doves by some unknown white art,
And saying to herself, "So, I am Queen!"
With lip all tremulous, reached out her hand
To the crowd's kiss. What joy to ease the hurt
Of bruised hearts! As in a trance she walked
That live-long day. Then night came, and the stars,
And blissful sleep. But ere the birds were called
By bluebell chimes (unheard of mortal ear)
To matins in their branch-hung priories—
Ere yet the dawn its gleaming edge lay bare
Like to the burnished axe's subtle edge,
She, from her sleep's caresses roughly torn,
The meek eyes blinking in the torches' glare,
Upon a scaffold for her glory paid
The roses on her cheek. For it befell
That from the Northland there was come a prince,
With a great clash of shields and trailing spears
Through the black portals of the breathless night,
To claim the sceptre. He no less would take
Than those same roses for his usury.
What less, in faith? The throne was rightly his
Of that sea-girdled isle: so to the block
Forthwith the ringlets and the slender throat.
A touch of steel, a sudden darkness, then
Blue Heaven and all the hymning angel-choir!
No tears for her—keep tears for those who live
To mate with sin and shame, and have remorse
At last to light them to unhallowed earth.
Hers no such low-hung fortunes. Once to stand
At her soul's height in that celestial air,
With no hoarse raven croaking in one's ear
The coming doom, and then to have life's rose
Struck swiftly from the cheek, and thus escape
Love's death, black treason, friend's ingratitude,
The pang of separation, chill of age,
The grief that in an empty cradle lies,
And all the unspoke sorrow women know—
That were, in truth, to have a happy reign!
Has thine been happier, Sovereign of the Sea,
In that long-mateless pilgrimage to death?
Or thine, whose beauty like a star illumed
Awhile the dark and angry sky of France,
Thy kingdom shrunken to two exiled graves?
Sweet old-word maid, a gentler fate was yours!
Would he had wed your story to his verse
Who from the misty land of legend brought
Helen of Troy to gladden English eyes.
There's many a queen that lived her grandeur out,
Gray-haired and broken, might have envied you,
Your Majesty, that reigned a single day!

All this, between two heart-beats, as it were,
Flashed through my mind, so lightning-like is thought.
With lifted eyes expectant, there she sat
Whose words had sent my fancy over-seas,
Her lip still trembling with its own soft speech.
As for a moment trembles the curved spray
Whence some winged melody has taken flight.
How every circumstance of time and place
Upon the glass of memory lives again!—
The bleak New England; the level boughs
Like bars of iron across the setting sun;
The gray-ribbed clouds piled up against the West;
The windows splashed with frost; the fire-lit room,
And in the antique chair that slight girl-shape,
The auburn braid about the saintly brows
Making a nimbus, and she white as snow!

"Dear Heart," I said, "the humblest place is best
For gentle souls—the throne's foot, not the throne.
The storms that smite the dizzy solitudes
Where monarchs sit—most lonely folk are they!—
Oft leave the vale unscathed; there dwells content,
If so content have habitation here.
Never have I in annals read or rhyme
Of queen save one that found not at the end
The cup too bitter; never queen save one,
And she—her empire lasted but a day!
Yet that brief breath of time did she so fill
With mercy, love, and holiest charity,
As more rich made it than long drawn-out years
Of such weed-life as drinks the lavish sun
And rots unflower'd." "Straight tell me of that queen!"
Cried Edith: "Brunhild, in my legend here,
Is lovely—was that other still more fair?
And had she not a Siegfried at the court
To steal her talisman?—that Siegfried did,
Yet Kriemhild wed him. Was your queen not loved?
Tell me it all!" With chin upon her palm
She listened, ever in her ardent eyes
The sapphire deepening as I told the tale
Of that girl-empress in the dawn of Time—
A flower that on the vermeil brink of May
Died, with its folded whiteness for a shroud;
A strain of music that, ere it was mixed
With baser voices, floated up to heaven!

Without was silence, for the wind was spent
That all the day had pleaded at the door.
Against the rosy sunset the gaunt oaks
Stood black and motionless; among the boughs
The sad wind slumbered. Silent was the room,
Save when from out the crumbling apple-branch
Came the wren's twitter, faint, and fainter now,
Like a bird's note far heard in woodlands dim.
No word was spoken. Presently a hand
Stole into mine, and rested there, inert,
Like some new-gathered snowy hyacinth,
So white and cold and delicate it was.
I know not what dark shadow crossed my heart,
What vague presentiment, but as I stooped
To lift the fragile fingers to my lip,
I saw it through a mist of strangest tears—
The thin white hand invisible Death had touched!

—*July Scribner's.*

CONNER—SIMPSON—In Santa Cruz, July 5th, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. F. S. Lawrence, Geo. W. Conner, of San Francisco, to Miss Laura M. Simpson, of Santa Cruz.

LOST LITERARY TREASURES.

A fairly well-read man will often feel a great hunger in his soul, superinduced by the reflection that so many precious literary works have perished from the earth. Five hundred thousand books and treatises were incinerated in the conflagration that consumed the library of Ptolemy at Alexandria. The two burnings of Rome, under Nero's directions, no doubt reduced to ashes and effaced from the world's memory forever thousands of the richest and rarest works of Roman genius. The fall of Constantinople, while it turned the streams of classic thought over the half-barbarized mind of Europe, was the occasion of the destruction of a prodigious number of Greek manuscripts. The destruction of Jerusalem by Titus tossed into oblivion no end of Rabbinical lore, and many books, which, if they had survived, would have been esteemed sacred; and, no doubt, would, at this day, have been included among the Apocryphal books of the Bible.

Brooding on these calamities, one cannot resist the temptation to fall into the soliloquy of Sir Bedivere, who hesitated long to fling Excalibur, the sword of his King, into the mare:

"Now, surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Is lost forever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the hearts of many men;
* * * But now much honor and much fame is lost!"

We must, however, believe that both the perishing and the survival of books have been by divine permission and prevention. Had those ancient disquisitions, empirical philosophies, heathen hymns, Rabbinical fables, and legends been permitted to survive, the world, without doubt, had heard in these days of many an error of the mind which long ago ceased to have a record or a witness.

Among the books of which we have a knowledge, and which have wholly perished, may be mentioned those rare books of Solomon—books of wisdom and science, one of the latter a treatise on botany, an account of every herb and tree "from the cedar of Lebanon to the lichens that grew on the wall," besides works on entomology and ornithology. The works of Manetho, if extant, would tell us the story of Egypt through its thirty dynasties of kings—it might be, the secret of the Sphinx and the Pyramids as well. "Some old books, during a fire in a seraglio of Constantinople were thrown into the street. A man without any education picked up one of those books, read it, and did not see the value of it. A scholar looked over his shoulder and saw it was the first and second decades of Livy, and he offered the man a large reward if he would bring the book to his study; but in the excitement of the fire, the two parted, and the first and second decades of Livy were forever lost. Pliny wrote twenty books of history; all lost. The most of Neander's writings lost. Of one hundred and thirty comedies of Plautus, all gone but twenty. Euripides wrote a hundred dramas, all gone but nineteen. Æschylus wrote a hundred dramas, all gone but seven. Varro wrote the laborious biographies of seven hundred Romans, not a fragment left. Quintilian wrote his favorite book on the corruption of eloquence, all lost. Thirty books of Tacitus lost. Dion Cassius wrote eighty books; only twenty remain. Berosus' history all lost."

It is not alone the classic world that has given up its precious things to cloy the yearning maw of Chaos, but the younger centuries have also fed the cherished offspring of their genius into his jaws. A thousand years of traditional song and romance in England passed away like the breath of the hawthorn; so went the songs of the earlier troubadours of France; so went a thousand years of Italy, until Dante came. Six books of Spenser's "Faery Queen" were swallowed up by the Irish Sea, for the honeyed rhymes of the last cantos of that great work went down in a shipwreck a few months, or a year or two at most, before the author's death. Nobody of to-day regrets the sinking of the Armada; but no devotee, or even far-off worshipper, of the tuneful muse but sighs for those lost treasures of song wherein the glorious beauty of Tanaquil and the sovereign graciousness of Gloriana are extolled to the full, and the knightly prowess of Guyon and the kingly virtue of Arthur are fittingly crowned. But, alas! it is only a part of life and its incompleteness. Perfection and fulness are hereafter.—*Exchange.*

The Two Angels.

God called the nearest angels
Who dwell with him above;
The tenderest one was Pity,
The dearest one was Love.

"Arise," he said, "my angels!
A wail of woe and sin
Steals through the gates of heaven,
And saddens all within.

"My harps take up the mournful strain
That from a lost world swells;
The smoke of torment clouds the light
And blights the asphodels.

"Fly downward to that under world,
And on its souls of pain
Let Love drop smiles of sunshine,
And Pity tears like rain."

Two faces bowed before the throne,
Veiled in their golden hair;
Four white wings hastened swiftly
Down the dark abyss of air.

The way was strange, the flight was long;
At last the angels came
Where swung the lost and nether world,
Red-wrapped in rayless flame.

There Pity, shuddering, wept;
But Love, with faith too strong for fear,
Took heart from God's almightiness,
And smiled a smile of cheer.

And lo! that tear of Pity quenched
The flame whereon it fell,
And with the sunshine of that smile
Hope entered into hell.

Two unveiled faces full of joy
Looked upward to the throne,
Four white wings folded at the feet
Of Him who sat thereon.

And deeper than the sound of seas,
More soft than falling flake,
Amidst the hush of wing and song
The Voice Eternal spake:

"Welcome, my angels! ye have brought
A holier joy to heaven;
Henceforth its sweetest song shall be
The song of sin forgiven."

—*John G. Whittier.*

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS."

Hark! throughout Christendom joy bells are ringing;
From mountain and valley, o'er land and o'er sea,
Sweet choral melodies pealing and thrilling,
Echoes of ages from far Galilee.
Christmas is here, merry old Christmas,
Gift-bearing, heart-touching, joy-bringing Christmas,
Day of grand memories, king of the year!

The Christmas chimes are pealing, softly pealing; the joyous sounds are ringing, ever louder and clearer, ever nearer and nearer, like a sweet-toned benediction falling on the ear. Glad ringers are pulling the ropes, and in one grand swell of melody Christmas, with its old yet new and marvelous mysteries, bursts triumphantly upon the world once more.

The cattle have turned their heads to the East, and knelt down to worship the King cradled in the manger; the houses are decked with holly; the yule-log burns brightly; the gray shadows sweep away; the sun is up, and the bright-eyed children who have lain awake all night listening for the patter of old Saint Nick's tiny steeds on the roof, only to fall asleep at the eventful moment, wake hurriedly to find the stockings running over with toys and sweetmeats.

Beautiful and right it is that gifts and good wishes should fill the air like snowflakes at Christmas-tide. And beautiful is the year in its coming and in its going—most beautiful and blessed because it is always the Year of our Lord.

I do not know a grander effect of music on the moral feelings than to hear the full choir and the pealing organ performing a Christmas anthem. —*Washington Irving.*

WELL WORTH REMEMBERING.

Facts and Figures Regarding Many Different Subjects.

The first white child born in the Colonies was Virginia Dare at Roanoke island, August 18, 1587.

The island of Attu, the most western point of our territory, is 2000 miles west of San Francisco.

The Life-saving service in 1890 cost $1,000,000 and saved 800 lives and $5,000,000 of property.

There were 2444 railroad accidents in this country in 1892; 790 persons were killed and 2685 injured.

In 1697 the New York Council ordered householders to hang out lanterns—the first street lighting.

The first bank established in the United States was incorporated in Philadelphia, December 31, 1781.

In 1720 the first clocks were introduced to be placed on churches, the hour-glass having been previously used.

The total recorded immigration to this country is 16,004,093, almost as many as the entire population of Spain.

In Albany, N. Y., about 1840, the first carriages were made, all previously used having been imported from England.

There are 140,000 manufactures, using $1,000,000,000 of materials and producing an annual output of $1,900,000,000.

The eastern gulf coast has the heaviest rains, over 60 inches a year; Arizona and New Mexico the least, less than 10 inches.

A silver United States dollar is one inch and a half in diameter, a half-dollar one inch, a quarter, three-quarters of an inch.

There are on our coasts and rivers 1021 lighthouses and beacons, 26 lightships, 240 fog signals, 1300 river lights and nearly 5000 buoys.

The motto "E Pluribus Unum" was taken from the title page of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, at the time of the Revolution having a large circulation in the Colonies.

This country is one-third the size of the British Empire, nearly one-half as large as the Russian Empire, a fourth smaller than the Chinese Empire, a fourth larger than France and all its colonies, twice as large as the Turkish Empire and nearly as large as Brazil.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

TWO MOODS.

I.

Between the budding and the falling leaf
Stretch happy skies:
With colors and sweet cries
Of mating birds in uplands and in glades
The world is rife.
Then on a sudden all the music dies,
The color fades.
How fugitive and brief
Is mortal life
Between the budding and the falling leaf!

O short-breathed music, dying on the tongue
Ere half the mystic canticle be sung!
O harp of life, so speedily unstrung!
Who, if 'twere his to choose, would know again
The bitter sweetness of the lost refrain,
Its rapture and its pain?

II.

Though I be shut in darkness, and become
Insentient dust blown idly here and there,
I hold oblivion a scant price to pay
For having once had held against my lip
Life's brimming cup of hydromel and rue—
For having once known a woman's holy love
And a child's kiss, and for a little space
Been boon companion to the Day and Night,
Fed on the odors of the summer dawn,
And folded in the beauty of the stars.
Dear Lord, though I be changed to senseless clay,
And serve the potter as he turns his wheel,
I thank thee for the gracious gift of tears!
—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich, in Harper's Magazine.*

THE RED ROSE SPEAKS.

I once was white as any snow that falls
From yon calm skies, by strange, sad stars attended,
Until that day when he stood nude and splendid
Before the lion in the Roman stalls.
Then when the beast's loud roaring shook the walls,
Leaping into the amphitheater,
He turned him smiling from their coronals
And caught me, fragrant from the hand of her—
His mistress—kissed me, held me near his heart.
There was a sharp, swift glitter in the air;
A roar of voices. Well he played his part:
And I—prone with him, baffled, beaten there,
Caught on my petals, scented by the south,
The red rain dripping from the lion's mouth!
—*Frank L. Stanton.*

Portraits on the Currency.

The Washington Star gives the list of portraits on the national currency: On United States notes—$1, Washington; $2, Jefferson; $5, Jackson; $10 Webster; $20, Hamilton; $50, Franklin; $100, Lincoln; $500, General Mansfield; $1,000, De Witt Clinton; $5,000, Madison; $10,000, Jackson. On silver certificates—$10, Robert Morris; $20, Commodore Decatur; $50, Edward Everett; $100, James Monroe; $500, Charles Sumner; $1,000, W. L. Marcy. On gold notes—$20, Garfield; $50, Silas Wright; $100; Thomas H. Benton; $500, A. Lincoln; $1 000, Alexander Hamilton; $5,000, James Madison; $10,000, Andrew Jackson.

OUR MOTHER'S BOOK.

We search the world for truth;
We cull the good, the pure, the beautiful,
From gravestones and from written scroll,
From all old flower fields of the soul,
And weary seekers of the best
We come back laden from our quest
To find that all the sages said
Is in the Book our mothers read.
—Whittier.

Faradays' Lost Cup.

A minister once, in replying to the charge of credulity made by an objector against those who believed that God will raise the dead from their graves, gave the following beautiful illustration:

A workman of Faraday, the celbrated chemist, one day knocked a silver cup into a jar of strong acid. In a little while it disappeared, being dissolved in the acid as sugar is in water, and so seemed utterly lost, and the question came up: "Could it ever be found again?" One said it could, but another replied that, being disolved and held in solution by the acid, there was no possibility of recovering it. But the great chemist, standing by, put some chemical mixture into the jar, and in a little while, every particle of the silver was precipitated to the bottom, and he took it out, now a shapeless mass, and sent it to a silversmith, and the cup was soon restored to the same size and shape as before.

If Faraday could so easily precipitate that silver and restore its scattered and invisible particles into the cup they had before formed, how easily can God restore our sleeping and scattered dust, and change our decaying bodies into the likeness of the glorious body of Christ!—*Onward.*

MASTER RALPH'S OPINION.

Grandmothers are very nice folks;
They beat all the aunts in creation;
They let a chap do as he likes,
And don't worry about education.

Grandmothers have muffins for tea,
And pies, a whole row in the cellar;
And they're apt, if they know it in time,
To make chicken pie for a feller.

And if he is bad now and then,
And makes a great racketing noise,
They only look over their specs,
And say, "Ah, those boys will be boys!"

Quite often, as twilight comes on,
Grandmothers sing hymns, very low,
To themselves, as they rock by the fire,
About heaven, and when they shall go.

And then a boy, stopping to think,
Will find a hot tear in his eye,
To know what will come at the last
For grandmothers all have to die.

I wish they could stay here and pray,
For a boy needs their prayers every night;
Some boys more than others, I s'pose;
Such as I need a wonderful sight.
—Christian Advocate.

Santa Cruz.

In the extreme southern corner of the mineral display, just south of the great gold arch, is the exhibit of Santa Cruz county, filling two glass cases and one table. In the space are shown exhibits as follows:

Granite from Santa Cruz; porphyretic granite and granite syenite from the Pajaro mine; chalk rock or aluminum clay or bituminous shale, as it is dug from the soil and dressed into blocks; sulphate of aluminum, hydrated alumina and aluminum, showing the process of reduction from the first mentioned; aluminum bronze, an alloy of aluminum and copper; argillaceous conglomerate; calcareous quartz, granular; calcareous quartz, gold and silver bearing; carbonate of lime in large crystals; limestone quartz, gold bearing; Portland cement; carbonate of lime, calcite, a cube polished on one side; marl and calcareous tufa used in making Portland cement; gneiss, unburned and burned; fossil rib of whale, eight pieces; fossil echinovachinous from ancient ruin; fossil rib of seal, fossil fragment of whalebone; fossil bones, skull and shell with crystals; limestone, calcite, sandstone, calcspar, stalactites and stalagmites from a cave near Santa Cruz; graphite from a quarry near Santa Cruz; graphite and limestone from the same quarry; shale from Moore's beach, from the cliffs near Santa Cruz, from Capitola and a sandy shale from near Santa Cruz; argillaceous sandstone from Racetrack beach and from Vin del Eau beach; crystals of carbonate of lime; pebbles from near Aptos; porphyry with casts of skulls; sandstone ring from the old mine; metamorphic rock from near the powder mills; sandstone concretion from Capitola; cluster of mica, feldspar, tommaline and quartz crystals; petroleum sand; gneissoid pebbles from Santa Cruz beach; moulding sand; sand containing magnetic iron; micaceous sand; crystals of argentite; clay, pulverized, ornamental mold, brick unburned and clay unburned; gold and silver quartz from the Stribling gold and silver mine, near Santa Cruz.

FACTS OF FIGURES.

The year 1900 will not be a leap year simply because, being a hundredth year, although it is divisible by 4, it is not divisible by 400 without a remainder. This is not the real reason, but a result of it; the real reason being the establishment of the Gregorian rule, made in 1582.

The 19th century will not end till midnight of Monday, December 31, 1900, although the old quarrel will probably again be renewed as to what constitutes a century and when it winds up, and thousands will insist on a premature burial of the old century at midnight of Dec. 31, 1899.

But, as a century means 100 years, and as the first century could not end till a full 100 years had passed, nor the second till 200 years had passed, etc., it is not logically clear why the 19th century should be curtailed and broken off before we have had the full 1900 years.

The 1st of April and 1st of July in any year, and in leap year the 1st of January, fall on the same day of the week.

The 1st of September and 1st of December in any year fall on the same week-day.

The 1st of January and the 1st of October in any year fall on the same week-day, except it be a leap year.

The first day of February, of March and of November of any year fall on the same day of the week, unless it be a leap year, when January 1st, April 1st, and July 1st fall on the same day.

The 1st of May, 1st of June, and 1st of August in any year never fall on the same week-day, nor does any one of the three ever fall on the same week-day on which any other month in the same year begins, except in leap year, when the 1st of February and the 1st of August fall on the same week-day.

To find out on what day of the week any date of this century fell: Divide the year by 4 and let the remainder go. Add the quotient and the year together, then add 3 more. Divide the result by 7, and if the remainder is 0, March 1st of that year was Sunday; if 1, Monday, if 2, Tuesday, and so on.

For the last century, do the same thing, but add 4 instead of 3. For the next century, add 2 instead.

It is needless to go beyond the next century, because its survivors will probably have some shorter method, and find out by simply touching a knob, or letting a knob touch them.

Christmas of any year always falls on the same day of the week as the 2d of January of that year, unless it be a leap year, when it is the same week-day as the 3d day of January of that year.

Easter is always the first Sunday after the full moon that happens on or next after March 21st. It is not easy to see how it can occur earlier than March 22d, or later than April 26th in any year.

New Year (January 1st) will happen on Sunday but once more during this century; that will be in 1899. In the next century it will occur 14 times only, as follows: 1905, 1911, 1922, 1928, 1933, 1939, 1950, 1956, 1961, 1967, 1978, 1984, 1989, and 1995. The intervals are regular—6-5-6-11, 6-5-6-11—except the interval which includes the hundredth year that is not a century, when there is a break—as 1893, 1899, 1905, 1911—when three intervals of six years come together; after that plain sailing till 2001, when the old intervals will occur in regular order.—*Masonic Journal.*

The finest monuments that men erect
Have little value, whereso'er they rise,
Unless they tell of some good action wrought,
Some noble work that time cannot disguise.
Not in the clamor of the crowded streets,
Nor in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves, are triumphs and defeat.
—*Longfellow.*

That Brother of Mine.

Who is it comes in like a whirlwind,
And closes the door with a slam,
And, before he has taken his hat off,
Calls out for "some bread and some jam"?
Who is it that whistles so loudly,
As he works at some tangle of twine
That will send his kite up into cloudland?
Why, of course, it's that brother of mine.

Who is that, when I am weary,
Has always a hole in his coat,
A button to sew on in a hurry,
A sail to be made for a boat?
Who is it that keeps in my basket
His marbles and long fishing-line,
And expects, undisturbed, there to find them?
No one else but that brother of mine.

Who is it that tiptoes about softly,
Whenever I'm sick or in pain—
And is every minute forgetting,
And whistling some head-splitting strain?
Who is it that when he is trying
To be just as still as he can,
Is always most terribly noisy?
My brother, of course—he's the man.

Who is it I'd rather have by me,
When in need of a true, honest friend;
Who is it that I shall miss sadly
When his boyhood has come to an end?
And when he is far from the old home,
And I long for a glimpe of sunshine,
Whom then, do you think I shall send for?
Why, of course, for that brother of mine.

—*Good Housekeeping.*

PIONEER REMINISCENCES.

Wm. Warren is spending a few months in a brick house on Water St., Santa Cruz, says the *Sentinel*. Since his arrival here he has much improved in health. He is a bachelor, sixty-five years old, but looks younger. He first came to Santa Cruz in 1851 or '52, and was the first man R. C. Kirby employed in the tanning business. In 1863 he went East, where he remained until a few months ago, arriving in Santa Cruz last month. In Boston he was in the employ of one firm for fifteen years. "Billy" Warren was, in younger days, one of the strongest men in the county. As he says, "no men worked harder here than Joe Roberts and myself." By saving he has accumulated enough to live without work, so can enjoy the result of it.

The residents of Santa Cruz will remember the firm of Duncan & Warren. They owned the property now known as the Kron Property. They had prospered for years, and in 1860 greatly enlarged their tannery, adding large buildings and many vats, introducing some modern machinery. Almost before all their improvements were finished the great flood of 1861-2 came along and swept through their yards, throwing down machinery and filling vats. Both Duncan and Warren were bachelors. They were mad. They were discouraged, sold out at a sacrifice and pulled out of the county, Duncan engaging in the tannery business in San Francisco, where he died.

FEBRUARY 15, 1895.

ARTIFICIAL PEARLS.

Made of Any Desired Color With Nature's Assistance.

The Cultivation of Pearl Oysters and the Manufacture of Gems—The Method Employed.

Mr. George F. Kunz, the well known gem expert, is the author of a monograph on the subject of pearls. He describes the cultivation of the pearl oyster, which is being carried on with success in the bay of Ago, on the Pacific coast of central Japan. This small sheet of water, three miles long and two miles broad, is always calm and is admirably adapted for the culture of the mollusk. Pearl oysters were originally native there and were found in great quantities. Fishing for them has been carried on for three or four centuries. Owing to overfishing the yield between 1880 and 1885 was greatly diminished.

Fearing that the oysters would become extinct, experiments were made with a view of propagating them artificially. This plan was suggested by the late Admiral Yanagi, president of the Japan Fisheries society. During the breeding season the taking of the shellfish was forbidden, and spat was collected on tiles, stones, logs and ropes, the methods adopted being the same as have been tried successfully with the edible oysters of America and Europe. In this way the yield of pearls has been restored, and the Japanese government contemplates an extension of the industry in other waters.

Before this methods had been found for the production of real pearls by nature's aid. A Frenchman named Bouchon-Brandely has been making interesting experiments in this direction recently. He bored holes in the shells of pearl oysters with a gimlet, introduced through the perforations little balls of glass and stopped the openings with corks. At the end of four weeks the balls were found to be covered with a thin layer of pearl. In six months the layer was sufficiently thick to be permanent. The size of the gem thus manufactured is in proportion to the time that has elapsed. Of course it has a limit, inasmuch as the mollusk will not deposit nacre indefinitely, the only purpose of the nacre being to protect the oyster from irritation by the intruding object.

Pearls can be made of various colors by a very simple process. Each mollusk deposits its own sort of nacre. The nacre of the pearl bearing, fresh water mussel called the unio is pink. Pearl oysters produce black pearls, gray pearls or pearls of pure white, according to the part of the animal where the nucleus makes its lodgment.

At the Smithsonian institution in Washington is exhibited an artificial pearl as big as a pigeon's egg and of an exquisite pink color. It is formed about a pellet of beeswax, which was placed for the purpose in the shell of a living unio. Recent experiments made by the fish commission show that marine mollusks can be kept admirably in aquariums. Thus there seems to be no reason why every one should not maintain his own pearl fishery on a small scale, collecting the crop at suitable intervals.

The Chinese have been most successful in producing artificial pearls. The business constitutes an important industry. It is confined to two villages in the northern part of the province of Chih-Kiang. In the months of May and June large quantities of mussels are brought in baskets from a lake 30 miles distant, and the biggest of them are selected for the operation that is to be performed. Into the shell of each mollusk are introduced small objects which it is intended the bivalve shall coat with the pearly substance it secretes. Sometimes little balls of earth are used. Such pellets are made of mud from the bottom of water courses, dried and powdered with the juice of the seeds of the camphor tree.

To place these nuclei inside of the mussels is a process of no little difficulty. The shell is opened with a small instrument of mother of pearl, the mantle of the animal is gently lifted, and the pellets are laid beneath the mantle. The shell is then permitted to close. Finally the mollusks are deposited in canals or pools. They are placed five to six inches apart at depths of from two to five feet in lots of 5,000 to 50,000. In November they are lifted and opened. The animals are removed from the shells and the pellets detached with a sharp knife. By this time they are fastened tightly to the inner surface of the shells and have become covered with a coating of nacre. Next a little hole is cut in each pearl at the point where it has been attached to the shell of the mussel. Through this opening the earth which composed the nucleus is removed. The hollow pearl is then filled with melted yellow rosin, and the orifice is artfully covered with a piece of mother of pearl.

The pearls thus formed are flat on the bottom and in shape are somewhat more than hemispheres. They have much of the luster and beauty of the real gems and are sold so cheaply as to be procurable by all who care to possess them. They are employed to a considerable extent by jewelers, who set them in tiaras and various ornaments for women.

Parisian jewelers are very clever in the art of "peeling" pearls. They will take a pearl that is not pretty at all and remove its outer coat, revealing a beautiful gem within. A pearl is composed of alternate layers of nacre and animal tissue, and the process of peeling is very difficult. The tools employed are a sharp knife, various sorts of files, pearl powder and a piece of leather. The pearly coats are extremely hard and must be cut off piece by piece, the operator relying more on the sense of touch conveyed by the blade of the knife than on the sense of sight.

Pearls found imbedded in the mother of pearl of the oyster shell are made marketable by skillful treatment with acids. Experts know how to make pearls of any color black in a bath of nitrate of silver, and by other chemical means they can turn them to rose color, lilac or gray. Pearls of these unusual tints bring fancy prices.

A few years ago a pearlshop purchased an old gold brooch in a small German town for $20. In the center of it was what looked like a spherical piece of hematite, which is an ore of iron. On examination it proved to be a superb black pearl weighing 77 grains. The outer coat had become faded by sunlight, but when it was removed one of the most beautiful gems of this kind known in modern times was exposed to view. It was a lustrous black and was said to be worth $10,000. Perfectly round pearls over 25 grains in weight are scarce and fetch huge prices, being sought after to form the centers of necklaces.

A PIONEER VESSEL.

June 4, was the forty-fifth anniversary of the arrival in this port of the old steamship Panama of the Pacific Mail route.

The vessel arrived in the harbor on June 4, 1849, with 800 passengers for the mining camps and inland towns.

The Panama was a side wheel steamer and was considered a good vessel in her day. Among her passengers were men who have since become prominent in California's history.

Among these was Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, now the widow of General John C. Fremont; J. Ross Brown, William M. Given, Lafayette Maynard, Samuel C. Gray, Joe Hooker, William G. English, Edward W. McKinstry, David Porter and F. F. Low.

It use to be customary among the surviving passengers of the Panama to hold a meeting on the day of the anniversary of their arrival. Of late years the survivors have dwindled down to so few that the custom has gone out of vogue.

Among the old time steamers which did service in bringing pioneers to California via the isthmus route was the Alaska. This vessel is now used as a receiving ship at Acapulco, Mexico, by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company.

The historic Panama is broken up.

HOUSE OF JOHN O'GROAT.

History of a Scotch Building That Became Famous.

In the last part of the fifteenth century John O'Groat and his two brothers bought land at the very northeastern tip of Scotland and settled there. There was nothing extraordinary about the original homestead, and it was not till the families had increased to eight households that the famous John O'Groat's house was built. It came about in this way, according to the tradition:

The O'Groat families used to have a reunion once a year in the old home. On one occasion some of the younger O'Groats fell to quareling as to which had the right to sit at the head of the table and to enter the room first. Old John O'Groat said he would have that matter all settled before the family met again. Then he went to work and built an eight-sided house with a door and a window on each side and a table in the center. At the next reunion the head of each of the eight families entered his own door and sat at what he was entitled to consider the head of the table. This house became so famous, especially as it marked the northeastern limit of Scotland, that eventually it came to be the custom to mention it on the maps and now no atlas is complete without it.—*Buffalo Express.*

The Dead Babe.

Last night, as my dear babe lay dead,
In agony I knelt and said:
"O God! what have I done,
Or in what wise offended Thee,
That Thou should'st take away from me
My little son?

"Upon the thousand useless lives,
Upon the guilt that vaunting thrives,
Thy wrath were better spent!
Why should'st Thou take my little son?
Why should'st Thou vent Thy wrath upon
This innocent?"

Last night, as my dear babe lay dead,
Before mine eyes the vision spread
Of things that might have been:
Licentious riot, cruel strife,
Forgotten prayers, a wasted life
Dark red with sin!

Then, with soft music in the air,
I saw another vision there:
A shepherd, in whose keep
A little lamb, my little child,
Of worldly wisdom undefiled,
Lay fast asleep!

Last night, as my dear babe lay dead,
In those two messages I read
A wisdom manifest;
And, though my arms be childless now,
I am content, to Him I bow,
Who knoweth best.

—*Eugene Field in the Chicago Record.*

R. L. Stevenson's Last Poem.

In the highlands, in the country places,
Where the old plain men have rosy faces,
And the young fair maidens
Quiet eyes;
Where essential silence cheers and blesses,
And forever in the hill recesses
Her more lovely music
Broods and dies.

O to mount again where erst I haunted;
Where the old red hills are bird-enchanted,
And the low green meadows
Bright with sward;
And when evening dies, the million tinted,
And the night has come, and planets glinted,
Lo, the valley hollow
Lamp-bestarred!

O to dream, O to awake and wander
There, and with delight to take and render,
Through the trance of silence,
Quiet breath;
Lo! for there, among the flowers and grasses,
Only the mightier movement sounds and passes;
Only winds and rivers,
Life and death.

—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

FORWARD.

BY GERALDINE MEYRICK, SANTA CRUZ.

Strive on, in spite of Sorrow's shining sword!
In spite of dread Despair, and haggard Death.
Strive on! Stagnation is a thing abhorred—
Pause not, O man, while yet thou canst draw breath.

Those fearsome forms will vanish if despised;
The blows thou shrinkest from shall never fall;
Doubt not, for evil is but good disguised,
God reigns, and Truth and Love are all in all.

—*The Advance, Chicago.*

April 27, 1894.

COMPLIMENTARY.

One of the survivors of the famous Donner party, Mrs. Frank Lewis, writes us from Capitola as follows:

To-day I welcome an old friend, THE PIONEER. It has risen, long may it live, I trust until "God calls us all home." I wish you to send a copy to my address, I shall send $1.00 toward securing the "Staff of Life." I am also pleased to see you go back of 1849 to *find Pioneers*, "California Pioneers" came before January 18th, 1848, after *that* date, those, who came, were "*Gold Hunters*," and many, many flocked in; tired, care worn, and hungry. Yes, many a pot of beans and *spoons* of *gold dust*, were given them from a pioneer's tent or cabin. We can look back over California's lovely green carpet, dotted here and there with hundreds of fat cattle, horses, deer, bear, geese, and ducks. "The *Garden City*" was a vast mustard patch, (a little "clearing" here and there,) mustard so tall, a native on horse back could scarcely see his way. The gold fever broke out, it soon *killed* the mustard, and then a new *kind* of a crop sprung up, from which it takes its name, "The Garden City." As years pass by, I look back and memory enjoys an hour spent in this little clearing, surrounded by a forest of mustard.

May prosperity attend THE PIONEER, "rich diggings" of *true* and amusing articles, that will "pan out" thousands of *papers, they will* "strike *pay* diggings," and be worth more than "sixteen dollars to the ounce." Kindest wishes from a pioneer.

EARLY AMERICAN COINS.

YUSSOUF.

A stranger came one night to Yussouf's tent,
Saying, "Behold one outcast and in dread,
Against whose life the bow of power is bent,
Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head;
I come to thee for shelter and for food,
To Yussouf, called through all our tribes 'The Good.'"

"This tent is mine," said Yussouf, "but no more
Than it is God's; come in and be at peace;
Freely shalt thou partake of all my store
As I of His who buildeth over these
Our tents his glorious roof of night and day,
And at whose door none ever yet heard Nay."

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,
And waking him ere day, said: "Here is gold,
My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight,
Depart before the growing day grow bold."
As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

That inward light the stranger's face made grand,
Which shines from all self-conquest: kneeling low,
He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,
Sobbing: "O, Sheik, I cannot leave thee so;
I will repay thee; all this thou hast done
Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son!"

"Take thrice the gold," said Yussouf, "for with thee
Into the desert, never to return,
My one black thought shall ride away from me;
First-born, for whom by day and night I yearn,
Balanced and just are all of God's decrees;
Thou art avenged, my first-born, sleep in peace!"

—*James Russell Lowell.*

EL CARMEL MISSION.

Some years ago a Californian young woman, Miss Madge Morris, wrote a poem—a real poem, with poetry as well as rhyme in it—entitled the "New Liberty Bell." It was as follows:

It was not to be builded—this bell that they planned—
Of common ore dug from the breast of the land,
But of metal first molded by skill of all arts,
Built of the treasures of fond human hearts.

* * * * * *

Knights came in armor and flung in the shields
That had warded off blows on the Saracen fields;
Freeman brought chains from prisons afar—
Bonds that had fettered the captives of war;
And sabers were cast in the molten flood,
Stained with the crimson of heroes' blood.
Pledges of love—a bracelet, a ring,
A gem that had gleamed in the crown of a King;
The coins that had ransomed a maiden of death;
The words, hot with eloquence, caught from the breath
Of a sage, and a prayer from the lips of a slave
Were heard, and recorded, and cast in the wave
To be melted and molded together and tell
The tale of their wrongs in the tones of the bell.

This bit of verse gained wide circulation, and somebody with a fine instinct pasted a copy of it beside the old Liberty Bell at Philadelphia. Wm. O. McDowell there saw the verses, and it gave him an idea, no less an idea than to carry out the dream of the poet and compound a New Liberty Bell for the Columbian Exposition. Mr. McDowell at once began to collect relics for the bell, and continued the work till he had no less than 250,000 pieces of metal. Every great event in the history of the story of liberty, every great leader in the struggle through the ages for human liberty is represented in the metal that has been cast in the bell. No less than 20 different things dear to the memory of Washington, the flintlock from Thomas Jefferson's gun, metal from the room in which he wrote the Declaration of Independence, copper cooking utensils in which his porridge was cooked while a boy, are in the metal. From South America came a part of the chain of Simon Bolivar. From the home of William Tell a beautifully engraved copper cowbell. From Italy the medals in memory of old Garibaldi. From France a part of the meltal from the original statue of Liberty Enlightening the World. From Siberia filings from chains that had been worn by prisoners in the mines of Kara. There are many mementoes from the memory of Lincoln. The daughter of General Sam Houston sent from Texas a medal in his memory. Altogether over 900 express packages came to the foundry, some of them containing 1000 contributions in a package. The bell thus compounded will be rung for the first time on the Fourth—next Tuesday—at Chicago.

Miss Morris, the author of the verses which led to the making of this bell, is now Mrs. Wagner of San Diego and the mother of a daughter of ten. This little girl has been selected to read the poem at Chicago on Tuesday, after which the mother will touch an electric button, which will set the New Liberty Bell to pealing, and with it bells in every State of the Union.

CHOLERA MORBUS.

The ingenious artistic combination represented in our engraving, is the original drawing of the Italian artist Gallieni; seen at a little distance, it represents a fleshless skull

CHOLERA MORBUS.

with its black eye sockets and grinning teeth; a nearer view of it shows two beautiful children who are playing with their infant toys and caressing the faithful dog, and whose heads occupy the central part of a window.

Gallieni has given to his composition the fearful title of cholera morbus, and he explains it in brief words as follows: Fear increased by the imagination is the best friend of the guest of the Ganges.—*Ilustracion Española.*

PAUL THUMANN. The Fates.

Coins of Pius IX.

Poor Pio Nono's coins have been discredited in Italy these ten years and more, but they crossed the frontier briskly enough and were quite familiar in the change which the Parisian waiter counted out to the unwary. However, this year the French government took a very high hand in the matter. They fixed a date on which certain obsolete coins might be exchanged for their mere value as metal, which resulted in a great flow of lire into the national melting pot, so that now some of the discredited coins have got to be quite rare. Take, for instance, the Pio Nono 5 franc piece. No French or Italian railway will accept it, and the astute Paris cabby will become quite idiomatic if you tender it to him. But it is worth 10 francs to collectors and has even fetched 15 francs. Then there is the 20 lire piece, the gold coin. It is worth 2 sovereigns. The franc and 2 franc pieces will possibly also go up. They are to be had now at half the value at which they were issued.—London News.

FRIDAY IS A FATEFUL DAY.

Facts That Leave the Question of Its Being Lucky or Unlucky in Doubt.

There are some persons who believe that death and destruction stalk abroad on Friday, and who have any number of facts on hand to prove their position. Well, here is an array of facts from which almost anything, pro or con, might be proven:

Lee surrendered on Friday.
Moscow was burned on Friday.
Washington was born on Friday.
Shakespeare was born on Friday.
America was discovered on Friday.
Richmond was evacuated on Friday.
The Bastile was destroyed on Friday.
The Mayflower pilgrims landed on Friday.
Queen Victoria was married on Friday.
King Charles was beheaded on Friday.
Fort Sumter was bombarded on Friday.
Napoleon Boneparte was born on Friday.
Julius Caesar was assassinated on Friday.
The battle of Marengo was fought on Friday.
The battle of Waterloo was fought on Friday.
Joan of Arc was burned at the stake on Friday.—*Boston Post.*

A PIONEER LADY.

Grandma Bascom, one of the pioneer ladies of this State and County, celebrated the 77th anniversary of her birth at the Sanitarium on January the 21st, 1893. Our old pioneer friend, and the friend of every one that knows her, has been sick for the past two years, and though compelled to keep her bed, she is as cheerful and full of wit as usual. She came to California with her husband, Dr. Bascom, in 1849, and has lived all that time in this valley. Those who know her best, love her most. If good wishes would make her well, THE PIONEER would pile them up until they would over-shadow Mt. Hamilton, but as it will not we can only hope that she may be endowed with Christian fortitude sufficient to bear her cross, feeling assured that her reward will be when she has "crossed the divide," and struck a new claim. In speaking of the good sisters at the Sanitarium, she says they are not sisters, but angels, and no doubt they deserve to be classed as such from what we hear of them.

AN ANCIENT DOCUMENT.

A friend sends us the following copy of an original paper now in his possession:

"Know all men by these presents, that I, Brigadier-General Stephen W. Kearney, U. S. Army, and Governor of California, by virtue of authority in me vested, do hereby appoint Don Manuel G. Vallejo sub-Agent for the Indians on the north side of the bay of San Francisco, including those of Cash Creek and the Lakes.

Given at Monterey, Capital of California, this 14th day of April, 1847.

STEPHEN W. KEARNEY,
Brig-Gen'l and Governor of California."

FIRST BEES IN CALIFORNIA.

The first bees imported into California was in March, 1853. Mr. Thomas Shelton purchased a lot consisting of twelve swarms of some person unknown, at Aspinwall. The party, who left New York, became disgusted with the experiment and returned. All the hives contained bees and landed in San Francisco, but finally dwindled down to one. These were brought to San Jose, and threw off three swarms the first season. Mr. Shelton was killed soon after his arrival by the explosion of the ill-fated steamer Jenny Lind. In December two of the swarms were sold at auction to settle up his estate, and were bought by Major James W. Patrick at $105 and $110 respectively. Mr. Wm. Buck imported the second lot in November, 1855. He left New York with thirty-six swarms and saved eighteen. F. G. Appleton purchased a half interest in them. He also in the Fall of 1854, bought one swarm of Major Patrick, from which he had an increase of two. Mr. Buck returned East immediately, and arrived in Febuary, 1856, with forty-two swarms, of which he saved but seven. The increase in 1856 from the twenty-eight swarms was seventy-three. About 400 pounds of honey in boxes, which sold at from $1 50 to $2 00 gold per pound. Mr. Wm. Briggs, of San Jose, brought out, Spring of 1856, one swarm, from which he had an increase of seven or eight swarms the following Summer.

COCOANUTS OF THE SEA.

A Queer Fruit Which Grows Only in the Seychelles.

The coco-de-mer or double cocoanut palm tree is one of the largest and most remarkable of palms. It is a native of and only found on a small group of islands called the Seychelles. These form an archipelago in almost the middle of the Indian ocean, consisting of about eighty islands.

The fruit is a large double, oblong, kidney-shaped nut, covered with a thin husk. After the removal of this the fruit has the appearance of two oblong nuts firmly joined together for over half their length, and which often weigh from thirty to forty pounds. They are borne in bunches, each consisting of nine or ten nuts, so that a whole bunch will often weigh 400 pounds. It takes ten years to ripen its fruit, the albumen of which is similar in appearance and lines the inner surface of the nut, but, unlike that of the common cocoanut, is too hard and horny to serve as food. The shell is converted into many useful and ornamental articles by the island natives. But the most important part is the leaves, which are made into hats and baskets.

So great has the demand been of late years for these that to obtain them the trees were cut down, and, no care being taken to extend new plantations, in 1864 the leading botanists in England petitioned the Government for protection against this wasteful destruction, for fear that this slow-growing, unique species would eventually become extinct.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Rob's Mittens.

Our Rob has mittens new and red,
To keep his hands so warm and n
When making snowballs, building forts
And sliding on the ice.

One morning, coming in from play,
His dear face pinker than a rose,
"Please, mamma!" cried he, "can't you knit
A mitten for my nose?"
—Shirley Haynes in Youth's Companion.

Heroines.

Little Dick—Mamma was reading something about a heroine. W'at's a heroine?

Little Dot—I don't know 'xactly, but I guess it's a girl w'at puts out the light and then gets into bed wifout pullin her feet in quick.—Good News.

VERSES.

The fire upon the hearth is low,
And there is stillness everywhere;
Like troubled spirits, here and there
The firelight shadows flutter to and go.
And as the shadows round me creep
A childish treble breaks the gloom,
And softly from the further room
Comes: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

And, somehow, with that little prayer,
And that sweet treble in my ears,
My thought goes back to distant years,
And lingers with a dear one there.
And, as I hear the child's amen,
My mother's faith comes back to me;
Crouched at her side I seem to be,
And mother holds my hands again.

Oh, for an hour in that dear place!
Oh, for the peace of that dear time!
Oh, for that childish trust sublime!
Oh, for a glimpse of mother's face!
Yet, as the shadows round me creep,
I do not seem to be alone—
Sweet magic of that treble tone
And "Now I lay me down to sleep."
—*Eugene Field in Chicago News.*

The Dear, Worn Hand.

Few things are capable of touching one with a deeper sense of pathos than the shrunken, blue veined hand of one who is near and dear. Nothing brings a sharper pang of foreboding and a harder lump in the throat than the first time it strikes us that the gentle hand that soothed our childish pains and griefs and has gladly worn away its softness and beauty in our service is thin and withered, with purple veins that stand out like whipcords when it lies at rest. Such a hand ought to look more beautiful to those for whom it has toiled, whose suffering it has charmed away, than the fairest hand ever modeled by a sculptor.—Philadelphia Press.

MARRIED.—Tuesday, Oct. 2d, by the Rev. Mr. Thomson, pastor of the M. E. church at Petoskey, Mich, Mr. Levi P. Cox, of Petoskey, and Miss Katie J. Hecox, of Centreville, Mich. The ceremony took place at the summer home of the bride's parents in Bay View. The happy couple immediately took the C. & W. M. train for an extended visit among relatives and friends in that part of the state, and will probably spend the winter in Northern Michigan. THE OBSERVER unites with the many friends of the bride in this place in wishing her a happy wedded life. Oct. 3rd 1894

Garden in Front of the Sea Beach Hotel.

Veranda of Hotel, Overlooking Bay of Monterey.

View of the Famous Sea Beach Seedling Palargoniums, Looking Toward the Hotel.

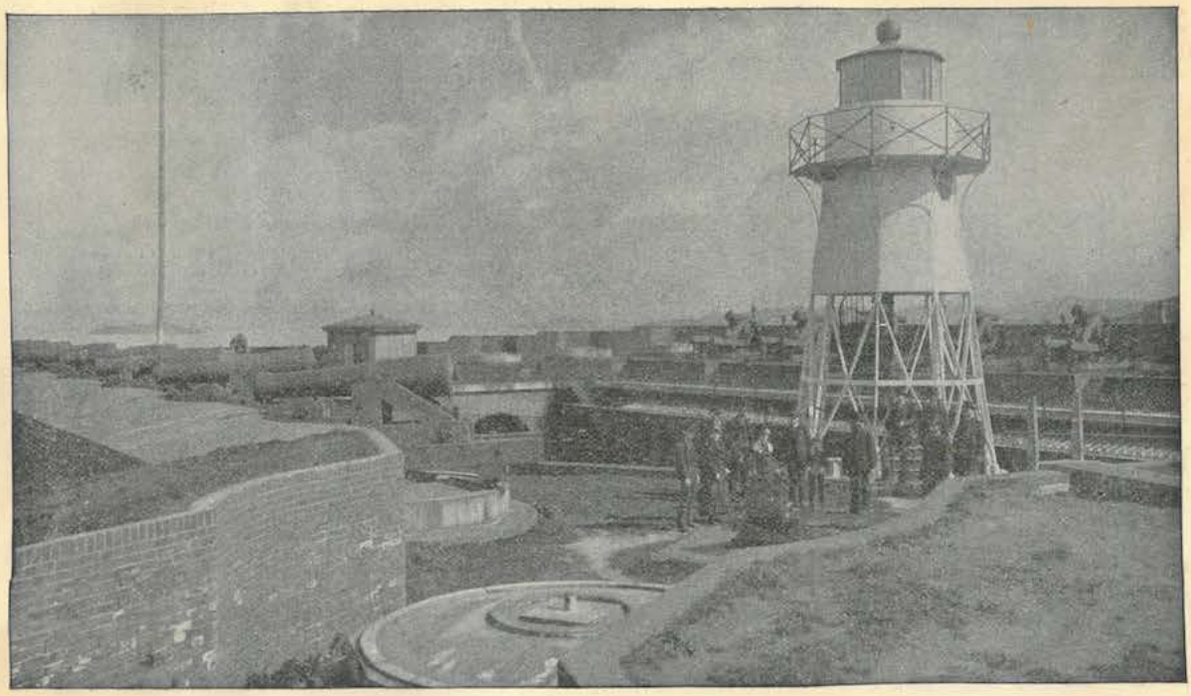
View of the Famous Sea Beach Seedling Pelargoniums, Looking East from the Hotel.

From the Painting in Berlin Gallery. THE NET IS DRAWN. By Falkenberg.

Is Life Worth Living?

Indeed It Is!

A CONTRAST OF BEAUTIFUL FACES.



The Roof of Fort Winfield Scott, Showing Armament.

Mission Dolores, San Francisco. Established 1776.

OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST.

3d Prize.—"The Acequia"—New Almaden—by R. R. Bulmore, New Almaden, Cal.

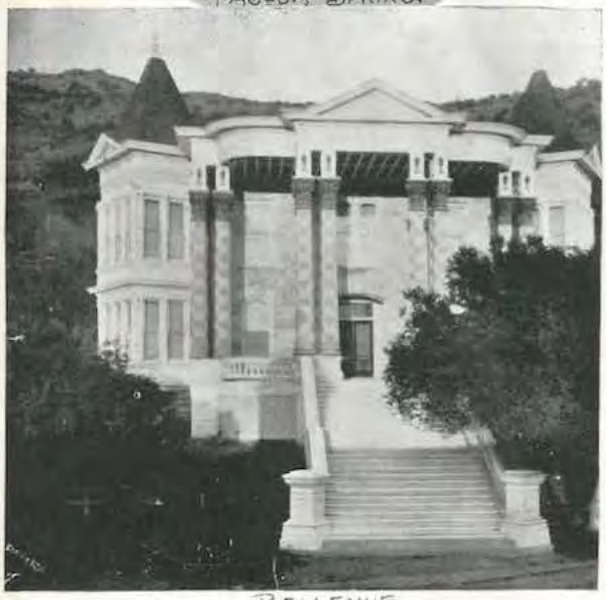
OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST.

"Berkeley Oaks," by Edgar Richardson.

PAGODA SPRING.

THE ROTUNDA.

GENERAL VIEW NAPA SODA SPRINGS.



BELLEVUE

THE CLUB HOUSE

LOCATED on mountain side, five miles northeast of Napa, 1,000 feet above the Napa Valley. Grand mountain scenery. Hot and cold Napa Soda-Water baths. Accommodations first class. Trained donkeys for the children to ride. Swings, hammocks, orange-bowers and roses. Telephone and postoffice.

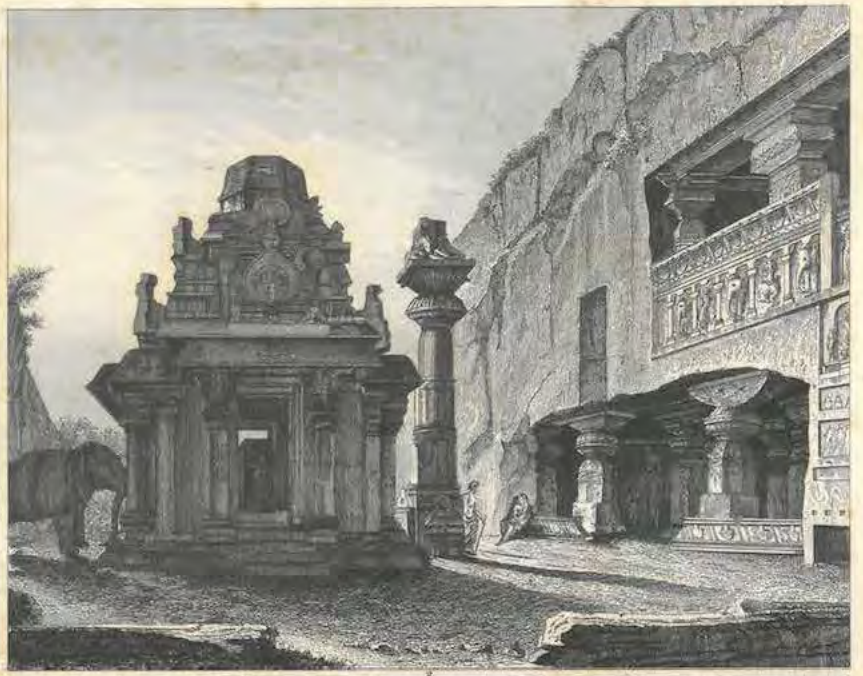
ANDREW JACKSON,

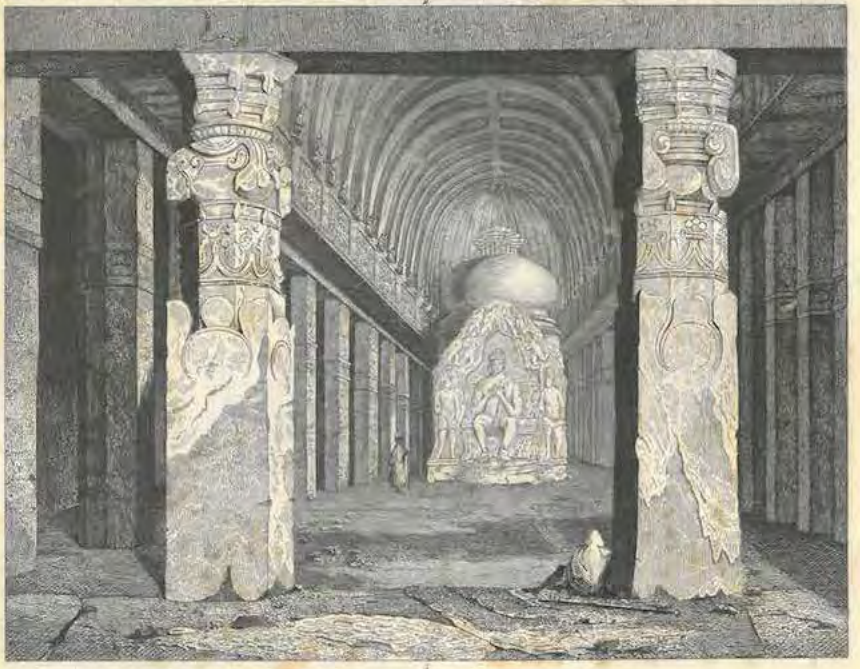
PROPRIETOR.

NAPA SODA SPRINGS.

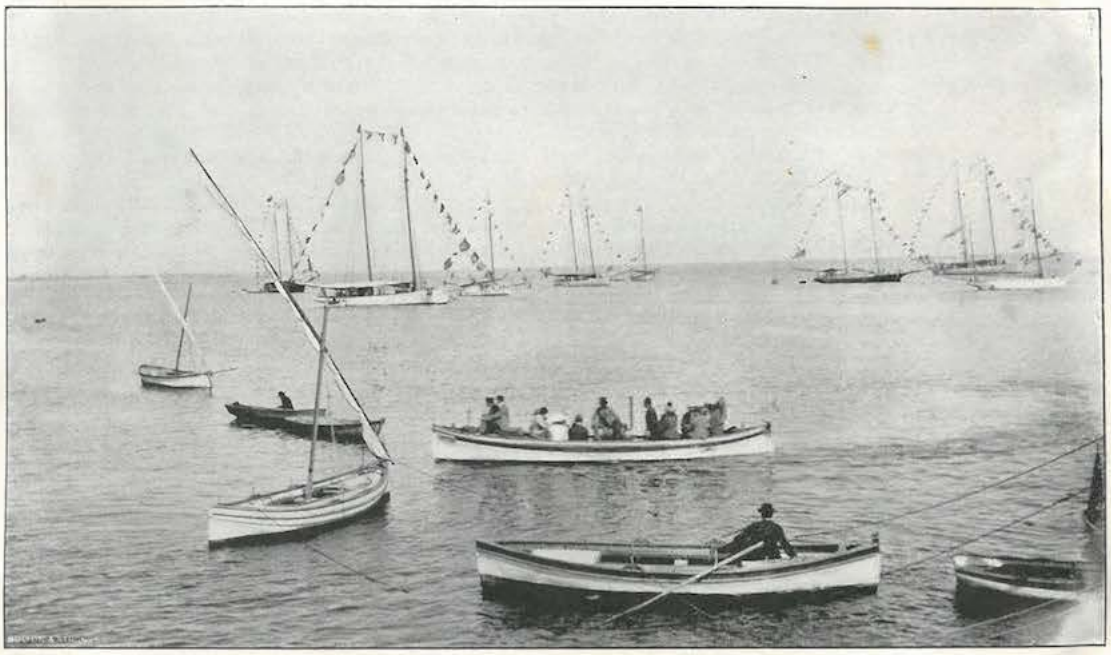
Southern Pacific Company's Ferry Landing, Foot of Market St., S. F.

Market Street, Looking East from First Street, S. F.





H. Heck del. Henry Winkles sculp.

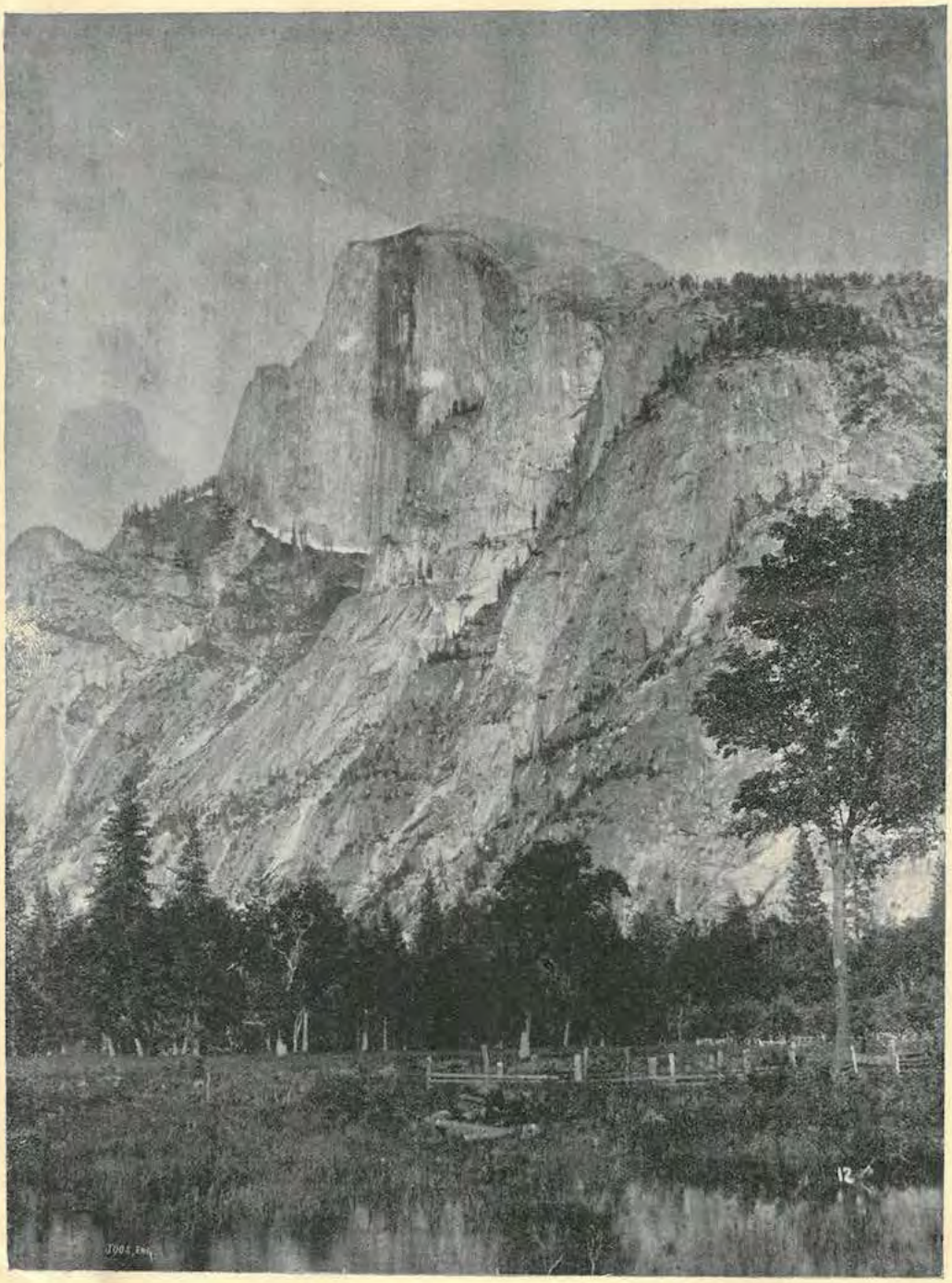


S. F. Yacht Club, Photographed from Veranda of Sea Beach Hotel, July 4, 1892

Bathing Scene in Front of the Sea Beach Hotel.

Glimpse of San Lorenzo River, en Route to Big Trees.

General Fremont, Wife and Daughter, and a Party of Thirteen, Showing the Circumference of the Giant, After Encircling the Tree



OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST.

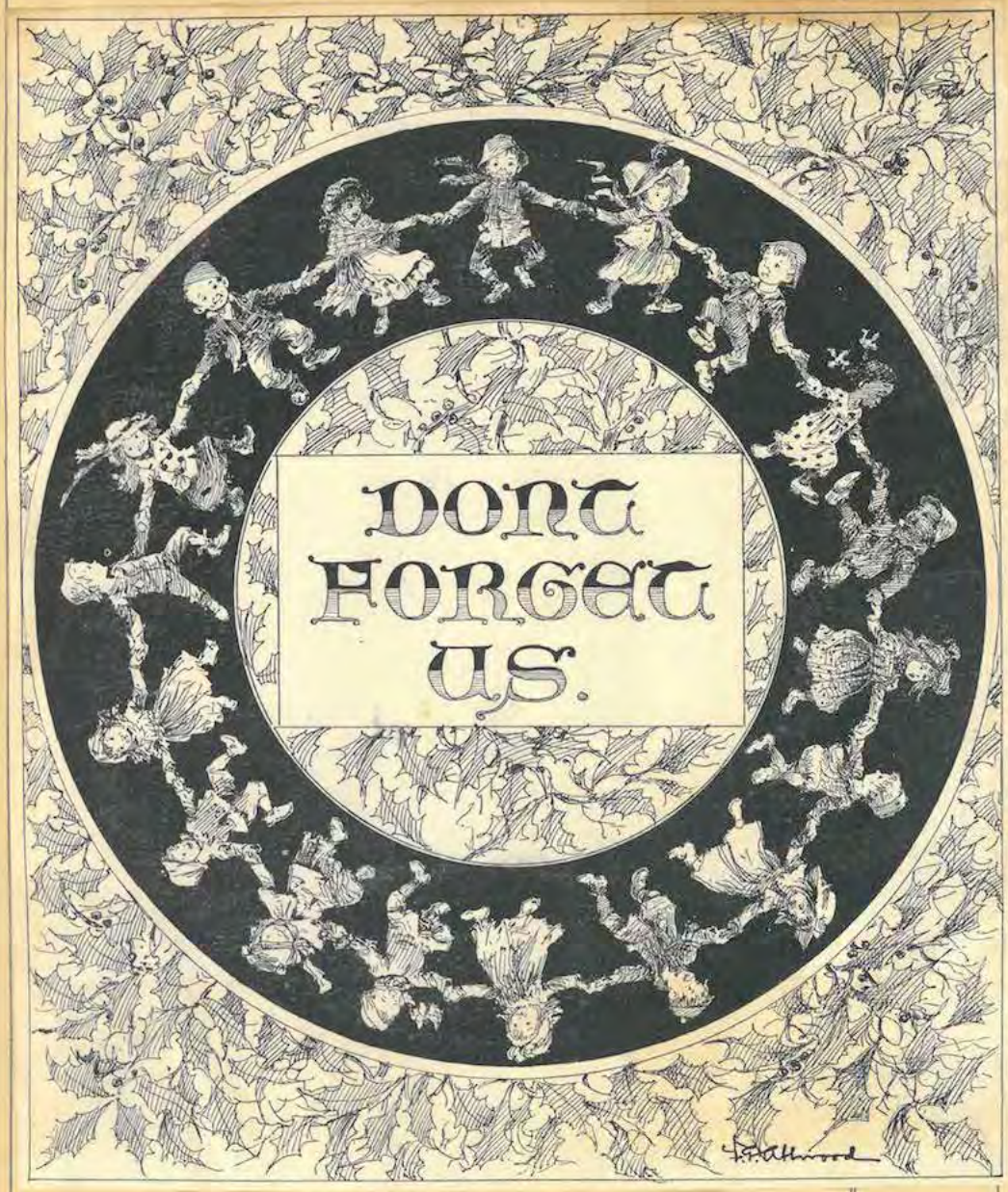
2nd Prize.—"The Half Dome"—Yosemite—by Leland S. Boruck.

OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST.

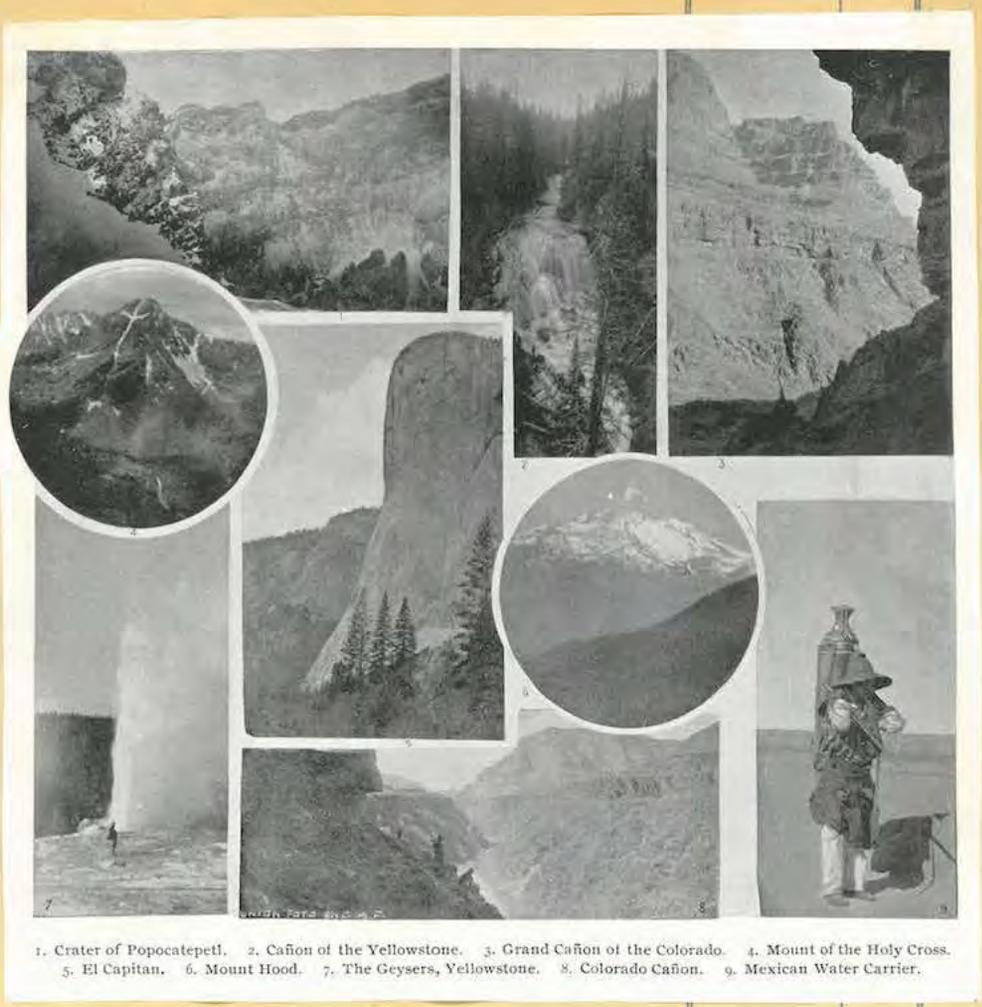
"Oh, Do Try and Keep Quiet One Minute," by C. A B.

OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST.

"Barabara's," or "Sod Huts of the Eskimos" on the Nushagak River, Alaska, by N. B. Miller, U.S.S. "Albatross," Navy Yard, Mare Island, Cal.


DONT
FORGET
US.

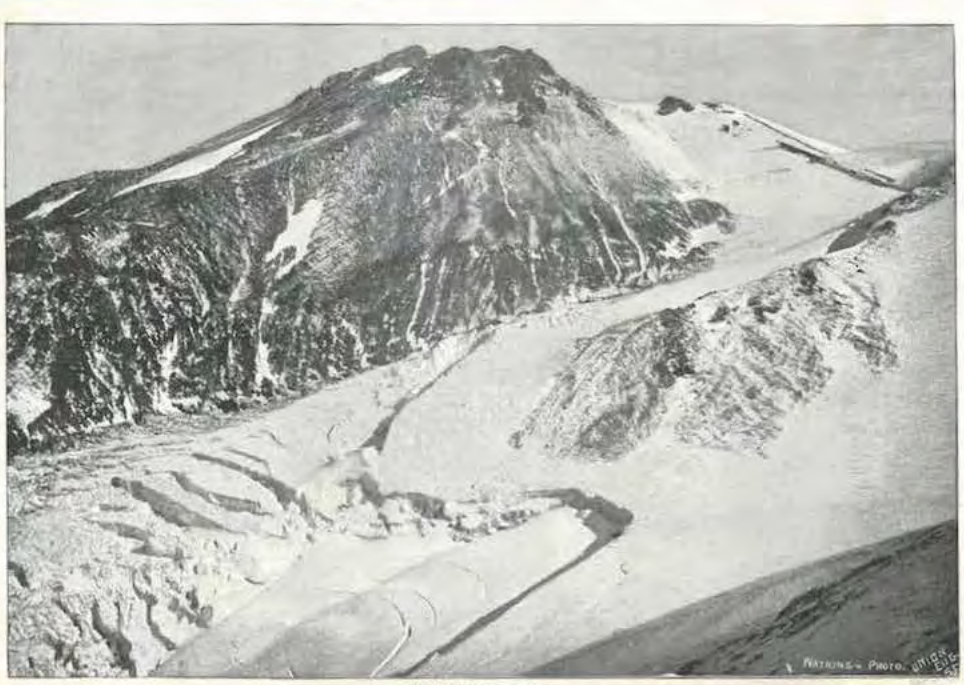

MT. SHASTA
1 Bound for the Summit.
2 Crevasse on Whitney Glacier.
3 Timber line Camp.
4 Geodetic monument.
5 Crater Peak
6 General view of Shasta
7 The main summit.
UNION PHOTO
TIBBITTS



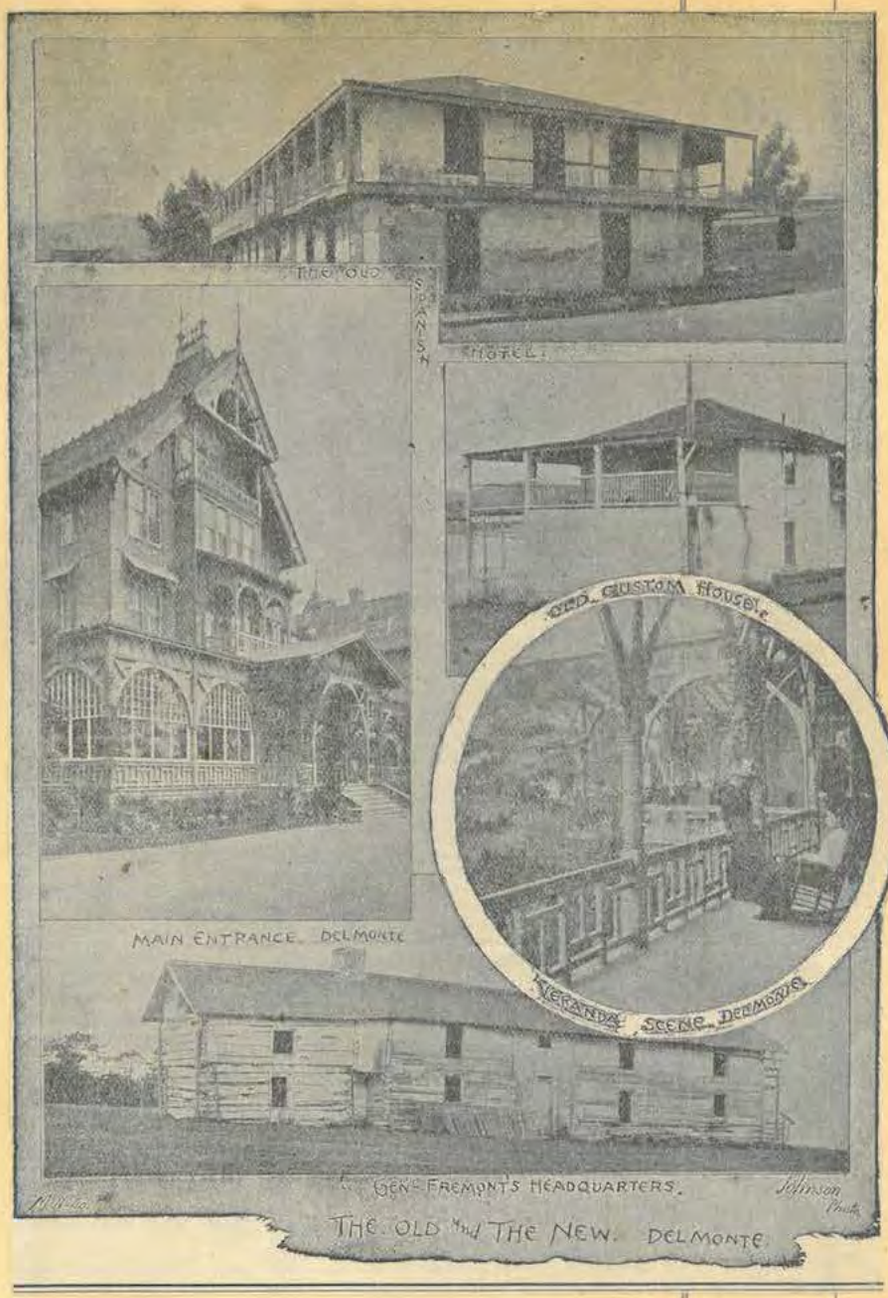
1. Crater of Popocatepetl. 2. Cañon of the Yellowstone. 3. Grand Cañon of the Colorado. 4. Mount of the Holy Cross.
5. El Capitan. 6. Mount Hood. 7. The Geysers, Yellowstone. 8. Colorado Cañon. 9. Mexican Water Carrier.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA ORANGE TREES.

EL CAPITAN AND THE LAST OF THE YOSEMITES.



WHITNEY GLACIER.



HAGERMAN PASS CROSSING THE CONTINENTAL DIVIDE 11,500 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL.
Will be viewed by daylight.

PLOCKHORST.

LORD, SAVE ME!

THE CALF PATH.

BY SAM FOSS.

One day through the primeval wood
A calf walked home, as good calves should;

But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail, as all calves do.

Since then two hundred years have fled,
And, I infer, the calf is dead.

But still he left behind his trail,
And thereby hangs my moral tale.

The trail was taken up next day
By a lone dog that passed that way;

And then a wise bell-wether sheep
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,

And drew the flock behind him too,
As good bell-wethers always do.

And from that day o'er hill and glade
Through those old woods a path was made.

And many men wound in and out,
And dodged and turned and bent about,

And uttered words of righteous wrath,
Because 'twas such a crooked path;

But still they followed—do not laugh—
The first migrations of that calf;

And through this winding wood-way stalked,
Because he wabbled when he walked.

This forest path became a lane,
That bent and turned and turned again.

This crooked lane became a road,
Where many a poor horse with his load

Toiled on beneath the burning sun,
And traveled some three miles in one.

And thus a century and a half
They trod the footsteps of that calf.

The years passed on in swiftness fleet
The road became a village street,

And this, before men were aware,
A city's crowded thoroughfare.

And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned metropolis.

And men two centuries and a half
Trod in the footsteps of that calf.

Each day a hundred thousand rout,
Followed the zigzag calf about;

And o'er his crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent.

A hundred thousand men were led
By one calf, near three centuries dead.

They followed still his crooked way,
And lost one hundred years a day.

For thus such reverence is lent
To well-established precedent.

A moral lesson this might teach,
Were I ordained and called to preach.

For men are prone to go it blind
Along the calf-paths of the mind;

And work away, from sun to sun,
To do what other men have done.

They follow in the beaten track,
And out and in, and forth and back,

And still their devious course pursue,
To keep the paths that others do.

But how the wise old wood-gods laugh,
Who saw the first primeval calf.

Ah, many things this tale might teach—
But I am not ordained to preach.

—Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

HOUSEHOLD UTENSILS.

Goblets with stem and stand like those we use to-day were employed in Troy, 900 B. C. Among the valuable objects found by Dr. Schliemann was a golden goblet. Vessels of this metal were commonly employed in the service of the temples. A curious goblet with three stems has been found at Pompeii. Its use is conjectural, but the supposition is that it was used to pour libations to the gods.

Saltcellars first came into use in mediæval times; there was only one on the table, and it held from two to three quarts. The salt was placed about the middle of the table's length. At the upper end sat the lord of the castle or palace and his intimates, and the saltcellar marked the dividing line between the nobleman and his dependents, so that to "sit below the salt" meant social inferiority.

Among the Arabs a practice from time immemorial has prevailed of churning by placing the milk in leather skins which were shaken or beaten until the butter came. The Huns did their churning by tying a bag of milk to a short lariat, the other end of which was fastened to the saddle. The horse was put at a brisk gallop, and after a round of some miles the churning was considered to be accomplished.

Smoothing irons were first used in France, and are supposed to have been a French invention, being introduced in the sixteenth century. After the introduction of starch, linens were first made smooth by pressure, being starched and placed between boards. That being found not to give the best results, resort was next had to pressure with a cold flatiron, and finally the iron was heated to impart the polish now considered indispensable.

Tongs were said to have been invented in China, B. C. 1122, but representations of them have been found on the Egyptian monuments B. C. 2200. In India they are claimed as in use B. C. 900, and their principal employment in that country where fires during most of the year are superfluous, was to facilitate the handling of dead bodies in the funeral pyres. Seventy pairs of tongs, some bronze, some iron, have been taken from the ruins of Pompeii.

Individual plates for table use were unknown to the ancients, who held their meat in their hands or employed the flat wheaten cakes then made on which to hold their victuals. They are first mentioned in A. D. 600, as used by the luxurious on the Continent, and in the ninth century they had come into common use, both in England and on the Continent. They were made of wood or some kind of earthenware, the former material being preferred because it did not dull the knives.

The cups of the Assyrians closely resemble our saucers. Every nobleman and gentleman had his own cup and cupbearer, the latter of whom always accompanied him to a feast, carrying before him the cup of gold, silver, crystal, or marble, which the master only used on state occasions. Saucers for cups were introduced in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and at first were greatly ridiculed, the persons who employed them being said not to be able to drink without having two cups.

—New York Commercial Advertiser.

LIFTED OVER.

As tender mothers guiding baby steps,
When places come at which the tiny feet
Would trip, lift up the little ones in arms
Of love, and set them down beyond the harm,
So did our Father watch the precious boy,
Led o'er the stones by me, who stumbled oft
Myself, but strove to help my darling on.
He saw the sweet limbs faltering, and saw
Rough ways before us, when my arms would fail,
So reached from heaven, and lifting the dear child
Who smiled in loving me, He put him down
Beyond all hurt, beyond my sight, and bade
Him wait for me! Shall I not then be glad,
And thanking God, press on to overtake?

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

Last Thursday Edward C. Black and Miss Daisy E. Hamer surprised their friends by being quietly married. Taking the train to Lewistown that afternoon they were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by Rev. C. G. Kindred, returning the same evening. They will make their home in Vermont. The best wishes of their friends will accompany them as they enter upon the duties of the new life.

Feb. 13. 1896

Here Are Your Gem and Flower.

January—The garnet and snowdrop, symbolic of constancy, true friendship, fidelity and purity.

February—The amethyst and primrose; sincerity, freedom from care and strife.

March—The bloodstone and violets; strength, wisdom, bravery and love.

April—The diamond and daisy; innocence, purity and peace.

May—The emerald and hawthorn; immortality and a happy domestic life.

June—An agate and honeysuckle; health, wealth, a long and happy life.

July—The ruby and water lily; charity, dignity and faith in love.

August—The sardonyx and poppy; conjugal love and good fortune.

September—Sapphire and morning glory; equanimity and peace of mind, protection against envy and treachery.

October—The opal and hops; hope, purity and courage.

November—The topaz and chrysanthemum; fidelity in friendship and love.

December—Turquoise and holly; prosperity, success, fortune and fame.

HOLY SHRINE, JOSS HOUSE.

CHINESE JOSS HOUSE.

We present our readers in this issue with an engraving of the interior of a Chinese temple, or Joss house, from a photograph taken in Chinatown, San Francisco. The display, and all the different appointments indicate lavish expenditure, and show that these poor creatures are quite sincere in their belief. But they know not what they worship. We can best show our thankful appreciation of the glorious gospel of the ever blessed God by doing all we can to enlighten those who sit in darkness.

THE GOLDEN GATE.

Our cut in the present number represents the celebrated entrance from the Pacific ocean to San Francisco bay; but as we gaze on it, our thoughts may well be directed to that harbor of eternal rest and beauty to which the old ship Zion is rapidly drawing near. Thank God, this is no dream; for the fulfilment of prophecy enables us to sing with truth,

"We've sighted the golden gate."

SUNSET AT GOLDEN GATE.

SELECTED THOUGHTS.

Under all our winters lie flowers.—*Beecher.*

All our dignity lies in our thoughts.
—*Pascal.*

Only he who has a life of his own can help the lives of other men.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Life hath no blessing like a prudent friend.
—*Euripides s.*

The man who pauses on his honesty
Wants little of the villain.—*Martyn.*

Who seeks a friend without a fault remains without one.—*From the Turkish.*

Physic for the most part is nothing else but the substitute of exercise and temperance.
—*Addison.*

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not figures on a dial.—*Bailey.*

My nature is not behind me; it is before me. It is what I can unfold into. That is my true self.—*Beecher.*

The diminutive chains of habit are seldom heavy enough to be felt until they they are too strong to be broken.—*Johnson.*

Think naught a trifle, though it small appears; small sands the mountain, moments make the year and trifles, life.—*Young.*

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles—the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.—*Pope.*

The only worthy end of all learning, of all science, of all life, in fact, is that human beings should love one another better.
—*George Eliot.*

Kind hearts can make December blithe as May.
And in each morrow find a New Year's Day. —*Shelley.*

When we find that others agree with us, we seldom trouble ourselves to confirm that agreement; but when we chance on those that differ with us, we are zealous both to convince and to convert them.—*Colton.*

Work!

BY ALICE CARY.

Down and up, and up and down,
Over and over and over;
Turn in the little seed, dry and brown,
Turn out the bright red clover.
Work, and the sun your work will share,
And the rain in its time will fall;
For Nature, she worketh everywhere,
And the grace of God through all.

With hand on the spade and heart in the sky,
Dress the ground and till it;
Turn in the little seed, brown and dry,
Turn out the golden millet.
Work, and your house shall be duly fed.
Work, and the rest shall be won;
I hold that a man had better be dead
Than alive, when his work is done.

Down and up, and up and down,
On the hill-top, low in the valley;
Turn in the little seed, dry and brown,
Turn out the rose and lily.
Work with a plan, or without a plan,
And your ends they shall be shaped true;
Work, and learn at first-hand like a man—
The best way to know is to do!

Down and up till life shall close,
Ceasing not your praises;
Turn in the wild white winter snows,
Turn out the sweet spring daisies.
Work, and the sun your work will share,
And the rain in its time will fall;
For Nature, she worketh everywhere,
And the grace of God through all.

Mother Goose and Father Gander.

BY SARA BEAUMONT KENNEDY.

Old Mother Goose, that wonder book
Whose rhymes get caught in memory's web
And echo down the fading years—
That book delights my daughter's heart,
And often times she laughs in glee,
And often blots the leaves with tears.

She sits beside me day by day
Upon her little crimson stool,
And reads and sings the merry rhymes;
And the picture of the quaint old dame
Upon the cover of the book
I'm sure she's kissed a thousand times.

"Why did you never marry, dear?"
She said one morning to the crone,
With wistful, childish candor;
"I wish you had, 'cause then we'd have
Some little gosling books, besides
A nice old Father Gander!"

—*Frank Leslie's Pleasant Hours.*

HONOLULU: Native Grass Hut.

A MOTHER'S ARGUMENT.

The most-to-be-regretted act of my life, says a lieutenant commander in the navy, was a letter which I wrote home to my mother when about seventeen years of age. She always addressed her letters to me as, My dear boy. I felt at that time I was a man, or very near it, and wrote saying that her constant addressing me as a boy made me feel displeased.

I received in reply a letter full of reproaches and tears. Among other things she said: "You might grow to be as big as Goliath, as strong as Samson, and as wise as Solomon; you might become ruler of a nation, or emperor of many nations, and the world might revere you and fear you; but to your devoted mother you would always appear in memory in your innocent, unpretentious, unself-conceited, unpampered babyhood.

"In those days, when I washed, and dressed, and kissed, and worshiped you, you were my idol. Nowadays you are becoming part of a gross world by contact with it, and I cannot bow down to you and worship you. But if there is manhood and maternal love transmitted to you, you will understand that the highest compliment that mother love can pay you is to call you, My dear boy."

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1892.

The morality of Columbus was about like that of thousands of the enterprising citizens of his age. He was probably engaged in piracy at one time. That was common in that day. He had the loosest ideas concerning the married state, and made several ventures in that line. He was, however, a brave navigator and deserves all the honors given him; but to make a saint of him is ridiculous. Piracy, the slave-trade and highway robbery were more or less popular and honorable, and went along with the Inquisition as a religious institution. With five railroad train robberies right before us, we do not feel disposed to be hard on Columbus for following the sea for plunder four hundred years ago.

A HAPPY OCCASION.—Miss Bertha F. Anthony, youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr. C. V. Anthony of Oakland, was married on the 6th inst. to Mr. H. A. Hyde of Santa Cruz. The bride's father, assisted by the Rev. E. R. Willis, officiated. Only relatives and a few life-time friends were present; while absent friends in distant parts of the State sent loving greetings and beautiful wedding gifts. The happy couple started immediately on a bridal tour, to return to Santa Cruz, their future home.

An Amateur Hen.

BY EVA LOVETT CARSON.

A lad I knew—now this is true,
So listen, little boy—
Once had a hen, of black and white,
He loved and watched from morn till night,
But had one pain with his delight,
One drawback to his joy.

His pride was such he wanted much
Some little chicks to pet;
But every coaxing, pleading word
Was wasted on this stubborn bird;
She seemed to think the thing absurd,
And plainly would not set.

He fastened then his wayward hen
Beneath an empty keg;
He tied her on the nest: but still
Her protest sounded sharp and shrill,
He could not force the biddy's will,
Nor make her hatch an egg,

Resolved—he came with cheeks aflame,
And from the closet shelf
His trousers brings. "Mamma," he begs,
"Please sew some feathers on the legs;
I'm going to set on Speckle's eggs,
And hatch them out myself!"

—*Our Little Ones.*

MISPRONOUNCED WORDS.

How many people are there who pronounce any proportion of their words correctly, not merely by reason of clipping and mouthing, but by ignorance of good usage? We find them everywhere, and they lay the accent on the first instead of the second syllable of acclimate, for example. They pronounce the second syllable of acoustics "coo" instead of "cow"; they do not put the accent on the last syllable of adept, as they should; they leave the "u" sound out of buoy; they pronounce duke with the sound of "oo" instead of with the simple long "u"; emphasize the first instead of the second syllable of enervate, and sound the "t" in often. They are astonished to know that precedence has the accent on the second syllable, and placard on the last; that quay is called key; that sough is suf; that the "z" instead of the "s" sound is to be given in sacrifice, and the reverse in rise; that subtile and subtle are two different words; that the last syllable of tortoise is pronounced "tis" instead of "tus"; that it should be used and not "ust"; and that it is not the "zoo" but the zoological gardens where we go to see the chimpan-zee, and not the chimpanzee. It is quite time, we think, when we hear of one of these talkers, for some of the fancy work and fancy studies of the day to be dropped, and a little hard work on the dictionary put in their place.

A Cradle Hymn.

BY ISAAC WATTS.

Hush, my dear! lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed;
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe! thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be
When from heaven he descended,
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle;
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay;
When his birthplace was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

See the kinder shepherds round Him
Telling wonders from the sky;
There they sought him, there they found him,
With his virgin mother by.

See the lovely Babe a-dressing;
Lovely infant, how he smiled!
When he wept, the mother's blessing
Soothed and hushed the Holy Child.

Low he slumbered in his manger,
Where the horned oxen fed.
Peace, my darling! here's no danger;
Here's no oxen near thy bed.

Mayst thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love him all thy days;
Then go dwell forever near him,
See his face and sing his praise!

I could give the thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.

—*Child's Classics.*

Don't Stop at the Station Despair.

We must trust the Conductor, most surely;
Why, millions of millions before
Have made the same journey securely,
And come to that ultimate shore.
And we, we will reach it in season;
And, oh, what a welcome is there!
Reflect, then, how out of all reason
To stop at the station Despair.

Ay, midnights and many a potion
Of little black waters have we
As we journey from ocean to ocean—
From sea unto ultimate sea—
To that deep sea of seas, and all silence
Of passion, concern, and of care,—
That vast sea of Eden-set Islands.
Don't stop at the station Despair!

Go forward, whatever may follow—
Go forward, friend-led or alone:
Ah me! to leap on in some hollow
Or fen, in the night and unknown—
Leap off like a thief; try to hide you
From angels, all waiting you there!
Go forward! whatever betide you,
Don't stop at that station Despair!

—*Joaquin Miller.*

Unguarded Gates.

Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,
Named of the four winds, North, South, East, and West;
Portals that lead to an enchanted land
Of cities, forests, fields of living gold,
Vast prairies, lordly summits touched with snow,
Majestic rivers sweeping proudly past
The Arab's date-palm and the Norseman's pine—
A realm wherein are fruits of every zone,
Airs of all climes, for lo! throughout the year
The red rose blossoms somewhere—a rich land,
A later Eden planted in the wilds,
With not an inch of earth within its bound
But if a slave's foot press it sets him free!
Here, it is written, Toil shall have its wage,
And Honor honor, and the humblest man
Stand level with the highest in the law.
Of such a land have men in dungeons dreamed,
And with the vision brightening in their eyes
Gone smiling to the fagot and the sword.

Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,
And through them presses a wild, motley throng—
Men from the Volga and the Tartar steppes,
Featureless figures of the Hoang-Ho,
Malayan, Scythian, Teuton, Kelt, and Slav,
Flying the Old World's poverty and scorn;
These bringing with them unknown gods and rites,
Those, tiger passions, here to stretch their claws.
In street and alley what strange tongues are these,
Accents of menace alien to our air,
Voices that once the Tower of Babel knew!
O Liberty, white Goddess! is it well
To leave the gates unguarded? On thy breast
Fold Sorrow's children, soothe the hurts of fate,
Lift the down-trodden, but with hand of steel
Stay those who to thy sacred portals come
To waste the gifts of freedom. Have a care
Lest from thy brow the clustered stars be torn
And trampled in the dust. For so of old
The thronging Goth and Vandal trampled Rome,
And where the temples of the Cæsars stood
The lean wolf unmolested made her lair.

—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich in July Atlantic.*

A TOUCHING RESIGNATION.—Once a minister paid a visit to a deaf and dumb asylum in London for the purpose of examining the children. On this occasion a little boy was asked: "Who made this world?" The boy took the chalk and wrote underneath the question: "In the beginning God created the heaven and earth." The minister then inquired in a similar manner, "Why did Jesus Christ come into the world." A smile of delight and gratitude rested upon the countenance of the little fellow as he wrote: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." A third question was then proposed, eminently adapted to call his most powerful feelings into exercise: "Why were you born deaf and dumb, while I can hear and speak?" "Never," said an eye witness, "shall I forget the look of resignation and chastened sorrow which sat on his countenance as he took up the chalk and wrote: 'Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight.'"—*Young Churchman.*

The Seed and the Fruit.

'Tis not its blood that bursts the vine
When in the press it's trampled on,
But healing sacramental wine,
The Holy Grail—the cup divine—
Christ's life, free given for our own.

'Tis not with angry strokes, but kind,
The sculptor hews the marble stone;
His blows their scars, if we will mind,
But loose the angel there confined—
An angel from a shapeless stone!

'Twas not in wrath the psalmist old
His hand, inspired, swept o'er the strings,
And vexed his harp with beatings bold;
A purer, holier, music rolled
E'en from its sharpest quiverings.

And thus in all the world's great round,
When we its meaning full divine—
From fiercest twangs the sweetest sound;
By sharpest strokes the soul unbound;
From sorest bruise the sweetest wine.

So to the faith now tossed with fear
All seeming ills shall prove to be
Each one the seed of harvest near;
"Though Christ was dead he is not here."
There needs the cross, the funeral bier,
Ere we the resurrection see.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

THE ORIGIN OF VISITING-CARDS.—It is said that we owe the invention of visiting-cards to the Chinese, and that even so long ago as the Tong dynasty (918–907) visiting cards were used in China. No nation observes so strictly the ceremonies in regard to the paying of visits as the Chinese do, but the cards they use for this purpose are very different from our dainty bits of white paper, being large enough to fold twice, and of a bright red color.

Whittier—In Memoriam.

Thou spirit ! who in spirit and in truth
Didst worship utterly the unseen God;
Thine age the blossom of a stainless youth;
Thy soul the star that swings above the sod.
No prayer to heaven ever lighter rose
Than thy pure life, escaped, ariseth now.
Thou hushest like a chord unto its close,
Thou ceasest as the Amen to a vow.

Sacred the passion-flower of thy fame.
To thee, obedient, "Write," the Angel saith.
Proudly life's holiest hopes preserve thy name,
Thou poet of the people's Christian faith.
Master of song ! Our idler verse shall burn
With shame before thee, Beauty dedicate !
Prophet of God ! We write upon thine urn,
Who, being Genius, held it consecrate :

To starving spirits, needing heavenly bread—
The bond or free, with wrong or right at strife;
To quiet tears of mourners comforted
By music set unto eternal life.
These are thine ushers at the Silent Gate;
To these appealing, thee we give in trust,
Glad heart ! Forgive unto us, desolate,
The sob with which we leave thy sacred dust !

—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in November Atlantic.

FRANKLIN'S TOAST.—At a state dinner somewhere, a Frenchman was called on for a toast, and he gave in substance this: "France, may she be like the moon, dispelling darkness by her benignant light."

An Englishman was next called on, and he gave this. "England, may she be like the sun, the joy and strength of the earth."

And then Franklin, as an American, was called on for a toast, and he gave this: "America, may she be like Joshua, who commanded the sun and the moon to stand still, and they obeyed him."

It is grander to be a true man like Joshua—Jehovah's help—than to be moon or sun in all their glory.

SOME PRONUNCIATIONS.

Here are some curious pronunciations (all of names in England), which we give for the benefit of the younger readers of the METHODIST ADVOCATE, but are commended to the older as well:

Abergavenny is pronounced Abergenny.

Beauchamp is pronounced Beecham.

Brougham is pronounced Broom.

Bulwer is pronounced Buller.

Cholmondeley is pronounced Chumley.

Cirencester is pronounced Sissister.

Cockburn is pronounced Cobun.

Grosvenor is pronounced Grovenor.

Hawarden is pronounced Harden.

Holborn is pronounced Hobun.

Knollys is pronounced Knowles.

Wemyss is pronounced Weems.

Taliaferro is pronounced Tolliver.

Thames is pronounced Tems.

A MUSEUM OF JOURNALS.

Half a Million Newspapers Collected in a German Town.

A museum of journals at Aix-la-Chapelle, Germany, founded in 1886 by M. Oscar Forkenbeck, is said to contain already 500,000 journals in all languages. The founder devoted his whole fortune for forty years to the acquisition of rare and curious specimens, and to subscriptions to journals in all parts of the globe. He received and read every day a considerable number of papers in thirty different languages. Having started the museum with 10,000 full collections, he addressed a circular letter to the press of the globe asking co-operation in his enterprise, and a large number of journals responded favorably.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

FADED.

The similes used by children are often so flavored by a delicious honesty that they become anything but complimentary to those to whom they are applied.

A lady, somewhere in the thirties, had an enthusiastic admirer in a little boy of ten. He followed her about with unwearying devotion, and made her many a pretty speech, bashful but fervent.

One evening she came downstairs ready for a walk, with a fleecy white shawl thrown over her head. Its soft folds proved very becoming to the face, bringing out its best characteristics, and softening incipient wrinkles. The little boy was waiting at the foot of the stairs, and when his friend appeared he started forward to meet her.

"O Miss Helen," he cried, clasping his hands, "you look like an angel!"

Then, as she paused still further, and the bright light of the chandelier disclosed the fact that she had by no means the aspect of immortal youth, the child added, innocently, "A worn-out angel!"

SONS OF CLERGYMEN.

Here is a list of English poets that were the sons of clergymen: Joseph Addison, James Thompson, Oliver Goldsmith, William Cowper, Leigh Hunt, James Montgomery, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Matthew Arnold, William M. Thackeray and Alfred Tennyson.

Of these, Addison, Goldsmith, Arnold and Thackeray are as well or better known by their prose as by their poetical writings.

Among daughters of clergymen who rank as poets are Joanna Baillie and Mrs. Tighe. This list is by no means complete, but is compiled from the reading of the past summer.

Little Things.

A good-by kiss is a little thing,
With your hand on the door to go;
But it takes the venom out of the sting
Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling
That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare
After the toil of the day,
But it smooths the furrows out of the care
And lines on the forehead you once called fair,
In the years that have flown away.

'Tis a little thing to say, "You are kind,"
"I love you, my dear," each night;
But it sends a thrill through the heart, I find;
For love is tender, as love is blind,
As we climb life's rugged height.

We starve each other for love's caress;
We take, but we do not give;
It seems so easy some soul to bless;
But we dole love grudgingly, less and less,
Till 'tis bitter and hard to live.

—Union Signal.

"That old building was erected in 1850 by Andrew Trust," said a member whose hobby is early local history. "It was not the first building erected on Front St. The first one was the Moore residence, now located below the City Hall. After that was built a building was erected by John Elden. I think the Trust building was probably the third or fourth put up. Lumber then cost $60 a thousand. Men could earn ten dollars a day as easily as they now earn ten cents; labor was high in those good old days. The two oldest houses on Beach Hill are those occupied by Mrs. Hardy and Jo Roberts. The one in which is the former was built in '47, while the house in which Jo lives was erected in '48 or '49. Jo has lived in it for thirty-six years. Some of the redwood in the old Trust building is almost as good as new, which shows the durability of the wood."

PRICES IN YE OLDEN TIME.

Necessities Were High and Present Luxuries Unknown.

In 1690-92 butter sold in New England at 4d. per pound; pork, £3 per barrel; beef, 36s. per barrel; rum, 2s. per gallon; sugar, £12 per hogshead, and in 1694 at 3½d. per pound. In 1700 salmon was 1d. per pound; cide, 6s. to 7s. per gallon. Wheat was worth 5s. per bushel in 1699; 4s. in 1698. In 1712 a quintal of cod was £1 6s.; butter, 10d. per pound, or the price at present; tobacco, 6d. per pound; pork, 2d. per pound. In 1717 cinnamon was 14s. per pound; nutmegs, 20s. per pound; cloves, 20s. per pound. In 1718 cheese was 5d. per pound. In 1783 rice was 3d. per pound; sugar, 8d. per pound; tea, 5s. 10d. per pound; molasses, 8d. per quart; eggs, 4d. to 8d. per dozen; lemons, 3d. apiece. Carpenters had war wages, or £1 2s. per day; laborers, £1 1s. 6d. per day. In 1786 butter was 5s. per pound; in 1787, 8d.; potatoes, 1s. per bushel; oats, 2s. per bushel; cotton, 3s. per pound. In 1787 labor was cheap, blacksmiths having 3s. 9d. per day; carpenters, 3s. 2d. per day; laborers, 5s. per day. Potatoes were 1s. per bushel; butter, 8d. per pound; cheese, 5d. per pound. In 1788 Bohea tea was 3s. per pound; tobacco, 6d. per pound; milk, 2s. per quart; pork, 8d. per pound. In 1789 coffee was 10d. per pound; Indian corn, 3s. 2d. per bushel.—*American Grocer.*

THE LARGEST GOLD NUGGET.

Louis Blanding, a recognized authority on anything pertaining to gold or California history, says that the generally accepted statement that the largest gold nugget ever found on the Pacific Slope was worth but $21,000, is an erroneous one. He says that J. J. Finney found a lump of gold about six miles from Downieville, Sierra county, California, on the 21st day of August, 1857, that weighed a fraction over 5,000 ounces. Gold at that time was worth about $18 an ounce, which would make the value of that single lump something like $90,000. Blanding further says that there is no doubt that this nugget was the largest piece of gold ever found. The next largest was from the Ballarat (Australia) gold field, and was worth $60,000.

THE FIRST PIANO.

We republish the following relative to the first piano in California. It may bring forth other information of value:

ST. HELENA, Nov, 22, 1877.

MR. EDITOR:—In one of the late numbers of THE PIONEER, you make mention of a concert given in San Francisco 22d June, 1849, by Stephen C. Massett. "The piano was kindly loaned by Mr. E. Harrison, the Collector of the Port, and was the only one in the country."

In looking over some of my old letters which came into my possession while on a visit to my native State (Louisiana) in 1862, I make the following extracts:

SAN FRANCISCO, ALTA CAL., March 6th, 1847.

MY DEAR BROTHER:— * * * My last letter to mother was dated Yerba Buena. Since then the name of our town has been changed to San Francisco. * * You would be astonished to see so much civilization as is in this country. Among other things there are four pianos, and every lady (native Californian) in California, either plays the guitar or harp. I had some books and music sent me from the ship *Independence*, which lies at Monterey.

Your loving sister, —— ——

SAN FRANCISCO, ALTA CAL., July 21st, 1847.

MY DEAR MOTHER:— * * There are several vessels of war in port. The *Columbus*, under Commodore Biddle, the *Independence*, Commodore Shubrick, the *Congress* and several others. Commodore Shubrick called this morning and presented me with a bunch of flowers. I afterwards went round to a friends and played the piano for him. Your loving daughter, —— ——

SAN FRANCISCO, June 10th, 1849.

MY DEAR MOTHER:— * * My long wished for piano has at last arrived. Capt. Bezar Simmons brought one out for his wife, who unfortunately contracted the Panama fever en route, which proved fatal. The Captain offered the piano for sale at cost, unpacked, and Mr. G. purchased it.

Your devoted daughter, —— ——

Which piano, by the way Mr. Editor, is now in my possession.

Among the many old pioneers I met at the barbecue in San Jose September 8th, 1877, was Mr. Martin of Gilroy, who is noted for his remarkable memory. As soon as my name was mentioned to him he said, "Mrs. ——, do you remember the first time I ever met you?" "No, sir." "Well, in 1846, I went to Sonoma to get recruits, and Lieutenant Maury invited me to go to Gen. Vallejo's to call on an American lady. You played the piano for me. Those tunes I never forgot."

I am aware that it matters not, so far as the interest of the present generation is concerned, whether there was one or one hundred pianos in California at the time Mr. Massett gave his concert, but in vindication of the truth of history, it is proper that such mistakes as the above should be rectified. '49ER.

THE OLD MISSIONS.

The old missions of California were founded in the following order: The first was founded by Father Junipero Serra and Father Palou at San Diego, July 16, 1769; San Carlos de Monterey at Monterey, June 3, 1770, and one year later removed to Carmel: San Antonio de Padua, July 14, 1771; San Gabriel, September 8, 1771; San Luis Obispo, September 1, 1772: Mission de las Dolores, San Francisco, October 9, 1776; San Juan Capistrano, November 1, 1776; Santa Clara, January 12, 1777. The last mission founded by Father Serra was that of San Buenaventura, March 31, 1782. After the death of Father Serra, in 1784, the following named missions were established: Santa Barbara, December 4, 1786; La Purissima Concepcion, December 8, 1787; Santa Cruz, August 28, 1791; Nuestra Senora de la Soledad, October 9, 1797; San Jose, June 11, 1797; San Juan Bautista, June 24, 1797; San Miguel, July 25, 1797; San Fernando Rey, September 8, 1798; San Luis Rey, June 13, 1798; Santa Ynez, September 17, 1804: San Rafael, December 4, 1817; San Francisco de Solano de Sonoma, April 25, 1820.

Mr. E. L. Williams of Santa Cruz has the honor of being the first Notary Public appointed by Gov. Burnett, the first Governor of California. Mr. Williams is an "old timer" and has had varied experiences during his early life in this State. THE PIONEER hopes to hear something from his able pen to present our readers, which we know can not fail to interest them.

1894 MARRIED.

GUNZENDORFER—SCHWARTZ—In Santa Cruz, Sept. 9th, by Rev J. Nieto, Abe B. Gunzendorfer of Monterey to Bertha Schwartz of Santa Cruz.

MARRIED. 1894

HERRING—CASE—In this city, June 14th, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. Edgar Leavitt, Fred D. Herring to Miss M. Luella Case, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rollin Case.

CHAPMAN—SCHULTZ—In Watsonville June 19th, by Rev. T. M. Boyd, Wm. B. Chapman to Mrs. Emma Schultz, both of Watsonville.

DOLLY'S LESSON.

Come here, you nigoramus!
I'm 'shamed to have to 'fess
You don't know any letter,
'Cept just your cookie S.

Now listen, and I'll tell you—
This round hole's name is O,
And when you put a tail in,
It makes it Q, you know.

And if it has a front door
To walk in at, it's C.
Then take a seat right here
To sit on, and it's G.

And this tall letter, Dolly,
Is I, and stands for me;
And when it puts a hat on,
It makes a cup o' T.

And curly I is J, dear,
And half of B is P;
And E without his slippers on
Is only F, you see!

You turn A upside downward,
And people call it V;
And if it's twins, like this one,
W 'twill be.

Now, dolly, when you learn 'em,
You'll know a great big heap—
Most much's I—O *dolly!*
I b'lieve you've gone asleep!

—The Youth's Compan

TO HER ABSENT SAILOR.

Her window opens to the bay,
On glistening light or misty gray,
And there at dawn and set of day
In prayer she kneels.
'Dear Lord!" she saith, "to many a home
From wind and wave the wanderers come;
I only see the tossing foam
Of stranger keels.

"Blown out and in by summer gales,
The stately ships with crowded sails
And sailors leaning o'er their rails,
Before me glide;
They come, they go, but nevermore,
Spice-laden from the Indian shore,
I see his swift-winged Isidore
The waves divide.

"O thou! with whom the night is day
And one the near and far away,
Look out on yon gray waste, and say
Where lingers he?
Alive, perchance, on some lone beach
Or thirsty isle beyond the reach
Of man, he hears mocking speech
Of wind and sea.

"O dread and cruel deep, reveal
The secret which thy waves conceal,
And, ye wild sea-birds, hither wheel
And tell your tale.
Let winds that tossed his raven hair
A message from my lost one bear—
Some thought of me, a last fond prayer
Or dying wail!

"Come, with your dreariest truth shut out
The fears that haunt me round about;
O God! I can not bear this doubt
That stifles breath.
The worst is better than the dread;
Give me but leave to mourn my dead
Asleep in trust and hope, instead
Of life in death!"

I might have been the evening breeze
That whispered in the garden trees,
It might have been the sound of seas
That rose and fell;
But, with her heart, if not her ear,
The old loved voice she seemed to hear:
"I wait to meet thee; be of cheer,
For all is well!"

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

TWO DREAMS.

Two dreams came down to earth one night
From the realm of mist and dew;
One was a dream of the old, old days,
And one was a dream of the new.

One was a dream of the shady lane
That led to the pickerel pond,
Where the willows and rushes bowed themselves
To the brown old hills beyond.

And the people that peopled the old-time dream
Were pleasant and fair to see,
And the dreamer he walked with them again
As often of old walked he.

Oh, cool was the wind in the shady lane
That tangled his curly hair!
Oh, sweet was the music the robins made
To the springtime everywhere!

Was it the dew the dream had brought
From yonder midnight skies,
Or was it tears from the dear dead years
That lay in the dreamer's eyes?

The other dream ran fast and free,
As the moon benignly shed
Her golden grace on the smiling face
In the little trundle bed.

For 'twas a dream of time to come,
Of the glorious noon of day,
Of the summer that follows the careless spring,
When the child is done with play.

And 'twas a dream of the busy world,
Where valorous deeds are done:
Of battles fought in the cause of right,
And of victories nobly won.

It breathed no breath of the dear old home
And the quiet joys of youth:
It gave no glimpse of the good old friends,
Or the old-time faith and truth.

But 'twas a dream of youthful hopes,
And fast and free it ran,
And it told to a little sleeping child
Of a boy become a man.

These were the dreams that came one night
To earth from yonder sky;
These were the dreams two dreamers dreamed,
My little boy and I.

And in our hearts my boy and I
Were glad that it was so:
He loved to dream of days to come,
And I of long ago.

So from our dreams my boy and I
Unwillingly awoke,
But neither of his precious dream
Unto the other spoke.

Yet of the love we bore, those dreams
Gave each his tender sign;
For there was triumph in his eyes
And there were tears in mine.

—Eugene Field, in Chicago Record.

THE FIRST VESSEL.

Although the credit of building the first vessel launched in California waters must be given to the Russians—Monterey claims the second in the shape of a small schooner or goleta, called the *Peores-nada*, built in 1833, by Joaquin Gomez. The ill-fated little bark was lost on a trip to San Francisco, on the bar outside the heads, and with the exception of her hardy captain all on board perished. The schooner *Susannah* takes the next place. She was built at Napa Creek, San Francisco Bay in 1841, by Mr. John Davis of Yerba Buena. She took a cargo of potatoes from Yerba Buena to Mazatlan in 1843, and she and her cargo were then sold.

ANOTHER CONVENTION SURVIVOR.

To the Editor of the Examiner:—In the interest of history I desire to correct the following in a recent issue of *The Examiner*:

"Alameda, June 23—The death of Judge E. O. Crosby recalls the fact that there is not now living a single member of the first Constitutional Convention of California."

Joseph Aram, whose name heads the list of delegates of that memorable body is an honored member of this community, residing at the southeast corner of Seventh and Washington streets, this city. J. Q. A. Ballon.

San Jose, June 25.

[And a member of our pioneer society.—Eds.]

ANOTHER PIONEER GONE.

"Old Ben Butler," the monster seal always to be seen at the Cliff House, was washed up by the tide a few days since, stone dead. Various theories as to the cause of his death have been advanced—that he fell off the rocks and was drowned, or got his feet wet and had pneumonia; but Benjamin probably died of old age, as he was known to have lived near the Golden Gate for about fifty years. He weighed considerably over a ton, and his hide will be stuffed and set up at the Sutro Baths.

ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

Assist me, Muse divine! to sing the morn
On which the Savior of mankind was born;
But, oh! what numbers to the theme can rise?
Unless kind angels aid me from the skies.

—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

COLLECTIONS OF RARE SMOKING PIPES.

Workmen Employed to Smoke Meerschaums and Keep Their Color Up to Date.

ONE of the first handicrafts of man, according to learned ethnologists, was the construction of the smoking pipe. And among the various examples of prehistoric workmanship that have been discovered, a pipe of some kind has invariably been found. The most primitive pipe, however, was so constructed that only its tradition could be handed down to posterity. In some parts of the world to-day, particularly in Africa, a number of tribes still fashion their pipes after the pattern of the prehistoric age.

This style of pipe is made by scooping out a conical hole in the earth, or sand, and a longitudinal aperture obliquely at about a foot distant to meet the conical hole, which is the receptacle for the tobacco, thus forming in the earth a perfect connection. The smoker lies on his stomach, puts his mouth to the aperture and in this way smokes the tobacco.

Pipes of this sort, of course, are not found in collections, but stone, jade, clay, metal, ivory and wood pipes have been carefully collected in recent years. Perhaps the greatest collector of pipes was the Englishman, Captain Bragge, whose collection was exhibited at the Crystal Palace in London, and is now in the British Museum. It contained 4000 specimens gathered from all countries and all ages. The Icelander and the Patagonian were represented. There were also clay, stone and copper pipes of the mound builders of the North American aborigines; jade and silver pipes of the Aztecs, catlinite or pipestone pipes of the Indians of America from the most ancient to the time of Yellow Hammer; hookahs from Turkey, Egypt and Persia; metal pipes from China, India and Thibet; dainty gold and silver pipes from Japan and Corea; corosso nut pipes from Australia and New Zealand, and mastodon ivory pipes from Kamchatka, Alaska, and Siberia; bog oaks from Ireland; dudheens from Scotland and England; carved pipes from Scandinavia, and the finest of carved meerschaums from France, Germany and Austria, with some examples of Kaldenberg's from New York.

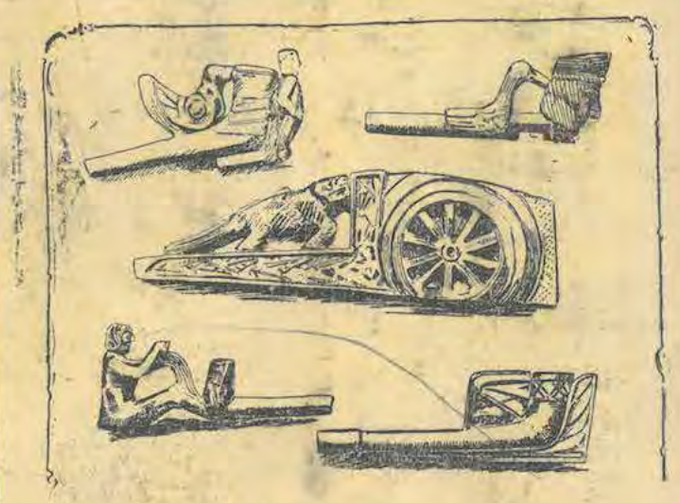
Captain Bragge spared neither pains nor expense to make his collection the most complete in the world. In order to keep it in good condition he employed a number of workmen to smoke the meerschaums to preserve their color up to date and oil and polish the briars.

In New York are a number of wealthy collectors of pipes, who find delight in adding to their treasures from year to year whenever they can find specimens of curios of artistic or historical interest. One of the most notable collections in this city, in which are about 1800 specimens, is owned by Walter Tonnele, a well-to-do New Yorker, who began to gratify his taste in this direction twelve years ago during his travels in Europe. Mr. Tonnele is an art photographer, who makes a specialty of reproducing the color value of paintings, but finds time at all seasons to add to his exceedingly valuable and unique collection. Most of the specimens have been gathered in this country.

Mr. Tonnele became interested in pipes through collecting the French clay pipes, the popular pipes of the day in France, where almost every prominent Frenchman has been represented in a cheap clay pipe. During the revolutions of 1848 and of 1871 the adherents of the various parties showed their affiliations by smoking these pipes. One of them represents Napoleon Bonaparte as a child, with a big head in the grasp of the Russian bear being squeezed to death.

Among the fine meerschaums in this collection are a number of old German pipes, of square form. On one of them are presented the bodies of three deer intertwined into one head. On the socket of the pipe is a beautifully carved mermaid. On another meerschaum are carved a lion and a snake, the latter about six inches long, the tail running out into the stem. The lion has his paw on the snake, which is striking at him and is coiled around his body forming the bowl of the pipe. Of Indian pipes there is the red catlinite pipe of the Sioux tribe. It has the ordinary Indian shape and is inlaid with stars of lead. Several pipes have effigies of animals, bears principally, and some have one or two human figures, which are seldom seen in catlinites. A tomahawk pipe bears the fleur de lis of France. It is supposed to have been given to an Indian chief during the French and Indian war. Most ingeniously carved are the blackstone pipes of the Northwest tribes. One of them, the finest in the collection, is about eighteen inches long, and every part of it is an intricate mass of all sorts of figures and animals. The ivory pipes of the Alaska tribes are made of walrus tusk. They are prettily covered with etchings in black, representing hunting scenes, captures of whales, etc.

The African pipes in the collection, particularly those of the Zulus, are made from curved horn with bowls of green stone. The African fills the horn with water and inserts the whole face into the top of the horn and in that way draws up the smoke. An interesting pipe is the bamboo pipe of the South Sea islands. It is fashioned out of a piece of bamboo about three feet long and four inches in diameter. The top and bottom are closed, with the exception of a small orifice as large as the finger. The head man of the tribe inserts a roll of tobacco in this hole and blows the smoke into the bamboo until the pipe is full. He covers the orifice with his finger, and each native of the tribe is allowed to take a whiff. The smoke is said to undergo some chemical change and to produce absolute intoxication. Another interesting series of pipes were modeled by a Swiss in New York and caricature well-known men—Ben Butler on spoons, Tweed with distended cheek, Tilden with a wicked wink and Talmage with a cavernous mouth.



TLINKIT—NORTHWEST COAST OF AMERICA.

The Iroquois pipes were found in a grave in Herkimer county, N. Y. They are long clay pipes with curved stems. The bowl invariably represents a fox. The pipes were always broken in three pieces when buried with the dead. There is a legend, by the way, among the Iroquois Indians to the effect that in the early days of the tribe in this State a canoe came down the river bearing two very old men of gigantic stature, who shot arrows at the Indians along the bank. The old men then went into a hut, and while they slept a voice from the clouds told the Indians that if they killed these men a great blessing would ensue to the tribe. So the Indians killed them and burned their bodies, and from their ashes sprang the tobacco plant, which the Iroquois smoke during their invocations to the Great Spirit.

Some of the Japanese pipes are fine works of art. They are all fashioned mostly of metal, usually silver, and are handsomely chased and frequently inlaid with gold. The bowl will hold only a pinch of tobacco. These pinches of tobacco are smoked constantly, but with one whiff of the pipe the smoke is over. The Japanese have a saying that death lurks in the bottom of a European's pipe. The wooden Nuremberg pipes are among the handsomest in the collection. The most expensive one, which is worth $300, is exquisitely carved. The bowl represents an old chair, highbacked and highlegged, and the cover is a pretty girl seated on the chair playing the spinet.

The Turkish hookahs, or water pipes, are very artistic in design. Some are of carved and hammered brass and others are inlaid with turquoise and other semi-precious stones. Most of the stems and mouthpieces are decorated with silver filagree. An example of the Turkish chabou is nine feet long, with the stem in several pieces made to fit together. The stem is covered with velvet. The amber mouthpiece weighs a pound and a half. It is only held against the lips, as it is impossible to get it into the mouth. The bowl of black clay holds half a pound of tobacco. Of course, it is impossible for the smoker to light or move the pipe after getting it started and it has to be filled and lighted by an attendant. The Esquimaux pipes were made by whittling a square piece of drift wood to an obtuse point at one end. Having no way of boring the pipe, the natives split the wood in half and scooped out a hollow on each side. They bound these pieces of wood together with green hide, sealskin probably, and when that dried the pipe was absolutely airtight. Nowadays the mouthpiece is made of an old cartridge with a hole punched through it.

Ogden Goelet's collection of pipes is composed mostly of artistic examples of carved meerschaums. A very curious pipe is fashioned of ivory and has a history connected with the seven years' war of Germany.

Pierre Lorillard owns many pipes. They are mostly meerschaums and straight in design, especially the long

ALASKA PIPES.

NUREMBERG PIPE.

and slender Belgians.

George Gould has added many valuable pipes to his large collection during his recent travels abroad and in this country. He has purchased the best examples he could find and his collection has an artistic as well as a commercial value.

In the collection of D. H. McAlpin Jr. the Abyssinian shape prevails. All his pipes are beautifully colored.

Captain Thomas Cleary, superintendent of the Allen line, is an enthusiastic rider of the pipe hobby and his friends delight in adding to his collection, which fills a large cabinet in his home at Whitestone, L. I. The gem of the collection is a meerschaum of Gothic design, charming in outline and ornamentation. It was purchased in the university town of Jena and must have been designed by some genius of a student. Another curious pipe is a heavy briar smokestack, perhaps one of the first made of this shape, which has now evolved into the famous bull-dog pattern. A notable specimen is an African lion's head, true to life, carved from a piece of briar root.

There are two new collectors in the field who bid fair to outstrip many of their rivals. They are Horatio and John Garrett of Baltimore, who are students at Princeton. Their classmates, in consideration of their hobby, recently presented each of the brothers with a tiger's head carved in meerschaum. The pipes were cut from the same block of meerschaum. The brothers always smoked at the same time, using the same quantity of tobacco so as to keep the pipes of exactly the same color. The pipes can be distinguished apart only by the small silver bands on which are inscribed, respectively, the names of the owners.

R. S. Hotz, the wealthy wagon manufacturer of Chicago, began to make a collection of pipes in 1893 in a curious way. A New York friend brought him a fine briar pipe of imposing size and embellished with exquisite silver ornamentation illustrating Columbus and the World's Fair. Mr. Hotz was so highly pleased with the gift that at once he conceived the idea of forming a collection of pipes. He disposed of a valuable collection of stamps and invested the proceeds in the best specimens of pipes he could find at the World's Fair. Mr. Hotz spent many pleasant evenings on the Midway persuading native Javanese and Egyptians to part with their favorite pipes for a substantial consideration.

SPENCER H. COON.

1894 BORN.

KNAPP—In Santa Cruz, May 25th, to the wife of Wm. T. Knapp, a son.

THE NEW POSTOFFICE.

It is of Modern Design and Convenient For the Public.

An Old Settler Tells of the Postmasters of Other Days—How Times Have Changed.

The old settler was in a reminiscent mood Thursday as he inspected the new Postoffice on Walnut Av. Near by were Senator Burke, who is an expert in postoffice matters and J. T. Sullivan, who was for years in the New York Postoffice. They expressed themselves as being satisfied with the arrangements, and had no criticism to make. This was pleasing to Postmaster Kearney, who has tried to make his office one of convenience to the public by having it fitted up with modern improvements. When two such experts as the gentlemen named express their approval the Postmaster had reason to congratulate himself, for had there been any fault to find they would unhesitatingly have told him.

The old settler interested a group by his history of the Santa Cruz postoffice He remembered the time when the mail was carried by a pony across the mountains to the office situated in Elihu Anthony's store, then located on the corner of Mission and Water Sts. In those days one man could handle the entire mail alone, besides attending to the duties of the store. There was no hurrying of express wagons loaded with mail to place on the train, no carrier delivery or glass boxes.

The old settler told of the time the postoffice was in a small building on Mission St., part of it occupied by one Boynton as a jewelry shop. Silas Felker was then Postmaster. After him came Mrs. Chapo Wilson, the only woman who ever held the office in Santa Cruz. She moved the office to a room on Pacific Av. After her John Brazer was appointed. He had the office in his bookstore on the Lower Plaza. When he moved it to the Odd Fellows' building the upper part of town objected.

"I think the removal of the postoffice," said the old settler, "marked the decadence for business purposes of that part of town near the Lower Plaza. For years Brazer devoted a portion of his store to the office.

"When Wm. F. Cooper became Postmaster the office was moved to the room just vacated. When it was fitted up Santa Cruz was right in the swim, for the office had a home of its own. This was in 1883. Senator Burke succeeded Mr. Cooper. Before Postmaster Kearney was appointed E. C. Williams had the office for a term.

"The necessity of larger quarters shows how Santa Cruz has increased in population. Formerly the location of the postoffice was an important factor in attracting business to the neighboring stores, but I don't think it makes much material difference now, owing to the delivery system. Before that was inaugurated people had to go to the office after their mail. Now it is brought to them."

The new postoffice is modern in design. On either side of the entrance are plate-glass windows. The entrance is spanned by an arch. The woodwork is finished in oak, giving the office a cheerful appearance. On the right are Postmaster Kearney's private office, money order and registry windows. In the center is the general delivery window where Miss Carrie Swank will smilingly hand out mail to those who haven't a box. The window on the left is for the carriers who will deliver mail through it on Sundays and holidays. On the left side of the room are the bronze boxes with glass fronts, five hundred in all. Above it as well as over the different departments are glass partitions.

Inside of the office, where the work is, the furniture is of modern design. It is so arranged as to save time in the delivery of mail. A little room is set apart for the use of the carriers when off duty. A fireproof vault tells where Uncle Sam's money will be safely kept. The alley that runs along the rear of the building affords a side entrance, and will be used by the express wagons when leaving or taking the mails.

Racks for mail bags, desks, tables and other articles necessary to a modern office are all new. Postmaster Kearney and his accommodating deputy, B. Dickinson, as well as the public have reason to be pleased with the new quarters.

COINS WITH QUEER STORIES.

A Five-Franc Piece Bearing the Image of Louis Napoleon.

Coin collectors have interesting objects of search in two coins which belong to the transition period between the French Republic and the Second Empire. One of these, says the American *Statesman*, is an extremely rare coin which was struck off just at the moment of the assumption of the reins of Empire by Napoleon III. Only the die for the obverse or head of a new imperial coin was struck off, which bore the head of and words "Napoleon III, Emperor," on one side, and "French Republic" on the other.

This contradictory coin is of interest to others than numismatists, for it symbolizes in a striking way the many sudden changes which have taken place in French politics in the past century.

With the other coin a singular story is connected. While Louis Napoleon was "Prince President," and just before he made himself Emperor, a decree was issued ordering a five-franc piece to be coined bearing his image.

The dies were made and the coin was struck off as a sample and sent to the Prince President for approval. But some time passed before he examined it. When at last he gave it his attention he was annoyed to find that he had been represented on the coin with a "love lock" or hooked lock of hair on the temple, which he did actually wear at that period, but which he thought unsuitable to so dignified and permanent a representation of himself as an effigy upon a coin.

The Prince President sent for the Director of the Mint and ordered him to remove the "love locks." Then he found that his silence with regard to the piece had been taken for approval and that the stamping of the coins had commenced.

The work was stopped and the image deprived of its undignified lock; but the twenty-three coins that had already been struck off were not destroyed, and are now regarded as of great value.

Curiosities of the Bank of England.

The Bank of England has in its possession a bank note dated December 19, 1699, for £555, says the Ashton *Reporter*. It was printed from an engraved plate, but had blank spaces for the amount, date, number and signature. Across it are written memoranda showing that it was repaid in three installments. In appearance it is not altogether unlike the modern note. In the bank library is another note for £25, which was not presented for 111 years. Another curiosity, said to be unique, is a note for no less than £1,000,000, dated 1782.

To the Editor of "The Examiner"—Sir: I see in the "Answers to Queries" parties from Whipple Barracks, Arizona, asking if there were smaller coins than $1 in gold. I have 25 and 50 cent gold pieces, issued in 1854, in California gold.

I. E. H.

Folsom, Sacramento county, Cal.

(These are some of the private coins issued by the semi-official mints that were maintained by private enterprise in California before the Government mint was in operation.)

AN INDIAN QUEEN.

It is not often that a resident of an American city can meet a real Queen, but the people in Seattle cannot only meet a Queen every day, but they can speak to her if they so desire, provided they are able to talk Chinook. Queen Angeline, the subject of the illustration, is a familiar figure on the streets of Seattle. She is the only surviving daughter of Chief Seattle, the beloved Indian for whom this Washington metropolis was named. The chief died nearly twenty-five years ago. A long time ago, says Leslie's Weekly, when local Indian wars were raging, he showed himself the true friend of the pioneer settler, and for that reason the old settlers hold Angeline in great veneration. Her Indian name is Kick-i-som-lo. She is about 84 years old, and has lived to see her proud tribe—the Duwampsh—dwindle to a mere handful of wandering Siwashes. Queen Angeline lives in a section of Seattle close to the waters of Puget Sound, called "Shantytown." The old settlers have many times entreated her to allow them to provide her with a more comfortable home, but she declines thankfully, and will remain in her homely palace to the end of her days.

QUEEN ANGELINE SUQUAMPSH.

Which Are You?

There are two kinds of people on earth to-day,
Just two kinds of people; no more, I say.
Not the sinner and saint, for 'tis well understood
The good are half bad, and the bad are half good.

Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth
You must first know the state of his conscience and health.
Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span
Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.

Not the happy and sad, for the swift-flying years
Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.
No; the two kinds of people on earth that I mean
Are the people who lift and the people who lean.

Wherever you go, you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes:
And, oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?
Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear
Your portion of labor and worry and care?

—Spelman Messenger.

The Blind Weaver.

A blind boy stood beside the loom
And wove a fabric. To and fro
Beneath his firm and steady touch
He made the busy shuttle go.

And oft the teacher passed that way
And gave the colors, thread by thread;
But by the boy the pattern fair
Was all unseen. Its hues were dead.

"How can you weave?" we, pitying, cried;
The blind boy smiled. "I do my best;
I make the fabric firm and strong,
And one who sees does all the rest."

Oh, happy thought! Beside life's loom
We blindly strive our best to do,
And he who marked the pattern out,
And holds the threads, will make it true.

—Youth's Companion.

"E Pluribus Unum" on Our Coins.

According to the United States mint officials, the words, "E Pluribus Unum," as they appear on our coins, are there without the sanction of law. The legend first appeared upon a copper coin "struck" at the Newburg (N. Y.) mint in the year 1786. The United States was very young at that time and could not afford the luxury of a mint, so a private individual of the name of Brasher opened the Newburg coining establishment with the intention of turning out money of the realm for all comers. Exactly how the words "E Pluribus Unum" came to be used as a motto is not known, but one thing is certain, the Brasher copper coin bearing that legend and the date of 1786 is the most valuable metal disk ever minted on this continent, being worth about $2,000, or twice as much as the famous cave dollar of 1804.

Some time after coining his famous copper with the odd Latin motto as above described Brasher tried his hand on a large sized goldpiece, producing the coin known to the numismatists as "Brasher's twenty." The Brasher "twenty" was not a $20 goldpiece, however, for it lacked $4 of weighing enough, but of late years it has become very scarce and valuable because of the fact that the legend inscribed upon it reads "Unum E Pluribus" instead of "E Pluribus Unum." This coin is now valued at $1,500.—St. Louis Republic.

HOW TO "SALT" ALMONDS.

To prepare salted almonds, blanch them by pouring boiling water over them and rubbing the brown skin off with a rough cloth. When they are blanched and quite dry measure them, and over each cupful of nuts pour a tablespoonful of the best olive oil. Let them stand for an hour, and then sprinkle a tablespoonful of salt over each cupful, mixing it thoroughly. Spread them out on a flat tin pan, and put them in a not too hot oven until they have become a delicate brown.—January *Ladies' Home Journal.*

Curiosities About Coins.

Herodotus says that Croesus was the first ruler to order gold coins made.

In the year 450 B. C. round copper coins were first made. Each weighed 12 ounces.

The most valuable United States cents are those of 1793, 1799, 1804, 1809, 1811, 1815, 1825 and 1827.

The rarest and most valuable United States coin of what is called the "regular Mint series" is the silver dollar of 1804.

A silver half-dime of the year 1802 is worth $30, if in good condition, and from $10 to $25 if in only fair shape.

The only valuable nickel 5-cent piece is that of the year 1877, which the collectors purchase at $1 each.

The little silver 3-cent piece was first coined in 1851. It was discontinued in 1873. One of the first date is worth a dime, one of the last $1.

The face on the silver dollar is that of a young lady residing in Philadelphia. Her name is Anna W. Williams, and she is a teacher of Kindergarten philosophy.

The very oldest coin in the British Museum is an Aeglan piece of the year 700 B. C. It is not dated, of course, dating being a modern innovation, extending back only 600 years.

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.—W. M. Gay.

"Old King Cole;" Statue made of Colorado Coal, and Placed in the Mineral Palace, Pueblo, Colo.


UNITED STATES


UNITED STATES OF COLUMBIA


BRAZIL


CUBA


SAN DOMINGO


MEXICO


HOLLAND


GERMANY


BELGIUM

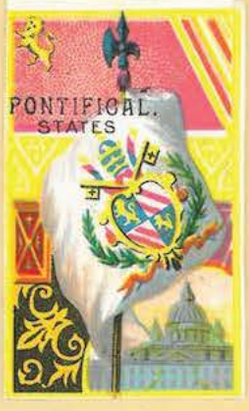

Royal Standard
GREAT BRITAIN


ENGLISH PENNANT
& UNION JACK


IRELAND

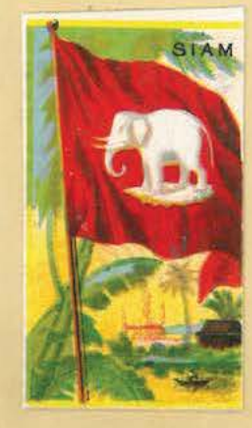

SPAIN


NEW ZEALAND


PONTIFICAL STATES


SWITZERLAND


CHINA


SIAM


TURKEY


EGYPT


UNITED STATES


UNITED STATES OF COLUMBIA


BRAZIL


CUBA


SAN DOMINGO


MEXICO


HOLLAND


GERMANY


BELGIUM


Royal Standard
GREAT BRITAIN


&UNION JACK


IRELAND


SPAIN


NEW ZEALAND


PONTIFICAL STATES


SWITZERLAND


CHINA


SIAM


TURKEY


EGYPT


PACK THREAD


J. & P. COATS
50
SIX CORD


J. & P. COATS
50
SIX CORD


J. & P. COATS
50
SIX CORD

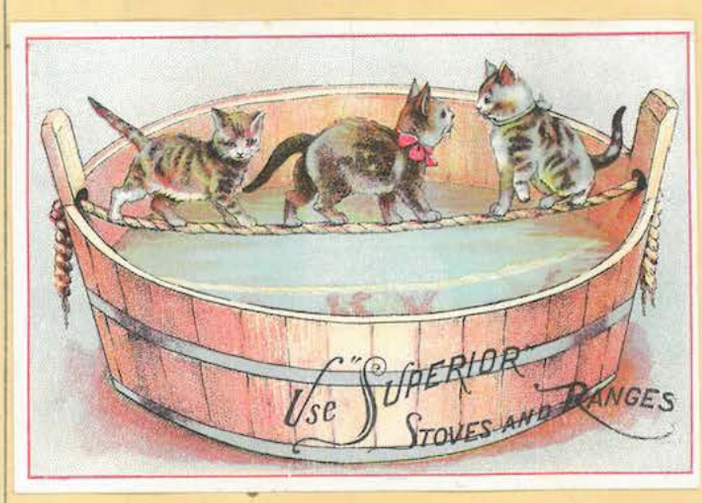

Use "Superior"
Ranges
Stoves and
BRIDGE, BEACH & Co
St Louis Mo.


Use "Superior"
Ranges
BRIDGE, BEACH & Co
St Louis Mo.


Use "Superior"
Ranges
BRIDGE, BEACH & Co
St Louis Mo.


Use "Superior"
Stoves and Ranges


Use "Superior"
Stoves and Ranges
Bridge, Beach & Co
St Louis Mo.

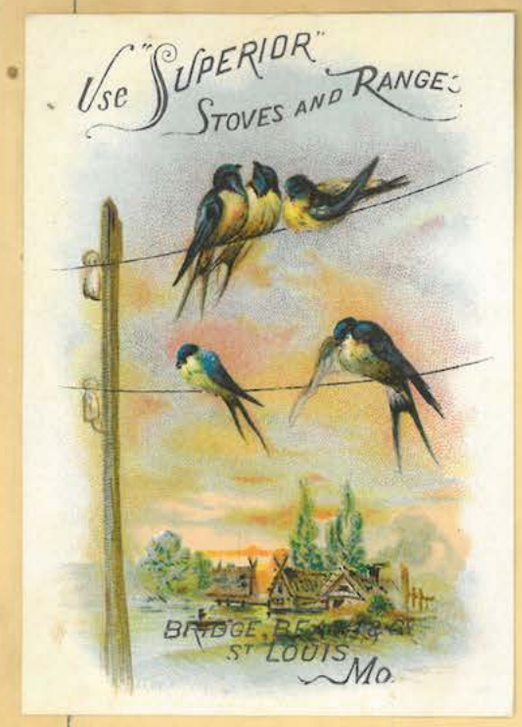

Use "Superior"
Stoves and Ranges


Use "Superior"
Stoves and Ranges
Bridge, Beach & Co
St Louis Mo.


Use "Superior"
Stoves and Ranges


Use "Superior"
Stoves and Ranges
Bridge, Beach & Co
St Louis Mo.

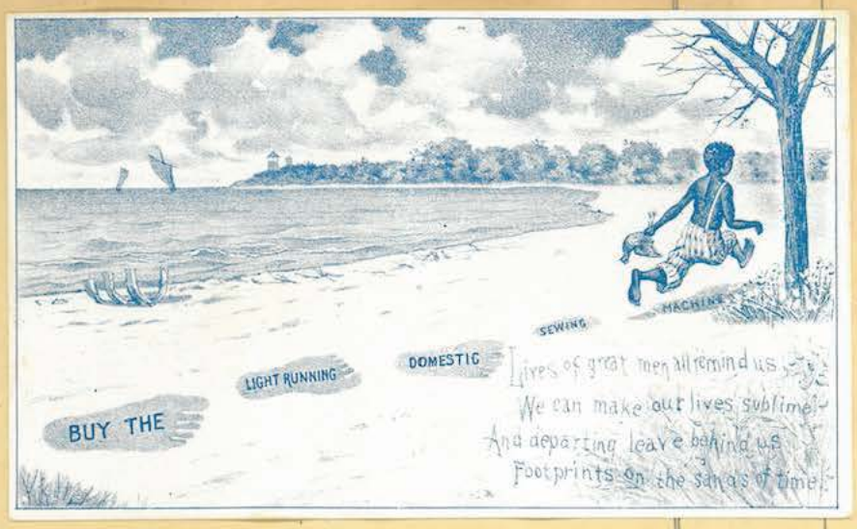

Use "Superior"
Stoves and Ranges
Bridge, Beach & Co
St Louis Mo.


Use "Superior" Stoves and Ranges
Bridge, Beach & Co
St Louis Mo.


Use "Superior" Stoves and Ranges
Bridge, Beach & Co
St Louis Mo.


Use "Superior" Stoves and Ranges
Bridge, Beach & Co
St Louis Mo.


Use "Superior" Stoves and Ranges


BUY THE
LIGHT RUNNING
DOMESTIC
SEWING
MACHINE
Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time


"DOMESTIC"


"DOMESTIC"

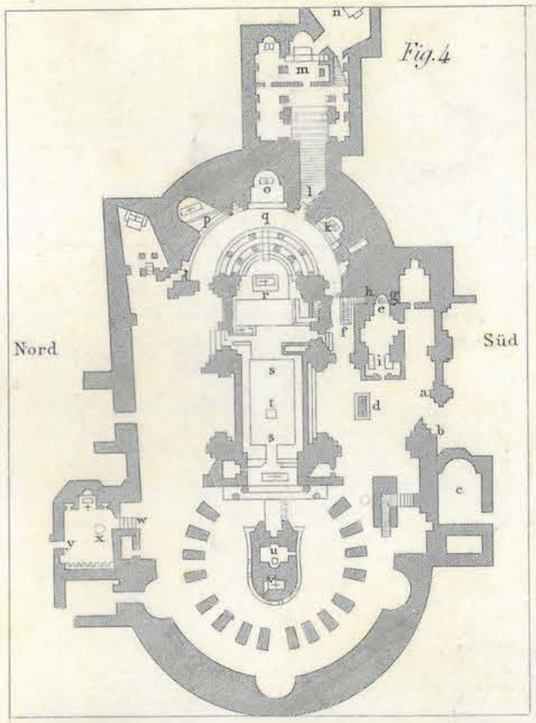


Fig. 4

2

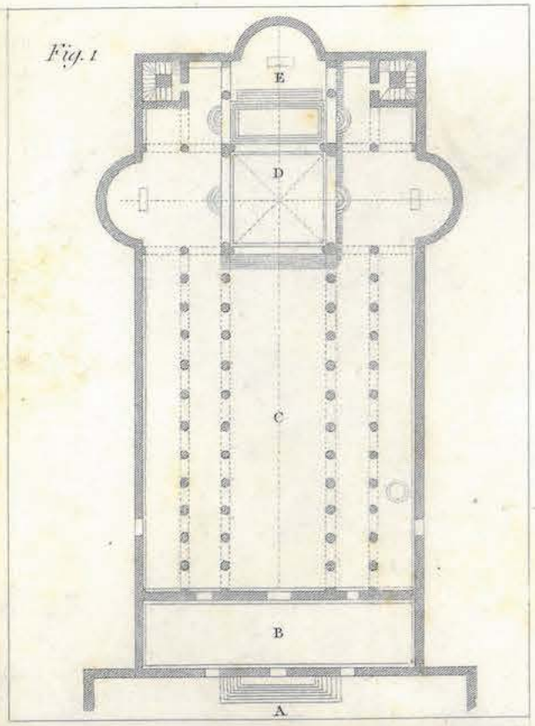
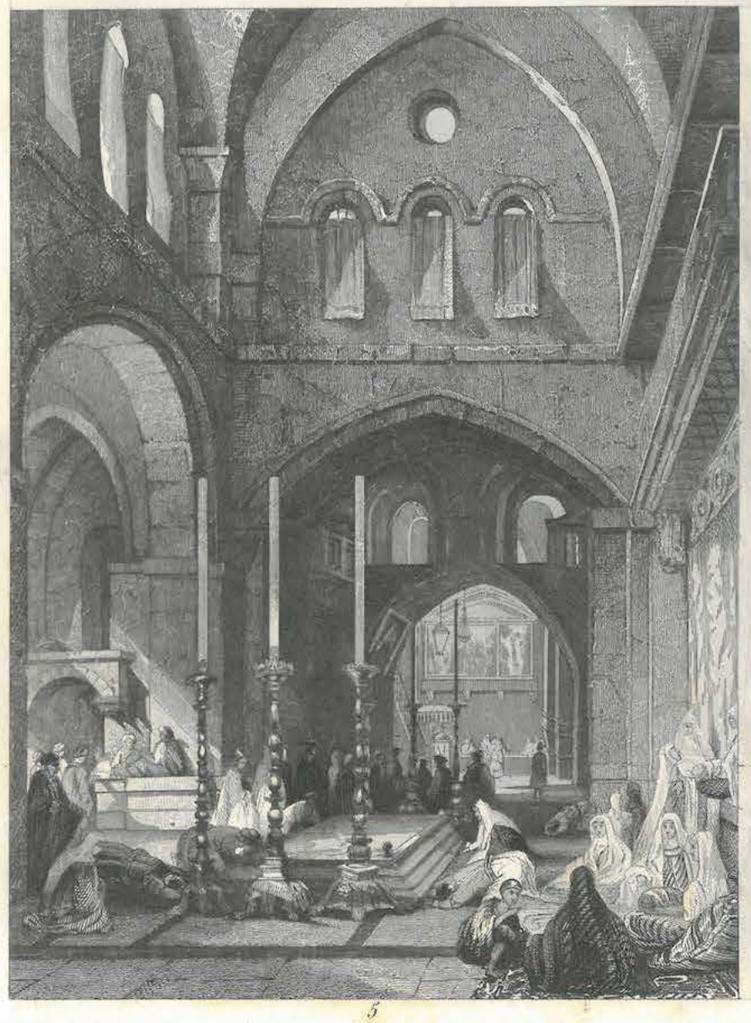


Fig. 1



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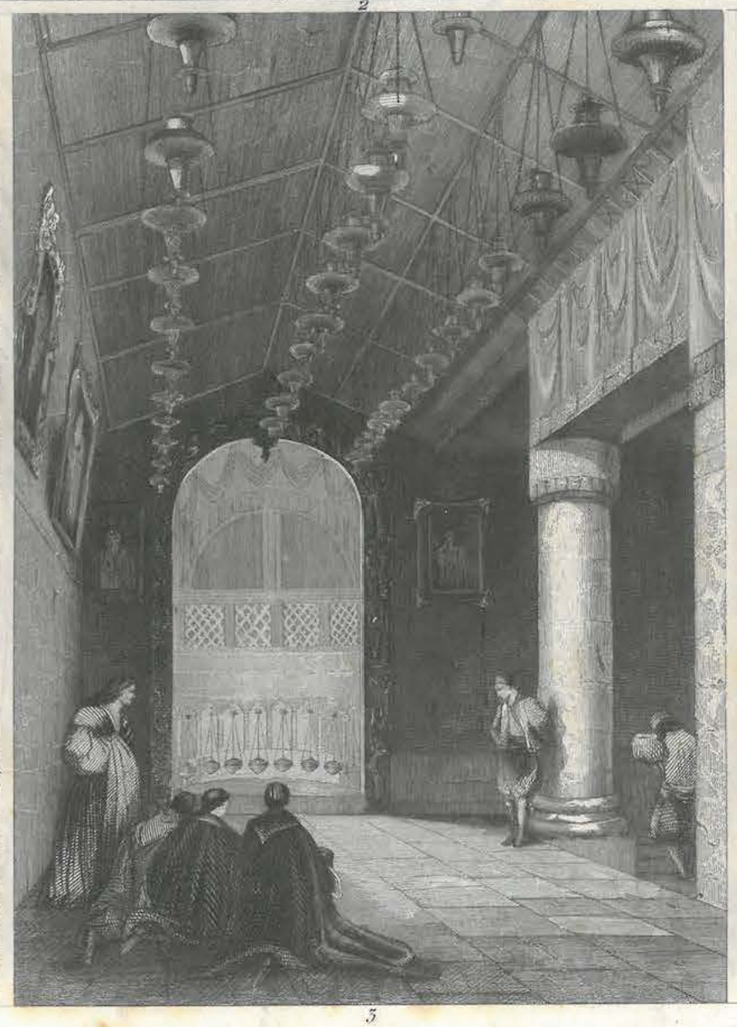
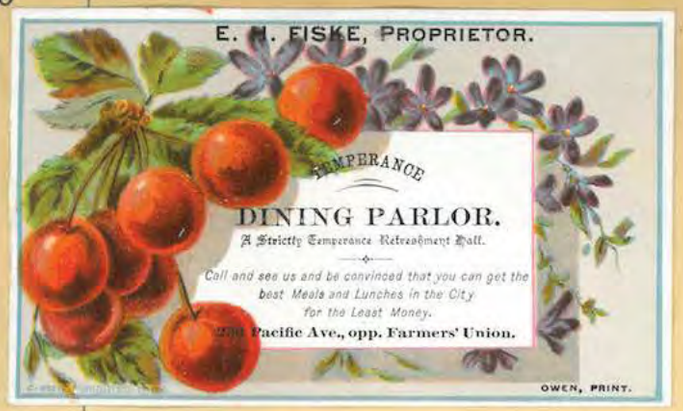


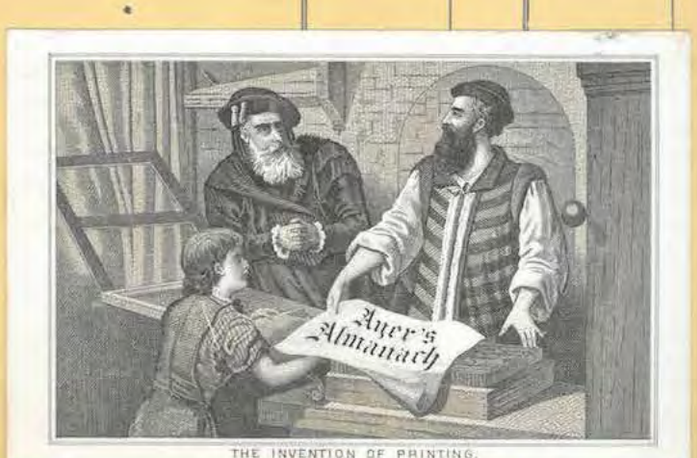
3

6

H. Brooke dir.

Henry Winkles sculp.





THE INVENTION OF PRINTING.

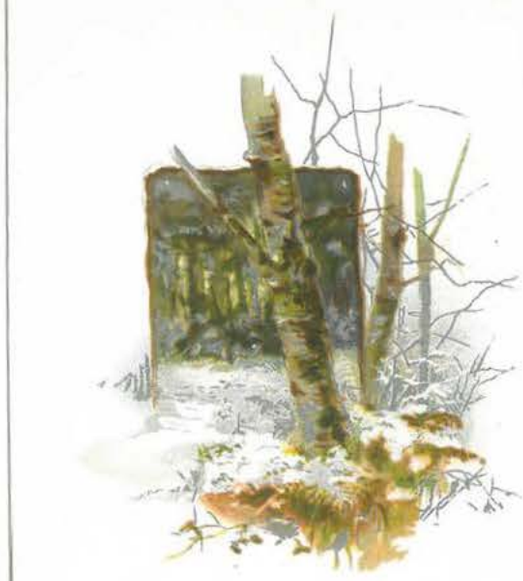

HOOD'S
Sarsaparilla Book of
PARLOR GAMES
COPYRIGHTED AND PUBLISHED BY
C.I. HOOD & CO.
APOTHECARIES.
LOWELL, MASS.


NATURE'S
PLEASANT LAXATIVE
SYRUP OF FIGS.


HOOD'S
PILLS
CURE
LIVER ILLS


HOOD'S
TOOTH POWDER
Whitens the Teeth, Sweetens the Breath,
Hardens the Gums
Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co. Lowell, Mass

THE WHITE
Is King of all Sewing Machines
800,000 NOW IN USE



800,000
White Sewing Machines
Now in Use.

The White is King of all Sewing Machines
800,000 now in use.

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Is King of all Sewing Machines
800,000 now in use.


The White is King of all Sewing Machines
800,000 NOW IN USE.


Mrs O S Wilcox


From a faithful friend.
Mrs O S Wilcox


Mrs O S Wilcox


Greetings
GEN. LOGAN.

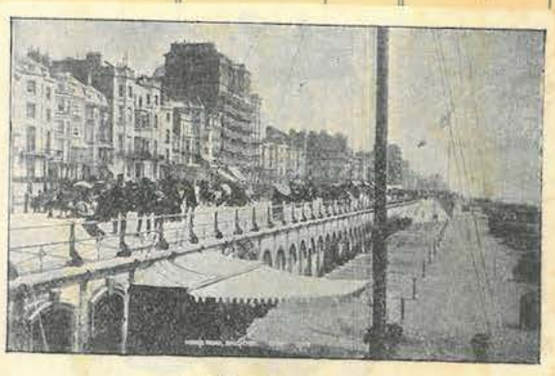

Abutilon
53

1. PRINCESS OF WALES
2. ETOILE DE LYON
3. DUKE OF CONNAUGHT

1. LOUISA DE LA RIVE
2. SOUVENIR DE THERESE LEVET
3. MADAME EUGENE VERDIER

My Wife and Mother in Law.

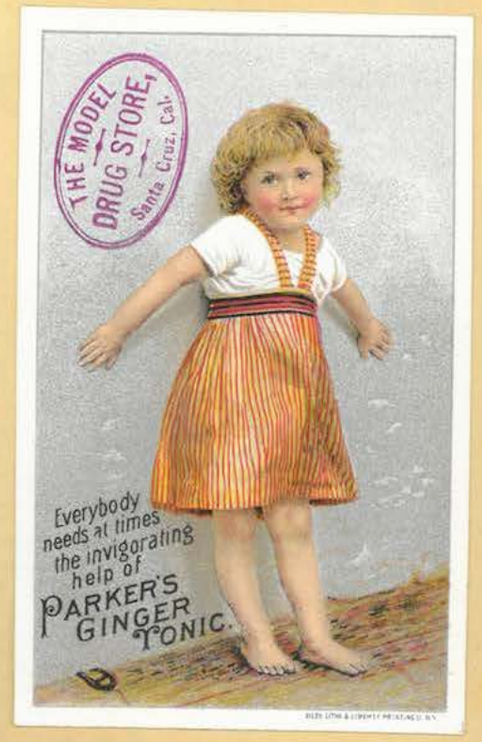
(Over.)



KING'S ROAD, BRIGHTON.

BATHING AT ATLANTIC CITY.


We are the Grand Army of Kids that fight for the Highland Brand of Evaporated Cream


THE MODEL
DRUG STORE,
Santa Cruz, Cal.
Everybody needs at times the invigorating help of
PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.


LADIES CALENDAR
1889
USE RUBIFOAM FOR THE TEETH
PERFUMED WITH HOYT'S GERMAN COLOGNE
COMPLIMENTS OF
E. W. HOYT & Co.
PROPRIETORS OF
HOYT'S GERMAN COLOGNE & RUBIFOAM, LOWELL, MASS.

A Copper Token From the Mint.

In a letter which inclosed a "rubbing" of a cent, a reader of The Inquirer writes: "In some change received at the mint a few days ago I noticed a penny that attracted my attention. On one side is an Indian head and the words, 'Millions for the contractors,' and on the reverse side the words, 'Not one cent for the widows.' The date of the penny is 1863." A reporter showed the "rubbing" to R. A. McClure, the veteran and learned curator at the mint, and from him learned that the coin was one of many thousand tokens which were issued by private persons in 1863 and 1864 in order to make up for the scarcity of small coins. The government did not interfere at that time, and the circulation of the tokens was not prohibited until 1867. It is estimated that 5,200 tokens were put out by private parties of copper or brass, and on many of the coins appeared the imprint of business firms. Some catalogued at the mint show a Masonic mark, "For Public Accommodation," a portrait of General G. B. McClellan, and any number of trade devices. The cent could only have been paid out at the mint by accident, for the cashier would not permit it knowingly to circulate. The value of this class of tokens, according to a catalogue, is less than 2 cents at selling price.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

INDO-CHINESE DOLLARS.

Minted at Bombay and Weighing the Same as the Mexican.

The New Silver Coin Which Is to Be Used Between Hindoostan and the Celestial Empire.

Attorney W. H. H. Hart is the possessor of what he believes is the first Indo-Chinese silver dollar to be brought to this port. It is in size rather smaller than the Mexican dollar, but is of equal weight. The coins have

The Indo-Chinese Dollar.
(The obverse and reverse of the new silver coins as shown.)

been minted in large quantities at Bombay. The milling of the edge is not particularly neat. On each face there is a border of an old-time Greek pattern. The obverse side bears a figure of Britannia in a standing position holding in her right hand a trident and steadying with the left an oval shield bearing the crossed lines of the Union Jack. A full-rigged ship is also represented on the right of the standing figure. The date is 1895.

On the reverse side of the coin there is an ornate circular pattern and bands, crossed at right angles. One band bears an Indian and the other a Chinese inscription.

These coins are to be the common currency between India and China.

The Smallest European Coin.

The very smallest coin now current in Europe, and the one having the least value, is the Greek lepton. The lepton is, according to the decimal monetary system, current money in all countries belonging to the Latin union. Some idea of this valueless little disk of copper may be gained from the following: The lepton is the one-hundredth part of a drachme. The Greek drachme usually passes for the same value that the franc piece does. The franc is worth a small fraction over 19 cents, American money, which would make the Greek lepton worth less than one-fifth of a cent.

Greece has no silver or gold money in general circulation. Such being the case business is chiefly conducted "on paper."

BORN. 1895

DYSLE—In San Francisco, Dec. 17th, to the wife of Charles A. Dysle, a son.

Those "Fugio" Cents.

In looking up some matters in the files of the St. Louis "Republic" the editor of "Notes for the Curious" happened upon an article entitled "Another 'Fugio' Cent." The article referred to is in the issue of July 27, 1893, in the last column of the editorial page, and conveys the impression that the "Fugio" cent is one of the rarest of the United States coinage. It says that "there are but few of them known at the present time, one being in the possession of W. L. Boyd of Baltimore, the other the property of Ethel Maupin of Eureka, Mo. The names and addresses of twelve or fourteen persons, who own 1804 dollars can easily be given, and the only inference that can be drawn from the above quotation is that the writer supposed the "Fugio" to be even more rare than the dollar just mentioned, which is the most valuable American coin. We are not disputing our correspondent's claims when he says that the "Fugio" cent is valuable, for it is valuable as cents go. However, there are hundreds of them in the coin collections of the country, and any one who wishes to expend a dollar to a dollar and a half for a pocket piece can become the possessor of a real Franklin cent with its dial, thirteen links, etc., just as described by the Eureka correspondent in the article of the date given in the opening.

A LITTLE STAMP COLLECTOR.

Three months ago he did not know
His lesson in geography;
Though he could spell and read quite well,
And cipher, too, he could not tell
The least thing in topography.

But what a change! How passing strange!
This stamp-collecting passion
Has roused his zeal, for woe or weal,
And lists of names he now can reel
Off, in amazing fashion.

I hear him speak of Mozambique,
Heligoland, Bavaria,
Cashmere, Japan, Thibet, Soudan,
Sumatra, Spain, Waldeck, Kokan,
Khaloon, Siam, Bulgaria—

Schleswig-Holstein (oh boy of mine,
Genius without a teacher!)
Wales, Panama, Scinde, Bolivar,
Jelelabad and Kandahar,
Cabul, Decean, Helvetia.

And now he longs for more Hong Kongs,
A Rampour, a Mauritius,
Greece, Borneo, Fernando Po—
And how much else no one can know.
But be, kind fates propitious!

—M. L. B., in St. Nicholas.

DECEMBER 1, 1895.

GOLDEN WEDDING BELLS.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry M. Fiske Aver Marriage Is Not a Failure.

They Celebrate the Fiftieth Anniversary of a Happy Wedded Life. Two Pioneers.

There is one wedded pair in this City who join in an emphatic negative to the mooted question, "Is marriage a failure?" That is Dr. and Mrs. Henry M. Fiske, who celebrated their golden wedding at their home, 2100 Bush street, last evening.

Dr. and Mrs. Fiske were married in Illinois in 1845, and six years later removed to California, where they have since resided, the past twenty-five years having been spent in this City. The doctor began the practice of medicine when he was 18 years of age, and he is still engaged in it. He has been for a long time employed by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company in that capacity.

The hours for the reception yesterday were from 3 to 8, and more than 200 guests in person congratulated the bride and groom. Mrs. Fiske, gowned in a modish white bengaline trimmed with cream lace, looked as erect and handsome as she did at the ceremony half a century ago.

Dr. and Mrs. Fiske were assisted in receiving by Mrs. Benjamin Pearl, Mrs. W. S. Faull, Mrs. Will Fiske, Mrs. Edith Humphrey, Mrs. N. J. Bird, Mrs. Logan, Miss Faull, Miss Rose Faull, Miss Sophia Faull, Miss Allie Hooper, Miss Florence Done, Miss Simpson, Miss Sturgan, Miss Florence Morrison, Miss Mabel Hyde, Miss Clara Smith, Mrs. Hatch and Mrs. H. C. Champlin. Mrs. Champlin was a guest at the wedding fifty years ago.

During intervals between social chat in the parlors decorated with gold-hued chrysanthemums there were vocal solos by Mrs. Touaillon and Mr. and Mrs. Mariner Campbell. Mrs. Touaillon's selection was "I Love You," and Mr. Campbell sang a heroic ballad and later a pathetic love song of Joe Redding's composition. Mrs. Charles Freeman Johnson gave a toast to "The Golden Wedding."

Mrs. G. W. Haight read two original poems composed for the occasion, one entitled "In Harvest Time," by Miss Grant of Woodland, the other by Dr. Fiske's sister, Mrs. Susan Gerald of Keene, N. H. Among the congratulatory telegrams was one from Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker of New York.

The gifts were numerous and of a character appropriate to the occasion.

Among the guests were the daughters and ten grandchildren of the happy pair. Mrs. William H. Fiske of Portland represented her husband, and Mrs. S. H. Faull of St. Helena and Mrs. Benjamin Pearl of Woodland, the daughters, were present.

Other guests were:

Dr. and Mrs. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. David Bixler, Captain and Mrs. Burns, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Brown, Captain and Mrs. Bryant, Mr. and Mrs. Will Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker, Mrs. Clarke Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. H. Crocker, General and Mrs. Chipman, Mr. and Mrs. Donnell, Mr. and Mrs. Farnam, Dr. and Mrs. Fife, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Green, Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey, Mr. and Mrs. Holbrook, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Devlin, Mr. Bothwell Hyde, Miss Hyde, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Root, Miss Root, Mrs. Hatch, Mrs. Frost, J. B. Stetson.

HADROSAURUS WAS NO BEAUTY.

Hadrosaurus foulkii is the ugliest, most awkward and meanest-looking specimen of lizard life which ever came into the Museum of Natural History, up near Central Park. He was pulled out of his fossil bed in Dakota. He is so fearfully ugly that the authorities won't put him together, and his fragments remain like those of Humpty Dumpty. He was found imbedded in the sandstone out in the Black hills. His face, which is so loosely hung together that it must have pained him in life, is on exhibition. His body is packed away.

If you had to make an imitation of a Hadrosaurus foulkii, says the New York Herald, this would be a good prescription:

Lizard, one part.
Kangaroo, three parts.
Alligator, two parts.
Mule, one part.
Crane, three parts.
Snake, three parts.
Devil, ten parts.

Shake well together and articulate with shingle nails.

The Hadrosaurus foulkii is an extinct lizard. There are specimens in the Museum of Natural History, the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, and the private collection of Professor E. D. Cope of Philadelphia. The creature was thirty-eight feet long from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail, and stood eighteen feet high. He wabbled from place to place on his kangaroo-like hind legs. He was too heavy to hop like the Australian animal. He had small, weak front feet, and when he walked on all fours he looked like an ape. He had bony protuberances on his hide like an alligator. His neck was long, like that of a crane or stork, only that it had a snaky twist to it. The phalanges of the feet were covered with a long substance, which gave them the appearance of hoofs, a little like those of a mule.

The head was like that of a bird. It was four and one-half feet long and about two feet broad at its biggest part. It was set at right angles with the neck, and it had a carpenter's square and plumb like appearance. The eyes were big and bulging. They had a way of popping in and out of the sockets when the animal wanted to regulate his vision.

MISSION DOLORES.

October 4th, 1895, was the one hundred and nineteenth anniversary of the founding of San Francisco. On the 17th of June, 1776, Father Francisco Palou and Father Benito Cornbon, with a party of soldiers and attendants, started from Monterey to found a mission and a fort on the bay north of that place, to which they gave the name of San Francisco. The party pitched their camp at a point a short distance east of the present site of the old church. The place was then known as "Dolores," but in the days of the gold-seeker was changed to "Willows." It embraced the land lying between Seventeenth, Nineteenth, Valencia and Howard streets. Later the limits were enlarged, and the old Mission Dolores church built, being dedicated on the 8th of October, 1776. The registers of marriages, baptisms and deaths bear date of the 1st of August of that year. The missionaries were Franciscans and placed the church then building under the patronage of the founder of their order, St. Francis of Assisi. Accordingly, though the formal opening of the church took place four days later, the observance of the anniversary has always been held on the feast day of the patron saint, which occurs on the 4th of October.

1895.

FOUND IN NEW JERSEY.

Skeleton of a Hadrosaurus, a species of lizard now extinct. The Museum of Natural History has part of a skeleton which was found in the Black Hills, showing that the animal once roamed over this country.

Origin of the Dollar Mark—Five Theories.

Below I give five theories of the origin of the dollar mark ($), they being selected from about twenty seemingly plausible solutions:

1. That it is a combination of "U. S.," the initials of the United States.

2. That it is a modification of the figure 8, the dollar being formerly called a "piece of eight."

3. That it is derived from a representation of the pillars of Hercules, consisting of two needle-like towers or pillars connected with a scroll. The old Spanish coins marked with the pillar device were frequently referred to as "pillar dollars."

4. That it is a combination of "U. S.," the ancient Roman mark of money unit.

5. That it is a combination of P and S, for peso duro, signifying "hard dollar." In Spanish accounts peso is contracted by writing the S over the P, and placing it after the sum.

According to one writer the symbol of the dollar is a monogram of the letters

...y," "S," and "J," the dollar being originally a "thaler," coined in the valley of Sankt Joachim, Bohemia, and known as a "Joachims thaler," and the monogram the initials of the words, "Valley Sankt Joachim." A writer in giving his opinion of "Reason No. ..." as given above, says:

"The American symbol for dollar is a sign from the Spanish dollar, and the origin of the sign, of course, must be looked for in associations of Spanish coins. On the reverse of the Spanish dollar is a representation of the pillars of Hercules, and around each pillar is a scroll with the inscription 'plus ultra.' This device in course of time has degenerated into the sign which at present stands for American as well as Spanish dollars, '$.' The scroll around the pillars represents the two serpents sent by Juno to destroy Hercules in his cradle in mythologic lore."—*St. Louis Republic.*

Little Boy Blue.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hand.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys.
And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,
But the little boy's friends are true!

Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place—
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting the long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there.

—Eugene Field.

DINNER PRICES.

In another column we notice that the "old boys" in Boston have fixed the price for their next banquet at $3 a plate. That reminds us of the prices Milt. Elsner use to hang up at his hostelry in Hangtown in 1850:

BILL OF FARE,
EL DORADO HOTEL.
M. ELSNER, Proprietor.

Soup.	
Bean	$1 00
Ox Tail (short)	1 50
Roast.	
Beef, Mexican (prime cut)	$1 50
Beef, Up along	1 00
Beef, plain	1 00
Beef, one potato, (fair size)	1 25
Beef, Tame, from the States	1 50
Vegetables.	
Baked Beans, plain	$1 75
Baked Beans, greased	1 00
Two potatoes, (medium size)	50
Two potatoes, peeled	75
Entrees.	
Sauer Kraut	$1 00
Bacon, Fried	1 00
Bacon, Stuffed	1 50
Hash, Low Grade	50
Hash, 18 Carat	1 00
Game.	
Codfish Balls, per pair	$ 75
Grizzly Roast	1 00
Grizzly Fried	75
Jackass Rabbit (whole)	1 00
Pastry.	
Rice Pudding, plain	75
Rice Pudding, with molasses	1 00
Rice Pudding, with Brandy Peaches	2 00
Square Meal, with dessert	3 00

Payable in Advance.
Gold Scales on the end of the Bar.

Late arrivals on the sunny slopes would hardly care to now appease their appetites at such a price, yet in the early '50s this schedule was maintained by several hostelries that were not by any means considered luxurious.

THE first grist mill erected in this State was built in Santa Cruz, and the wheat of the country at that time was a bearded variety, known as "California Club," which has now practically disappeared. From the Manufacturers and Producers' Monthly we copy the following: In 1796 a flour mill was erected at Santa Cruz, which was followed by two or three more later on, but they were far from being perfect. These mills were run by water power, and operated a single pair of stones. In 1808 the selling price of flour was about $14 per barrel in Cali-

ROSARIA. TOMASA. VASELIA. Photo. Magee Co.

"The Belles of San Luis Rey."

At the time the photograph of the above group was taken, the combined ages of the trio exceeded 300 years. So far as we can learn, no one knows just how old they were. Rosaria, came from the Santa Margarita and for years lived at San Luis Rey until her death last year. Tomasa is known to be more than an hundred years old and is put by some above 130. She claims that she packed "dobes" when the mission was built, and, as its construction was begun the first decade of the present century, there is little ground for doubting that she is, at least, in her second century teens. She was the mother of a large progeny, some of whom lived to be very old, she surviving them all, as is the case with Rosaria and Vaselia. At the present time she is totally blind and has been for several years. Vaselia is the youngest. They live by themselves at the rancheria on the north side of the river near San Luis Rey mission, and subsist chiefly by begging, being quite able to get about, in fact, are still so strong that the loads of wood they will carry on their backs would stagger an ordinary man not used to heavy burdens.

From the standpoint of humanitarian teaching and preaching, their lives are as barren of comfort and pleasure as that of the coyote in the days of scalp bounty law.

DECEMBER 21, 1895.

DEAF MUTES TO MARRY.

Sculptor Douglas Tilden to Wed Miss Bessie Cole of Oakland.

NEITHER CAN SPEAK OR HEAR.

Their Courtship Began at the Institute for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind.

The engagement of Douglas Tilden, the deaf-mute sculptor, and Miss Bessie Cole of Oakland, who also suffers from the loss of both speech and hearing, has been made public. The wedding will be celebrated with the advent of the summer months.

Douglas Tilden is well known in California and abroad. His career at Berkeley and his artistic achievements have found him surrounded by many friends, who will be pleased to learn of his happiness.

The completion of the statue of the base-ball pitcher first attracted public attention to the mute sculptor's talent. The statue was widely exhibited and at last found a permanent resting-place in Golden Gate Park.

Later on Mr. Tilden was appointed instructor at the Berkeley Institute for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind. The State sent him to Paris and through Europe to study the methods there in vogue for the care of those afflicted similarly to himself. Since his return he has been devoting himself to his art and is now engaged as instructor in the Hopkins Institute of Art in this City.

The prospective bride is the adopted and only daughter of L. G. Cole, a wealthy resident of Oakland. She is a beautiful girl, and light-hearted and vivacious despite her affliction, but her infirmity has been a source of grief to her father, and he has expended thousands of dollars in efforts to have her voice and hearing restored. She was sent to Europe and kept for a long time under the care of distinguished specialists, but without avail, and finally she returned to her Oakland home and entered the Berkeley institution to complete her education despite her disadvantages.

It was at Berkeley that the lovers' romance began. Miss Cole became a pupil of Mr. Tilden, and he taught her apparently more than is prescribed by the regular course. When the teacher had completed his investigations in Europe and returned to California the tender friendship was renewed to blossom finally into an idyl of true love.

The engagement has not yet been promulgated in a formal way. In fact, L. G. Cole, the father, will not admit any knowledge of the matter and insists that only the young people should be consulted.

Miss Cole, when seen at her home yesterday, confirmed the report of her engagement. A question as to the "happy day," meaning, of course, the date set for the wedding, was misconstrued, and she wrote in reply, "Last Sunday." When the purport of the question was explained she hastened to state that it had not yet been fixed, blushing prettily the while over having inadvertently betrayed the inception of the engagement.

L. G. Cole, the father of the bride to be, is a brother of Harbor Commissioner Cole and one of Oakland's best-known citizens. He was a pioneer of the early days and is now a man whose wealth is estimated in six figures.

THEY LAUGHED AT OLD SPANISH LAW. 1896.

How Love Found a Way at Champerico.

TWO CALIFORNIANS UNITED.

THE LAW REQUIRED TWO MONTHS' RESIDENCE.

The Bride Had Only Just Arrived, So They Were Wed at Sea on the Sydney.

By the steamer City of Sydney, which arrived yesterday from Panama and way ports, comes a story about love smiling at the law—even old Spanish law. A passenger on the Sydney's down trip was Edna Miller, a pretty Santa Cruz girl, whose happy mission was to meet and marry at Champerico Harry Berg, whose promised bride she was. Safely tucked away in her trunk was the prettiest little white dress, with orange blossoms to go along, that ever was.

At last they were off Champerico, and the Santa Cruz girl was happier than ever. But he wasn't happy. He started out to make the usual preparations for becoming a married man, and the Cupid of the Champerico marriage license office had sprung on him an old Guatemalan law requiring two months' residence in the country of both the high contracting parties.

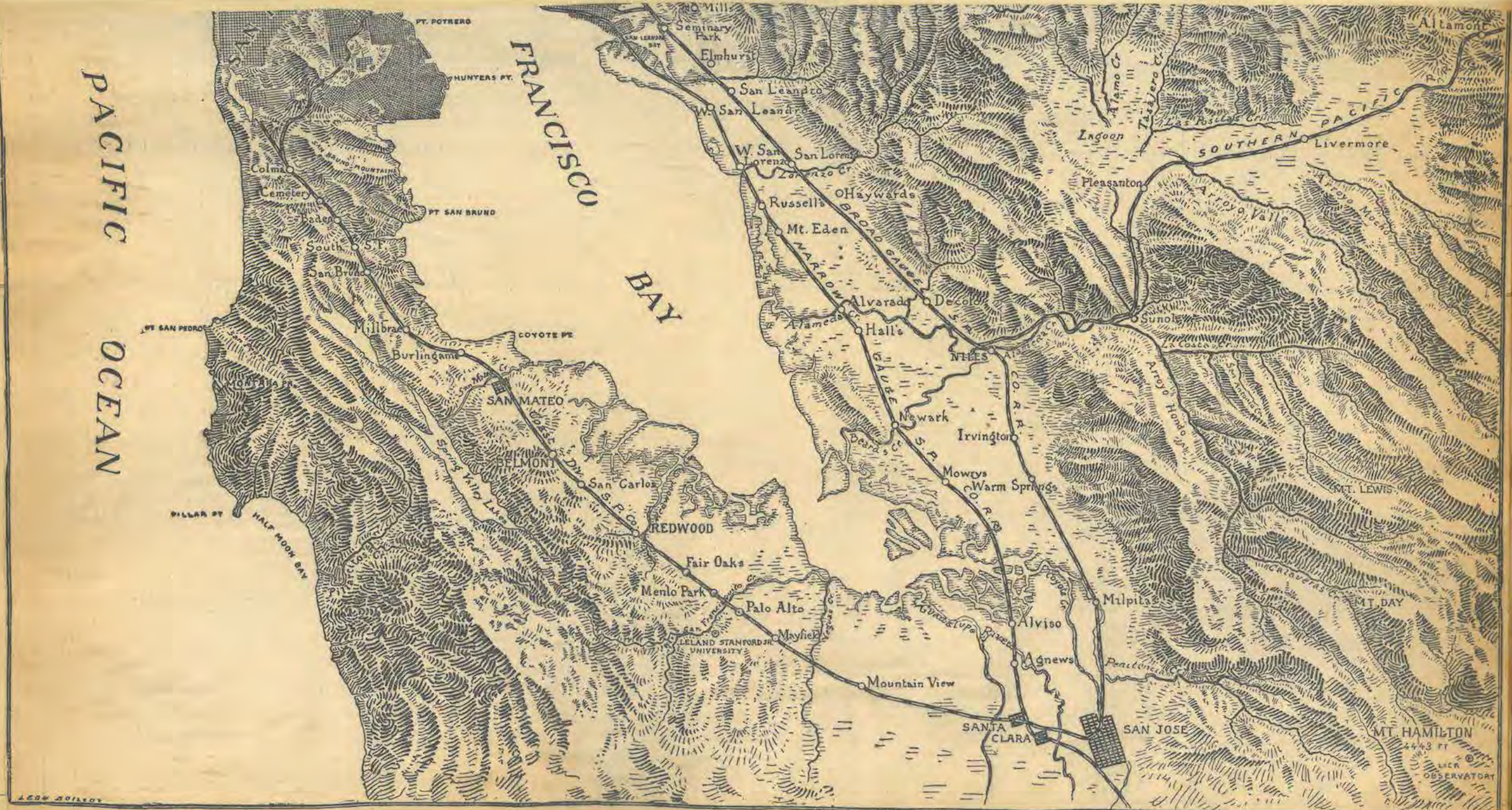
Captain Frank Johnston of the Sydney found out the way. He came forward with a proposition to take the couple out to sea, do the marrying business in blue water and give them a wedding tour back again, all for nothing. The offer was jumped at, and the following day the Sydney with a merry wedding party aboard steamed out the orthodox three leagues. The hurricane deck was selected as the spot for the ceremony. First Officer A. W. Blackman had previously had it prettily decorated with flags and bunting. Captain Johnston, in full uniform, stood in the center of the deck, while his officers, resplendant in blue cloth and brass buttons, stood on either side. Louis Hirsch of Castle Brothers gave the bride away, Miss May Taber was bridesmaid and Lieutenant Ferris, United States Navy, was best man. A salute followed the ceremony, and then all hands partook of a banquet.

Harry Berg was a well-known resident of Santa Cruz up to six months ago, when he went to Quezaltenango, sixty miles from Champerico, to take charge of an electric light plant there. The couple will live in Guatemala.

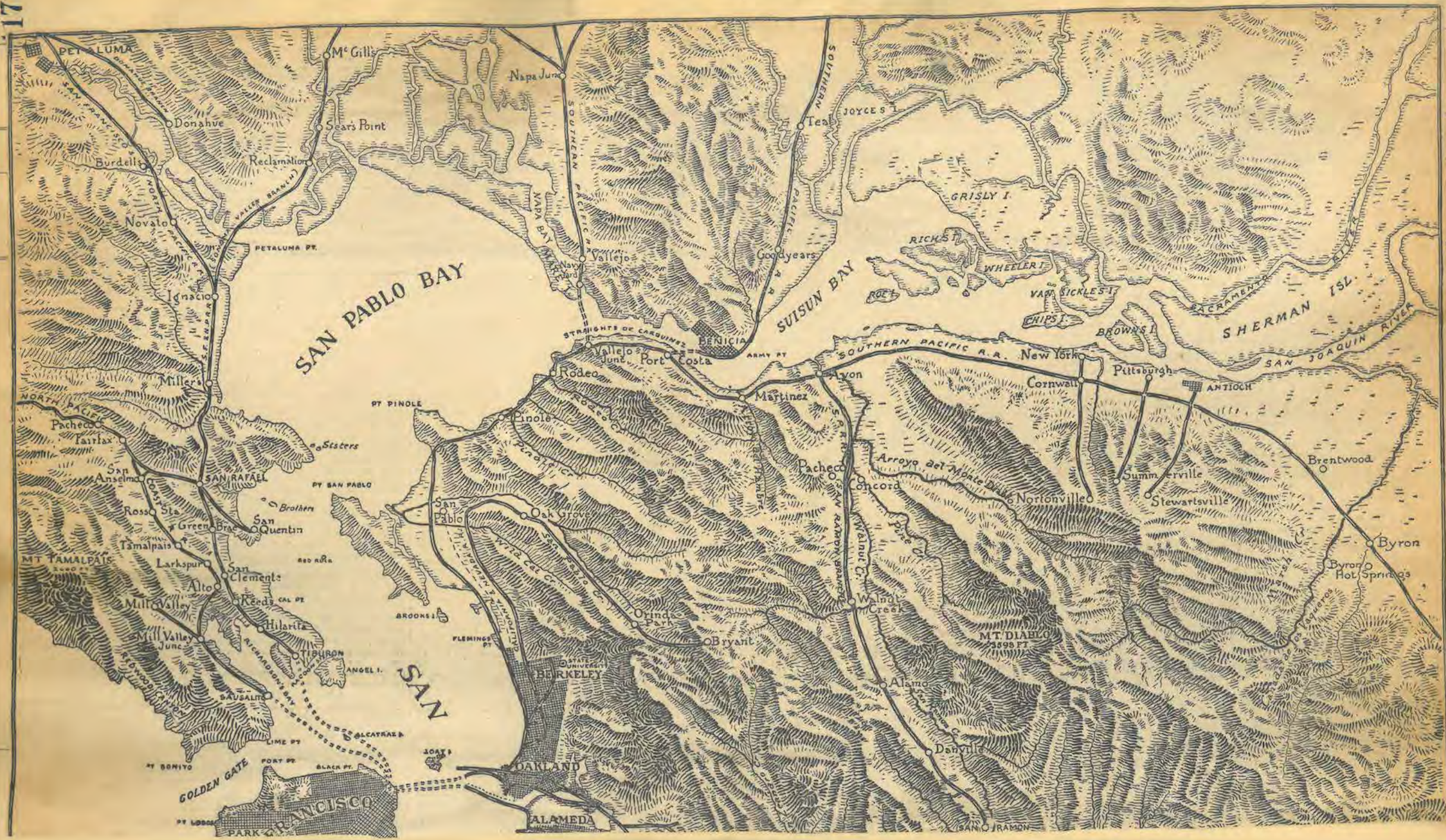
TWO OLD FRIENDS

Who Enjoyed Each Other's Company in This City.

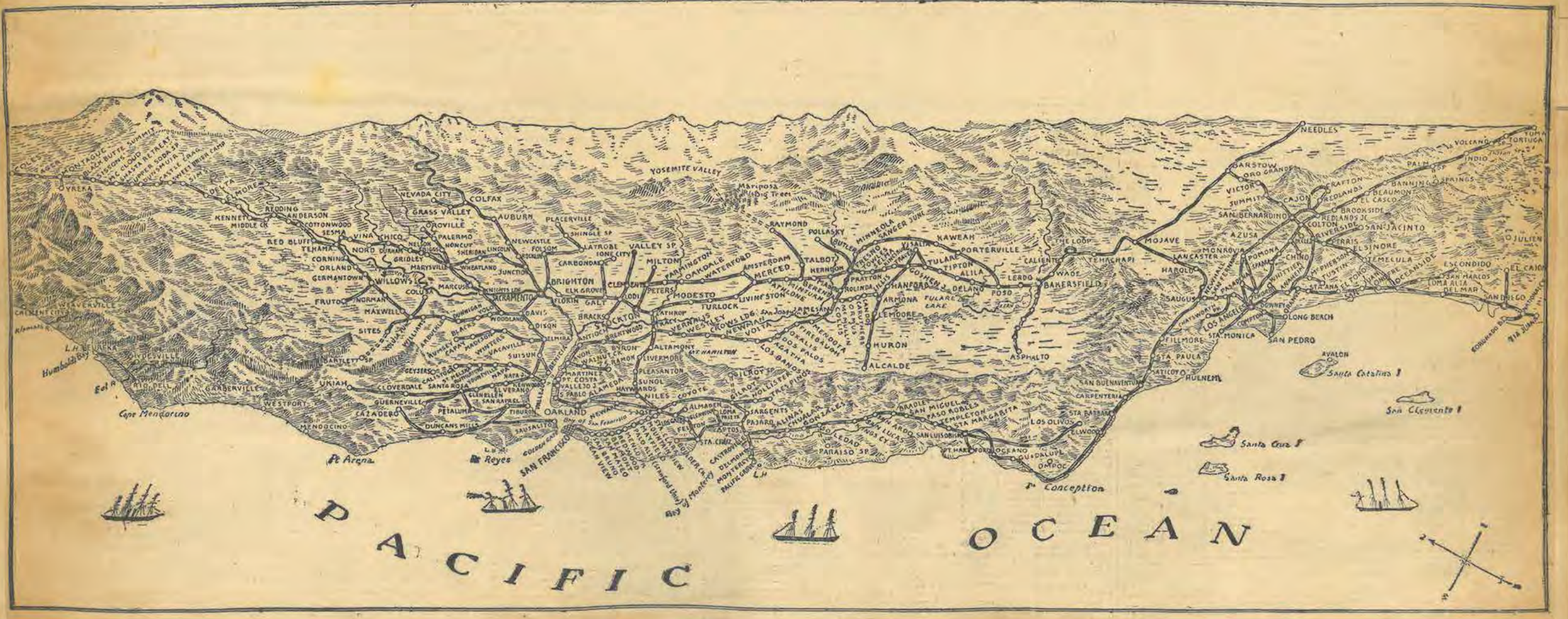
Mrs. Sarah M. Cool of Los Angeles, widow of the Rev. P. Y. Cool, who died about fourteen years ago, and who was in his day one of the most popular divines of the Methodist Conference, spent last week in Oakland visiting old friends, among them Mrs. O. K. Stampley. These two ladies have been friends since their earliest childhood. Their parents crossed the plains together from Illinois to California in 1846. Mrs. Cool spent the last two months before coming to Oakland at Pacific Grove, visiting her father, Captain Joseph Aram of San Jose, who is now in his 88th year and growing quite feeble physically. Captain Aram will remain at Monterey until after the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the raising of the American flag by Commodore Sloat at that place July 7, 1846.



116 AP SHOWING BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO AND TOPOGRAPHICAL FEATURES OF SURROUNDING COUNTR


PETALUMA
McGills
Napa Junc
Donahue
Sears Point
Reclamation
Burdell
Novato
PETALUMA PT.
Ignacio
SAN PABLO BAY
Vallejo
Navy Yard
Goodyears
Tea
JOYCES I.
GRISLY I.
RICKS I.
WHEELER I.
VAN SICKLES I.
CHIPS I.
BROWNS I.
SUISUN BAY
SHERMAN ISL.
SACRAMENTO RIVER
SAN JOAQUIN RIVER
STRAITS OF CARQUINEZ
BENICIA
ARMY PT
Vallejo Junc
Port Costa
Rodeo
SOUTHERN PACIFIC R.R.
New York
Pittsburgh
Cornwall
ANTIOCH
Avon
Martinez
Miller's
PT PINOLE
Pinole
Pacheco
Tairfax
Sisters
San Anselmo
SAN RAFAEL
PT SAN PABLO
Brothers
Ross
San Quentin
Tamalpais
MT TAMALPAIS
Larkspur
San Clemente
Alto
Mill Valley
Reeds
Hilarita
Mill Valley Junc
TIBURON
ANGEL I.
SAUSALITO
RICHARDSON'S BAY
LIME PT
PT BONITO
GOLDEN GATE
FORT PT
BLACK PT.
SAN FRANCISCO
PARK
PT LOBOS
ALCATRAZ
BROOKS I.
FLEMINGS PT.
San Pablo
Oak Grove
Orinda Park
Bryant
STATE UNIVERSITY
BERKELEY
OAKLAND
ALAMEDA
Arroyo del Hambre
Concord
Walnut Cr.
Pine Cr.
Arroyo del Monte
Nortonville
Summerville
Stewartsville
Brentwood
Byron
Byron Hot Springs
Walnut Creek
M.T. DIABLO
3593 FT
Alamo
Danville
SAN RAMON BRANCH
SAN RAMON
SAN JOAQUIN

BIRDSEYE VIEW MAP OF CALIFORNIA.



MOUNTAIN VIEW.

History of the Rancho Pastoria de Las Borregas.

BY MRS. MARY J. GATES.

CHAPTER I.—Geology.

Granite underlies the entire area of our county, though at considerable depth in many places, and some geologists think it is Archaen in age. A long belt of limestone, which must have formed a continuous stratum at one time, extends from the southern portion of Almaden township to San Andreas reservoir in San Mateo county. These irregular patches of limestone have outcrops on the Pearson, Cook, Grant, Taaffe, Snyder, Hale and other ranches. The rains of winter, percolating through this impure limestone, for it is more or less mixed with sand and clay, gives hardness to the water in Mountain View. This formation was undoubtedly formed from coral islands in a tropical sea ages ago, but heat, water, alkali and pressure have done their work, and the pretty coral is now a piece of lime.

For a long time it was thought that the metamorphic sandstones which comprise the country rock of our highest hills was wholly laid down under a Cretaceous sea. But two ancient sea-shells called *aucella* have lately been discovered, the one in Alum Rock canyon and the other in some black boulders in Stevens creek by E. M. Ehrhorn of this place, which belong to the Jurassic period. So the appearance of these two small fossils has made another geological period for our country.

The fossils found on the Page Mill road, and in a number of our foothills, show that the strata of the Rancho San Antonio are those of a marine sea of Miocene times, whose waters filled not only San Francisco bay but the Santa Rosa and Santa Clara valleys, having an outlet to the ocean by the Pajaro river. Long ages of rain and steam erosion must have followed the slow elevation of the land in this, as in all other periods. But what is time to the Supreme Will, to whom a thousand years are as one day? What sunsets and sunrises could have been seen from Mount Black with its twenty-eight hundred feet of altitude, to the southwest of us—what a rich vegetation lined its shores, strange animal forms among the trees, the wild sea, the eternal silence! Extinct species of the rhinoceros, hog and mastodon, are supposed to have roamed through these forests, as their remains have been found in many Miocene localities in California.

Over in Alameda county, around small Pliocene fresh water lakes, fifteen species of animals have been found. The buffalo, dugong, elephant, horse, whale, lion, camel, sloth, protohippus, and two species each of the wolf, llama and mastadon. No doubt these animals found their way on this side of the bay.

The skies for ages must have been lit up at night with the light of many volcanoes. A very ancient lava sheet has lately been described from Berkeley, and a volcano has left its mark upon Point Bonita. The hills of Napa, Sonoma, Lake and Marin, are one vast lava field. The basaltic dykes at Madrone station and Stanford University, and the Warm Springs near Irvington, are remnants of eruption or upheaval. And a group of hot sulphur springs must have followed nearly the line of our limestone belt, wherever a trace of quicksilver is found indicating in their path secondary volcanic phenomena. In fact our bay has been encircled with volcanoes.

Gold, silver and lignite lie all along Stevens creek. Copper on the Thistleton, Hale and adjoining ranches. Iron on the Grant ranch, but upon careful compiling and comparing with other counties of California, they are not of sufficient quality or quantity, and artesian water seems to be our only promising mineral factor that may have an important bearing upon our future resources.

Not so very long ago in a geological sense, the Golden Gate was broken through, and a lake that reached to the foothills has shrunk to the much lower level of San Francisco bay. Where are its sea-cliffs and wave-cut terraces, its beeches, barriers, embankments, bars and deltas? Erosion has obliterated its shore marks, but some day painstaking geologists will find a few cobble stones here, and a pile of diagonal pebbles there, changes in soil and inclination, fragments all, but containing a page of meaning to the observer. Slowly they are working out these and similar problems and they will furnish pictures for the poet and painter, the grandest panorama the world of art has ever seen. Not in our day, for Geology is one of the youngest of all the sciences.

CHAPTER II.—Wild Animals.

The absence of observations about animal and plant life make a portion of our histories very untruthful. The mounds in the lowlands are largely composed of shellfish and ashes. In a century hence, scarcely an oak tree will be left to bear witness that the acorn was the Indian's chief food. In Europe the "Reindeer Period" is well known, but likely primitive man and his family there, never feasted but once a year upon a reindeer and all the rest of the time lived on beechnuts. On this account we think it would be a good suggestion to call the Indian occupation in the Coast Range the "Acorn Period." For knowledge based upon that conceit of science which trusts to the eyesight and microscope alone is of little value, because it disregards unseen elements.

The grizzly bear who ruled the hills was an epicure. He ate worms, fish, flesh, and fowl, and in their seasons; wild cherries, clover, and manzanita berries. How did the Ohlone dodge the bear when he went to the hills to gather his favorite pine nuts? The grizzly, however, had a preference for elk, and they still have in the Rocky Mountains. So that the thoughts that filled the head of the elk must have been how to keep his stomach full, and his hide whole, and as elk were plentiful and stupid, when they did not see the grizzly, or get the wind, poor things, his majesty, the bear, must have often been satisfied. Mr. Frink has some elk horns in his store, which belong to the last of the race, for they were brought from the Summers ranch. Several pieces and entire antlers have been plowed up on this ranch, and it seems to have been a resort when the grass was yellow in the hills. Maybe as this was a large rancheria the Ohlones gathered here all the antlers they could find in the country to make wedges for splitting wood. When the elk stands in the forest, his antlers simulate the dead branches of trees and it is supposed that these appendages were given him for self preservation.

Two coyotes were trapped in successive days on the Sanborn ranch not long ago. In Indian superstitions the coyote figured prominently, on account of his night prowling, secretive and craftv disposition. As an animal god he stole fire from the heavenly guardians who kept it, and gave it to the Indians. Another story tells us, that the Indian was a direct descendant of the coyote. The deer are not all gone, for a few are sometimes seen in the foothills and one was lately caught in the wire fence of the Truman ranch, driven out of the hills by hunters. A wild cat or two still remain at the head waters of Steven's creek, but the last California lion was killed on the Snyder ranch a few years ago, a report of which at that time was published in the *Register*. The two last badgers seen were shot on the Emerson and Sanborn ranches, and it is probable they are nearly extinct in this part of the State. Jack rabbits run through the vineyards and grainfields of the valley but cotton tails prefer the hills. Both the hare and the cotton tail come out to feed early in the morning, lying close to the ground and hiding during the middle of the day so that in evening they go forth foraging again. The bridle weasel, with white spots on its side, is not uncommon, as the owners of chicken ranches can testify. Sometimes two or three young foxes are found by the small boy of the town and kept for pets until he tires of them. They tell wonderful stories of gophers—how they steal the traps, and then proceed directly downward to China, as none of the apparatus is ever seen again. Two species of skunks live here, the one with two stripes on the back, and the other with small spots of black and white and striped on the side.

The common ground squirrel which can hibernate when he pleases, an occasion that happens when feed is scarce, has played a very active part in the early history of Mountain View. The squirrel had often the best of the fight and many a squatter on the fertile lands of the Rancho Pastoria de las Borregas has sorrowfully left, utterly disgusted. The young boys of early days have been known to circle the squirrels with dogs and drive great numbers down their colony holes, filling said holes with squirrels away down to the central well that leads to water in the deep earth. Of course the squirrel had'nt sense enough to back out. The cunning little chip-munk or striped squirrel can carry away five or six acorns in his chest pouches at a time, and when the food he likes best is scarce he optionally hibernates. Bats of two species, the red and the black are seen suspended in old wood sheds and cabins, and even from the fruit trees. Wood rats build great nests of sticks in the oak groves, moles are traced by trenches of earth through the flower beds, and now and then a kangaroo mouse is seen looking very much like his relatives in far Australia. Have we not impertinent, ubiquitous little lizards and numberless water dogs in the streams on free exhibition, picnic days? And they tell us at Stanford's that we have six species of snake in this vicinity, the gopher-snake being most common. Astonishing feats in swallowing are performed by them, as their jaws open like elbows and when they catch a frog they proceed to "take him in" with their sharp, conical, recurved teeth, despite the frog's struggles. They have a notion in Tennessee that the first thunder in the spring "wakens the snakes" and after that you may likely meet them. If they waited for thunder in California, or for another shower of rain in a dry Spring like this, we are apt to think the snakes would have to remain asleep for the season. Coons, which dip their food in water before eating, are treed by dogs in the foothills, and over on the coast we have known the coons to go down on the beach to eat shellfish. Every now and then, a horned toad is picked up, but in some cases they are those which have escaped and are brought from other places. A lively one is in the writer's possession which was arrested on Calderon avenue. After circulating around the room for awhile fly-hunting he will stand still for hours meditating upon the philosophy of the Eastern Magicians.

Some of our young friends have assisted us in gathering material for this zoological contribution, and we are glad to have our knowledge widened in this direction.

CHAPTER III.—Birds.

A few oaks lie about the Presbyterian church, at Castro's, Dossee's, and in old Mountain View, with occasionally a stray one or two in many fields. But of all the great belt of woods that originally covered the lower hills and swept down the whole plain of the Santa Clara valley, the only oak groves of any size which remain, are those of the Murphy and Emerson ranches.

Many species of birds live here the entire year, but more of our feathered fellow beings come in the spring, when the nest building, and real singing commences. Here come the orange, white, and the more common red breasted robin, numerous in alternate years, but going north in the spring to make their nests in a cold country. Bluebirds that feed upon the berries of the poison oak, and going north also in the spring. Another lover of poison oak berries is the red headed woodpecker. From oak to oak, in graceful, wavy flight he at last finds some limb upon which he taps his tattoo. Or the golden winged woodpecker, often called the yellow hammer, seeks for a suitable place to begin housekeeping. Here is an elder tree literally covered with the useful, tiny flycatchers. Golden and brown wrens are there, the mourning dove's plaintive notes, and the beautiful song of the brown thrush. Mischievous blue jays with flippant jerk of the body, and goldfinches, like a beam of light dart into the darkest recesses of the live oak. Out on the dusty highway now, the road runners are rarely seen. Our birds of prey include the owl, mottled, snow, and the ground owl that live in the squirrel holes. The owl goes mouse hunting by the light of the moon and otherwise, and when it pleases, it sits on a tree to hoot. Professor Jordan in illustrating the method of evolution often speaks of the hawks selfish solicitude for the brightest male birds of our valley, the hawk taking an extremely active part in the survival of the fittest in our small birds. Besides the hen and sparrow hawks, a few buzzards and a few eagles are reported in our hills, while marking the pathway of the butcher-bird are the impaled snakes, beetles and lizards on the sharper twigs of the trees.

Not long ago we drove down to Stanford's with a lady from the Sierra Nevada, and after we had seen the rooms around the quadrangle, many fine houses and the museum, we met a quail and her brood of over a dozen no bigger than one's thumb, close to Encina Hall. "I declare," said my companion, "that is the prettiest sight I have seen today." This small touch of nature that makes us all akin was greater than all the works of art. The old hen quail would call and call, and how the little fellows would scramble up that bank. They say young quail jump out of the shell, then kick it back, and run like a race horse.

Near our houses, the linnets gather, liking cherries all too well, while they live in the oaks on very good terms with their associates, the sparrow. But the English sparrow is bound to drive out all the other little birds. Pretty cedar or wax birds may be seen in February, with topknots and red tipped wings. Kill one, and you will find his crop full of almond blossoms. The bright little humming bird with a taste for the sugar of the flower garden is a universal favorite. Orioles hang their nests not far away, and the king bird has a nest near the bee hive. When grain is sown in the fields the noisy blackbirds hold high carnival in the trees, or again, they impudently follow the plow and woe to the unlucky angleworm that comes struggling to the surface.

Having a long stretch of salt water in front of us, we can boast that we have more species of birds, by as much as the ocean brings, than they have in the counties of the Sierra Nevada. When grain growing was more profitable throughout the country than at present, the ranchers on the lowlands had many battles with the ducks and geese. When fully alarmed by the sound of the gun, they rose with the noise like that of distant thunder, in tens of thousands until the air was thronged with them. It requires some skill and judgment in a sportsman now, to kill a canvas back or a mallard. Widgeon are good eating also, provided they soak long enough in salt and water to extract the fishy taste. Here comes the teal, the smallest duck on the marsh, sprigs with their long necks, spoonbills, and saw billed ducks. Cranes whose cry is one of mourning, and whose eggs have been found on the Yniga ranch. Sea gulls by the hundreds circle over the oyster beds, and up and down the various windings of the swamp lands, the rail find young crabs and worms. Snipe are seen of three species with eyes like the giraffe, placed so far back that their range of vision meets behind the head. The whirring of the snipe which betrays the approach of the bird to the the hunter is an act of ventriloquism, like the note of the pigeon Now and then a few, sober pelicans may be seen standing with their comrades in a row, and are there not coots, divers, shags, kildees, herons and sand pipes all over the marsh? Skimming hrough the air in its twittering flight, the swallow may be seen at the landings on the sloughs, building its nests of pellets of mud under the eaves of the warehouses; meadow larks in the lowlands too, pulling up the young wheat by the roots to get the grain at the end, or where a horse's hoof has trodden in the grass they find a place for a nest. Birds are highly organized, and the eagle has greater vision than man. To man alone, is not given any monopoly of the best senses in the universe.

These notes have been compiled from the observations of Lawrence Coster, together with those of Frank and John Francis. We thank these young sportsmen for their contribution to our birds.

CHAPTER IV.—Indian Botany.

Many of our existing plants entered into the daily life and experience of the Mountain View Indian. In walking along the railroad track from the town to the old adobe of Secundino Robles a week ago, we found the following plants: the wild rose, buttercup, wild barley, coffee berry, purple flowered grass, pimpernel wild radish, shepherd's purse, mustard, thistle, tansy, wild oats, in dian lettuce, nettle, wild pea, elder, wild yellow heliotrope, poppy, poison oak, plantain rushes, fennel, tule, blue eyed grass, morning glory, willow, yellow dock, live oaks, filaree—two species lupine—two species, sonchus, centaurea, and three unidentified ones.

Something may be learned from all people, and with the aid of the implements we find in the mounds, and the natural objects about us, we can guess somewhat the sort of lives our Indians led. Their food varied with the season of the year. In the fall the all-important acorn from the white oak, which formed their chief breadstuff, was gathered, and also the pine nuts. In the winter the hunter with bow in hand, chased the deer over the hills, or set traps for quail and other small birds. In the spring large quantities of greens were collected by the squaws, and in the summer fishing commenced, and the picking of wild fruits. They ate holly and elder berries, wild onions and grapes, mushrooms and the corns of Mariposa lilies. By the way, Mountain View can boast of some very large elder trees, as they are not all shrubs like those of the Eastern States. The Indians parched or ground all kinds of grass, shepherd's purse, compound flowers, and buttercup seeds, and made them into mush or cakes. For greens they had filaree, indian lettuce, monkey flower and clover, and they made tea from the pellea fern. Dried berries of the manzanita were worn as necklaces, and the ends of pine nuts were ground off diagonally and the seeds strung so as to form a pretty zigzag effect for the same purpose. The Indians of the Ynigo ranch used to gather large quantities of pine nuts, according to Mrs. Soto, and the Spanish children here would go down there and coax them for a share. The shoots of the buckeye and twigs from the willow were used for arrow shafts. The inner bark of the milk weed, was used for thread, while strings, cords and nets were made from the bulrush, tule and wild grasses. For coughs and colds they used the wild mints.

The hoarhound mint lines one end of the San Francisco road to the other, and we must say that when a few leaves are steeped, and the water mixed with some home made candy that it is as good as the brown hoarhound sticks bought in the stores. Among the medicines that can not be too highly valued now, are the yellow dock, yerba santa and wormwood, and the vanity of our ancient native sons was stimulated by boiling the cones of the pine for a hair dye.

Many pipes found in California are perfectly straight, so that the bowl of the pipe did not permit the user to sit or stand, but he had to puff out the smoke while lying down. In addition to the wild tobacco which grew on Stevens creek, they used the dried leaves of the manzanita and the mistletoe that grows on the oak. They pounded roots of the soap plant; when mixed with water, it was employed in stupefying fish, and the pounded nuts of the buckeye had the same effect. All of the foregoing plants either grow on the hills or on the plains around Mountain View, which we can testify by several collections we have made from time to time.

The places which knew the Indian, together with many of his plants have vanished together. Much of our vegetation has been introduced, and our old flowers and shrubs are almost human in their attitude as they hug the sides and neglected corners of the fences as if for protection. "Let us alone," they say to the plow, the cultivator, the cattle, and the school children picking their innocent boquets. Before it is too late their names and the ranches they occupy should all be recorded.

Plants act very much like people. They have no special adaptation for the ranches they occupy, for the warlike actions of the other plants around them limits their spot of ground and determines how much land they shall cover. Every plant reaches out with all the power of its vegetable growth upon its neighbors. The garden flowers, grain and fruit trees flourish well under man's care, because he not only proves their friend but keeps off all their enemies—the weeds.

CHAPTER V.—Indians.

There are many proofs of the antiquity of man, extending back at least, to the Pliocene epoch of the Tertiary period, throughout the world, but the most conclusive evidences are those found in California, Portugal, France, Spain and India. Many of these discoveries have been ignored, because of the preconceived opinions of the majority: nevertheless these remains and implements of ancient man are matters of fact. A large number of mortars, pestles, stone grinding implements, spear heads and platters, have been taken from the gravels underneath the lava of Butte, Nevada, Sierra, Placer, El Dorado, Mariposa and Tuolumne counties. In

these counties what was once the bed of a river is now the top of a mountain, the whole face of the Sierra has been reversed and an erosion of not less than three or four thousand feet of perpendicular depth has taken place through lava, gravel and granite since the Pliocene. These are undisputable facts and no one can disprove them. Go to the Sierra, and see for yourself the infinity of time, the breadth, the power, the long and loving preparation the Creator made for man. Portions of human skeletons at various depths from the surface to about two hundred feet have been obtained, and with these are the bones of extinct animals. Many of these relics are now preserved in the museums of the University of California, the State Mining Bureau and the Stanford University.

The "Auriferous gravels of the Sierra Nevada," a standard work by J. D. Whitney, and a small pamphlet, the "Antiquities, under Table Mountain in Tuolumne county," by G. F. Beeker, are good authorities. The skulls of many of the Mexican mummies have many resemblances to those of the Chinese, who no doubt were their remote, if not immediate ancestors. It is not likely, an autochthonic race originated on this continent. If such a race ever existed, they were amalgamated or swept away by the races which brought the jade-stone from Asia to this coast.

The skulls of the Indians in the large mound on Mr. Ponce's land near Mountain View are of rather a low race type. And with regard to one of their customs we must disagree with the author of a work entitled; "Santa Clara County,', as he states that the Ohlones of this county burned their dead. The numerous skeletons which have been dug up from the original numerous mounds, prove that our Indians did not cremate, at least during the last century. The writer can remember seeing the mahalas of El Dorado county with faces ornamented with tar, after a cremation, and this method of adornment must have been a familiar sight to the early miners of California. Whatever ideas our Ohlones possessed with regard to that of worshipping the sun, or a future existence is also open to argument, for these stories so applicable to Aztec Indians have been called into service a number of times with changes of names and dates. It is possible that our Mountain View Indian like many of his present, brother natives, was not bothered about a future existence. Give me the religion of a nation says the philosopher, and I will reconstruct its language, institutions and laws. If their faith had been great, their lives would have blossomed out in many works of exquisite art like those of the ancient Greeks. But our excavations in their mounds find nothing but mere animal refuse, ashes, millions of little spiral, many whorled shell fish, shell ornaments, mortars, oysters, mussel and other shells, bones of elk, deer, small animals and water fowl, and not a trace of skilled labor or fine art. If their courage had been great, some implements of warfare would indicate they were bold in defense of that faith.

The most interesting specimens of rude aboriginal art are charm or sorcery stones. Ray Dexter has one with the polish worn off that he found in the slough, and Frank Francis has another and highly polished one of a fine-grained, hard stone that was found on the Rev. Mr. Crittenden's ranch. Many charm stones are reported from Mr. Summer's ranch. These stones are of various shapes and sizes, but Dr. Yates of Santa Clara, who has investigated them, thinks they were manufactured by the aborigines of the Pliocene times, before the basaltic lava flow. The purpose for which they were used, at what time, it seems not easy to make out. But our comparatively recent Indians finding these stones attributed to them magical powers. No less than six theories have been advanced with regard to their use. They have been found in too many forms for games; too heavy for personal adornment; as plummets they would have been of no use to a people who lived in huts, or no shelter whatever; sinkers they need not be, when many stones in the creek would answer fully as well; the small knob on the end of nearly all of them caused them to be of less service than the common pestle; and the investigators came to the conclusion they were used for religious purposes, and in this they found they were correct, as a few old Indians confirmed this idea.

The Indian medicine man used to collect twelve or maybe twenty charm stones and arrange them in the form of a circle, with another very different stone in the center, and over these he sprinkled the seed of the wild sage, feathers and red ochre, when war, sickness, drought or famine came to the tribe. He would next thrust the stones violently together all the time, muttering his incantations. An old Napa chief said that charm stones were found running or burrowing in the ground before they were captured. When they caught one they gave it four raps with a common stone to kill it, and prevent it from paralyzing its captor. Like the Chinese, the propitiation of the evil spirit, was of more importance than the adoration of the Supreme Being. These charm stones were also suspended by a string over the water where they were fishing, hung from trees to call the fish up the streams, and at points in the mountains favorable for hunting. Barter between tribes carried the charm stones, mortars, and obsidian arrow heads of Uncle Sam mountain in Lake county many hundreds of miles. The writer remembers an arrow-head factory on the coast where two or three acres were covered with chidded flints in all stages of manufacture.

Some of the mortars of the Ynigo ranch are made from the Miocene sandstone of the hills near us, but others of hard granite indicate an origin far from the mounds of Mountain View. We cannot at present record the names of any prominent Indians who have survived, with the exception of Ynigo, who worked at the Santa Clara mission building, and assisted in superintending a number of his race, when the willow trees were planted on the Alameda avenue over a century ago. He had lived with Mr. Walkinshaw for some time, but one day he said he must go to his adobe home. He was ill, and knew his last hours were near. Telling his friends that he wished to be buried by a cross he had planted, and receiving shortly afterward the blessing of the priest, this kindly representative of an ancient race passed away at the age of one hundred and ten years according to local tradition.

CHAPTER VI.—Spanish Occupation, 1777 to 1822.

The hills look the same from a distance, except where the present owners of the soil have made a clearing, the set stars, the moon, the blue sky and the bay, when sails are gone. But changed is the valley; for there we find long, yellow, dry and dusty roads, gray fences, checkered fields, rows of precise fruit trees, white and strangely colored houses, since one hundred and twenty-seven years have passed, and the Indian was the dominant individual. Which is the more beautiful—those small grassy open spaces, that grand oak forest, laurel, sycamore and wild cherry, which glistened in the eternal sun back to the time when the glaciers moved down the Sierra, when Asia and Egypt were young; or this present landscape breathing of self-seeking, competition, and the dollar. Oh, yes, there are other ways of doing things co-operation and nationalism for instance. The Indian had enough acorns to go around anyway, and if one had tried to monopolize more than his share there would literally "have been a row in camp."

Did some birds of ill omen circle over the rancherias of the lowlands on the seventh of November, 1769? For on that day Gasper de Portala, first Spanish Governor of California, made the first white man's camp in the valley of San Francisquito Creek. But what could warnings or anything else have done on the part of the natives. The strata of seven cities lie one above another on the plains of Troy. And the mounds of the lowlands contain already the relics of four races—the charm stone of the more ancient Indian; shellfish and bones of the Ohlone; bits of glass and rusty iron of the Spaniard; and on the top lie the pottery of the present Americans. The recent Californian finds the mounds high and excellent sites for his houses. The old Pueblo of San Jose around the land of the Hotel Vendome, was a rancheria, and tradition says they had a large temescal. The Whelan, Crittenden, Proce, Summers and Murphy ranches all contain mounds.

During the Spanish occupation, Mountain View was a portion of the grazing land of the Mission Santa Clara. This pastoral territory, extending in a northwest direction, touched that of Mission Dolores, probably to San Francisquito creek. Immediately after the Spaniards came there must have been well travelled paths between these two missions. A summer trail maybe near the lowlands and a winter trail nearer the hills, and numerous narrow paths extending over a width of three miles between. Father Palou in 1774 came from Monterey by the way of Los Gatos to San Francisquito creek and beyond. He describes the Indians as "well formed and tall, many of them bearded like a Spaniard, with long hair hanging like a mantle from their shoulders to their waists." They brought him acorn bread, and "tamales" made of seeds and honey. We should like to know if bumble bee honey was to be gathered in any quantity those days, as Eastern bees were not introduced into this country until the spring of 1859. Father Pena, Don Fernando Rivera, and an escort of soldiers on their way to Mission Dolores must have passed through Mountain View the latter part of November, 1776. The celebrated Father Junipero Serra whose kindly face adorns our State history also traversed this pleasant spot on his way to the same mission on or about the third of May, and again when he returned, May 15th, 1784, to didicate the church of Santa Clara. Father Marguia, one of the founders of the Mission, had died five days before, and all the priests were very sad. Far from home in this wild country it was hard to lose one of their number. At the College of Santa Clara may be seen the mission archives of the past century in the handwriting of these and other Fathers. They have a large leather-bound book with hand written musical characters from which the more clever Ohlones used to sing.

Cattle soon filled the country, which were slaughtered at the Mission for their hides and tallow. An ancient "hide house" may be seen far out on the swamp lands that touch the open water. Horses became so plentiful that seven or eight thousand were killed about San Jose in 1806, and thousands were driven into the sea at Santa Barbara and Monterey. On the distant wood and pasture lands of Mountain View, the Mission Indian, vaqueros in their serapes, shared veal, bitter acorn bread and fish, with his brother at the rancheria. They made tea of yerba buenadel campo, smoked wooden pipes, and in fever, which was seldom, they drank a wormwood tea called "canchalague." The Ohlones built conical huts of rough sticks covered with rushes and grass, which were often burned and renewed, and it was very wise. No nice distinctions troubled

them, for they cooked their meals, manufactured implements, and buried their dead on the same ground. After the harvest, some of the Mission Indians were allowed to visit out here to gather acorns, dig roots, hunt and fish, and they always returned, showing they were well treated by the Fathers. But sometimes piles of stones were gathered until the altars were four or five feet high, then food, shells, feathers, Mission handkerchiefs and trinkets were thrown on and these gifts they called "pooish." A great fire was built and they danced and whistled to their dreaded god "Cooksuy" and visions of him in the form of animals rose up in the smoke. What a scene for the artist, while the reproving eyes of the Fathers were ten miles away. On Saturday, mahalas with papoosees on their backs in large coarse tule baskets, and Indians of all ages filed their way between the high foliage, so as to be at the Mission, especially on St. Joseph's, Easter and Christmas days.

In 1812 and 1822 several earthquakes occurred that injured the first Mission church. This church is not standing, as the present one was built in 1825–6. In 1822 the Spanish rule in Alta-California passed quietly here into the hands of the Mexican authorities.

CHAPTER VII.—Mexican Occupation, 1822 to 1846.

The Mission of Santa Clara increased in wealth during this grazing or stock-growing period until 1833. From this year to 1837, the secularization of all the Missions of California took place, and it was a sorrowful time for the Indians, as they were left without guides and knew not whom to trust. The Mexican government said the priests were in league with old Spain, and they claimed the "pious fund" a revenue set apart for the support of the missions or what amounted to the same thing, in effect. The Mexicans confiscated the church property, and the power of the priests was broken; the lands were given back to the Indians to work if they chose, but of course they fell into their old ways, many went to the rancherias and nearly all the Mission buildings are now in ruins.

While Governor Alvarado, 1836 to 1842, was in power, grants of land were made to the following Spaniards, whose descendants reside in, or near Mountain View. The Rancho San Antonio of one square league was claimed by Encarnacion Mesa in 1839. The grant was held by the family for some time and patented in 1866. A large tract of land granted to Jose Pena in 1841, called the Rincon de San Francisquito passed into the hands of Teodora and Secundino Robles. The local history of this ranch, is now being written in detail at the Stanford University, as the land there originally belonged to this grant. The old adobe house, however, is near our town, and its picturesque events are familiar to a few of our first settlers. According to "Hoffman's Reports," "Mariano Castro was a claimant for Rancho del Refugio or Pastoria de las Borregas, two square leagues in Santa Clara county, granted June 15, 1842, by Juan B. Alvarado to Francisco Estrada; claim filed in 1852, confirmed by the commission in 1854, and by the District Court." We are particular in stating this claim, as the writer of a book called "Santa Clara County" gives a private land grant in this county, of the same name, to Thomas Pacheco and Augustin Alviso. Sufficient to say, Mariano Castro held the western part of this grant upon which the town of Mountain View is situated, and at a later date the eastern portion of this land was sold to Martin Murphy. La Purissima Concepcion was granted to Jose Gorgonio and Jose Ramon in 1840, which afterward became the property of Juana Briones Miranda, whose ancient adobe may be seen any day on a drive to Mayfield. And the widow of Rafael Soto, the celebrated bear-hunter, was given a large ranch in 1841 near San Francisquito creek. Every one has heard of the chief Jose Ynigo and his reservation Posolomi, granted him in 1844 by Governor Micheltorena. Pages could be filled with the lawsuits about the boundary lines of these provisional grants, and the early settlers on the government land between, but we have no space for them. They are recorded in the courts.

Before the Americans came, Mountain View had the repose of a far country, undisturbed by the agitations of modern life. "We were all friends," said a kind-hearted Spanish woman. Strangers could ride from one ranch to another, and whoever found his horse tired would let him go and the Indian peons would catch another. Neither stoves nor fireplaces were to be seen in any of the Spanish houses before 1846. The cooking was all done out of doors, often by the Indians. They put chili peppers in nearly everything, liked beans, tortillas and tamales, and no American has ever been able to make as good dressing for geese, ducks, and beef. They knew something of many trades, for they made soap, sun-dried bricks, tanned hides, sewed shoes and dipped candles. The rodeo occurred in March, when the vaqueros collected the cattle from far and near, to brand them. In May came the matanza, when hundreds of cattle were slaughtered. They had, and were compelled to have great respect for the brands of the cattle. The Robles and Mirandas had many a rodeo together on the Seale ranch. Mariano Castro had cattle also, and a large flock of sheep on the lowlands.

The passing of the Mexican rule into the hands of the Americans in 1846 is known to every one. Captain Marston and Colonel Sanchez with a number of men on each side had a battle January 2d, 1847, which began about five miles this side of San Jose and ended with the usual result. For everywhere the Americans assumed the control, although California did not really belong to the United States until the treaty with Mexico in 1848.

Sometimes a scene rises before the imagination—we by no means vouch for the truth of the picture. In the background lie the distant hills of Alameda, the bay, and the lands of Mountain View. In the foreground on the hill is Prado Mesa's four-roomed adobe, around which numerous figures are gathered. This spot is selected, as Encarnacion Mesa was the first recorded claimant for land. Prado Mesa standing by his gristmill, and that dignified Spanish gentleman and alcalde Mariano Castro, seem pleased to meet their neighbors. The widow Briones is seated upon a broken millstone, with her lap full of herbs, and apparently examining another. Francisco Estrada on horseback is looking with wistful expression over the vast domain which might still have been his. Ynigo, clasping the hands of an Indian child who gazes upward into his rugged face. Carlos Alvarez, the treasure-seeker, with shovel in hand, listening to the Indian medicine man, who tells him there is much Spanish gold buried here. Captain Stevens, and Secundino Robles who is carelessly handling some specimens of quicksilver rock, with a dead bear at their feet, and are arguing about their respective methods of capturing and killing grizzlies. Chatto Robles, with his handsome German wife standing over him, he, seated with a piece of paper in his hand, she telling him to change his cattle into gold, while silently she contemplates running off with the plunder. A couple of Indian peons carry water up the steep hill to the visitors; and the blinded donkey grinds out about a bushel of corn a day in his ceaseless rounds with the two millstones. But a storm is coming up in the southern sky, typical of the approaching conflict with the Americans.

CHAPTER VIII.—American Occupation, 1846 to 1864.

Samphire, frankenia, tule and other marsh grasses covered the swamp lands of the bay; willows in damp places, meadow grasses, and great patches of mustard covered the black sedimentary soil of the lowlands. There is a tradition that the mustard was introduced by some one of the Spanish priests, to give a pungent flavor to the diet of their converts, but like the human sorrows let loose from Pandora's box, mustard filled the whole world. Oaks and the dense underbrush between, did not begin until the gravelly lands were reached, which was generally a short distance below the railroad. But in order to reconstruct the landscape of this time, the wide path of this railroad must be strongly blotted out of the imagination. Mountain View still continued to have no especial significance to the outside world, except as a portion of the road between San Francisco and San Jose, consequently, the highway between the Martinez, Mirandas and Mesas, on the south, and the Robles, Castro and Ynigo ranches on the north, was familiarly called by the Spaniards "The Pass."

There were but few Americans before 1850. Peter Davidson came to California in 1843, and marrying into the Castro family he claimed four hundred acres of what is now known as the Sullivan and Randol property. His residence, however, was in San Jose. Thomas Kell and John W. Whisman came to the country in 1846. John Whisman, a cousin of the first of that name, settled with some of his relatives on the Randol ranch, but they were driven off by Mariano Castro. They came back after a year or two, but while they were gone Mr. Pielsticher, a German, lived there, and planting some Eastern seeds he had received, the morning glory was introduced. Edward Dale, who came here in 1850, passing by one day, told him to pull up the plant, knowing how it would spread, but he neglected to do so, and the subsequent history of the plant is well known. Over on "Blackberry Farm," lived Captain Stevens with a partner who studied "perpetual motion." Dickie and Weeks purchased the Kifer and Hale land. Martin Murphy, who probably planted the first orchard in this township, had settled near the station which bears his name. John Snyder came to the State in 1849, but did not permanently settle here until later. There was also the "Fremont House," built by Palmer, Cook & Co., and kept by Mr. Saunders, our first justice of the peace.

Stage stations are the beginning of many towns. Ackley and Morrison of San Jose, in April, 1850, had a triweekly stage to San Francisco; John W. Whisman, who then lived on the present Summers ranch, ran stages also, and the fare was two ounces or thirty-two dollars. Prices were high in 1850. Two dollars and a half, for a pound of butter, a chicken, or a dozen eggs. Flour was forty dollars per barrel; and sixty dollars was given for hauling a load of lumber to San Jose from Searsville. All kinds of produce was drawn in ox-carts and neighbors went visiting in them, the wheel tracks close to the bushes and shaded by spreading live oaks. Hall and Crandall in September, 1850, purchased the line of Whisman. They built a stage station on the northwestern corner of the Delmas ranch, where a large laurel grew, but all the stages were withdrawn for about four months in the winter of '50 and '51, as the roads were impassable. Campbell and Gillis built a stage station in September, 1852, over half mile further west. Mr. Elliot subsequently, and finally S. P. Taylor, have been proprietors. Before these last transactions, however, Richard Karr built a store in the spring of 1852, which is said to be the first house, and it was managed by Jacob Shumway, who named this place "Mountain View." All honor to the old bachelor, who had

a fine ear for the fitness of words. The first blacksmith shop was built by Mr. Beeson, on the Paul ranch in 1850. Jenkins and Morrison bought the shop, but during this time John Rice built a similar one in Mountain View, and thinking it a better location, they moved down and bought Rice's property. Mrs. Whelan is the owner at the present time.

A large proportion of the American residents were relatives and friends from the western part of Missouri, near Kansas City. The first schoolhouse was built at the end of the railroad park, opposite Weilheimer's hotel. The names of the first pupils were William Thomas, Rachel and Julia, children of Edward Dale. William, Benjamin, Lizzie and Agnes Bubb. Lizzie, Julia and John, of John W. Whisman's family. Sarah and Mary Yager; Amanda and Helen Holloway. George and Crete Bryant, and two step-children of the same family, named David and Betsey Adams. The "Fremont House" sent two children, whose names are unknown. Rev. W. Gallimore, a very able man, who afterward served as county assessor, was the first teacher. After a year or more, this schoolhouse was hauled by oxen to Permanenta creek. It stood for some years a few hundred yards in front of Mr. Robinson's residence. School was kept there until Frank Sleeper influenced several of the patrons to build a new one in "Old Town," on the present site. Messrs. Bayne, Tacklebury, Boykin, Dr. Webb and Overstreet, succeeded the first teacher. Besides the patrons of the school mentioned for 1851, John Sinnott lived on the Murphy land, and C. C. Stierlin came but resided then in "Old Town." In 1852 the following persons arrived: W. Wear, I. N. Graham, J. C. Hutchinson and the Cruse Brothers; T. J. Shore and E. F. Springer; H. Rengstoff, N. Hall, J. F. Rickets, J. Crowley, together with Messrs. Lake. Blair, Blazer, and Meadow who lived on the land of Calderon avenue for several years. In 1853, S. P. Taylor, J. Kifer, R. McCubbin, G. H. Grant, Rev. O. Crittenden, Dr. McCoy, G. W. Charleston, J. Levine and S. B. Emerson. J. W. Boulware lived here for two years. The Weilheimer Brothers opened a store. Telegraph poles and wires were erected along the road to San Francisco, and some of the Indians wondered why Protestants should elevate crosses so high and thought the people must be very religious. The "Vigilantes" organized here in '52 and '53, for crime was very common in San Jose, and though we had some of it, no very important action was taken.

The whole social life of this time centered around the church. Mr. Thomas Dale has kindly given us some records from which we find that the First Cumberland Presbyterian church was organized in 1851, and the Rev. Cornelius Yager preached the first sermon. The Rev. J. E. Braly, from Lawrence station, was also an active member. They held a large camp-meeting, probably the first in the State, on David Dickie's place the same year. People used to come from San Ramon valley in Contra Costa county to camp-meeting, and then went back to their homes and organized churches. They resembled the Pilgrims of the Mayflower in their large and strict attendance. The old school and meeting house combined, over on the Permanenta was filled to overflowing on the Sabbath day. Neither did they play cards nor dance; they went to prayer meeting. But from the large percentage of marriages that the records show, we can imagine that while Father Braly was preaching, many a quiet flirtation, and sly glances were exchanged. The Methodist Church South was organized in 1853, but they had no building of their own until 1872. The First Baptist Church was organized in 1854. Owing to the unsettled state of titles to land, and departures, this church became extinct in 1860. The Spanish families went to the Mission Santa Clara in carretas, while the Indian peons took the trails through the brush as best they could.

Secundino Robles and his vaquereos used to bait grizzlies on moonlight nights in the chimasel, and bring them into a strong corral on the ground of the "Vegetable Gardens." Bull and bear fighting was however abolished by law in 1854. Frank Sleeper planted a peach orchard; and together with Mariano Castro he had the town surveyed and laid out into lots. Robert Walkinshaw the owner of the Ynigo ranch died in 1858. D. B. Bailey was elected a member of the Assembly in 1859, and brought forward a bill "to establish the State University." The Cumberland Presbyterian Church was built in 1860. John Snyder in 1862, proved that cereals could be raised here without irrigation, and from that time forward until about 1885, when the fruit growers came in, grain was the chief production. The Spanish families sometimes indulged in a fandango. The Americans thought it very wicked. A few were just beginning to learn—when a whistle shrieked joyously January 16th, 1864—as the first train thundered along the new track. It was the death knell of the stage in Old Mountain View, for a business center arose around the present station.

CHAPTER IX.—American Occupation, 1864 to 1885.

Stevens Creek is not marked on the original map of the Rancho Pastoria de las Borregas, neither is there any outlet for Adobe Creek, and the shallow stream of the Permanenta lazily manages to get out of the foothills as far as the San Francisco road, where it spreads out like a fan, through willow swamps. These funny old maps of the Spanish grants, which look like the pictures children draw on their slates when the teacher has his back turned, may be seen any day at the Hall of Records in San Jose. The water used to spread in one vast sheet over the wooded plain when the rains came, and our creeks had to have channels constructed for them, when general erosion deepened, completed and removed all obstructions until the water reached the navigable sloughs of the bay. The railway company dug a channel for Stevens creek towards the San Francisco highway, and the owners below and above the track hauled thousands of loads of gray gravel to Castro and other streets. The name of the gallant Captain who led the Townsend party in 1844 across the plains, was given to Stevens creek, but the Spaniards called it Cupertino; the Permanenta was named Dickie creek by the first American settlers; Yeguas, San Antonio and Adobe are names of the same stream.

Several roads having no legal existence ran in various directions before the cars came, and as they were changed frequently, nothing very definite can be written about them. But for a long time there was no short, sharp turn at the "Junction" saloon, and the San Francisco road ran in a straight line due east past Mr. Watts' residence, and then in front of the Permanenta schoolhouse and the Presbyterian church, which faced south, and thence along Church street, when it cut across lots to Old Mountain View. A diagonal road, following somewhat the path the present school children take, was a part of the great thoroughfare from Old Mountain View to the old railroad station. About 1855 the Rev. O. Crittenden petitioned the Board of Supervisors to open a highway across the lowlands, and this useful road was shortly afterward turnpiked and graveled, but before the railroad was laid down immense quantities of freight were shipped by schooner from Rengstorff's Landing to San Francisco.

S. O. Houghton, a prominent lawyer of San Jose, who owned several hundred acres of land here in 1864, told the president of the railway company that he would give them a strip of land one hundred feet wide and about six hundred feet long on which to build a a station, and under Mr. Houghton's supervision the adjoining streets were surveyed and laid out. The first house, a saloon, was erected by Shirley and Haines. D. Frink and Shirley erected the hotel, the property at present of S. Weilheimer. The Methodist Episcopal Church South was erected in 1872. Mountain View Lodge, No. 194, F. and A. M., was organized in 1868. Mountain View Lodge, No. 59, A. O. U. W., was organized in 1878. Golden Wreath Lodge, No. 328, I. O. G. T., was organized in 1880. In 1876 Enterprise Hall was erected by a local association, and the Odd Fellows meet on Thursdays. Hermenia Rebekah Degree Lodge meets the second and fourth Mondays of every month.

Mountain View bought and sold, thrashed wheat and barley, speculated in grain, cut hay and made some claret during this period. It is supposed wild oats crept up along the coast, introduced by the Spaniards who lived in Mexico two or three hundred years ago, and finding no frosts to subdue them, this plant and its companion the mustard took possession. The first settlers here found wild oat hay very profitable. Wheat and barley hay was the principal crop on many ranches, and from two to three tons per acre on an average was cut, and hundreds of tons were shipped to market in San Francisco. The social life was similar to the present; the Bellfounder ranch in early times was a good place for picnics, and many camp meetings were held close to the Presbyterian Church.

Besides Fred. L. Foster of the "Los Gatos Chronicle," Mountain View at one time in 1857 contained another poet, Dr. Webb, of the old Permanenta schoolhouse. He not only rhymed the scenery and other accessories of our vicinity, but was a writer of several prose works. From a quaint account book found among her father's effects Miss Lucy Taylor has kindly given a list and dates of all the teachers of our public school from 1858. The "Fremont" school district was renamed "Mountain View" and a new schoolhouse built on the site of the present one in the spring of 1858. Mary C. Green was the first teacher, and her term was thirteen weeks, beginning in the month of May that year. Mrs. Morton taught in 1859; C. W. Leavins 1860; and Mrs. A. W. Slavan '61 and '62; J. F. Widney '63 and '64. From this time until 1875, two teachers were employed at the same time. J. H. Braly, Mattie C. Fisher and Mattie Logan '64 and '65. Louis Van Schaack, Annie Hartwick and Kate Bishop '66 and '67. J. F Kennedy and Mattie Logan '67 and '68. John Fox, John Gregney and Linda Loper '69. W. E. Robbens, Thomas Whitehurst, John Fox, Susie Cavanagh and Annie Quince 1870. For building a fence, digging a well and other improvements during this year $1100 was expended. W. G. McPherson, Mr. Underwood and Annie Quince were the principal and primary assistant in '71 and '72. This schoolhouse was burned on the morning of February 21st, 1872. Mrs. Z. H. Martin has drawn an excellent plan of this building, which was so familiar to many of our old residents. The contract was let to build a new schoolhouse November 18th, 1872, to J. A. Wright. M. C. Brophy, Dora Lapeen and Mrs. Stevenson were teachers during '72 and '73. Mr. Brophy continued with Eva Batchelder in 1874. W. F. Foss, Mary A. Taylor and Alice Snedaker in 1875. George S. Wells '81, and D. T Bateman '83, were principals, with Misses Taylor and Snedader in the primary departments until 1886.

Frank Sleeper was one of the members of the Board of Supervisors from 1864 to 1868, and Henry McCleary from 1883 to 1885. The Hon. Daniel Frink was elected to the State Legislature on the Republican ticket in 1879.

CHAPTER X.—American Occupation, 1885 to 1894.

Five and ten acre lots planted in fruit trees would not pay interest on the expenditure, said the wise ones about town, when some strangers settled on Calderon avenue in 1885. But the fruit buds on the apricots and prunes swelled with the hopes of the future and put on new bridal garments of white blossoms every spring, and when in 1890 some of those small ranches produced $200 per acre, the wise hay ranchers said no more. Since then the Snow and Pettis tract '89, Sleeper '90, Madigan '91, Miramonte '92, Dawson c'93, Emerson '93, and Murphy lands '94, have been successfully placed on the market. Several of our best kept orchards are taken care of by women. Professor Hilgard of the State University, after a thorough analysis of the soil, reports this to be the claret producing section of the State.

The "Mountain View Courier," editor W. J. Hassett, had an existence of a few months in 1885. In August, 1887, a general "boom" originating in the Southern counties, struck the town, when land rose a few hundred dollars per acre, and has held its own ever since. The "Mountain View Register" printed its first issue April 7th, 1888, and "was nursed into maturer life" under the devoted care of Bacon and Johnston. This was also a great building year. The Olympic Hall, Cannery, Martin's brick store, Hornberger and Garlipp's warehouse, Bergin's winery, S. P. R. R. depot, Messrs. Williams, Merriman, Abbott, Taaffe, Fitzell, Charleston, Swall, Francis, Marks, and other residences, were built and partly completed, and it is calculated that over $80,000 was expended for this purpose in the vicinity. J. A. Wright kept a force of forty men in the planing mill and in carpenter work outside, and so sanguine were several, that the incorporation of the town, a building and loan association, fruit warehouse, bank, and grand hotel, have been proposed, but the ideas are gone, like the morning clouds tinged with light that vanish over the hills. A Choral Society began in June, 1888, and continued with weekly meetings, meanwhile giving a few pleasant entertainments, for about a year. When the Olympic Hall was dedicated, February 8th, 1889, the drama, "Above the Clouds" was played by local amateurs in a neat and creditable manner. A "Fair," for the purpose of establishing a Free Library, was held in this building, October 1889, and all organizations united irrespective of party or creed; it was without doubt the largest union of hearts and hands for a noble purpose that this place has ever witnessed.

In accordance with the prevailing custom, a flag was purchased for the schoolhouse in 1890. A Lyceum was organized in December, which, after several lively debates, when probably some of the ladies learned some parliamentary law, it closed in May 1891. It was a loss to the place in this year when the Mountain View Canning Company discontinued packing fruit after a run of three years. Under the leadership of Mrs. Poland, four or five entertainments for the benefit of the Free Library were given in Olympic Hall; they brought out the best local talent, and actors and audience shall always remember them with pleasure. July 4, 1892, was an ambitious celebration, when we had a Columbus float, a Goddess of Liberty, and children ribboned to represent the States of the Union, and a barbecue near the railroad. The Independent Order of Foresters was established in August 1892, and the American Order of Foresters July 1893. Both organizations are in a flourishing condition, and they meet in the Masonic Hall.

About thirty years ago, the Rev. Father Bixio delivered the first mass in Taylor's Hall, and a few years afterward, St. Joseph church was erected. The Rev. Fathers Masnata, Raffo, Tardella, Leggio, Raggio, Democino and Raggio, have succeeded in terms of four years, and the church has a large attendance. The Memorial Baptist church was dedicated May 12th, 1893, Rev. E. H. Hayden, pastor. A Floral Fair for the benefit of the Free Library occurred in June 1893, and a fine display of flowers, reflecting great credit on Fremont township, was on exhibition three evenings. The "Musical and Literary Society" held a few meetings this last winter, but the universal financial depression has affected all entertainments and enterprises.

Our sympathies have deepened and horizon broadened while compiling the past and present in this miniature history. The population to the south of the railroad will fill up all places and spaces fast enough. But with regard to the future, geology and geography in their strong prophetic interaction with all human history point to the artesian area of the lowlands, which can support hundreds of families on a small acreage, in the raising of small fruits. A city will eventually stretch down to the open water, and steamers shall come and go from wharves far out on the reclaimed swamp lands. Here will be electric lights, street cars, and likely a stray air-ship or more, and Jacob Shumway would not know the place he named Mountain View.

NICKEL COINS FOR FRANCE.

The Republic Is Now Afflicted With the Coppers of Other Nations.

FRANCE is greatly annoyed by the quantities of foreign copper coins that are in circulation within her borders. Their intrinsic value being little, they are not current if detected, and there is much complaint on account of their abundance. One means of finding relief has been proposed, and that is the establishment of a nickel coinage for small change and the withdrawal of all copper coins at present legalized.

M. Michelin, according to the Paris Figaro, is an estimable old gentleman of 85, who has for ten years been an ardent and persistent advocate of nickel coinage in France. He made his fortune in dry goods and lives in retirement in the country, and there he has spent several thousand francs in publishing his essays on his favorite subject. He does not even boast of having a new idea to exploit. The Government of the Empire had thought of coining nickel sous. The two accompanying figures show the ten-centime pieces that were proposed, the inscription on the obverse reading, "An attempt at nickel money."

But under the Empire nickel was too dear for the idea to be successful. Since then the mines of New Caledonia have made nickel more abundant. One of the Ministers of the republic, M. Peytral, then tried to carry out the project of the Empire days. His fall came too soon, however, and he was followed by too rapid a succession of other Ministers, and the project was pigeonholed indefinitely. Here is the twenty-centime piece that M. Peytral proposed, the ten-centime and sou pieces being, of course, smaller:

From these illustrations it is seen that M. Peytral proposed to make these pieces with a hole in the center, in Japanese fashion. This hole was to enable the nickel coins to be easily distinguished from the silver money. This plan, however, did not seem necessary to the Swiss Confederation, which had already adopted nickel for coining.

M. Michilin, however, advocates the hole in the middle. Not only would it prevent confusion with the ten-sou silver pieces, but it would allow cashiers to string the coins on wire rods, which could be cut into various lengths to hold just a franc or two or three. He has had made a series of models. M. Rouvier has seen them and approves them; so does M. Bazille, a Deputy, and Figaro hopes they will advocate their adoption by the Government as soon as the Chamber of Deputies meets again. Unfortunately, it is very late. The Mint is undergoing repairs, and its director, M. Faville, although he is making nickel sous for foreign powers, declares that even if it were decided upon at once it would be three years before he could start in upon a reform of the coinage.

M. Michelin, in view of these facts, proposes to begin provisionally with an experimental piece. If it is impossible to coin 5 and 10 centime pieces at once, a beginning can be made with a pure nickel 25-centime piece, corresponding almost exactly to the 5-cent piece of the United States. Here is his model:

The Figaro adds that as the French Mint is busy coining for foreign governments, it favors making contracts with establishments in Belgium or Birmingham, which could furnish promptly the only money capable of stemming the invasion of foreign copper in France.

ORIGIN OF THE SEAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Coat of Arms of an English Baron Furnished the Design for Congress.

THE great seal of the United States is of peculiar interest from the fact that it is possibly the only one in the world that was designed for a government by the subject of an opposing government. We owe our coat of arms, says the New

OBVERSE OF THE GREAT SEAL.

York Herald, to Sir John Prestwich, a baronet of the west of England, who was a warm friend of America, and an accomplished antiquarian. His admiration for Washington undoubtedly influenced his design, as the Washington arms are rather similar to our seal. Originally the selection of the seal was left to a committee appointed by Congress, and composed of Benjamin Franklin, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, and they employed a French West Indian named Du Simitiero, not only to furnish designs, but to sketch such designs as were suggested by themselves. In one of his drawings the artist displayed on a shield the armorial ensigns of the several nations from whence America had been peopled, em-

REVERSE OF THE GREAT SEAL.

bracing those of England, Scotland, France, Germany and Holland.

After several other committees had vainly tried to perfect a seal which should meet the approval of Congress, Charles Thomson, its secretary, several years later received from John Adams, then in London, an exceedingly simple and appropriate device suggested by Sir John Prestwich. It consisted of an escutcheon, bearing thirteen perpendicular stripes, white and red, with chief blue, and spangled with thirteen stars, and, to give it great consequence, he proposed placing it on the breast of an American eagle without supporters, as emblematic of self-reliance. At last this met with general approval in and out of Congress, and was adopted in June, 1782. So it is manifest, although the fact is not extensively known, that we are indebted for our national arms to a titled aristocrat of the country with which we were then at war. It was cut in brass soon after it had been decided upon, and it is found on a commission dated September 16, 1782, granting full power and authority to Washington to arrange with the British for prisoners of war. This seal continued in use for fifty-nine years. The present seal differs from it only in detail of execution. The design of the reverse has a pyramid, over which there is an eye in a triangle. For some reason this side of the seal was not cut then, nor has it been cut since, but has been allowed to go unnoticed officially until the present day. The second seal was cut in 1841, Daniel Webster then being Secretary of State. This one was continued in use up to 1885, when the seal now in use was cut.

TRISTAM COFFIN.

"The First of His Race to Settle in America."

Jan. 19 1894

AN INTERESTING find was made a few weeks ago on the old circus lot, corner of Seventh and Mission streets, by J. T. Pierce, a resident of 556 Stevenson street, and it may be valuable from an antiquarian and historical standpoint. It consists of a medal made of copper and 2⅛ inches in diameter. On one side is a full length figure of a cavalier in relief, with the year "1625" underneath, and encircling the same in raised lettering the words "Tristam Coffin, the first of the race that settled in America." On the other side are, in relief also, in the center of the disc four

clasped hands, the forearms constituting a cross. On the upper edge in

raised letters are the words: "Do honour to his own name," and on the lower edge the words "Be united." The date would indicate that the medal was cast in 1632, for America was settled by Europeans the better part of two centuries before that date. But who is Tristam Coffin? The encyclopedias are all silent regarding him.

The medal was scratched out of a hole in the sand about two feet deep by Mr. Pierce's son's dog. When taken out it looked like a disc of oxidized copper of no special value or significance. One day this week, prompted solely by an idle curiosity, Mr. Pierce removed the

DOUGLAS TILDEN'S MARRIAGE

PRETTY BESSIE COLE WAS THE BRIDE.

The Groom a Deaf-Mute and the Bride Without the Power of Hearing.

Oakland Branch Office of the "Chronicle," 950 Broadway, corner Ninth street.

OAKLAND, June 9.—There were two weddings in Oakland to-day, which excited general interest. The first was the union of Douglas Tilden, the sculptor, and Miss Bessie Cole, and the second the marriage of John F. Maxwell and Miss Amelia Schutz.

The Tilden-Cole wedding took place at high noon at the residence of L. G. Cole, father of the bride, at 1545 Webster street, and no more unique ceremony was ever performed. Unconscious of sound and denied the power of speech, the talented sculptor read the pledges of the ceremony from a type-written copy and gave his promises in the language of the hand. The handsome bride, who also lacks the faculty of hearing, but can speak, read from a similar copy, and gave her answer orally. It was a strange scene that was enacted when the bridal party reached the daintily decorated drawing-room and stood before Rev. Dr. McLean. Miss White, cousin of the bride, was maid of honor, and Willis Polk best man. The latter followed the words of the minister and indicated the progress of the service on the copies which the couple held. The bride wore a dress of soft white nun's veiling, with ruffles of chiffon at the throat and waist. She is a slender girl, with a wonderfully expressive face, crowned with a wealth of dark hair. Miss White wore a very pretty organdie gown over green silk. The bride carried a bouquet of white sweet peas and the groom one of pink sweet peas.

The wedding breakfast followed the ceremony and at the conclusion Mr. and Mrs. Tilden left for the south. The guests present were: L. G. Cole, Mrs. White, Miss White, Mrs. Hunt, Miss Emma Hunt, James Phelan, Bruce Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Dan T. Cole, Mr. and Mrs. Maronry, Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Cole, Miss Nellie Cole, Miss Grace Cole, Miss Emma Cole, Howard Taylor, Miss Minnie Buesse, Mr. and Mrs. Foster Cole, Mr. and Mrs. John Cole, Mrs. Albert Brown, Miss Lillie Tilden, Homer Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Tilden, Mr. and Mrs. Starnpley, Miss Sophine Hardy, Miss Lizzie Hume, Miss Lillie Cable, Miss Alma Galbraith, Miss May Morrison, Willis Polk, Mr. and Mrs. Masters, Dr. and Mrs. Weed, Miss Mabel Weed, Miss J. Santord, Mr. and Mrs. Brayton, Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, Miss Mary Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Nash, Mrs. A. A. Hicox, Miss Laura Hicox, Adna Hicox, Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Grady, Mr. and Mrs. Galbraith, Albert Brown Jr., Burchard White, Mrs. H. Wilder, Cora Jenkins.

THE OLD TRUNDLE-BED.

Oh, the old trundle-bed where I slept when a boy!
What canopied king might not covet the joy?
The glory and peace of that slumber of mine,
Like a long, gracious rest in the bosom divine,
The quaint homely couch, hidden close from the light,
But daintily drawn from its hiding place at night,
Oh, a nest of delight, from the foot to the head,
Was the queer little, dear little, old trundle-bed!

Oh, the old trundle-bed, where I wondering saw
The stars through the window, and listened with awe
To the sigh of the winds as they tremblingly crept
Through the trees where the robins so restlessly slept;
Where I heard the low, murmurous chirp of the wren,
And the katydid listlessly chirrup again,
Till my fancies grew faint and were drowsily led
Through the maze of the dreams of the old trundle-bed.

Oh, the old trundle-bed! Oh, the old trundle-bed,
With its plump little pillow and old-fashioned spread;
Its snowy white sheets, and the blankets above,
Smoothed down and tucked round with the touches of love;
The voice of my mother to lull me to sleep
With the old fairy stories my memories keep
Still fresh as the lilies that bloom o'er the head
Once bowed o'er my own in the old trundle-bed!

—James Whitcomb Riley, in Religious Telescope.

DOUGLAS TILDEN AND MISS BESSIE COLE, WHO WERE MARRIED IN OAKLAND YESTERDAY.

FEBRUARY 9, 1896.

AN IMPOSING MONUMENT.

THE ADMISSION OF THE STATE COMMEMORATED.

To Be Located at the Junction of Mason, Turk and Market Streets.

The city is to be the recipient of a handsome drinking fountain, the gift of James D. Phelan. The fountain is to be erected at the junction of Market, Turk and Mason streets. The tender will be made to the Board of Supervisors to-morrow. It is to be constructed of marble and bronze, and will present an imposing appearance. It is to be emblematic of the admission of California into the Union. The design is by Douglas Tilden.

There will be a tall shaft of California marble, about thirty-five feet high. It will be surmounted by a bronze winged image of the Genius of California, bearing in her hands an open book of the free Constitution, dated September 9, 1850, in bold letters—the date of the admission of the State.

The base is about thirteen feet square, and on a pedestal rising from it is a bronze figure representing the youth of California, clad as a miner, bearing in his right hand the national colors and in his left hand his hat, which he is waving, and in the attitude of rushing forward with impetuous haste and cheering lustily in triumphant enthusiasm.

The figures are each seven feet in height. About the pedestal are the pick and cradle of the miner, which have been temporarily laid aside. On the face of the pedestal will be inscribed the date of the laying of the foundation of the monument and the dedication, which is to the Native Sons of the Golden West.

There will be emblematic carving, and above the two bowls water flows from the mouths of bears. The figures are full of action and moving forward, apparently to some desired object. The whole tells the story of the admission of the State in a spirited way.

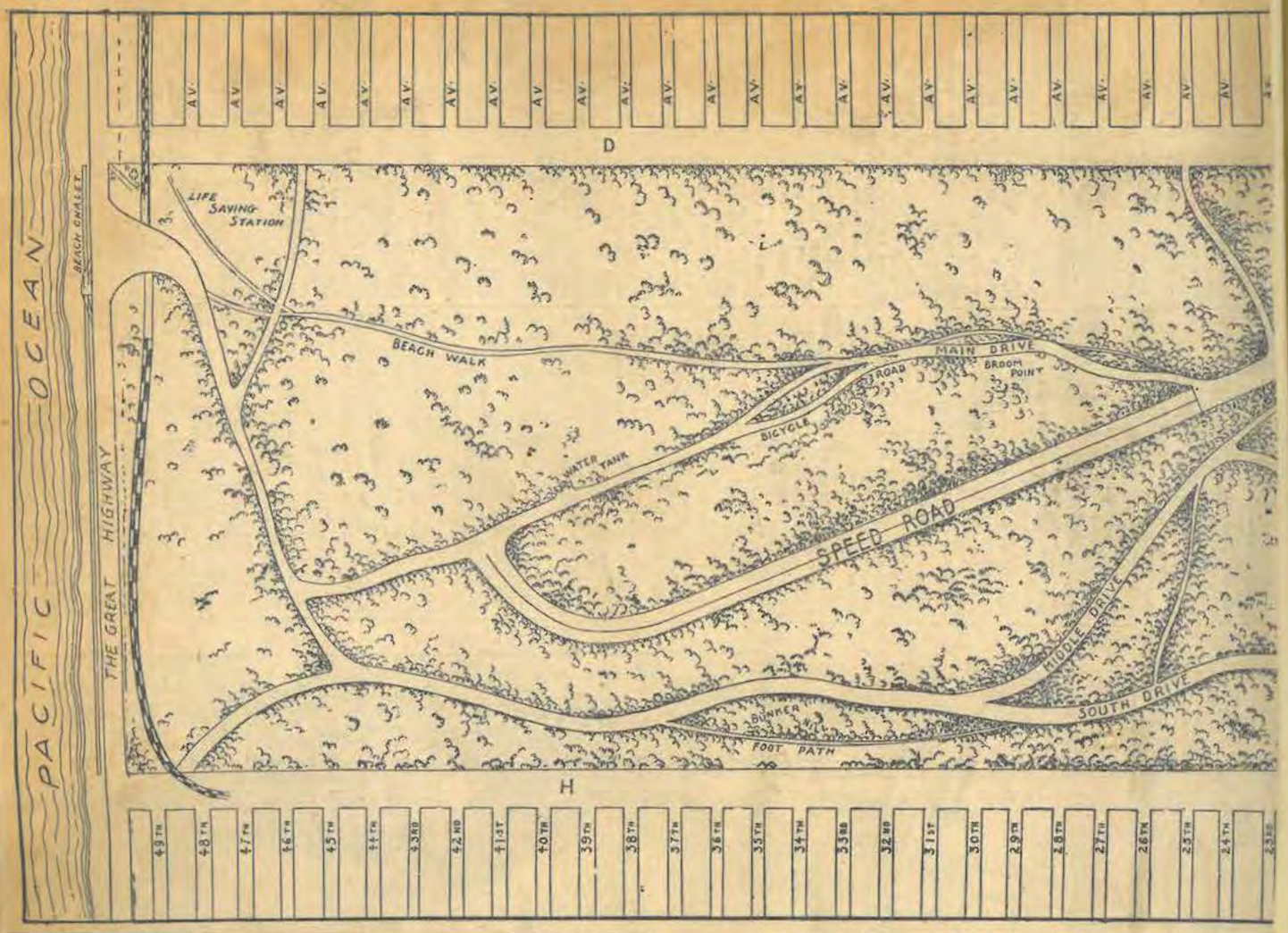
The location of the new monument at Turk, Mason and Market streets suggested itself to Mr. Phelan as a means of indicating to all passersby on the main thoroughfare the location of the new and beautiful hall of the Native Sons, which is on Mason, about four blocks from Market street.

Douglas Tilden, the sculptor and designer of the monument, is a Native Son. He was educated at the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Asylum at Berkeley, and through the patronage of W. E. Brown and the asylum officials was sent to Paris, where he executed "The Baseball Player," "The Tired Boxer" and "The Bear Hunt." These have given him world-wide renown. He expects that the fountain which he has designed for his native city will be his masterpiece and will rank above the other works which have already given him his international reputation. The cost of the fountain, it is expected, will be about $12,000.

—A fifty foot flagpole has been placed in front of the Light-house on the Cliff Drive, and hereafter on important occasions the stars and stripes will float to the breezes.

Feb. 1896

DRINKING FOUNTAIN TO BE PRESENTED TO THE CITY BY JAMES D. PHELAN.



THE GENESIS OF THE GOLDEN GATE PARK.

Its Development From Desolate Dunes and Scrub Oaks to the Home of Nature and Art.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL growth rather than scientific evolution has marked the development of Golden Gate Park. Doubtless those who conceived the idea of a people's pleasure ground for San Francisco had its general outlines in their mind, but in fact its development has marched on a line with the city's needs and the possibilities of the situation. Each feature has been taken up in its natural order as the need arose and the time and the means at the disposition of the Commission permitted. Yet an intelligent direction has guided the destinies of the Park, and there has been a general unity of extension with a diversity of detail from which the present harmonious results have been obtained.

Golden Gate Park has an existence of a quarter of a century, and if man has accomplished much during that period, it would be ungrateful to nature not to accord to her the pre-eminence in all that is essential to making San Francisco's pleasure ground stand alone among its fellows the world over. Man's triumphs over the groups of stunted oaks and wastes of sand which once marked the spot are admirable, but it is to its magnificent site and unrivalled climate that the Park owes its perennial beauty. Other cities can equal, and some surpass, San Francisco in its artistic works, the beauty and extent of its buildings, its zoological collections and in the recreations offered to youth and adult, but none of them can offer to its residents an open-air resort such as ours throughout the year.

Take Golden Gate Park as it is today in the dead of winter, and one realizes the difference between an Eastern and a California January more vividly than any other example will produce. Though the winter has been cold and dry far beyond the common, the Park has lost none of its charms. Its foliage is as green, its lawns as fresh and its flowers as brilliant as those of Eastern and European parks and gardens in the months of May or June. It is a fact which strikes every visitor, filling him with surprise and admiration. If our own people from custom do not draw the comparison they are not slow to take advantage of the situation. Not for a single day is Golden Gate Park without its visitors. The horseman and the bicyclist, the pedestrian and the carriage-owner traverse its broad avenues or stroll along its sinuous footpaths as though cold and snow and frost did not exist. The conservatory is the receptacle of rare and delicate plants, but on every hand hundreds of varieties of flora delight the eye and perfume the atmosphere in the open. The children, too, are daily visitors to the Park in search of health and pleasure, and on the days set apart, be it January or be it July, the recreation grounds are covered by noisy groups, and the concert vale is thronged by thousands attracted by the outdoor music.

These are facts well known to all San Franciscans, but how did this all come about? Nature was there, but Nature had to be directed and encouraged, and even sylvan promenades, however beautiful in themselves, would have palled upon the popular taste. Other attractions had to be found. The conversion of drifting sand dunes into a beautiful park and pleasure ground has all been accomplished in a quarter of a century, but for seventeen years of this period the development was slow, and it is only within about a decade that the Golden Gate has become a truly popular resort.

The driveway to the ocean was the first necessity and possibility. Its distance from the settled part of the town and the lack of car communication rendered the Park at the outset only available to the owners of horses and vehicles or those well enough off to hire such means of locomotion at the livery stables. The main carriage ways were therefore at first constructed. But even this did not satisfy those able to take a spin to the beach. Something more than a good road and a spanking team were required to give vogue to the Park. Scrub oak and monotonous dunes became tiresome in a brief time, and repose for the eye had to be sought. This lead to the establishment of a nursery, at first for trees and bushes only, but later for plants likewise. Trees and shrubs were set out by the hundreds of thousands annually, the eucalyptus, the pine, the cypress, the accacia and later the palm took the place of the dwarf oak, grasses were sown in the sand and soon the scene of desolation began to change to wooded hill and dale.

To plant, however, was not enough. To preserve and cause the growth of the forest in this sunny climate irrigation was needed, and for the flowers sprinkling was an absolute necessity. Water had to be obtained. It came at first from the Spring Valley, but was costly and insufficient. A search for water was made upon the grounds, where a supply sufficient for all needs was discovered. The Bradley Water Works were built at a cost of $28,000, and the reservoir of 1,000,000 gallons' capacity for a time met the requirements. But as the Park later on rapidly developed this supply in turn proved inadequate. Then it was that the Strawberry hill reservoir was established, three years ago, with a capacity of 25,000,000 gallons, and as time went on was transformed into the beautiful body of water known as Stow lake, with its cascades and falls, its islands and its swans, its pleasure boats and boathouse, until it became one of the chief attractions of the Park. But all this took many years, and meanwhile the popular features of the place had been taking root and growing. It was about 1881 or 1882 that the lawns were laid out at the east end of the Park to make it attractive, and it was at the same period that the pleasure-ground became available to the general public by the extension of the Geary-street car line. Since then railway after railway has found its way out, and the Park has become the resort of pedestrians and taken on its popular character.

Next in the natural genesis came the erection of the Conservatory and the improvement of the valley below the building. The frame of the structure had been purchased in England by James Lick. Upon his death it was bought by a committee of public-spirited gentlemen and presented to the Park. It was covered with glass, in it were housed thousands of tropical plants, and for many years it was the Mecca of pilgrims to the city's breathing spot. Soon other attractions were added, but never has the collection of rare flowers lost favor with the feminine portion of our people.

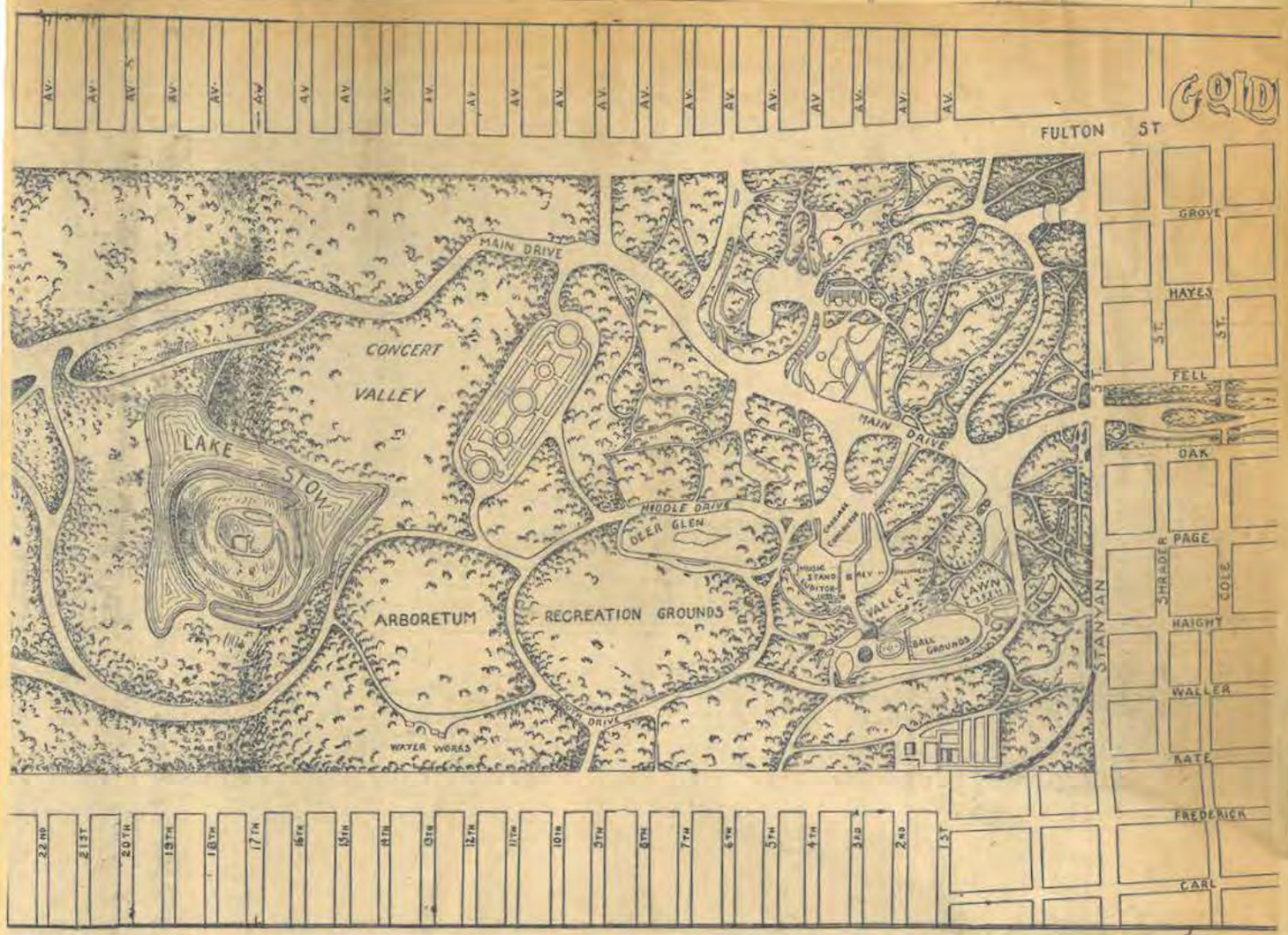
From flowers to music was a natural transition. So the next step in the march of progress was the building of a small band stand and an out-of-doors concert hall in Conservatory valley about ten years ago. This was done at an expense of $40,000. At first popular music held the boards, but as taste improved a higher class of music took its place. The crowds grew greater, the band was improved in quality and augmented in number, concerts were given more frequently, and soon, in order to obtain the necessary space, the stand had to be removed to where it is now located. Even now the surroundings have outgrown the times, and when sufficient funds are at hand the Park Commissioners intend to provide a musical concourse more in harmony with the Park of to-day.

Art had meantime kept pace with the other lines of development. The statues of General Halleck, of Starr King, of President Garfield, of Key, of the "Ball-player" and of the "Wine-presser" are a commencement not to be despised.

The children were next to be provided for through the generosity of the late Senator Sharon. The building and playground for their use form one of the chief attractions of a visit to the Park, especially on the afternoon of a Saturday or a Sunday, or on a holiday. The gray structure, created at a cost of $50,000, provides them with a place of refreshment and with playgrounds in rainy weather, while outside are all kinds and varieties of amusements for the little folks, such as merry-go-rounds, swings, spring boards and the supreme delights, long-eared, demure donkeys and long-horned gay goats.

Next the outdoor sport development in San Francisco demanded recognition, and the Commissioners could not turn a deaf ear to the boys, had they ever been so inclined. The most venerable graybeards among them could not forget that they, too, had been young, and the prayer for baseball and football grounds found a ready response. Recreation valley, with its twenty-five acres of area, was set aside for these purposes. It was graded and leveled. The boys were delighted, and the spot has grown in favor ever since. It is seldom deserted, and on Sunday afternoons is the scene of healthful sport. If, however, the Commissioners thought that with spacious ball grounds they had met all the requirements upon them in this line they were destined to be disappointed. The bicyclist craze broke out upon them as it did on the rest of mankind, and soon it took such expansion that they found they had a difficult problem to solve. Both pedalists and horsemen had to be contented, and, as things were, their pleasures were irreconcilable. The first step in this direction was to limit the speed of the wheelmen on the drives. This had scarcely been done when the bloomer rider appeared on the scene. She shocked Superintendent McLaren and frightened the quadrupeds. Something had to be done to satisfy speed and fashion, and so last year a bicycle road was constructed for the exclusive use of the patrons of the wheel. It begins at Broom point and runs one mile easterly, the roadway being twenty-five feet wide, macadamized and rolled, with a margin of turf, six feet wide, separating it from the carriageway. This bicycle track is to be extended two miles easterly and with a width of thirty feet east of Strawberry hill. It will reach the Conservatory this year.

Woods and fields, lakes and streams, without beasts and birds, fish and feathered fowls, would be creation with half of its charm left out. The zoological feature of the Park is, therefore, not missing, and its establishment marks one of the stages of growth of Golden Gate Park. It had its start, a modest one, in a small aviary, which has increased to a large one, with a squirrel cage attached. Swan and duck have been placed on the lakes, and trout given the freedom of the water. There is a deer park, a buffalo paddock, a pheasants' field and a bear pit, while quail, wild pigeon and other birds roam throughout the great inclosure. The first



deer was the gift of Mr. Duncan of Duncan's Mills, and the elk were a present from Alvinza Hayward. Most of the animal kingdom have thrived at the Park and propagated their species, so that now this feature is a permanent one. In the aviary are 3000 birds of 100 classes, the wild pigeon are building their nests in the trees, the quail are hatching their young in the bushes, the trout are multiplying in Stowe lake, and the quadrupeds are seeing to it that their kind does not disappear. The wonderful tameness of all of the animals is remarkable, and shows that they have many friends in the human species who visit the Park.

Much has been done, but much remains to be accomplished before all of the possibilities of Golden Gate Park can be attained, and another twenty-five years will probably see as great an advance as have the last twenty-five. The work of improvement is steadily going on. The original landscape feature has not been lost sight of, but is being continually extended and perfected. More and more is being done for the amusement and recreation of the public. Bridges are being built, tunnels constructed and the new Park Lodge of stone and tiled roof is nearing completion.

In the history of the growth of the Park no event is more marked than the holding of the Midwinter Fair upon the grounds. It was not ephemeral, but has left a permanent stamp in the Memorial Museum, once the Art building and forever the home of the arts. On March 23d of last year it was formally transferred to the Park Commissioners by M. H. de Young, the director-general of the Midwinter Fair, on behalf of himself and his colleagues of the executive committee. To this magnificent gift were added many objects of art or curiosity, which have since been so liberally added to that to building and its annex it has been found necessary to build a brick addition of 130 by 70 feet to contain the treasures which are piling up. The Museum is the newest as well as one of the most attractive features of the Park. It is visited by hundreds of people every day and on Sundays their number is increased to thousands. In the building are magnificent specimens of bronzes and statuary collections of relics of the days of '49, a beautiful ceramic display, a room devoted to arms and armor of the knightly period, mummies from Egypt, Oriental curiosities, Mexican and Alaskan images, Napoleonic relics and a large number of varied and interesting articles from all parts of the world, which can be viewed in no other place in San Francisco.

The development of Golden Gate Park from its primeval condition of scrub oak and sand to its present advanced state speaks volumes for the generosity and cultivation of the authorities and people of this city on the shores of the Pacific. The Park has been at once a constantly growing pleasure ground and an object lesson in music, art and natural history. Not one feature projected but has retained popular support, and in addition to the fleeting pleasures of the hour provided, it has supplied health to hundreds of thousands of our fellow citizens and has implanted or developed tastes for nature and art that are worth many times the thought and years and the money that have been expended.

San Francisco is proud of its pleasure ground and grateful to Golden Gate Park.

AY, JUNE 10, 1896.

SEALS OF TWO NEW STATES.

The States of Wyoming and Utah have recently had their seals made, and are now affixing them to all public documents emanating from the Governor or Secretary of State. The seal of the Territory of Wyoming was entirely different from the one which has been designed for the State. That of the Territory was a Norman shield, on the upper half of which was emblazoned a mountain scene with a railroad train, the sun appearing above the horizon and the figures "1869" below the middle point of the top of the shield.

GREAT SEAL OF UTAH.

TERRITORIAL AND STATE SEALS OF WYOMING.

On the right quarter below on a white ground were a plow, a pick, a shovel and a shepherd's crook; on the next quarter, namely, the lower point of the shield, on a red ground, was an arm upholding a drawn sword. The shield was surmounted by the inscription "Cedant arma togae," and the entire design surrounded by the words, "Territory of Wyoming Great Seal." The great seal of the State of Wyoming represents a pedestal showing on the front an eagle resting upon a shield. Upon a shield are engraved a star and the figures "44," being the number of Wyoming in the order of admission to Statehood. Standing upon the pedestal is the draped figure of a woman remodeled after the statue of the "Victory" of the Louvre, from whose wrists hang the links of a broken chain. In the right hand she holds a staff, from which floats a banner bearing the words, "Equal Rights." This suggests the political position of woman in this State. On either side of the pedestal, standing at its base, are male figures, typifying the live stock and mining industries of Wyoming. Behind the pedestal and in the background are two pillars, each supporting a lighted lamp, signifying the light of knowledge. Around the pillars supporting these lamps are scrolls bearing the words, "Live Stock," "Grain," "Mines" and "Oil." At the base of the pedestal in front are the figures "1869," "1890," the former signifying the organization of the Territory of Wyoming and the latter the date of its admission to Statehood.

The seal of the State of Utah, which was completed only on May 2, 1896, is well composed. An eagle holds in its claws six arrows and a Norman shield. This Norman shield bears a hive on a pedestal, about which the bees are humming. The word "Industry" is emblazoned across the top of the shield, and the figures "1847" are shown at the lower point. Behind the shield are crossed two flags of the United States. Around the outer edge of the seal are the words "The Great Seal of the State of Utah, 1896."

To the Editor of the Examiner—SIR: When was the coinage of one dollar gold pieces discontinued? I read in a paper they had not been coined since 1890, but that must be wrong, as I have seen one dated 1851. Please let me know and oblige, A CONSTANT READER.
Annette, Cal.

(The last were coined in 1889, 30,729 being sent out in that year. They were first coined in 1849 and pieces were struck every year to 1889. Their coinage was forbidden by the act of September 26, 1890.

CARE OF BOOKS.

In a recent English exchange, a few directions were given for the care of books, which being of value to every book-lover, we repeat here:

To remove ink stains from books.—A small quantity of oxalic acid, diluted with water, applied with a camel's hair pencil and blotted with blotting paper, will, with two applications, remove all traces of the ink.

To remove grease spots.—Lay powdered pipe-clay each side of the spot, and press with an iron as hot as the paper will bear without scorching.

To remove iron mould.—Apply first a solution of sulphuret of potash and afterward one of oxalic acid. The sulphuret acts on the iron.

To kill and prevent book-worms.—Take one-half ounce of camphor, powdered like salt, one-half ounce bitter apple, mix well, and spread on the bookshelves. Renew every six months.

To polish old bindings.—Thoroughly clean the leather by rubbing with a piece of flannel; if the leather is broken, fill up the holes with a little paste; beat up the yolk of an egg and rub it well over the covers with a piece of sponge; polish it by passing a hot iron over.

Do not allow books to be very long in too warm a place; gas affects them very much, Russia leather in particular.

Do not let books get damp, or they will soon mildew.

Books with clasps or raised sides damage those near them on the shelves.—*L. Hastings West.*

The remains of John Herbert Line, the little son of the storekeeper at the Goat Island lighthouse, who died a few days ago, were brought over to the city for burial to-day on the lighthouse steamer Madrouna. The little white casket was covered with an American flag, and flowers about hid it from view as it lay on the steamer's deck. Four of the crew of the vessel, dressed in regulation naval uniform, acted as pall-bearers, and they marched beside the hearse to the cemetery.

HALF-CENTURY PIONEERS.

Living Californians who Came to the State Fifty or More Years Ago.

HARRY JUBLEE BEE—PIONEER OF 1830.

Harry Jubilee Bee	1830
William Heath Davis	1831
Joseph P. Thompson	1839
Miguel Moye	1834
William Domett	1840
Isaac L. Given	1841
Augustus L. Case	1841
General John Bidwell	1841
Henry F. Teschemaker	1842
W. P. Toler	1842
*John Daubinbiss	1842
John H. Russell	1842
E. P. Foster	1842
Alfred Chappell	1843
Earl K. Cooley	1843
Samuel L. Holderness	1843
John W. Paty	1843
Carlos F. Glein	1844
Bernard J. Murphy	1844
Patrick W. Murphy	1844
Henry Fowler	1844
John W. Waters	1844
Captain William F. Swasey	1845
Moses Schallenberger	1845
William Baldridge	1845
Franklin Sears	1845

Of the men who date their coming to California previous to 1846, the year in which the stars and stripes were raised at Monterey, scarcely more than a score are now alive.

In point of seniority of arrival, Harry Jubilee Bee stands at the head of these old settlers. Until his death a few weeks since, Alfred Robinson, who reached Yerba Buena in 1829 was the senior pioneer.

Harry Bee was born in Westminister, Tuttle street England, August 22d, 1808. He shipped on the Hudson Bay Co's brig *Druid*, for Port Vancouver January 9th, 1830 and in October of the same year ran away from that vessel in Monterey. In 1835 he became a citizen of Mexico. He has lived in San Jose almost continuously for over sixty years and is still hale and hearty. In 1860 he was shot in the leg by the notorious desperado Felipe Hernandez, losing the limb. Harry attended the last banquet of the Pioneers in this city and made a speech.

William Heath Davis comes next and he is the only surviving member of the Ayuntaimento, or town Council of 1848-49, as well as the only living member of the first Board of School Trustees of San Francisco.

To Mr. Davis, says the *Examiner*, also belongs the credit of erecting the first brick building in the city, situated at the northwest corner of California and Montgomery streets. He had interests at other points on the Coast also, and built the first wharf at San Diego in 1850. The wharf was used until the winter of 1861-62. At that time there was a force of between 600 and 700 troops stationed there. The winter was of unusual severity, and the rains were so heavy that it was impossible to use the roads. The supply of firewood ran short and the commander of the troops decided as a matter of necessity to make use of the timbers of the wharf which was situated only a short distance from the barracks. This wharf had cost Mr. Davis nearly $70,000, and after many years of importunity Congress passed a bill allowing him $6,000 in compensation for its destruction.

Several years ago Mr. Davis gave to the public an interesting account of his pioneer experience in a volume entitled "Sixty Years in California," and he now has material prepared for another and more pretentious work, which will prove a valuable contribution to the early history of the country.

Although Mr. Davis first arrived on the coast in 1831, it was not until two years later, when he again visited the bay of San Francisco, that he spent any considerable time here. He was then acting as supercargo of the bark *Volunteer* of Boston, belonging to his stepfather, and loaded down with a miscellanious cargo suitable for trading. It was in August of this year that the secularization of the missions was decreed by the Mexican Congress, and gradually the vast herds of cattle were dispersed and the lands held by the padres broken up into ranches and disposed of by the Government. It was just previous to the vital change in the condition of affairs that Mr. Davis became acquainted with the people and familiarized himself with their manners and customs.

In speaking the other day of his experience at that time, Mr. Davis said:

"When we arrived here in the *Volunteer* there was an unusual demand for our goods. The stocks at the different missions were about exhausted and the Fathers hailed our arrival with great satisfaction. We disposed of over $40,000 worth of goods to the Mission Dolores, about $60,000 worth to the mission at Santa Clara, and nearly $20,000 worth to the Mission San Jose. The goods for Santa Clara were taken in boats to the embarcadero at Alviso, and from there hauled in ox carts to the mission. In exchange for the goods the padres gave us hides, tallow, beaver and other skins.

From the Mission Dolores we obtained a great many sea otter skins. These were obtained by the Indians in the bay and near the heads outside where they went in their boats. When you remember that there were 2,000 Indians at the Mission Dolores, 3,000 at Santa Clara and 1,800 at Mission San Jose, you can understand that a good deal was required to feed and clothe them.

Did the missions accumulate much property? Nothing but cattle. Hides and tallow formed the currency of the country and they only slaughtered so many of their cattle as were needed for the maintenance of their army of neophytes.

After remaining about two months in the harbor, we sailed down to Monterey, where we spent some time. From there we went to Santa Barbara and then to San Diego.

All the California traders had warehouses at San Diego where the hides were cured and stored ready for shipment around the Horn. All vessels took hides and tallow in exchange for goods, but at San Diego those vessels bound for Callao exchanged their hides for tallow with the Boston ships. The tallow was in great demand in Peru for candles for use in the silver mines of that country."

Mr. Davis relates with a great deal of satisfaction an incident connected with his early life in San Francisco that shows his unbounded faith, even at that early day, in the future greatness of the city where he had made his home. One morning while superintending the erection of the brick building already referred to, he was accosted by Commodore Jones, commander of the Pacific squadron, who proposed to him to stop the building, take down the bricks and he would transport them free to Benicia, where the Commodore maintained, was to be the future metropolis of the Pacific Coast.

Mr. Davis listened respectfully to the Commodore's argument, and in reply said: "I beg to differ with you. In my judgment San Francisco is destined to be the business emporium on the bay of San Francisco from her geographical position and accessibility for vessels from the ocean."

One of the pioneers of 1842 is Henry F. Teschemaker, who came to Yerba Buena as supercargo of the Boston trading ship *Barnstable*. He settled down in the new city by the Pacific and when the house of Howard & Mellus was established in 1847 he entered it as a clerk.

While with the firm he was principal in an affair of honor which had a touch of real sentiment about it. His employer, Mr. Mellus, had a misunderstanding with Lieutenant Bonnycastle, an officer of Stevenson's regiment, which had then recently arrived. This came to Teschemaker's ears, and he stepped to the front and insisted on taking his employer's place, as the latter, he said, was a man of family, while he had no earthly ties. Remonstrance was unavailing, and he and Bonnycastle met, with the result that the Lieutenant was wounded in the hand, and both parties expressed satisfaction.

Mr. Teschemaker was at one time Mayor of the city. He is a man of large means. For some years he had been in poor health. He is at present residing in Switzerland.

Ranking next to William Heath Davis in seniority of arrival is Joseph P. Thompson, who reached here in 1839 as supercargo of the ship *Joseph Peabody* of Boston, of which city he is a native. He was a clerk for several years in the employ of Howard & Mellus, and later engaged in business with his fellow-clerk, Henry Teschemaker. Mr. Thompson was considered a man of rare business ability, and at one time he was possessed of a handsome competence. Unfortunate investments, however, deprived him of most of his wealth. He is a member of the Pacific Union Club, but bodily infirmities, superinduced by an accident by which he suffered the loss of a leg some years ago, prevent him mingling in the business world in which he was formerly a prominent figure.

General John Bidwell is a pioneer of 1841. In November of that year he arrived with a party of emigrants from Missouri. They stopped at Sutter's Fort, New Helvetia, and Bidwell entered the service of Captain Sutter, with whom he remained as manager until 1849, when he removed to Chico, where he has since resided on his fine estate. He has been a member of Congress, and was a candidate for Governor some years ago.

To W. P. Toler, who is a pioneer of 1842, belongs the rare honor of having witnessed and taken part in the raising of the American flag both in 1842 and 1846. On the first occasion he was a midshipman attached to the *Cyane* and still remained on that vessel when two years later she appeared in the harbor of Monterey under command of Captain William Mervine. Lieutenant Edward Higgins and Midshipman Toler were the officers selected to raise the flag on the plaza when the Territory of California was finally taken possession of by Commodore Sloat. Mr. Toler resigned from the navy some years later, and is now residing at San Leandro. He is, with the exception of Captain William Swasey, believed to be the last survivor of that memorable event at Monterey on the 7th of July, 1846.

John H. Russell, now a Rear-Admiral on the retired list of the navy, ranks as a pioneer of 1842, because of the fact that on the 19th of October in that year he reached Monterey on the United States sloop-of-war *Cyane*, on board of which vessel he was a midshipman. That afternoon Commodore Jones raised the stars and stripes on shore and took possession of the place in the name of the United States. He reconsidered his action the following day, hauled down the flag and withdraw his forces, he having acted under a misapprehension of the condition of affairs between Mexico and his own Government. In 1865 Russel was on the coast in command of the *Cyane*, and in 1872 he was in command of the Navy Yard at Mare Island, to which station he was again appointed eleven years later.

Alfred Chappell came to California from Missouri in 1843, and resided in Gilroy for a number of years. He is now a resident of Hollister.

Earl K. Cooley dated his title to the honor of pioneership from the 18th of January, 1843, at which time the United States ship *Relief*, on which he was serving, anchored off Bodega. He was at Callao, attached to the ship *Relief* when the frigate *Savannah* arrived there bearing the broad pennant of Commodore Dallas, who had been sent out to supersede Commodore Jones in command of the Pacific squadron. There being no other vessel in the harbor of Callao available the *Relief* was ordered north with dispatches to Commodore Jones.

BERNARD D. MURPHY—PIONEER OF 1844.

B. D. and P. W. Murphy were only children and very small at that when their father came to California. Both have been prominent in political and business circles and have served the people in different capacities.

Moses Schallenberger is known as the "Boy Hero of the Sierras." A full account of the Trip of the Murphy Party in which company Mr. Schallenberger came, was published in this paper in the May and June number of volume eight and was reading stranger than fiction.

The pioneer claiming to be the oldest continuous resident of San Francisco is Captain William F. Swasey. Arriving here in September, 1845, he has, with the exception of a few months passed at Monterey, lived here ever since.

Captain Swasay is a typical Californian. Endowed by nature with a fine physique and an indomitable spirit, his career has been a most adventurious one, and incidents enough have been crowded into it to have furnished Captain Mayne Reid with material for a dozen novels.

Leaving his home in Maine when a youth of sixteen, he started for the West. At Cincinnati he met a family friend, who, evidently captivated by his independence and pluck, furnished him with some capital. With this, in the course of two months, he had established a flourishing business in the provision line.

Next he formed a partnership and engaged in the fur business, having his head quarters in St. Louis. Things were going on swimmingly when through

*Mr. Danbenbiss died Feb. 9th, 1893. See "Over the Range."

the dishonesty of his partner, the young fur trader found himself deprived of his savings and almost destitute.

His next venture was to join a party of trappers bound for Fort Laramie. Arrived there, he joined forces with a French-Canadian named Chaumie, and together they set out on a trapping expedition. They were captured by a band of Arapahoes, who tortured Chaumie and burned him at the stake. Young Swasey's life, however, was preserved, and he was adopted into the tribe. He was always determined, though, to make his escape at the first opportunity. After some eight months

MOSES SCHALLENBERGER—1849.

had gone by he succeeded and reached a party of hunters with whom he returned to Laramie.

The June following he started with a party overland for California, and on the 25th of September, 1845, reached Sutter's Fort. While there he acted as Secretary for Captain Sutter. That winter he came on to Yerba Buena (San Francisco), and in the Spring went to Monterey. There he was appointed Secretary to the United States Consul Thomas O. Larkin, with whom he remained until after the American flag was raised and the territory taken possession of by Commodore Sloat. In October he joined Fremont's battalion as Assistant Commissary, and at the termination of the campaign was appointed Marshal of the Territory.

In June, 1848, Captain Swasey established the first store in Napa. "I claim," he says, "to be the founder of that flourishing town."

During the war of the rebellion Captain Swasey entered the military service and was commissioned by President Lincoln, Captain and Assistant Commissary of Volunteers.

"While in the army," said Captain Swasey, "my real estate appreciated very materially in value, and when I returned to civil life I found myself a comparatively wealthy man. But my ingenuity in devising infortuitous schemes and speculations in stocks and otherwise amounted almost to genius and proved amply sufficient to dissipate my worldly possessions in a very few years, since which time I have been constantly rallying upon my own resources, and sitting in committee of the whole, so to speak, on ways and means, always reporting slow progress and asking further time."

Although old in years Captain Swasey's bouyant disposition and ardent temperament have served to keep the wrinkles from his face and all manner of bitterness from his heart. As the result he is to-day the most youthful in appearance of any of the pioneer band. Besides being the last surviving member of Fremont's staff, he is, with the exception of W. P. Toler, probably the only member of that gallant band who assisted at the raising of the stars and stripes at Monterey in 1846. He has written a most entertaining volume of his recollections of the days of the conquest.

There are a number of Pioneers in this county who came here in 1846, viz: Joseph Aram, B.F. Branham, Geo.Cross. Thos. Campbell, Ramon S. Cesena, Mrs. D. E. Gish, Wesley Hoover, M. D. Kell, Mrs. H. Lowe-Schwartz, J. A. Lard, Mrs. J. M. Murphy, Mrs. Frank Lewis, John T. Pyle, Wm. Pyle, R. F. Peckham, F. M. Quivey, J. M. Quivey, Jas. Reed, C. E. White, R. J. Young, M. D. Young, John W. Bryan, Mrs. M. Enright.

THE FIRST MISSIONARY.

The first American Missionary to set foot in Monterey was Rev. S. H. Willey, for many years pastor of the Santa Cruz Congregational Church, having landed there on Feb. 23, 1849. He had the honor of being the chaplain of the first State Constitutional Convention, which met in Colton's Hall, Monterey, Sept. 1, 1849. During his first six months in the old town he preached to the soldiers on Sunday, and taught school during the week. Mr. Leese, who was Grand Marshal at the Monterey parade, was a pupil of Mr. Willey's in 1849.

The first Protestant services in Monterey were held in the parlor of the house occupied by Governor Bennett Riley, and subsequently services were held in the Governor's business office.

"Monterey," says the venerable clergyman, "was a city which impressed me with its distinctively Mexican character. I found the people very cordial, and, although I was a stranger to the Spanish tongue when I arrived, I got along admirably well. The fact is that Monterey's population, early in 1849, was composed chiefly of women and children. The reason for this state of affairs was that every man who could buy, beg, or borrow a mule had gone to the mines, for the gold excitement was then at its height. There was not a man in Monterey to do any labor, and, as there was no furniture for sale in the town, I was in a curious predicament. However, by chance I discovered in Colton's Hall a kit of tools that had been left behind by their owner, who was on the road to the gold-fields. With the tools I made a table and a bench and a couple of stools, and thus furnished up a room at small expense."

THE LAUREATE'S FIRST OFFICIAL POEM.

A Dirge for Battenberg and a Welcome to York's New Baby.

Since Alfred Austin's appointment as Great Britain's official poet he has written various verses, but the first really official work he has been called upon to perform was the dirge for the Queen's son-in-law and a welcome for the new baby at the Duke of York's home. Combining the two the laureate produced the following poem:

WHO WOULD DIE FOR ENGLAND!

Whippingham, Sandringham—February, 1896.

Who would not die for England!
This great thought,
Through centuries of glory handed down
By storied vault in monumental fane,
And homeless grave in lone barbaric lands,
Homeless, but not forgotten, so can thrill
With its imperious call the hearts of men,
That suddenly from dwarf ignoble lives
They rise to heights of nobleness and spurn
The languid couch of safety, to embrace
Duty and Death that evermore were twin.

"Who would not die for England!"
Thus he said,
Who at the holiest of all English hearths,
The holiest and the highest, had been given
A seat, an English Princess for his bride—
Now at that hearth weeping her widowed tears,
Bitter and barren as the winter rain.
"It is not meet that I, whom this famed isle,
This generous, mighty, and majestic land,
Ennobled as her son, should not repay
Her splendid gift of kinship. Let me go,
Go where they go, her world-researching race,
That slumber pillowed on the half-drawn sword,
And wake, at whisper of her will to greet
Duty and Death that evermore were twin."

Who would not die for England!
And for her
He dies, who, whether in the fateful fight,
Or in the marish jungle, where she bids,
Far from encircling fondness, far from kiss
Of clinging babes, hushes his human heart,
And, stern to every voice but hers, obeys
Duty and Death that evermore were twin.

So across the far-off foam,
Bring him hither, bring him home,
Over avenues of wave—
English ground—to English grave;
Where his soldier dust may rest,
England's flag above his breast,
And, love-planted, still may bloom
English flowers about his tomb.

Who would not die for England, that can give
A sepulture like this, 'mid hamlet crofts
And comely cottages, with old-world flowers
And rustic seats for labor-palsied limbs,
The pensioners of Peace! I linger here
Pondering the dark, inexplicable night;
Here by this grave-girt, silent sanctuary,
Whose vanished walls were reared anew by him,
Of Princes the most princely, if it be
That Wisdom, Love and Virtue might more adorn
Sarcophagi of Kings than dripping spears,
Than wailing hearths and hecatombs of slain.
And he, too, died for England, he who lived
Scorning all joy save that great joy of all,
The love of one true woman, she a Queen,
Empress and Queen, yet no more revered,
Not the more loved, for those resounding names,
Than for the lowlier titles, Gracious, Good,
The Worthiest of Women ever crowned!

Sweetest Consort, sagest Prince!
Snows on snows have melted since
England lost you; late to learn
Worth that never can return;
Learned to know you as you were
Known, till then, alone to her!
Luminous as sun at noon,
Tender as the midnight moon,
Steadfast as the steered-by star,
Wise as Time and Silence are!
Deaf to each belittling lie,
Deaf to gibing jealousy;
Brooding only on the goal,
And like every lofty soul,
Scanning with a far-off smile
The revilings of the vile.

Yes, he, too, died for England! thence withdrawn
Dim to that undiscoverable land
Where our lost loved ones dwell, with wistful eyes,
And lips that look but speak not * * But away,
Away from these soft-whispering waves that make
A dulcet dirge around the new-delved grave,
To bluff East Anglia, where, on wind-swept lawns,
The sanguine crocus peeps from under-ground
To feel the sun and only finds the snow:
And, whinnying on the norland blast, the surge
Leaps against iron coast with iron hoof,
As though the hosts of Denmark foamed afresh,
Caparisoned for ravin! And I see
A cradle, not a coffin, and therein
Another child to England; and, veiled Fate
Over it bent with deep-divining eyes,
And with oracular lips, like nurse inspired,
Foretelling the fair future.

"Another Albert shalt thou be, so known,
So known, so honored, and his name shall stand
The sponsor of your spotlessness until
Dawns the full day, when, conscious of your soul,
Your soul, your self and that high mission laid
On all such begetting, you may seize
The scepter of your will, and, thuswise armed
Against the sirens of disloyal sense,
Like to your pure progenitor abide
In God's stern presence, and surrender never
That last prerogative of all your race,
To live and die for England!"

—ALFRED AUSTIN.

MAKING UNCLE SAM'S POSTAGE STAMPS.

How the Paper Is Specially Manufactured and the Processes It Passes Through.

UNLIKE that used for money, there is little distinctively characteristic about the paper on which stamps are printed. It is merely first-class wood-fiber paper with the Government's water mark, "U. S. P. S.," repeated again and again on its face to render difficult its counterfeiting. The paper is made for the Government under contract at Lock Haven, Pa., says a Washington correspondent of the Buffalo Express, and from the time it quits the state of pulp in the vats of the paper mill until it issues from the stamp windows of the thousands of Postoffices throughout the country, it is carefully guarded.

The paper is first taken in hand for the "wetting down" process, with a counting, on entrance, known as the "dry count." This wetting down process consists in placing dampened cloths between each batch of about twenty sheets of paper, which are afterward placed under great weights to allow the moisture to permeate the sheets evenly. After thousands of these batches are thus wet down for a brief season, the weights are removed and each batch is evenly divided and reversed, putting the outer and damper sides which have lain next to the cloth inward, so that the moisture may be still further distributed. Each process is accompanied by a count of the sheets, so that when the paper emerges from this preliminary treatment it has been counted sheet by sheet four times, and has already had the ministrations of a small army of "wetters," "dryers," "counters," "pressers" and "cloth wringers," though it is only fairly started on its course. From two to four days are given to the wetting process, according to the urgency of the demands of the printers. Then the paper goes to the printing division, and receipts for it are passed to the last handlers. Here another count occurs.

The process of printing does not differ in method from the printing of bank-notes. The presses are run by steam, and each press carries what a letter-press printer would call four forms, which travel horizontally in what might be called a "square circuit," on endless chain belts, before the printer and his assistants, who compose the working force of each press. The forms move from the point of contact with the inking mechanism to a mechanism which wipes off the surplus ink. Next it reaches the hand of the printer, who, with his bare palm covered with whiting, rubs off the still existing excess of ink and at the same time polishes clean and bright for each impression the parts of the plate which are not intended to print. Nothing has been invented for this purpose that can equal the human hand, and it must be done so skillfully as to leave not too much nor too little ink on the plate, but just enough to make a clean, strong impression. Then the plate passes on and the impression is taken. As it emerges another plate passes to its impression, and so on at the rate of about 250 impressions, or about 100,000 stamps an hour.

Stamps are printed in sheets of 400 stamps, or "heads," as they are called at the bureau, and as each press carries four plates it will be seen that one revolution of the press means 1600 stamps. The dies from which these stamp plates are made are cut out of soft steel by the bureau engravers. They are then hardened and an impression of them is taken on a roll of soft steel, which, so far as lines go, is just the reverse of the die. The sunken lines on the die become the raised lines on the rolls, just as if you were to take a piece of chewing gum and impress a penny into it. After the reverse impression has been made on the roll it in turn is hardened and rolled back and forth over a big plate of fine soft steel until it cuts its impression clear and sharp as many times as it is desired that the plate shall contain stamp dies. Then the big plate is hardened and is ready for the printing process. The impression on the stamps is made from depressed lines filled with ink.

As the sheets come damp from the press they are packed up in stacks, a shreet of tissue paper between each two sheets of stamps. After more counting and passing of receipts they are taken to another division, where they are placed in small batches in wire-bottomed trays. The room is filled from floor to ceiling with these trays, and a series of electrically propelled fans keep the air continually in motion.

In about twelve hours the sheets are dry of ink and moisture. Then girls take them in large bundles, and, laying one hand in the middle of the sheets, turn with incredible rapidity sheet after sheet. The impression made upon the visitor is that they are counting them, and counting at a furious rate, too. And so they are, but they are keenly and critically examining the sheets at the same time for all sorts of imperfections. This is the only division of the bureau where they do things by "halves" and accomplish good results. One examiner examines only the left-hand sides of the sheets and passes them to another, who examines the right-hand sides. Thus the eye is relieved of too big a range of scrutiny to be reliable.

Probably the most interesting of all the details of stamp making is the process of applying the adhesive gum. It has been reduced to such perfection that the bureau people may be pardoned for the pride they have in it. The gumming division is a big apartment in the basement of the building. The greatest care is taken to keep the temperature of this room evenly at 80 degrees summer and winter. The temperature corresponds to the temperature of the gum as it is applied to the stamps. Even greater care is taken to keep the average humidity about 50, which is just midway between the humidity of a damp, drizzly day and a crisp, bright one. So much importance is attached to this atmospheric condition in the gumming of stamps that six humidity tests are made during the seven hours which constitute the working day of the bureau—at 9, 10 and 11:30 o'clock in the forenoon and at 1, 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

The gum is made of equal parts of dextrine, which is a starchy derivative of the potato, and as "Caldwell gum," much like the dextrine, made in Scotland and imported for the Government's use. To these is added a percentage of glucose, the amount conditioned upon whether the stamps in process of gumming are to be used in cool weather or hot. The glucose is contributed to harden the gum and make it less liable to stick when it shoudn't, or run off in streaks.

Six or seven hundred pounds of the ingredients named are put into a big caldron with a quantity of water, and after it has boiled an hour or more it is drawn off into smaller tanks. Now comes an expert in stamp gum with his hydrometer, which is merely a glass tube with a scale on one end and a hole on the other filled with shot. This he drops into the tank of gum. If it sinks to a mark on the scale which has been determined as the indicator of the proper consistency of stamp-gum, it is right; if it sinks lower or not so low it is too thin or too thick, and is doctored accordingly. Next comes the application of the gum to the stamps. Even here the scientific accuracy of the process is maintained. Every particle of the gum is weighed, the allowance being made of twenty-five pounds of gum for every 400,000 stamps.

The gumming machines are marvels of ingenuity. From a fountain which receives gum after it has been tested and weighed a brown stream of gum flows evenly into a rectangular reservoir, which rests against a fast-revolving roller accurately made of ground glass; the slightly rough surface of this roller takes up the gum and applies it to the backs of the stamp sheets as they pass under it on an endless carriage provided with grippers and fingers that operate in the most lifelike way. As sheet after sheet passes, face down, under this gumming roller it throws a parting shimmer of its newly gummed surface in a mirror placed just above the entrance to a long chest, which reminds one of an incubator on a big scale. This parting shimmer is not altogether a poetical incident of the process, nor is the mirror intended exclusively for the gratification of the young woman operator. With her back to the light she catches the reflection of the shimmer in the mirror as the sheet recedes from her, and by this means can tell whether the gum is being applied evenly.

So after throwing its farewell gleam to the pretty girl gummer the sheet of stamps passes into the incubator-like chest, which is kept full of hot, dry air. When it emerges it is dumped on the tables of other girl operatives at the other end, after a journey of fifty feet in a temperature of 132 degrees. It is now quite dry and ready to be smoothed of its slight crinkles and packed for delivery to the perforators. The latter separate by machinery each original sheet into four such sheets as are delivered to the Postoffices, cutting, at the same time, perforations which enable the individual stamps to be easily separated. Finally hydraulic presses remove the burring left by the perforating machines.

The Government now makes about thirteen denominations of postage stamps. They are the 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 15 and 50 cent stamps, and the $1, $2 and $5 denominations.

Besides these postage stamps there are what are known as the "periodical stamps," that is, stamps by which newspaper publishers prepay the postage on their editions at pound rates. These

are never sold, but are attached to the stubs of the receipts which are given to the publishers for the money paid for postage on the publications. Not even a publisher can buy them, and they never pass into the possession of the unofficial public. They are made in denominations which range all the way from 1 cent to $1. Besides these are made the postage due and the special delivery stamps.

The bureau keeps on hand a store of stamps equal to almost any emergency. There are now in its vaults more than 250,000,000, and the manufactory is running on full time. Last year there were produced nearly 2,500,000,000, yet, with the constantly increasing demand no cessation in the creation of supply is possible.

It is estimated that stamps cost the Government something like 5 cents a thousand. Receipts from the sale of them last year were, on an average, more than $1,000,000 a month. More than 90 per cent of all those sold were of the 2-cent denomination.

THE BEST WAY.

Children who read my lay,
This much I have to say;
Each day, and every day,
Do what is right—
Right things in great and small;
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon, and stars, and all,
You shall have light.

This further I would say:
Be you tempted as you may,
Each day, and every day,
Speak what is true—
True things in great and small;
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon, and stars, and all,
Heaven would shine through.

Figs, as you see and know,
Do not of thistles grow;
And, though the blossoms blow
White on the tree,
Grapes never, never yet
On the limbs of thorns were set,
So, if you a good would get,
Good you must be.

Life's journey through and through,
Speaking what is just and true,
Doing what is right to do
Unto one and all,
When you work and when you play,
Each day and every day;
Then peace shall gild your way,
Though the sky should fall.

—*Alice Cary.*

THE GREAT SEAL OF ENGLAND.

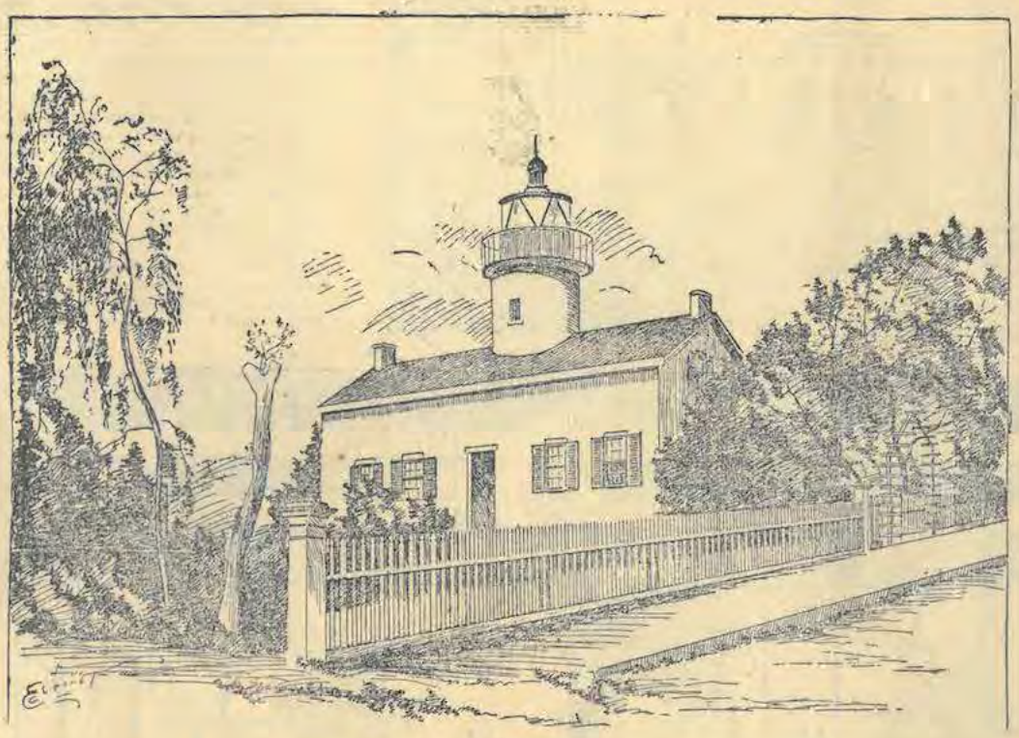
MANY people doubtless know that upon the accession of a new monarch to the throne of England a new seal is struck and the old one is cut into four pieces and deposited in the Tower of London. In former times, says Harper's Round Table, the fragments of these great seals were distributed among certain poor people of religious houses. When her majesty Queen Victoria ascended the throne of England the late Benjamin Wyon, R. A., the chief engraver of her majesty's Mint, designed the beautiful work of the present great seal of England. The details of the design are: Obverse, an equestrian figure of the Queen attended by a page, her majesty wearing over a habit a flowing and sumptuous robe and a collar of the Order of the Garter. In her right hand she bears the scepter, and on her head is placed a regal tiara. The attendant page, with his bonnet in his hand, looks up to the Queen, who is gracefully restraining the impatient charger, which is richly decorated with plumes and trappings. The legend "Victoria Dei Gratia Britainniarum Regina, Fidei Defensor," is engraved in Gothic letters, the spaces between the words being filled with heraldic roses. The reverse side of the seal shows the Queen, royally robed and crowned, holding in her right hand the scepter and in her left the orb, seated upon a throne beneath a niched Gothic canopy; on each side is a figure of Justice and Religion; and in the exergue the royal arms and crown, the whole encircled by a wreath or border of oak and roses.

The seal itself is a silver mold in two parts, technically called a pair of dies. When an impression is to be taken or cast the parts are closed to receive the melted wax, which is poured through an opening at the top of the seal. As each impression is attached to a document by a ribbon or slip of parchment, its ends are put into the seal before the wax is poured in, so that when the hard impression is taken from the dies the ribbon or parchment is neatly affixed to it. The impression of the seal is six inches in diameter and three-fourths of an inch in thickness.

Forty Years in a Lighthouse.

Life Story of the Veteran Lighthouse-Keeper of the Pacific.

AMONG the lighthouse keepers of California there is one who has been thirty-one years in the service, and who in all that time has never failed to climb the tower and attend to the light in person a single night, with the exception of three weeks more than twenty years ago, when it became necessary to commission another to discharge the sacred duty. It is now nearly forty years since this keeper first went to reside at the light. During the first ten years of this long period the mesa on which the light tower stands was a lonely, desolate and unsettled region, three miles from a settlement, and this only the merest hamlet, whose chief settlers were of an alien nationality. A few neighbors have since established pretty homes on the mesa, but even now they are sparse and scattered, and it is a lonely place to live. Yet this keeper has always been perfectly content, has never craved any society beyond that of the family and occasional chance visitors, and has never repined in the least because circumstance made it impossible to share the society and diversions of the settlement below—long ago grown to be first a prosperous village and then a gay little town, the Mecca of tourists, popular with health-seekers and famous throughout the world for its scenic surroundings and its flowers. Yet this keeper is no soured misanthrope, but one of the brightest of bright souls, loving company and companionable, interested in all that the world is doing and planning to do, cheerful, hopeful, energetic. Think of such a being voluntarily settling down to thirty-one years of such close confinement; thirty-one years of fidelity to one duty performed within this narrow confine. Who is there that is capable of it? Who but a woman?



Santa Barbara Lighthouse.
(From a photograph by F. H. Kingman.)

And it is a woman who is the keeper of the Santa Barbara light, and who has so faithfully attended to her duty for more than a third of a century, with the exception of the three weeks before referred to. The story of those three weeks is a woman's story.

The Santa Barbara lighthouse is situated on the mesa southwest of the city, and was built just forty years ago. A San Francisco contractor, George D. Nagle, came down here to put up the building, bringing with him his wife and children, who camped on the ground until his work was completed. It is a substantial stone house, plastered within and without, the great flags that form the doorsteps and the window seats being brought down from San Francisco to this country, so rich in building stone of its own. It was the fashion in those days to depend upon San Francisco for everything in the shape of supplies, and it is to this day a subject of merry reminiscence that the brick lining the cisterns containing the original water supply of the house were also brought from San Francisco, at a cost of $10 a ton, for those were the times of high freights, when it cost $25 to buy a passenger ticket from San Francisco. A week after these cisterns were completed a brickyard was opened in Santa Barbara, and an excellent quality of brick was turned out a few weeks later. The contractor who built the house engaged to aid him one Cyrus Marshall, to this day a resident of Santa Barbara county. Cyrus Marshall found that the building was not being constructed precisely in accordance with the specifications, and although it was opposed to his own interests to tell this, the commotion he raised by his exposure even now lingers in memories of lighthouse boards. But the faults were corrected, and the building stands to-day as an example of solid work, putting to shame many newer and more pretentious structures.

The building was completed in August, 1856, and in December, 1856, the lamp was first lit by Albert J. Williams, the husband of the present keeper. Mr. Williams was a forty-niner, and on his arrival in California maintained a ferry across the Mokelumne, and afterward erected the first bridge across the stream in that vicinity, investing in its construction quite a little fortune which he had acquired while running a restaurant in Panama during eight months' detention on the isthmus. There was little law, and titles were uncertain possessions in California then, and no sooner had he completed this bridge than a couple of big Texans came along and claimed all the territory around on the strength of two Spanish grants, forcing Mr. Williams and his partner to abandon their property. He afterward went to San Francisco and ultimately established his residence on Second street, in the then best residence quarter of the city, having for next-door neighbors Mayor Thomas H. Selby and William H. Dow, the latter being Mrs. Williams' brother-in-law, whose pretty home, it will be remembered, fell off the bluff when the Second-street cut was made. Previous to this time, and when living in what was then called Happy Valley, where Clementina street is now, Mrs. Williams recalls a curious little experience. Everybody at that time lived in shanties, with cloth partitions. In the same yard with their own little cabin was another shanty, occupied by two men, strangers to them. One night a dog belonging to her husband's brother, Robert Williams (afterward a member of the Vigilance Committee), aroused everybody by his violent barking, a timely alarm which enabled their young neighbors to prevent a thief from escaping from their shanty with his booty, a pair of new trousers—and this in a time when new trousers were scarce. After exchanging congratulations with the young men and receiving their expressions of gratitude for the dog's timely warning, the Williamses returned to their own domicile, remarking, "These young men are the fellows who are starting a new daily paper." That daily paper is still in existence in San Francisco, and the recollection of this incident, when the very existence of their journal was threatened by so slight a catastrophe should have a chastening influence upon their pride.

There were two little daughters in the family when Mr. Williams received his appointment, and in the early part of their long term of service, cut off from all school or church privileges, the children depended upon the young mother for entertainment. When her work was done, and on the Sabbath, she read to the little folks, dressed dolls for them, and played all manner of childish games for their amusement. After several years' service Mr. Williams, tired of the confinement and sought another vocation. Thirty-one years ago the 13th of last February Mrs. Julia F. Williams, the wife, was appointed keeper of the light.

A delicate little woman she is, with bright dark eyes and clear cut features, above which her hair is silvering, although she is still as quick and alert of movement as a young girl. An old daguerrotype in the best room of the lighthouse tells another story, holding the faded picture of a beautiful young matron, with brown hair smoothly

banded over her cheeks, and a tiny baby girl nestling to her side. All her life—all the most eventful part of it—has been passed in this solitary place. Four of her children were born under the lighthouse roof, one delicate young daughter closed her eyes there, and all that was mortal of husband and father was carried hence a score of years ago. That little three weeks' vacation that she took, her only rest from duty for thirty-one years, was on the birth of her youngest child.

Two of her boys, Albert and Frank, are with her, stalwart young farmers, who lead active, vigorous lives; another son, B. B. Williams, is an Oakland architect and builder, having his home in the vicinity of Piedmont; one daughter, Mrs. D. C. Maxfield, lives in San Diego, and another, Mrs. B. W. Baker, dwells in Seattle. All of her children feel averse to having their mother sustain the responsibility that she does, at her age, for she is nearing 70. But they do not understand what the light is to her. She leads the visitor up the winding stair that leads to the tower, removes from the Fresnal lens the white drapery that by day protects the polished cut glass, and her eyes grow dreamy as she gazes upon the light, the shining white light that has for nearly forty years warned mariners in fog and storm, the brilliant beacon that her hands have daily trimmed and lighted, those patient, faithful hands that will never willingly intrust their charge to others so long as life and energy are left in the slight figure.

Her hands have done more than merely trim the light all these years. Five children have been reared to a worthy manhood and womanhood; visitors have been welcomed and kindly entertained; and it is her individual attention that makes the little garden attached to the lighthouse beautiful with bloom. She has but one small grievance, and mentions that with regret rather than resentment. This is the warped and leaking wooden tank that a mistaken judgment on the part of a past board of inspectors erected to hold the water supply that is the life of the little garden. The building stands on a bluff and the stone tower rises in its center to a height of twenty-five feet.

This is too sensible a little woman not to have fully realized, long ago, that the tenure of public office is always uncertain, and she has for years tried to fortify herself against a possible change, having secured a little home plot of several acres close by, where she can live in sight of the light in case she is ever forced to abandon her home of forty years. She is loyal to her office, loyal to the Government that has placed her in it, and would without a murmur relinquish it, should she be called upon to do so. Moreover, she is uncompromising in her opposition to a proposition that has for some time been before the country to pension retiring lighthouse keepers.

"The country is paying too many pensions already," she declares. "I think it is only right to pension the life-saving service, for its members are constantly risking their lives in their work. But there is no risk involved in such offices as mine. The Government provides generously for the incumbents, and it is their duty to lay up their own pension during their term of service. Circumstances have kept me from accumulating anything, but the Government has nothing to do with that."

A good many years ago there were fifty applications on file for the Santa Barbara light, but it is safe to prophecy that no one will be appointed during this modest woman's lifetime. California is not unappreciative of long and faithful service, and even the National Government has a soul for such cases.

FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

MUD CAKES.

I don't see why the big folks all
Need to go to cooking school,
For it's easy enough to make a cake,
If you make it by this rule:

First, you must have an apron
That you're not afraid to hurt,
For in this receipt we use,
For *flour*, sifted dirt.

Then dig, with an iron spoon,
A hole in the cool dark ground,
And put in dirt and water,
Stirring it round and round.

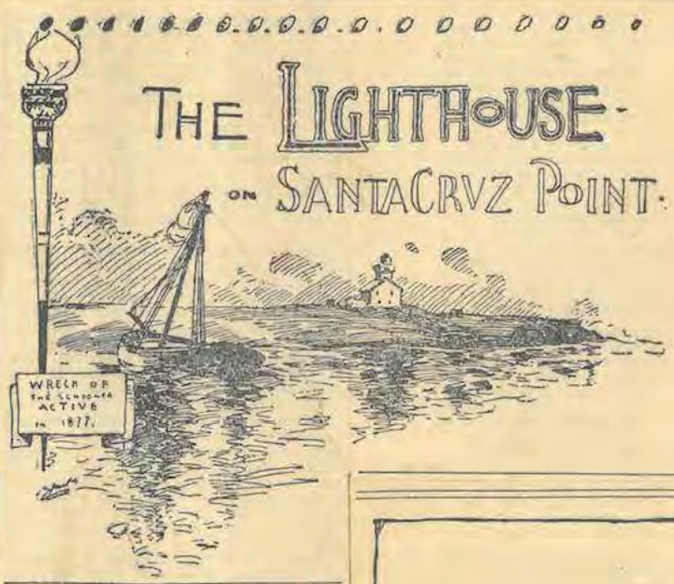
And then a handful of pebbles,
You'd best put into the dough.
What are these for? In this receipt
Pebbles are raisins, you know.

And when you get it all thick enough
To make it into a cake,
Then put it on a nice, clean board
And set it in the sun to bake.

Dear me! I'd most forgot to say
You must sprinkle with sugar (or sand),
And when they're done, no better cakes
Will be found in Babyland.

That's all! You see, to learn to *cook*
You don't need to make a fuss,
Though mamma says, when she comes to the door,
"Why, Bessie, child! What a muss!"

—*Selected.*



Miss M. Hicox, Keeper of the Santa Cruz Lighthouse.
[Sketched from life by a "Call" artist.]

OF ALL the lighthouses on the Pacific Coast, the one on Santa Cruz Point is perhaps the best known to the people of California. The reason for this is, of course, due to the fact that thousands visit the many summer resorts near by and look upon a trip to the lighthouse as a part of their vacation. On "visitor's days" during the season, there is a steady stream of people passing in and out of the tower from morning to night.

The location of the lighthouse is in one of the most beautiful spots on the coast, and within only a few minutes' walk of the center of Santa Cruz. It is not far from the beautiful Vue de l'Eau Pavilion and right on the ocean drive. For many years the surroundings were of the most barren description, but some cypress trees were planted some time ago that have attained a good growth and greatly add to the appearance of the place.

The lighthouse building on Santa Cruz Point can by no means be considered beautiful. In fact, it is extremely ugly. It is only a square box with a peaked roof and a tower, that looks very much out of proportion, at one end. The tower is the only thing about it that saves it from having the appearance of a down-east meeting-house.

Strictly speaking the Santa Cruz light is not intended for navigation, but is only made use of by vessels entering or leaving the harbor. In fact under ordinary circumstances it cannot be seen more than six miles, although on clear nights it can be seen eight. Old mariners say they have to take a telescope to find it. But for all that the light is of the most importance and must be lighted as regularly as those of the first order.

The Santa Cruz light is of the fifth order and in general construction the lamp is exactly like most of the others along the coast, but when burning it gives a steady red light. This is necessary on account of the numerous white lights in windows along the shore that might be confusing to navigators. The lenses were made by Sautter & Co. of Paris, France, and are said to be exceptionally fine. The lamp is very small, but capable on these summer nights of burning from sunset to sunrise without attention. The red light is produced by using a colored lamp chimney. The lamp is made of brass, has a circular wick and burns mineral oil. The focal plane of the light is about sixty feet above tide level.

The history of the Santa Cruz light begins in 1870, in which year the building was erected and the station established. At that time it was out on the end of the point, but was moved 500 feet inland to its present position in 1885. This was deemed advisable, as during stormy weather the building was shaken badly. The building was moved on rollers and the lamp lighted each night the same as if it were in its usual place.

During the quarter of a century the light has been in existence there has been but one shipwreck on the rocks near by. That was on October 26, 1877, at 4 o'clock in the morning. The weather was exceptionally stormy and the waves rolled almost to the top of the cliff. The roar of the surf was deafening so that the keeper, who was on watch in the tower hardly a hundred yards away, did not hear the cries of the men on the stranded vessel. He did not know anything about the disaster until daylight came. It proved to be the schooner Active, loaded with pig iron that had been driven ashore by the force of the storm. The crew had managed to hang onto the rigging for several hours, but nobody was drowned. The captain was slightly injured. The wreck lay on the beach a long time and numerous efforts were made to float it, but in the end it proved a total loss.

When the Santa Cruz light was first established it was put in charge of A. E. Hicox, who held the post until his death in 1883. His daughter then put in an application for the place. It was at once given to her and she has held it ever since. Miss Hicox is given no assistant, but does all the work about the place herself. She is thoroughly familiar with her duties, hving lived in the lighthouse for twenty-six years, and keeps everything in the best of order. Her mother lives with her. The lighthouse seems more like a country home than a Government station.

During the years she has lived at the lighthouse Miss Hicox has formed a collection of shells and other curios of the coast that is most interesting. There are hundreds of specimens all properly labeled and catalogued that fill one large room on the first floor of the building. On visiting days Miss Hicox leaves this room open to the public.

For the last ten years the Government has been contemplating the erection of a large station at Santa Cruz, and also putting in a fogbell. But as the traffic to that port has been on the decline instead of the increase it has been put off from time to time so that there is no telling when the work will be done.

THE SANTA CRUZ POINT LIGHTHOUSE.
[Drawn from a photograph taken expressly for "The Call."

"The Beautiful Snow."

Softly and gently falls the snow,
From the clouds of leaden gray.
Bitter and cold are the winds that blow
Snowflakes, along the way.

Pure and white are the flakes that fall
From the skies, so dark, so dark to-night;
They cover the earth as with a pall,
And all is robed in white.

The world is full of pain and woe,
Of which we all have a share.
O, that we were pure as the beautiful snow,
And free from all pain and despair.

We all are eager to have a share
In this world of joy and woe;
But when sorrow comes, we yield to despair,
And the world seems colder than snow.

The soul, like the snow at birth
Is beautiful, pure and white;
But when mixed with the sins of earth,
Will cease to be fair and bright.

The bad and impure will be mixed in,
With all of its pain and woe;
No matter how free the soul is of sin,
Nor how white and spotless the snow.

Which of us in the world to-night,
But would give all he is worth,
If his soul were as pure and fair and white
As the snow that covers the earth?

The earth may hide her sin and shame
In a mantle of snowy white;
But we must live a life of pain
For the sins we commit to-night.

Our lives that we live are tested and tried,
Like His, who long ages ago
Was nailed to the cross, and suffered and died,
That we might be pure as the snow.

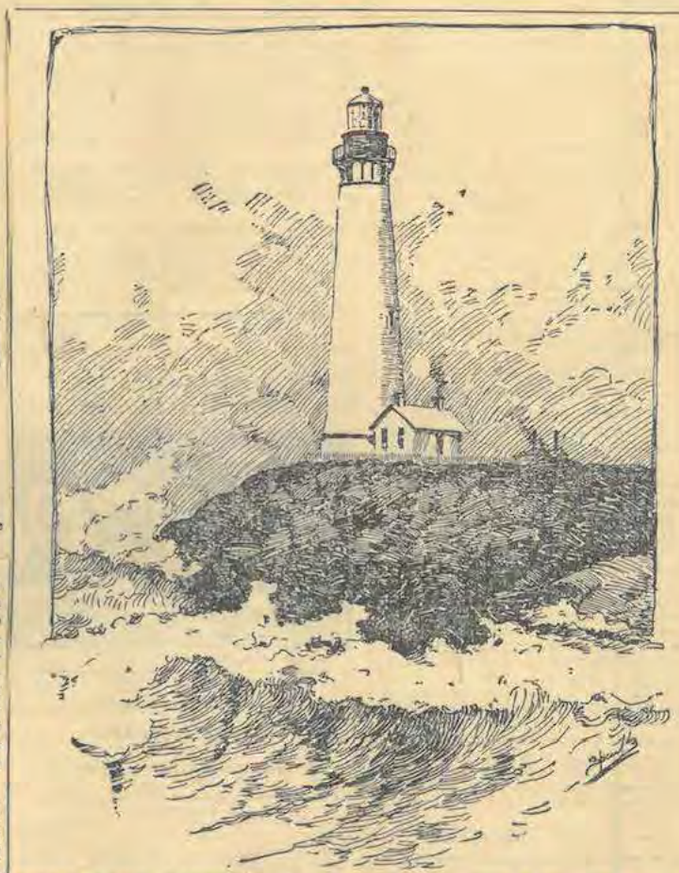
LIZZIE WESTLAKE.

His Portrait on a Coin.

The seal of William the Conqueror is said to give the best authentic portrait of England's first Norman King. Equally as good in its character is that of Edward the Confessor inscribed on his seal.

The Pigeon Point Lighthouse

CAPTAIN WARNER, the Keeper of the Pigeon Point Lighthouse.



PIGEON POINT LIGHTHOUSE. One of the Most Important Stations on the California Coast, Guarding a Particularly Dangerous Locality Where Fogs and Treacherous Currents Prevail, and Where Twenty Ships Have Been Wrecked in the Last Fifty Years.

[Drawn from a photograph taken expressly for "The Call."

ABOUT midway between San Francisco and Santa Cruz Pigeon Point projects its jagged reef into the waters of the Pacific. On account of fogs and treacherous currents this locality has always been considered a dangerous one to navigation, and during the last fifty years about twenty vessels have been wrecked there. Most of the disasters, however, happened before the Government erected a lighthouse on the point in 1872.

Pigeon Point is the only cape of any importance on the coast of California with an English name, but when, why or by whom it was christened is not a matter of record in the lighthouse annals. There is certainly nothing about the place to suggest such a cognomen, nor are pigeons generally seen in the immediate vicinity. Old residents of Pescadero say that it got its name from a carrier pigeon station that was on the point years ago. The birds were used to carry the names of ships to San Francisco as soon as they were sighted. Of this there is no record, but it is known that the Merchants' Exchange had a semaphore signal station there in 1865. In weather when the semaphore could not be seen the dispatches were sent by horseback riders. If pigeons ever were used for the purpose, it must have been for a very short time, or many years previous.

The first work done by the Government engineers on Pigeon Point was to put up the fog signal. This was used for the first time on September 10, 1871. The work of building the lighthouse tower was being carried on at the same time, but progress was necessarily slow, so that the lamp was not lighted until November 2, 1872. Since then no changes of any kind have been made in the buildings on the station.

Pigeon Point is about seven miles from Pescadero in San Mateo County. The road to it is a good one, and the station is well worth a visit. The lofty white tower can be seen from the top of the hill just outside of town, and remains in view until the place is reached.

When within half a mile of the station it shows to the best advantage. The buildings are on a long reef that stretches from the mainland into the ocean, the outer end jagged and ugly looking. The portion occupied by the lighthouse is as level as a floor and about twenty feet above water at high tide. There is no sign of a garden. Not even a plat of grass to rest the eye. Nothing but a gravel-covered rock as barren as the top of a billiard-table.

The most interesting thing about the station is, of course, the light tower, which is built of brick and located on the southernmost point of the cape. At the foot of the tower is a small brick building of two rooms, one used for supplies and the other for keeping the log and other records. The two rooms are divided by a hall, through which entrance is had to the tower. A spiral iron stairway leads to the top. It is a long climb, winding round and round all the time, every footstep echoing and vibrating through the tower like the roar of distant thunder. The whole upper portion of the tower is of iron and glass, so strongly put together that the fiercest gales cause not the slightest jar.

Pigeon Point light is of what is known as the first order. It gives a white flash every ten seconds, and on clear nights can be seen from Point Bonita, on the North Head of the Golden Gate. The flash is created in the usual manner by making the whole lens frame revolve around the lamp by a clockwork mechanism, operated by a weight. It makes one revolution every three minutes, and eighteen bulls-eyes project each a pencil of light, which are seen in succession from a certain point as they pass around.

The light is produced by a Funk lamp that burns mineral oil. It has been in use about ten years and before that time lard oil was used exclusively. Oil is fed to this lamp from a tank by means of a metal float that rests on the surface and forces it up into a small reservoir from which it flows to the four circular wicks. A series of valves and chambers make the oil feed automatic, so that the wicks get all they need, but no more. The focal plane of the lamp is exactly 100 feet above high tide.

The lenses of the Pigeon Point light are as fine as any that were ever made and are said to have had quite a history before being placed in their present position. The lenses were made by Henry Lepaute in Paris, France, in 1854. The lighthouse records contain nothing of the early history of them, but the story is that they were first put up on Cape Hatteras. They remained there until some time during the war of the Rebellion. It was while the operations were going on at Roanoke Island that the keepers feared that they would be destroyed by a shot from some of the hostile fleet hovering in the vicinity and took them down and buried them. Some of the rebels must have dug them up, for the next that is known is that they were found in an old warehouse in New Orleans about 1868. As they were just what was wanted at Pigeon Point, they were sent out and put up in their present position.

The fog-signal buildings are on the western point of the cape, but are considerably the worse for wear. They are four in number and contain duplicate sets of machinery and boilers. The whistles are of the common locomotive type, one of them having a ten-inch dome and the other a twelve-inch. Fogs come up suddenly at Pigeon Point, and during the winter the whistles will often be kept going for days at a time.

At such times the fires are banked in the boilers when the fog lifts, but ordinarily they are simply laid ready to light at a moment's notice. Wood is used at first and the boilers are so constructed that steam can be raised in less than forty minutes. If the fog should come up very suddenly and vessels are known to be near a bell is tolled until one of the whistles is blown.

The keepers' residence is a large building built to accommodate four families, and so arranged that each section is independent of the others. The outside is of a pretty design, and the inside is conveniently arranged, although not ornamental in any way. Each section has four rooms, one of them being fitted with a range and cooking utensils by the Government.

All of the buildings on the Pigeon Point station are painted a pure white with black or gray trimmings. The tower is white with the exception of the lantern, which is black. At one time the Government used to allow the residences to be painted any color that suited the tastes of the keepers, but now they can only be white with black or gray trimmings. Only black and white paint is supplied and the keepers can mix this any way they please to get the desired shade of gray.

The question of water has always been a serious one at Pigeon Point. For many years the keeper used to haul all they used for domestic purposes for a long distance. At present the supply is good except perhaps a few months late in the summer. On one of the hills about a mile from the station a ten-acre rainshed has been built that during the winter season fills several large tanks that hold nough to supply the boilers all summer. For domestic purposes a pipe has been laid a long distance to a spring of very good water. The spring is at such an elevation that the water is carried into all parts of the houses by the force of gravity.

Pigeon Point light station is in charge of Captain Marner. He has four assistants, and during the foggy season the duties are most wearing. The location of the light tower in relation to the fog signal makes it impossible for one man to watch both even for a short time, and in very stormy weather it is necessary for two to be in the tower. The elevation of the tower makes it a mark for sea birds at night, and they frequently fly through the panes of glass in the lantern.

These have to be replaced as quickly as possible, and it cannot be done by one man, although glass is always kept ready cut and special clamps are on hand for the purpose. When the fog whistles have to be kept going day and night the keepers find it almost impossible to get even a few minutes' sleep.

Captain Marner has been in the lighthouse service for many years. At first he was an assistant on the old tender Manzanita, and took his present post about ten years ago.

As Pescadero is a summer resort, visitors come to the lighthouse by the dozens during the season. They seem to take a delight in climbing the tower and never lose interest in the lamp. Many of them will come day after day and make a trip up the spiral staircase. This is a mystery to the keepers, who fail to see what the visitors can find to interest them after they have been there once.

NESTING ON THE PLAINS.*

BY MARIAN HARLAND.

The evening had been red, the morning gray,
Yet on the march of that mid-April day
We had for sunshine but a hazy glare;
The sky-line wavered in the sultry air.
Northward and east and south a weltering waste
Was all the world we saw. The column faced
The setting sun, and at the vanguard's head
The fair-haired chief of border warfare led
Dragoon and infantry and transport train—
A broad black line drawn straight across the plain;
The scouts in rear with rifle swung on thigh,
Wiry of limb, alert of ear and eye.

The air was thick with bodings; perils lay
In copse of cottonwood and in the play
Of vaporous shadows in the grass-lands' dip.
A sudden smile unbent the General's lip;
No word escaped him, but his charger's swerve
From the right line of march drew wide a curve
Upon the short lush grass, and in it trode
Horse and foot-soldier; then, the creaking load
Of baggage-wagons, rocking side from side,
Followed the track worn by the living tide.
Mutely obedient all, yet each askance
Cast o'er his shoulder as he passed a glance,
And saw—a ruffled bunch of feathers brown
Hovering above four twittering tufts of down!

Only a nest of withered grass, built low
That prairie gales might harmless come and go,
With no foreboding in the builder's ken
Of haps more fell born of the strifes of men.

O soul of mine! the child of God's dear care!
Too proud or blind His gracious love to share
With meadow-lark and fledgling in their nest—
If ruth all-human in the soldier's breast
Could change an army's course to spare a bird—
Shall not the pitying Power that, with a word
Can raise a nation or pull down a star,
Throw 'round thy little life a sacred bar,
To warring hosts a sweet and awful sign
Of His sure pledge—"*I keep that which is Mine!*"

* An incident related by Mrs. Custer in her lecture, "Marching on the Plains."

—Harper's Bazar.

FRIENDSHIP.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's weeping eyes,
Share them; and by kindly sharing
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should anyone be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly
Ere the darkness veil the land;
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness.
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver,
He will make each seed to grow,
So, until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

—Religious Herald (Hartford)

GOAT ISLAND.

1896—

THE SITE FOR THE NEW

GOAT ISLAND LIGHT-HOUSE

LIGHTHOUSE. STATION WHARF AND BALLAST POINT—THE BERKELEY HILLS IN THE DISTANCE.

The torpedo station located on the extreme eastern shore of the island, is a massive stone building, wherein half a thousand deadly and destructive torpedoes are stored. Near it is a handsome residence occupied by the two watchmen who guard the torpedoes. These two men employ their idle time in quarrying rock from the rugged hill with which they are gradually building a broad and permanent dock, where once a frowning precipice came sheer down to the water.

These two men, John Burke and David Sheehan, are a part of the colony of sixteen that now occupy the island. Half a mile to the westward of their residence is the modest cottage of Captain Linnie, storekeeper of the United States lighthouse establishment. By perseverance and constant attention he has succeeded in surrounding his cottage with a luxuriant garden. Close about the cottage are clustered the storehouses and workshops of the lighthouse department. There is stored a duplicate of every buoy in the Twelfth district, so that when injury occurs to one it is removed immediately and brought hither for repairs. In the storehouses also are the supplies for all the lighthouses and for the steam tender Madrona. A wharf equipped with derricks for handling the heavy apparatus spans the front of the buildings and is laden with the buoys, chains and anchors held in reserve. A blacksmith, a watchman and the Captain's family of five are the inhabitants of this part of the island. A quarter of a mile further to the westward are the buildings of the Yerba Buena Light Station, an octagonal tower twenty-two feet high, a white dwelling perched upon the brow of the hill, and the boiler-houses and machine room of the fog signal apparatus stand midway up the face of an almost perpendicular cliff, full fifty feet above the water.

In the house on the hillside lives Richard A. Weiss, keeper of the lighthouse, his wife, two children, Paulus Knudson, his assistant, and Knudson's wife. These make up the quota of sixteen inhabitants of the island, and the three establishments maintain a discreet and dignified exclusiveness hard to understand, considering the lonesomeness of the situation. Keeper Weiss explained it by saying: "We live so much alone that after awhile we get to feel as though we never wanted to see anybody."

Captain Linnie is not disposed to view the proposed training station with kindly eye. He resents it as an intrusion, an unwarranted breach of the natural privacy of the service in which he has spent nineteen years. He considers life on Goat island an ideal existence now, but when the sailor lads come he thinks it will be unbearable.

While there is nothing specially attractive to Goat island when viewed from the city front or from the deck of a passing ferry-boat, it is in reality very picturesque. On the north side there is a dense forest of live oak and the tangle of undergrowth is so thick that it is almost impossible for man or beast to traverse it. Here the mountain quail pipe and multiply without fear of molestation, for their slaughter is strictly prohibited, as is likewise the use of firearms on the island. The view from the island is simply magnificent, no matter in which direction the eye is turned. A trail follows the telegraph line, which by sufferance of the Government traverses the southern end of the island, leading to the summit of the ridge, where the visitor gets a charming view of the bay and its surroundings, the fleet of vessels anchored in the stream, the passing ferry-boats flitting back and forth between the two shores and the cities creeping up the ranges and over the hills all around. In the springtime the island is covered with grass, which furnishes splendid pasturage for the milch cattle kept there for the use of its inhabitants. Later in the season, when the dry weather has set in and the grass is ripe and dry, it becomes an element of danger, as it invites a conflagration. On several occasions the island has been swept by flames started from sparks dropped from the stacks of passing steamers or from fires ignited by careless persons who have surreptitiously landed there. Some of the forest timber has suffered in consequence of these conflagrations, and the young trees planted on the west side of the island in the form of a gigantic cross some years ago, when Arbor day was established in this State, was totally destroyed in that way. As a rule, however, the fires on Goat island have been confined to the grass land. The soil on much of the island, particularly on the east side, is very fertile, and is susceptible of cultivation. No doubt much of it will be brought under cultivation after the naval training school is firmly established there, and it presents unequaled opportunities for the skillful landscape gardener. When its sides become dotted with officers' quarters, surrounded with well-cultivated grounds planted with ornamental shrubbery and flowering bushes and plants, there will be few places in or out of San Francisco bay of greater beauty than Goat island.

THERE are forty lights upon the coast of California, technically known as the Twelfth United States Lighthouse district, which send their rays seaward every night and are maintained as aids to navigation and for the prevention of marine disasters. They are carefully operated and inspected quarterly, and cost the Government a large sum annually for their maintenance.

Each light in the system possesses peculiar and distinctive characteristics. The arrangement of its flashes is such that it becomes in itself an independent signal, and the whole system, in effect, a code. A succession of white flashes with intervals of darkness, each of an exact duration, indicate to the mariner his position on the coast and give him his bearings to port. Some lights give a steady ray of white for a definite period, followed by a brief red flash, which is then succeeded by the white beam; others flash rapid changes from red to white; in others the red beam is of longest duration, and by a variation of the combinations an almost endless code is thus obtained.

On the Atlantic coast a scheme of painting the lighthouses has been adopted, so that in the daytime each possesses characteristics quite as marked as those displayed at night when the lights are burning. White and black horizontal and vertical stripes, spiral stripes and certain combinations of the number of stripes give each a distinctive peculiarity which makes it easy of identification when observed from the sea. East coast lighthouses are usually tall towers of massive construction, but there are few places on the Pacific Coast where the necessary altitude is not obtained upon the headlands. Indeed in many instances the altitude has been found too great, and Captain Curtis, inspector of the Twelfth district, has caused some of the light structures to be removed from the hilltops to points lower down upon the face of the precipitous cliffs, so as to bring the light under the line of the average fog bank.

The greatest difficulty encountered by the Government in the maintenance of light stations is to provide the requisite supply of fresh water. Great cisterns and tanks are built for storage purposes, and the drainage of roofs is utilized to fill them. In some places the area of roof drainage is too small to supply the demand, and then a large area of land is utilized as a water-shed, is bricked over, cemented and walled to prevent the inflow of muddy streams. By means of these catch-basins a sufficient quantity is obtained for all of the uses of the lighthouse or signal station.

At St. George's reef the greatest economy in the use of fresh water is essential, and the roofs and surface of the gigantic base of the tower are utilized, but the supply is never so great as to permit of waste.

In addition to the tower lights, buoys, bells, fog-whistles, stake-lights, beacons and box-lights are stationed at certain points upon all the bays, inlets, rivers and estuaries, to mark the channels, obstructions and shoals. Whistling-buoys, bell buoys and spar buoys each have their peculiar significance, thoroughly understood by the mariner, and a book, published at Government expense, is supplied for free distribution among seafarers, giving the exact location of each.

Once every quarter Inspector Curtis visits every buoy and light in his district, and a careful examination is made to determine if there be need of any repairs. A duplicate of each buoy is stored at the Yerba Buena depot, and when one is found defective it is replaced by the duplicate, and is repaired and held in readiness for use. The wear upon the great anchor buoy chains is enormous. The massive links, forged of iron from one and a half to two inches in diameter, are often found to be worn in three months' time to a slender thread, ready to break asunder at any time. Chains found worn in this manner are repaired in the forge aboard the lighthouse tender Manzanita.

The lighthouse system of California is considered by the establishment in le

very complete, yet mariners complain and ask for additions. The present Congress is considering bills for the location of light stations at Point Arguello and Punta Gorda. Among the interesting facts connected with the United States lighthouse establishment, however, is the amusing one that over forty light stations have been located by various Congresses for which appropriations have never been made, and perhaps never will be. Such may be the fate of those now pending for the California coast, as well as that of the bill to locate a lightship on the San Francisco bar.

Among the lighthouses on the coast none is more conspicuous either by reason of its cost or character or its dangerous location, than that which marks St. George's reef, on the northwest seal rocks, north of Crescent City.

There dwell four attendants, who only once in three months of the year see other human beings than themselves, and then only for a few short hours during the regular quarterly visit of the lighthouse tender Madrona. Then they catch a glimpse of their fellowmen from the outside world, hear a word from it and lapse again into solitude and the endless routine of lighthouse life. Once in a while, weather permitting, one of them may row to Crescent City, but when he ventures forth he knows not whether he may return, for the fate that once befell a keeper of the light may be his, and he may be swallowed up in one of the mighty tempests that at this dangerous spot often rise most unexpectedly. Something of the dangerous character of the reef may be gathered from the illustration of the lighthouse given herewith, when it is told that frequently the waves dash over the masonry base of the tower, which stands full twenty-five feet above the level of the sea. On calm and cloudless days, such as that upon which the photograph was taken, the water washes over the rocks and dashes its white spray against the granite walls of the base. The great blocks of granite forming the foundation were hewn to correct shape and size ashore, carried to the rock, and there firmly bolted to it with immense copper bolts, and so throughout the whole structure each separate block is firmly bolted with copper bolts to another, and the whole mass anchored to the rock by the same means. The square sided pyramidal tower that surmounts the base rises to a height of sixty-six feet above the mean high water, and sends forth alternately a flash of red and a flash of white light every fifteen seconds, which is visible for eighteen miles. The station is also supplied with a steam fog whistle, giving blasts of five seconds' duration at intervals of a minute and a quarter. This remarkable structure was erected at a cost of $75,000, not inclusive of the cost of machinery and lights. No landing may be effected upon the rock except during periods of calm, and all supplies are landed by means of great steam derricks.

One of the most important lights on the California coast is the Point Reyes lighthouse, which stands on the headland under whose lea Sir Francis Drake anchored his ship. It is not so costly a structure as some other California lighthouses, yet it marks a spot where more marine casualties have occurred than any other part of the shore line of the State. It is a wildly picturesque spot. The booming of the waves and the seething white foam of the breakers dashing against the steep declivity, crowned by the light tower, appeal to the imagination. From the top of a sixteen-sided lower twenty-three feet high, a flashing white light, with intervals of five seconds between the flashes, sends its rays twenty-four miles seaward. It stands 100 feet above the fog signal, and 300 feet higher up the cliff are the dwellings of the keepers, and from the fog whistle to the sea level is fifty feet of almost sheer perpendicular cliff. From the Farallones the mariner steers first toward Point Reyes, thence toward Point Bonita light. The latter is located in a spot so difficult of access that a tunnel through an immense rock is necessary to avoid a dangerous passage, where the tortuous waters, which are constantly wearing away the rock, make the footing insecure and dangerous.

When fog obscures the light then the fog signals, steam whistles or "sirens," mighty horns that Triton might have envied had he heard them, by a code of arbitrary signals, notify the mariner of his whereabouts. These signals are like the Morse alphabet in telegraphy; for instance, Farallone fog signal blows thus:

Blast, five seconds; silent interval, forty-five seconds; blast, five seconds; silent interval, forty-five seconds; while Point Bonita's siren's special signals are blasts of four seconds' duration with silent intervals of thirty-five seconds. Each light station requires the constant attention and studious watchfulness of all its attendants, and the least dereliction of duty upon their part subjects the offender to immediate dismissal from the service.

The men who devote their lives to this hazardous undertaking are, generally, poorly paid but content. Content because, inured in solitude as they are, they have few wants and those wants are generously supplied. They have little need of money and less need for leisure, and usually find some laborious duty to occupy their time and keep them busy when the duties of their calling do not occupy them. In one lone and desert spot a light keeper has brought upon the bare rocks in basket loads enough earth from distant points to give him soil for a garden, and he toils in it among his flowers and vegetables with that rare enjoyment which only those know who love the earth and its plant life.

If Uncle Sam is niggardly in the matter of salaries, he is not so in other respects, for in the matter of supplies there is no stint. Then, too, the employes of the lighthouse establishment have access to a most admirable system of circulating libraries. The library is contained in a portable bookcase, and once every quarter these bookcases are shifted from station to station until one, having gone the rounds, is overhauled and filled with new books.

After St. George's reef light, perhaps the most interesting is that located at Point Loma, San Diego bay. It is a skeleton tower sixty feet in height of the newer style of construction. It is a third-order light, flashing alternately red and white, with an interval of twenty seconds between the flashes, and is visible for fifteen and a quarter miles.

Piedras Blancas light tower, at the entrance of San Simeon bay, is a novel structure. The lantern sends a steady beam of white light over the water for nearly twenty miles from a height of ninety feet and is located at the apex of a conical iron tower. A peculiarity of this light is that it is located behind the rock from which it takes its name, not on it, and the rock casts a shadow into the sea 450 feet in length and forty-five feet in width.

Point Sur light, forty-eight miles to the northwest of Piedras Blancas, is notable for its great height above the sea level and the great distance at which it is visible. It may be seen for over twenty-three miles and is located on a gray stone tower 250 feet above the sea level. A fog signal is maintained in addition to the light.

Point Conception lighthouse is a tower thirty-nine feet high, with a flashing white light, with intervals of thirty seconds between flashes, and visible for over seventeen miles. There is a fog signal station located far down the face of the cliff and connected with the lighthouse by a steep flight of steps.

Pigeon point is equipped with a conical tower 100 feet high and a flashing white light that may be seen on shipboard eighteen miles away. It is located on the extremity of the point thirty-eight miles south of the Golden Gate, and also has a fog signal.

The Farallone light may be seen upon any clear night from the balcony of the Cliff House, flashing rays across the water at intervals of one minute. The lantern is located on the highest peak of the rock in a conical tower twenty-nine feet high. A fog siren of the first class is used to warn mariners when the light is obscured. This is the light which every inbound mariner from abroad is on the alert to pick up as his ship is approaching the end of her voyage.

The harbor lights of San Francisco bay are familiar landmarks. Those marking the ferry route are complained of by the captains of the ferries as inadequate, dim and of very little aid to them. Ten thousand people traverse the course for which these cheap and inferior lights are provided to every one who traverses the course past the dangerous St. George's reef on which nearly $1,000,000 has been expended. Yerba Buena, or Goat island, light is one of the third order, while the Oakland harbor light and the Oakland south jetty lights consist merely of small square structures built upon piles. Fort Point light and those at Alcatraz Lime point and Point Bonita are of a higher order than the Oakland lights and more costly of maintenance, but are not of the first order and are of cheap construction.

FEBRUARY 16, 1896.

DOFFING THEIR COATS AND PLUMAGE.

How Birds and Beasts Change at Various Seasons of the Year.

THE male bird of some species, in addition to the annual moult, has the benefit of doffing the somber colors of ordinary occasions and donning the most brilliant plumage. Moreover, as winter approaches, although the annual moult has already taken place at the close of the breeding season, some birds go through an additional one, during which they are as thoroughly equipped for the severe weather as even a human being is who provides a winter overcoat. Those familiar with the life history of the ptarmigan, snow bunting and others will readily realize this.

Snakes and lizards improve upon the habits of birds even, for they simply slip out of their suit of clothes bodily by a process called "sloughing." It is by no means an uncommon thing to find a snake's slough in the course of a summer's walk. The number of sloughings is variable and depends on the species of snake, as well as on the age and health of the individual. The cobra appears to be quite wasteful in the matter of clothing, for it has been known to get a new suit once a month. There is a peculiarity about a snake's slough which is interesting. If you examine one you will find no holes for the eyes, but a clear horny film continuous with the rest of the skin of the head. Snakes have no eyelids, and therefore to protect them as they creep through the bushes, they are provided with a hard and firm membrane which forms a close-fitting transparent cap over the eye. Just before sloughing under this membrane is forming, and the outer one is becoming cloudy, so that at this period the snake is blind. In the days of "empirical" medicine snakes' sloughs were included in the pharmacopoeia and even now country folks are to be found who believe that one tied around a part of the body is not only a cure but a prophylactic in cases of rheumatism. This is surely a curious use for old clothes.

Fishes do not appear to be under the necessity of casting off their worn-out clothes, for you find a scale of a fish under the microscope you will see that it is covered with concentric lines following the curves of the outline which may be more or less notched. These lines mark the edges of what are supposed to be successive layers of growth, each one being added as the necessity arose for the scales to meet the expanding dimensions of the body. It will be noticed that these concentric lines are more numerous on the scales taken from the middle of the body than those are on those found near the tail and the head. In the last mentioned they are conspicuously less numerous. The process of clothing among fishes, therefore, is as if a man clad in a shirt of mail had the power of enlarging each link separately to fit the growth of his body.

Crabs are among the most interesting creatures which cast off their old suits bodily. When the baby crab emerges from the egg it is as unlike a crab as it well can be, for it is provided with a long tail, swimming appendages and cesses eyes. For a long time this form was regarded as a different species by naturalists, and was not connected with crabs at all. A moult or change of clothing takes place, and the advance in form is even greater than when the human child is "short-coated." The eyes appear on stalks, and a front pair of legs provided with nippers are to be seen. Even then the dissimilarity from the crab form is so great that the creature was formerly dignified as a serpent species.

Another moult takes place, and the real crab form is put on. It is much the same as with the human species. When the coming man is in long clothes or the shorter form known by the name of a portion of female dress, he is "a duck"; as soon as he dons the bifurcated nether integuments he is in the form of "a monkey" or "a lackaday," and when yet another change of garb takes place he becomes, at least in his own estimation, "a man."

After the young crab has taken on the adult form, moulting takes place frequently for a time, because the rapid growth of the body demands a change in the carapace. A new shell forms within the old one, and by a terrible effort, which sometimes proves fatal, the crustacean drags the soft body through the lower opening of the shell and retires into some retreat until the new suit is hardened, a process which may last several days. When a considerable size has been attained the moults become fewer, for large crabs have been caught having oysters not less than three years old attached to the carapace. It is just so among the older specimens of humanity—when a certain age has been reached the frequency of changes of suits decreases and we make the same last and overcoat last beyond one season, and have a real affection for an antiquated pair of shoes.

Lobsters have much the same habits of moulting as crabs have, and both possess a most remarkable faculty of reproducing limbs which have been lost either accidentally or in combat. These limbs are small at first, but by a series of moltings acquire a size nearly approaching that of the original member.

Moulting is the rule among the larvae of insects, and the changes concurrent with the change of garb are very interesting. Dr. Packard pointedly says: "When beginning our entomological studies no fact seemed more astonishing to our boyish mind than the thought that the little flies and worms were all the sons and daughters of the big ones. If every farmer and gardener knew this single fact it would be worth their while." First of all comes the caterpillar from the egg to lead a voracious life. Then in some species there is a change of clothes. A new suit begins to form inside the old one. A struggle or two causes the back to split open, the new form called the chrysalis emerges with a few twists and a second period of his stages. At the proper time again, after another strange proceeding within the chrysalis, a garment splits open and a full-fledged insect emerges with wings and legs complete. In others there is no quiescent stage or in the case of the chrysalis-forming insects.

The larvae are voracious almost up to the last moment before putting on the perfect form. But there is always the same principle of casting off old clothes. Who, for instance, has failed to find the old garment of the "locust" as he has been wandering through the orchard? And here I meet with the cast-off skin of a knat in the water barrel. The creature in the larval state had led a very jolly life, no doubt, among the "monads" in the rain water, for it was stale and they were present in myriads. "When about to transform into the pupal state it contracts and enlarges anteriorly near the middle, the larval skin is thrown off, and the insect appears in quite a different form. The head and thorax are massed together, the rudiments of the mouth parts and of the wings and legs being folded upon the breast, while there are two breathing tubes situated upon the back beneath the tail, which ends in two broad paddles; so that it comes to the surface head foremost instead of tail first, a position according better with its increased age and experience in pond life. In a few days the pupa skin is cast off; the insect, availing itself of the pellicle upon the water upon which to float, while its body is drying, grows lighter, and its wings extend for its marriage flight." (Packard.)

Among insects, however, the casting off of former garments has been raised to quite a literary dignity by the dragon fly. Is it that strange poem of Tennyson's, "The Two Voices," the poet says:

To-day I saw the dragon fly
Come from the mills where he did lie.
An inner impulse rent the veil
Of his old husk: from head to tail
Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.
He dried his wings; like gauze they grew;
Through crofts and pastures wet with dew
A living flash of light he flew.

As soon as this "inner impulse" comes upon the larva, it creeps up the stem of a water plant until it is above the surface. Here it rests awhile, and in due course the back is rent open; the creature slips out, as it were, "out of dead self," the crumpled, baby wings get out, the multiplates of the body harden and it takes its flight to hunt mosquitoes and gnats in the air, as it had previously done in the water.

I have frequently made use of the old clothes of insects. There is a beetle which rejoices in the name of Hydrophilus and supplies the microscopist with one of the most beautiful objects he can have in his collection. The larva, less than a third of an inch long, is covered with long hairs, which, under a fairly high power, strongly resembles an Eastern lily when the flower is erect. With such a beautiful thing of dress, it may be questioned whether our own evolved method is not preferable. Nature seems to have attached a penalty to the privilege bestowed upon her more lowly organized children of relying wholly upon her care. Birds and quadrupeds seem to suffer while they are shedding their hair. A horse, for instance, is never in so good form at this time as at others. Birds also are known to mope and to lose flesh at moulting time, and every poultry fancier must have made himself aware of the increased feverishness of his birds while the new feathers are growing. The melancholy is particularly noticeable in the case of cage birds, the most inveterate songsters observing a strict silence and wearing a dejected look at moulting time. Snakes previous to shedding or sloughing their skins are invariably sleepy and out of condition. —Philadelphia Press.

BIBLE TERMS.

Here is a handy table which it would be well for you to cut out or copy for reference in your Bible studies:

A day's journey was about twenty-three and one-fifth miles.

A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.

A cubit was nearly twenty-two inches.

A hand's breadth is equal to three and five-eighths inches.

A finger's breadth is equal to one inch.

A shekel of silver was about fifty cents.

A shekel of gold was $8.

A talent of silver was $538.30.

A talent of gold was $13,809.

A piece of silver, or a penny was thirteen cents.

A farthing was three cents.

A mite was less than a quarter of a cent.

A gerah was one cent.

An ephah, or bath, contained seven gallons and five pints.

A hin was one gallon and two pints.

A firkin was about eight and seven-eighths gallons.

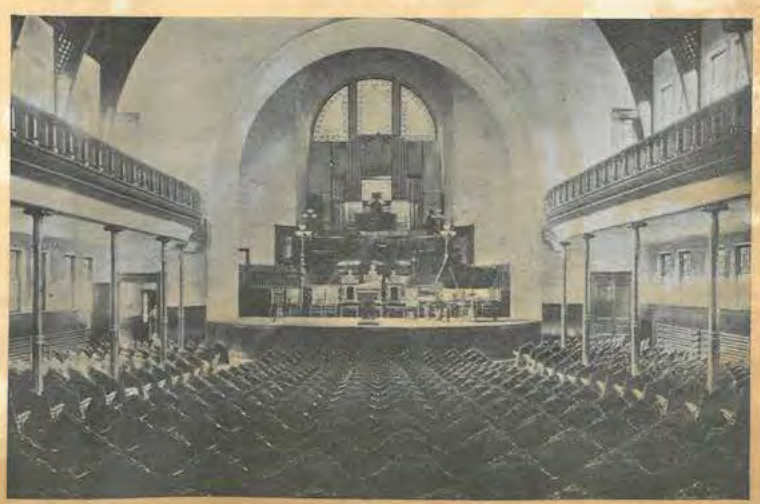
An omer was six pints.

A cab was three pints.—*Selected*

SOUTH SIDE OF CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

SOUTH HALL (LADIES' DORMITORY.)

EAST HALL (GENTLEMEN'S DORMITORY.)



CHAPEL AND MUSIC HALL.

THE TARANTULA
OR
TRAP DOOR SPIDER.

How It Builds Its Nest in the Ground and Protects Itself Against Its Natural Enemies.

IN THE SPRING of 1892 I unearthed two female trap-door spiders (ctenizа California) and carried them home with the intention of observing the manner in which they constructed their nests.

After partly filling a box with earth and firmly packing it down I placed the spiders therein and covered the box with a sheet of glass, deposited it in my room and awaited events. They lay crouched in the corner of the box until dark, 7 P. M., when one began to move around and selecting a site near the center, began to excavate a hole. In half an hour quite a depression was made and in three hours the whole body of the spider was beneath the surface. In the morning at 5 A. M. the door was, though loosely constructed and smaller than the burrow, neatly hinged. The other spider began work at 8:15 o'clock and at 10:15 had a hole deep enough to conceal the body. At 5 A. M. the door was perfectly fitted and finished. The burrow on actual measurement was an inch and a half deep.

In excavating their burrows they use their mandibles only, biting off a pellet, pressing it into a ball by the aid of the palps, then reaching over the edge of the hole, scatter it with a sharp flip of the foot. When the hole has increased to about an inch in depth they merely bite off a piece of earth and deposit it on the edge so no now and then to scatter the pile so that no trace of it may be distinguished when the work is completed. On each evening more or less work was done until the hole was seven inches deep and the lining throughout completed.

I have experimented with others since then and found that but few of them deviate from the methods described. Some tunnel to the full depth before affixing the door, others are content with a defective door till their retreat is completed, but the prevailing instinct seems to impel them to first of all affix a door. I have seen hundreds of nests of the ctenizа in all kinds of soil and amidst manifold surroundings, but I have yet to see the slightest indication of lichen or moss being artificially applied to the exterior surface of the door, to indicate a desire to conceal by artifice the site of the nest. Lichens and moss it is true are frequently seen on the doors when they exist on the soil around, but I have seen nothing whatever to indicate that they were placed there by the spider. The nest when completed is the most perfectly constructed and most beautifully upholstered retreat of all of the Aranеad tribe in Southern Cal-

TARANTULA.

fornia. Specimens of their nests have been widely distributed from this section, and although they have been frequently described and illustrated I have never seen the form of the trap-door accurately depicted. McCook in his admirable work on spiders, following other authorities, correctly depicts the trap-door as fitting the tube with a beveled instead of a straight edge, but has overlooked the method of beveling near the hinge. The illustration here given correctly shows the manner in which the upper rim of the burrow is formed, slightly rounded anteriorly but broadly so near the hinge, where the door is shunned to properly overlap without projecting above the soil. This appears to be an admirable arrangement to prevent the door from being drawn too far down the burrow when the occupant pulls it close. The hinge of the door in the fresh state is elastic and so built as not to open further than an angle of 45 degrees. The eggs of the ctenizа are deposited on the walls near the bottom of the tube and affixed thereto with silken lines. The young hatch out in the autumn and reside in the nest until spring, when those that remain (and in the struggle for existence they are few) leave the parental burrow and construct a nest for themselves. The nest constructed by the spiderling is a perfect reproduction in miniature of the adult nest; the tiny door and hinge, covering a tube about three inches in depth, is but three and a half and three lines in its respective diameters.

What time elapses before they attain maturity and whether or not they build a new nest at each moulting I have been unable to ascertain with certainty, but they undoubtedly either renew the old nest or build a new one each spring while immature, and the presumption is that the nest is only enlarged or rebuilt in the springtime of each year. In probably two-thirds of the cases the spiderlings each spring build themselves a new nest rather than enlarge the old. The proof of this I shall give further on in the course of this paper, the reason thereof I feel less well assured of.

In enlarging their domiciles the old door is cut loose at the hinge, broken into pieces and removed or, rarely, left lying whole near the nest. Each season, if the occupant's avoirdupois demands it, the cell is enlarged and the process of the renewing of the door is annually proceeded with. While the trapdoor

VERTICAL SECTION OF SEALED BURROW.

spider with increasing growth is compelled to enlarge her burrow, yet she does not always construct a new door, in those found near the desert some of them, probably impelled by the small amount of moisture and more sandy soil, instead of manufacturing a new lid each time the burrow is enlarged, extend the rim of the trapdoor to cover the increased circumference of the tunnel, an admirable example, it seems to me, of adaptation to adverse circumstances.

Many investigators have removed the doors with the desire to know how often the spider is capable of renewing them. McCook observes that in a series of experiments made flies renewals seem to be the limit of the spider's powers of inclination. This limit is, however, set too low, as instances have been observed where seven have been successively rebuilt, the number, no doubt, depending on the time of the year when the experiments are made—the spiders being more active in the spring than at any other season.

VERTICAL SECTION OF BURROW, SHOWING COCOON SUSPENDED, WITH OPENING WHERE WASP ISSUES.

During the warm months of late summer and autumn the ctenizа becomes less active, and frequently seals up its nest and retires to the innermost recesses of its cell, and, in a manner, hybernates till the advent of the winter rains. In visiting their colonies toward the end of September or the first of October I find that, of those around Los Angeles, two-thirds at least have their doors effectively sealed. Ctenizа having decided to lock her door for the summer vacation, weaves a narrow band of silken mesh on the junction of the inner surface of the door and the opposing side of the tube. Sometimes this is all that is done, but more frequently pellets of earth are plastered over this silk to further strengthen the junction. The amount of clay used may be limited to a narrow ring or abundant enough to cover the whole door and upper part of the tube. This masonry is further strengthened and embellished by another layer of silk, as shown in the accompanying illustration. Different though these sealed doors appear, all are constructed on exactly the same general plan, the difference in appearance being due to the more or less finished condition in which it is left.

In one solitary instance that came under my notice two such occlusions were found in one nest, the spider lying at the bottom dead; and in another the lid had been cut loose and thrown away, and in its place was a thick plug of clay neatly covered with silk continuous with that lining the burrow.

The conditions or circumstances that impel the spider to thus seal up her dwelling are problematic and probably various, and may be the result of volition or the inherited instinct of self-preservation against enemies, or the desire to keep moist the abode by preventing evaporation from the burrow in the parching heats of summer and early autumn. One is forcibly reminded on seeing these sealed doors of the opercult woven by the land shells of this region

TOP VIEW, SHOWING THE WIDENING OF THE LID NEAR THE HINGE.

in the summer season here, their number varying with the dryness of the locality or the warmth of the season, from two to five.

Whatsoever the instinct that prompts them to annually plaster up their doors, it is a strongly inherited one and a general custom in all stages of growth, the tiny spiderling in its first season sealing up its nest as effectually as its maturer relatives.

It was during the investigation of these sealed nests that I discovered that the young immature species usually forsake the old and construct a new tenement each season, the occluded doors in the springtime being found with a hole in the center through which the spiderling had to cut its way out and departed. The mature species under similar circumstances, so far as I have observed, never forsake their retreat. In the nests of the mature species I have never found eggs or young in a nest with a sealed door.

The trapdoor spider is crepuscular or nocturnal in its habits, leaving its domicile at night time to hunt for insect food. In captivity they may be observed toward evening with the door slightly raised, watching for passing prey, and any fly or insect incautious enough to come within range is caught with a sweep of the fore foot and dragged down the burrow. On returning to their nest they raise the door by pulling it upward with their mandibles, then inserting a foot they swing the body around, descending backward down the hole.

Much speculation has been indulged in as to why the spider in question builds itself a door to its burrow. The majority of naturalists believe it is done to protect itself against some relentless enemy, but what enemy has hitherto remained a mystery. The mystery is now solved.

Dr. McCook in his latest work in speaking of this subject says: "I have traced a well known habit of the Tiger spider to cover the burrow with a mossy vestibule to which is attached a rude sort of a door to the purpose to protect itself from the attacks of an invading wasp, Ellis-i-notata. I had no hesitation in using the knowledge thus furnished by the habits of the Tigrina as a key to interpret the more remarkable of trapdoor spiders in their remarkable industry.

"I had no facts in my possession as to the character of the enemies whose assaults are thus met by this rare counteracting ingenuity. I also venture to predict from the various facts adduced to that the enemies they most dread may be reasonably looked for among diurnal creatures and not among those of nocturnal habits.

The observation of Mr. Titus, which is unfortunately without details, confirms all that I have here suggested, and shows that the enemy which the trapdoor spider is most concerned to evade belongs to the same remarkable family, if it be not identical with Pepsis Formosa, the tarantula hawk."

Dr. McCook's remarks I have given in extenso, as they not only embody all the information heretofore known on this point, but they, in the light of my observations, show how closely his deductions reasoned from the habits of other species have led him to the exact truth. The popular belief, and that indorsed by Mr. Titus and others, is that the enemy of the trapdoor spider is the tarantula hawk, the arch enemy of the tarantula and other large spiders. While it is readily conceivable that the pepsis may attack the trapdoor spider I have in the observations made seen no evidence of this, nor do the habits of the pepsis support the probability. The pepsis, in hunting for its prey, seeks out the holes and crannies where spiders are most likely to be found, but the trapdoor spider in her widewake as aranead to be caught with its door open when such visitors are around, and its doors are but rarely, if ever, even ajar until the pepsis has retired for the night.

The enemy of the trapdoor spider is not the tarantula hawk, but a closely allied species, Parapompilus planatus, Fox. In size and bodily appearance this wasp resembles the tarantula hawk, but its wings are dark in color instead of reddish, as in the tarantula hawks. The body measures three-quarters of an inch in length, and with wings extended one and a quarter in breadth. The parapompilus is purely diurnal in its habits, and what to me is the most remarkable feature in connection with its assault on the spider is that it opens the door, enters and attacks the spider in her burrow. Of this there is no doubt, as though I have not seen the attack made I have reared the larva of the wasp found in the nest. The trapdoor spider watches its domicile closely, and at the slightest sign of danger seizes the silken lining of the door with its foot and holds it tight if any attempt is made to raise it. If no alarm is given, the naturalist, if using a gentle hand, can almost always raise the door, and it would appear that an insect so light as the parapompilus could raise the lid without surprising the inmate and gain entrance into the burrow. Having gained entrance, the wasp paralyzes the spider with its sting, lays an egg on its body, and, pushing outward the door, departs. In due course the egg hatches, the larva consumes the spider, works its way up to near the top of the burrow and spins its cocoon.

Not the least marvelous part of the wasp's life history is this cocoon. In

TOP VIEW, SHOWING SUCCESSIVE ADDITIONS TO DOOR.

ingenuity of construction and in adaptation to the surrounding conditions it is unsurpassed by that of any of the Hymenoptera.

In the illustration here appended a vertical section of the nest is shown with the cocoon in situ. The larvae, first of all, spins a thin, diaphanous membrane clear across the lumen of the burrow and from the angle where this meets the silken lining of the tube this is continued downward and inward to surround the cocoon near the apex. The cocoon proper is oblong, with rounded ends, and externally is covered over with a tough, felty mesh lined with a smooth, brown, impervious membrane. When completed the cocoon is by this method of attachment neatly swung in the center of the tube and admirably protected from the damp. The winter rains and the accompanying damp and mold are the greatest foes of the wasp larvae and against these it seems by this remarkable arrangement completely protected. Its position near the top of the tube saves it from any flooding that is the almost inevitable result of our winter rains, while the membrane above prevents it being wet from that quarter.

The wasp on arriving at maturity cuts a circular disc from the top of the tube in the manner indicated in the illustration and pushing through the membrane above digs its way through the door and escapes.

Little need we marvel then that the ctenizа builds a door on her burrow, or speculate why after such an admirable protection she should still require to carefully watch under her eaves and when necessary hold tight the door to prevent intrusion. Without these protective habits the trap-door spiders in the struggle against the Parapompilus would in a few years become extinct. Even under existing circumstances it would only be possible for the trap-door spider to survive a few more decades by adopting some further method of defense, either by concealing the door by artificial means to make it more nearly approximate more closely with its surroundings, or by sealing up its door during the season when its enemy is on the warpath.

Whether or not this be the reason

for the sealing up the doors in summer months it is of course impossible to ascertain, but of its value as a protective defense against its enemy there can be no doubt, whether that defense be designedly or not. Nature, in the fulfillment of her purposes, seems to demand that few of the spider tribe should die a natural death, but should assist her by supplying food to the larvae of various species of wasps.

With those species whose life terminates annually with the winter frosts it matters little whether they are captured by predatory wasps or die from natural causes, as their eggs are laid and the young hatched before they perish; but with the trap-door spider it is different; only a few in each colony are to be found with young each season, and but few of those so hatched survive to perpetuate the race. The young of the trap-door spider attain maturity slowly, and during a period of life that probably extends to ten years at least, they have ample opportunity or necessity to vary their conditions of life to meet exigencies that threaten their annihilation, and only those that conform themselves to meet those conditions have survived.

Such is in brief the history of the trap-door spider of Southern California.

A. DAVIDSON.

PRESIDENT BONAPARTE.

A Memento of the Second Republic of France.

THE SECOND republic of France was established by the elevation of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, the nephew of Napoleon the Great, to the Presidency, and the bronze medal commemorative of that event was struck off in 1850. The medal bears on one side the head in relief of Louis Napoleon and on the other the announcement that it commemorated his elevation to the Presidency of the French Republic on the 10th of December, 1848, by a vote of 5,576,397. One of these

THE SECOND FRENCH REPUBLIC MEDAL.

medals in a splendid state of preservation was recently secured by John Bardwell in this city, and is destined to take its place in the Bardwell collection at the Park Museum. The act which the medal commemorates was afterward followed by the transition of the second republic into the second empire and the crowning of Louis Napoleon as the third of the Napoleonic dynasty, with Eugenie as his consort. His reign and downfall, with the fall of Sedan, his long exile and death in England, the wreck of the Napoleonic hopes through the killing of the Prince Imperial by the Zulus in Africa, and the secluded widowhood of the childless ex-Empress, now enfeebled in mind and body by old age, are matters of history. But the medal commemorates the act which lifted one who had been regarded as an adventurer to a position of great honor and on the high road to fortune.

—Thursday last Mrs. M. M. Hecox was 81 years of age, she spending fifty years of her long and industrious life in California. She is one of the very earliest pioneers of this city, where she has continuously resided for many years and brought up a large family. She enjoys fair health for one of her age, and her large circle of friends hope that her light of cheerfulness may long illumine the Santa Cruz lighthouse.

Born, Sunday, Feb'y 2nd, 1896, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Derry, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gilson are the parents of a fine boy, born Feb'y 3rd.

THE BLACK-HEADED GROSBECK'S ARRIVAL.

A Study of the Family Affairs of Treetop Inhabitants.

The California Canary Is a Good House-Father—Something About the Birds of the City.

Sitting behind a great clump of the waving southern-wood this morning watching the labors of a pair of brown towhees to keep filled four gaping little mouths, clamoring in a near-by nest, my ears were suddenly greeted by a burst of melody. Up, up the scale ran the liquid notes, only to fall again in a rippling torrent of sweet sound that satisfied and delighted the ear as fresh springwater cools and delights the throat on a hot day. Then up again sprang the song to end in the melodious and characteristic call "Sweet! Sweet! Sweet! Here-I-am! Here-I-am! Here-I-am!"

There was no mistaking it. The black-headed grosbeak had come, and was already engaged in a melodious duel with some rival, for from a distant tree I immediately heard the song defiantly answered. This is a favorite trick of these birds during the mating season. I have lain by the hour, sheltered in a tree, listening, enraptured, to the vocal contests of two of them for the favor of a demure little feathered lady who perched upon a live-oak bough, looking at and listening to everything apparently save the songful rivals who were evidently suing for her favor.

But where was the chap whose singing sounded so close at hand? Vainly I scanned the tall eucalyptus trees on every side. Right above me I spied an oriole, worm in beak, hovering fatherlywise over a perfect beauty of ornithological architecture. At any other time the sight would have held me spellbound, but something more wonderful even than this now claimed my attention. Over by the big willow I caught a flash of black and white wings, and in another moment I was snugly established along a thick, low-hanging branch, with my fieldglass leveled at the songster. The black-headed grosbeak is rather a handsome bird, with shining black head, an orange-colored collar and black and white wings. These, with his heavy olive-colored bill, and, above all, his clear, loud song, will serve to identify him to the most casual observer. The only other bird he can possibly be confounded with is the Oregon towhee, and, although I know this mistake is sometimes made, it is not clear to me how it can be. The Oregon towhee has a black head and the black and white wings, but he has not the orange-yellow collar of the grosbeak, and his sides are a light chestnut-brown. His bill, too, is slenderer and black, and there is no music in his soul. He has only a querulous, cat-like, mewing call, that has won for him the name of the Oregon catbird.

Farther out upon the branch where the grosbeak was singing sat the lady of his choice, this time evidently considering him very seriously. Low he lay along the branch, his wings dragging at his side, his tail slightly spread, his head moving from side to side in the suggestive, serpent-like way characteristic of birds in courtship and in combat, and all the while he poured forth a low, bubbling, tender song, very different from the clear, loud melody of a few moments before. There was something so exquisitely loverlike in the whispered notes that it is hard to see how the plain little hen resisted his advances. She did, however, and presently flew away, leaving him disconsolate.

I have never been able to learn just what decides the female bird in her acceptance of a mate. I have seen one take up with the victor in a combat, and I have known one to fly off with the vanquished contestant, leaving his rival in victorious possession of the field, but minus the lady. Again, I have seen a song-sparrow scorn the advances of a perfect specimen of song-sparrowhood and mate with a forlorn little chap without the vestige of a tail. The mating and nesting ways of our birds are not the least interesting of their charming performances. Now that vacation is beginning, and our City folk are flitting hillward and canyonward, there is a delightful field here for a study that will store up a fund of pleasant memories against the season of our winter's discontent.

That quarrelsome little chap, the common English sparrow, for instance, is a most engaging paterfamilias. Seeing him in this capacity, one is inclined to forgive him all his rowdyish ways and his pugnacity for the sake of his kindly chivalry and forbearance under very trying circumstances. Just above my window, all the spring, a pair of these birds have made their home. This week the young birds are hatched, and father sparrow has had a hard time of it, for his better half, I regret to state, is a most egregious little domestic tyrant. She has apparent hysterical attacks, during which she will not let him approach the nest. She will pounce upon him as he flies homeward; and, at times, seems to find serious fault with him as a provider. Once I saw her actually compel him to drop the nice fat little bug he had brought and fly away, while she followed, scolding like a veritable virago and making feints at him in the air. But I have never seen him show any resentment of her conduct. Sometimes he will retire around the corner of the house, where he will sit, holding his crumb or bug, until she has flown off, when he will appear, deposit the morsel in one of the uplifted beaks and depart in search of another mouthful. Sometimes he squats upon the ground with a queer, deprecating little bunch of the shoulders and waits until she has said her say and graciously permits him to advance and feed their vociferating offspring; but never, even when she has dealt him half a dozen vigorous pecks with her sharp bill, has he shown any disposition to retaliate or administer the chastisement he might be justified in thinking she merited.

Another dear little house-father is the so-called California canary. In a bush, just in front of my window, a pair of these have built a round, compact, soft little nest. The little hen has just finished laying her complement of eggs and has just begun to set. Nothing could be prettier than the attention paid her by her devoted little mate. He hovers about the bush, encouraging her with little snatches of song, and seems to spare no pains for her entertainment. He even relieves her in her maternal task while she goes for an occasional brief outing. He has not her confiding nature, however, for if I approach the nest while he is on it he is off like a flash, while she, albeit maintaining an alert head and watchful eye, will let me come close beside the nest. Once, when I came nearer than she liked, she half arose and greeted me with an interrogatory "chasp!" whereupon I retired, feeling that her right in the premises exceeded my own.

An interesting and beautiful bird that is unusually plentiful about the bay this summer is the Lazuli Bunting. I have never before seen them in such numbers as have appeared this year. They have even invaded the City, nesting in the trees about Russian Hill. The Lazuli Bunting is one of the handsomest birds we have about here. "Bluecap," the country boys call him. He is somewhat smaller than a sparrow, with head and shoulders of a beautiful lazuli blue, and a necktie of orange-red under his chin. The wings and tail-feathers are deep blue, shading into black, and the breast and underparts are a light gray. The female might almost be mistaken for a sparrow, so plain is she in her garb of soft Quaker-gray, but despite her sober coloring she is one of the most daintily graceful creatures to be imagined. I have come across a great many of their nests this spring, carefully constructed of grass and soft, pliable twigs, ensmingly shaped and lined with horsehair, of which they use a great deal in building, but in nearly every instance the nests are so carelessly placed that the chances for the young birds coming to maturity seem very slim.

They build beside pathways and among the thistles and in wayside bushes, with no attempt at concealment, and their pretty blue eggs are a constant temptation to nest-hunting schoolboys. The birds, too, seem to find their own beauty a peril, for they are being snared by the hundred for the dealers, who dub them the "Indigo birds," perhaps on the same principle that Lord Dundreary called his brother Robert, "because his name was Frederick," for the Lazuli Bunting has nothing whatever—not even his color—in common with the Indigo bird. Moreover, he is not a specially sweet singer and does not take kindly to captivity.

ADELBERT KNARR.

The Ride to Bumpville.

Play that my knee was a calico mare,
Saddled and bridled for Bumpville;
Leap to the back of this steed, if you dare,
And gallop away to Bumpville!
I hope you'll be sure to sit fast in your seat,
For this calico mare is prodigiously fleet,
And many adventures you're likely to meet
As you journey along to Bumpville.

This calico mare both gallops and trots
While whisking you off to Bumpville;
She paces, she slides, and she stumbles, in spots,
In the fortunous road to Bumpville!
And sometimes this strangely mercurial steed
Will suddenly stop and refuse to proceed,
Which, all will admit, is vexatious indeed,
When one is enroute to Bumpville!

She's scared of the cars when the engine goes "Toot!"
Down by the crossing at Bumpville;
You'd better look out for that treacherous brute
Bearing you off to Bumpville!
With a snort she rears up on her hindermost heels,
And executes jigs and Virginia reels—
Words fail to explain how embarrassed one feels,
Dancing so wildly to Bumpville.

It's bumpytybump and it's joggytyjog,
Journeying on to Bumpville;
It's over the hilltop and down through the bog
You ride on your way to Bumpville;
It's rattletybang over boulder and stump,
There are rivers to ford, there are fences to jump,
And the corduroy road it goes bumpytybump,
Mile after mile to Bumpville.

Perhaps you'll observe it's no easy thing
Making the journey to Bumpville,
So I think, on the whole, it were prudent to bring
An end to this riding to Bumpville;
For, though she has uttered no protest or plaint,
The calico mare must be blowing and faint—
What's more to the point, I'm blowed if I ain't!
So play we have got to Bumpville.

A. T. Needham.
G. F. Bovard.
F. J. Masters.

John Kirby.
E. W. Van Deventer.
S. A. Thomson.

John Coyne.
Geo. W. White.

George Guth.

M. C. Harris.
E. W. Caswell.

A. E. Davidson.
C. J. Larsen.
E. R. Willis.

REMARKABLE TESTIMONIES.

The following was written for the New York *Advocate* by Rev. B. I. Ives, D.D., the great dedicator of churches:

"A few years ago, when I was Presiding Elder of A——district, at a quarterly meeting in a little country church, the following beautiful and touching incident occurred:

"The love-feast, at nine o'clock on Sunday morning, was held in the audience room of the church. In one of the front pews sat a man and his wife, somewhat advanced in life. Some years previous, this man had received a fall, in which he so injured his spine that he was never able to walk again without the aid of crutches, and even then could only slip his feet along. He was tall and fine looking. He lifted himself up by his crutches, and stood erect in his seat. He gave a very clear and strong testimony to his faith and trust in God, and the joy of this great and mighty salvation that now saved him, and then said: 'Somehow, I feel like a boy again, and as though, by my God, *I could run through a troop and leap over a wall.*

"As he sat down, his wife arose and gave a most beautiful testimony to the sweetness and power of divine grace. She was a very intelligent and estimable Christian lady, greatly beloved by all who knew her. But she was totally deaf, and had been for thirty years. Among other things she said: 'I cannot hear what my dear brethren and sisters are saying this morning; it has been a good many years since I have heard the sound of a human voice, or any other sound in this world, but I am so happy that *I can hear Jesus* whispering to my heart that I am his and that I can say,

> "'My God is reconciled;
> His pardoning voice I *hear*;
> He owns me for His child;
> I can no longer fear."'

"The people were blessed, and the speaking now went on rapidly.

"In a few moments a lady sitting a little back in the audience, who was entirely blind, and had been for twenty-five years, arose and expressed great joy and thankfulness of God for the wonderful privelege of being at the love-feast and hearing the testimony of the dear people of God. Though I cannot see the faces of any of you—it has been a long time since I have seen a human face or any ray of light in this world—I do praise my Heavenly Father that I *can see* to

> "'* * * read my title clear
> To mansions in the skies,
> I bid farewell to every fear,
> And wipe my weeping eyes."'

"Several persons were now on their feet waiting for a chance to speak, when I saw at one side of the room Brother B., an educated mute. I said to the people, 'Please be quiet a moment and let Brother B. witness for Christ.' The eyes of the people were now turned upon him.

"He pointed to the 'print of the nails in the Savior's hands, and the soldier's spear that pierced His side, from which there came out blood and water,' and then made the sign of washing, and that that blood had washed his heart, and therefore he hoped for heaven and eternal glory. At this point he closed his eyes and turned his face upward, and it seemed as though his countenance was lighted up with the glory of the heavenly world. The people wept and shouted as they saw this man, who had never heard nor spoken a word in his life, telling with his hands of Jesus and his great salvation. We all joined heartily in singing as follows:

> "'O for a thousand tongues to sing
> My great Redeemer's praise;
> The glories of my God and King,
> The triumphs of his grace!
>
> "'Hear Him, ye *deaf*; His praise, ye *dumb*,
> Your loosened tongues employ;
> Ye *blind*, behold your Savior come;
> And leap, ye *lame*, for joy.

"It seems to me that the followsng Scripture is appropriate to be connected with this: 'Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto Him be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.'"

Henry W. Warren

THAT GOLDEN MILE-STONE.

On the occasion of the celebration of the golden wedding of Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Wythe, July 7th, there were many delightful communications received from friends at a distance; among them were these lines which, we feel sure, many of our readers will be glad to see. They were written by Mrs. Flora Best Harris, who is still with friends in the East.

Golden because still, hand in hand,
Two toil-worn pilgrims now await
Beside our sunset "Golden Gate,"
Glad entrance to the morning land.

Golden because their spirits see
Through veiling mists the light which thrills
The summit of eternal hills,
A promise of the joy to be.

Golden because amid the psalm
That hails Him Lord their Savior shines,
With welcome in His wounded hands,
And saith, "Well done." The crown, the palm
Are yours to-day for conflicts o'er,
And ye are mine forever more.

You Never Can Tell.

You never can tell when you send a word,
Like an arrow shot from a bow
By an archer blind, be it cruel or kind,
Just where it will chance to go.
It may pierce the breast of your dearest friend,
Tipped with its poison or balm;
To a stranger's heart in life's great mart,
It may carry its pain or its calm.

You never can tell when you do an act
Just what the result will be;
But with every deed you are sowing a seed,
Though its harvest you may not see.
Each kindly act is an acorn dropped
In God's productive soil;
Though you may not know, yet the tree shall grow
And shelter the brows that toil.

You never can tell what your thoughts will do
In bringing you hate or love;
For thoughts are things, and their airy wings
Are swifter than carrier doves.
They follow the law of the universe,
Each thing must create its kind,
And they speed o'er the track to bring you back
Whatever went out from your mind.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, PHOENIX, ARIZONA.

The Strange Plants of the Coal Rocks.

YEAR by year, as the successive pages of the great book of science are cut and new secrets of the world's life and history are revealed to the inquisitive eye of man, we marvel at the wonderful development that this great world of nature has undergone; but still more do we marvel that, in spite of the accumulated dusts of ages, we are able to find the history chronicled as clearly as though it had been written on parchement and stored away safe from the ever-destroying agencies of fire and water. And then, when we have gone further back than runs the memory of man, we begin to take from the shelves the great books which hold the secrets of the rocks, and which, between their strata, like the ponderous pages of an ancient tome, hold impressions as clear as any given us by printers' ink. We begin to realise that our knowledge of the world does not stop where man began, but instead the records are preserved for ages back until the times when the molten rocks demonstrated that nothing lived and the world was but a melting mass of rock in the midst of boiling seas. Here and there gaps in the chronicles of the rocks are encountered which often puzzle us, but usually the bridge is found and the long history of plants and animals of the world is continued.

Long ages ago, when the earth was in a condition similar to our tropics, huge beds of coal were being formed, as we all know, by the decaying of the vegetation which at that period covered portions of the earth like vast jungles, the immense swamps being surrounded by impenetrable thickets of giant tree ferns and majestic conifers. Year after year these masses of vegetation, falling to the ground and decaying, perhaps underneath some slimy bog, formed layers on layers of black peaty coal, which, as time progressed and the weight above became greater, gradually turned from peat to coal, and finally to the hardest anthracite.

Over immense stretches of country in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois and Missouri people are constantly digging out these masses of bygone vegetation to burn as fuel, and all through the slaty roofs and floors of the black coal mines we find the impressions of the wondrous plants which grew ages ago, and falling were pressed as in a book between the layers of sand which yearly washed into the marsh above them. It is seldom that we find any but the lowest forms of plants in these coal beds; the greater number being closely related to the ferns and cycade of our present day, while great forests of conifers, the ancestors of our modern evergreens, stood in the silent swamps. To many of them we can trace a close relationship to the trees and plants now living, but others seem to have left no trace of descendants behind and we must conclude that the race has either died out or changed so as to be unrecognizable. For instance, there are found in the coal beds many plants to which we can trace an immediate relationship with the class of plants which we call the vascular cryptogams, and which include such plants as the clubmosses, or lycapods. While now all of the plants of this group are low or creeping; in the great carboniferous period they were represented by giant trees, which formed a very great element in the formation of the coal beds. Schimper, the great fossil botanist, says that there occurred then trees belonging to this order which were 100 feet high and ten or twelve feet thick. There is one genus of club mosses, lycopodites, which is so nearly related to our present clubmosses as to be distinguished at a glance. The leaves grow spirally on the stem, and where they drop off scars of a peculiar shape are left, and it is by these scars almost entirely that we are able to separate the different species. To this group also belongs the great lepedodendron, or scale tree, whose trunk was covered with rows of leaves, crowded together, almost like those on the Yucca trees of our California deserts. When these leaves dropped off the scars formed the most beautiful patterns on the stems, appearing like some modern textile designs.

Another very strange plant which is found in the coal beds is the calamite, which if restored, would probably look very much like a modern bamboo stem, except that the stems and branches are all ribbed and become narrower at the joints. The leaves are lanceinate in shape, and some of the specimens are so perfectly preserved that we can say that they are simple veined. It is very seldom that we ever find the branches of these strange reed-like plants attached to the trunks, and still more rare is it to find the leaves attached to the branches. In fact some specimens which were formerly supposed to belong to another plant are now thought to be nothing but the branches of the calamites. It is seldom, too, that we find the roots intact. One of the most common species, or calamites suckowii, is found with its branches and trunks much flattened in the coal, but in the surrounding sandstone it seems to retain its original rounded form much better. Near Carbondale, in Pennsylvania, there is a standing forest of calamites stems or trunks, buried in a bed of hard sandstone twenty or more feet thick. So many of them have been dug out by the miners and dumped outside that an entire viaduct has been built of these broken fragments, all of the same species.

There are fragments of a beautiful little herbaceous plant called sphenophyllum, found nearly all through the coal beds, whose radiating leaves make it look almost like a series of little star-shaped flowers on the straight stem. The leaves are wedge-shaped, and in them may easily be distinguished the tiny little branching veins—impressions in the hard rock. The fruit of the plant occurred in a sort of spike, with tiny little upturning spines along the edges. The strange thing about the plant is that the genus to which it belongs constitutes a natural group, all by itself, without being analagous to any other, either ancient or modern. Some naturalists are disposed to relate it to our modern horse-tails or scouring rushes, from the manner in which the stem divides. The plant evidently lived in the water, the branches expanding on the surface.

The sigillaria was a tree like the lepidodendron, in which trunks, leaves and roots have been found. It, too, shows rows of scars, but they seem to be separated by parallel flutings in vertical rows. The branches were probably covered with long, stiff leaves. The manner in which the leaves were given off, as indicated by the scars, would show a near relation of the sigillaria to our modern tree ferns, as found in the Sandwich Islands and in tropical countries.

Turning now to the plants which most resemble our modern ferns, we find many in which the similarity is very marked. It has been stated that nearly one-third of all the plants found in the coal beds belong to the fern family. They may be so distinguished, not only by the great compound leaf-like fronds which often are found several feet in length, but also by the fact that remnants of the fruiting organs or spores are still found as impressions on the shale, in the rocks and beds of the coal layers. Of these ferns one of the most beautiful and at the same time the most plentiful are those which belong to the genus neuropteris. These are beautifully branching ferns with the veins very distinctly shown, often almost so closely arranged as to look like fine hairs. In fact, one species has been named neuropteris hirsuta on this account. Others and much larger ones than these are often found, and I remember while once collecting in coal mines in Pennsylvania, arriving just in time to see the broken fragments of a beautiful fern being thrown on the dump. The foreman told me that the whole length had been exposed on the side of the mine, and that it was as long as one of the miner's shovels, probably fully three feet.

The ferns called pecopteris by the naturalists embraced some of the most beautiful known in the coal fields. In these the leaf-like fronds are twice or three times divided into tiny little segments and the entire surface is covered in one of the species with fine short hairs. The veins which still are preserved as impressions are forked at least twice. In many of these the tiny little fruit dots still show quite plainly, as depressions on the face of the frond. Another beautiful fern, which bears no resemblance to any of our modern ferns, has been named neuropteris, and already many different species have been placed under the group. Upon some of these, Brongniart, the great botanist, found little wart-like excrescences which he at first thought were fruit dots, but later considered them irregularities due to the action of some tiny parasitic plant. These little irregularities are sometimes found at the present time in the Brakes and Shield ferns. Probably the most interesting of all the plants of the coal are those through which we can trace a relationship with ours of the present time. Of these the conifers, related to what we call the ginkgo, are probably the best

LYCOPODITES, THE CLUB-MOSS OF THE COAL BEDS.

A CLUB MOSS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

A SPHENOPHYLLUM, FOSSIL COAL PLANT RELATED TO SCOURING RUSHES.

known. The ginkgo is a cone-bearing tree, growing in Japan, whose leaves are wide and divided into two parts by a notch in the middle, the whole leaf tapering to a long, slender stem. The fruit is like a nut, with a fleshy coating. There are several of these strange trees growing in the grounds of the State University at Berkeley, but none of them have ever been known to fruit as yet.

In the coal beds of West Virginia and elsewhere the leaves of a conifer, which naturalists have called saportea, have been found, which bear a striking resemblance to the modern ginkgo, and which undoubtedly is very nearly related to it. But not only this, we have found a distinct series of plants in strata of rocks from nearly every period of geological history from the time of the coal formation to the present, and each one approaches our modern ginkgo a little nearer. When such series are placed before us it is hard to believe otherwise than that our tree is a direct descendant of the ancient ones so perfectly preserved in the coal; and it is no wonder that man spend entire lifetimes in unraveling these life histories, which are as interesting as the history of man himself.

But besides the simple interest attached to a knowledge of the plants of ages ago there is an economic value in the study of the fossil plants, especially as in Pennsylvania, where there are hundreds of beds or layers of coal one above the other, varying from a fraction of an inch to many feet in thickness. Here we often find certain species of fossil plants confined to one or perhaps two of these strata or series of strata. So it is that when a vein of coal is unearthed whose exact formation is not known the fossils found may often be made to tell the tale. About six years ago there was a great discussion between the owners of a coal mine in Pennsylvania and the State Geological Survey as to the true position of a certain mine.

The one party held that the bed of coal was a very low one in the scale, while the other claimed that it was originally a higher strata which had been dropped to its present position by a fault, or downward slip, of a portion of the mountain. The Geological Survey had a collection of fossils from the mine made, and demonstrated by those found that they were right and that the coal bed really belonged to a higher series.

STEM OF A FOSSIL CALAMITE.

COAL FERN. NEUROPTERIS.

Such demonstrations as these are continually being placed before us, and the sooner man makes himself perfectly familiar with the fossils and the rocks the better. As it is, thousands of dollars are spent annually by men unacquainted with the fossils, who, if they did know them better, would save them from all their trouble and expense by telling beforehand whether what they were looking for was there, for certain fossils, like certain kinds of rocks, are as sure an indication of the presence or absence of coal or minerals as though it were written before our very eyes.

FRED W. KOCH.

CROWNS OF DISTINGUISHED POTENTATES.

1—Coronation crown of Queen Victoria. 2—Crown of William I. 3—Ring of Imperial land; old hat also a crown. 4—Imperial crown of Russia. 5—The Pope. 6—King of Portugal. 7—Crown of Persia. 8—Britania or Turkey's Hats. 9—Crown of German Empire. 10—Italian (lambardy) crown. 11—China. 12—Imperial crown of Abyssinia.

THE FIRST SORROW.—Bougeaureau.

The Paris Salon is a great clearing house for the artists of the world. We give a reproduction of Bougeaureau's remarkable painting exhibited at the Salon this year. Enveloped in the atmosphere of sorrow, and thrilled with the tremendous touch of tragedy, this painting by Bouguereau tells the story of rage, envy, death and grief, in tones not given to the speech of man, and only to be found in the graphic lines of the painter or in the subtle and emotional language of the musician. This tableau of despair displays the magic of the master in its grouping, and employs the elements of contrast to the fullest extent. The first woman and the first man are for the first time confronted with the great tragedy of death, and their passion of sorrow is not only because of the death of Abel but also because of the crime of Cain. The dark background of the picture, lightened only by the lurid light upon the sacrificial altar, adds emphasis to the story of passion's baleful blight. The painting is of a strong and somber genre and contrasts strikingly with the general style employed by the great French artist.

ON THE BEACH AT SCHEVENINGEN.

BADEN BADEN.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER, SCARBOROUGH.

Rotunda of Mineral Palace, Pueblo, Colo. The Palace was Erected at a Cost of $250,000, and Contains a Magnificent Mineral Exhibit.

Butterflies of California

THE BUTTERFLY collector is an industrious man, and if you want to be convinced of this fact, go with him into the fields. He will walk quietly by your side, his net thrown over his shoulder, talking of all sorts of things, when suddenly, with the exclamation, "There's one!" he is off. Did bumble-bee ever pursue a more deviating course! He darts up and down, moving his net first this way and then that, around and around, and finally, with the perspiration streaming from his brow, and fairly gasping for breath, he returns to you with the gay treasure entrapped in his net, saying, enthusiastically, "Isn't—it—a—beauty!"

Few people realize the joys and the troubles of a collector, and many will be surprised to know that hundreds of people earn a livelihood by collecting these insects. There are the professional men, who collect for science and send out collectors to all parts of the world, and there are the missionaries, who engage in the pursuit themselves or hire natives trained by them to catch and preserve butterflies. Besides this, private collectors study the science as an avocation and pastime. One of the most celebrated of these collectors is Mr. Neumoegen of New York, whose collection is worth many thousands of dollars and ranks next to that of the British Museum. After his day's work, he seeks his butterfly den, where he finds rest from his toil, surrounded by some of the most beautiful creatures God has placed in the world.

The collector, too, must be a man of ingenuity as well as of industry and perseverance. He must be able to invent methods of matching them in their tricks or he will never be able to catch some of our rarest and most attractive species, for these sly winged creatures sometimes have wary ways. A California collector of note discovered a most ingenious way of luring a most beautiful species, the Limenitis Lorquini. A chief characteristic of this butterfly is its pugnacity. It will attack any butterfly or other insect that comes near it, and as it usually lights high on the trees, it is a little difficult to reach. The collector tossed a stone in the air, whereupon the butterfly, mistaking the missile for an insect, darted after it as it fell to the ground, and when within easy reach was caught in the net.

Professor Habnel, who worked for several years near the Amazon, was also successful in ensnaring some of the butterflies who alight beyond reach of the net. He studied the habits of a singularly beautiful one, the morpho, until he learned the hours of its flight and the height to which it ascended. Erecting platforms in the neighborhood of these butterflies, he stationed himself twenty feet above the ground, and at the proper hour watched for the usual swarm. The butterflies flew above him in great numbers and he had no difficulty in capturing numerous specimens.

Another collector who was hunting in the Rocky mountains saw a rare specimen hundreds of feet below him over the edge of a cliff. A rope was tied about his waist and he was lowered until with one skillful sweep of the net, he was able to entrap the object of his search.

Among the California butterflies that are common to other parts of the continent or the world as well are the reds and blues (lycænidae), which are well represented here, there being from fifteen to twenty varieties; the painted lady (pyrameis carye), found the world over; the melitæa, a four-footed variety in which there is a tendency to peculiarities of color and markings; the milkweed (danais archippus), the soaring, lofty kind, which flies in the face of the strongest wind, sometimes twenty miles out to sea, and is found in swarms near Bolinas.

But there are some that are peculiar to California, and rival in beauty of coloring those of any other country in the world. The Heterochroa Californica, for example. This is a dark brown butterfly with yellow markings and orange spots at the apex of the wings. It is the sole representative of its genus in the United States, and compares in habits with the apatura iris, or purple emperor, of England—a gorgeous creature of dazzling nature, changing to purple, with a gloss of green. The purple emperor is a native of Peru, and differs from most butterflies in that it is not caught with nets. For years it was impossible to obtain specimens, until a collector once came upon the carcass of an animal upon which fed a swarm of these beautiful butterflies. After that bait was set for them, refuse material being placed at a distance of a few hundred yards in a circle covering a mile or so. Now the heterochroa resembles the purple emperor in its peculiar liking for repulsive viands. And so bait is set for it in a similar way; and when engaged in taking food it may be very easily caught.

The heterochroa is far more local than the Limenitis Lorquini, with which it is sometimes classed. It is found more or less throughout California, but especially in the southern counties, where it haunts shady canyons and the sides of creeks. Its flight is slow and majestic, and it sometimes floats with outspread wings for a considerable distance, always alighting near a pool of water, attracted by an offensive odor.

There is another butterfly equally as interesting as the above. It is the Meganostoma Eurydice—a rare, beautiful creature of many peculiar traits and habits. The popular name of doghead was given to it from the special markings on its wings, the light shade outlining the head of a dog. The male is brown, the secondaries being yellow, but the female is all a pale yellow shade, with two very small dots of brown on its wings. This difference in coloring between the male and the female led many entomologists to believe that two families were represented, classifying the female as the Rhodocera Rhamni. As the butterfly is shy and difficult of capture it is not surprising that this mistake was so long uncorrected.

It is a curious fact that the male, which is not so easily caught as the female, may be attracted by the color of the net. If the collector secure a net of the same shade as the female butterfly and wave it in the vicinity of the males they will rush toward it in great numbers, mistaking it for a swarm of females.

The Meganostoma is found in Mill valley during the early part of July, and has been seen as far north as Sacramento. It has also been seen flying in the streets of San Francisco.

The Vanessa California is another rare specimen of this State. It is claimed by many entomologists that this butterfly is the same as the Vanessa polychloros. It is periodical in its appearance, having first been seen in Mill valley in 1889 or 1891, feeding upon the wild lilac. The fact that it is seen in great numbers at some times and disappears at others is accounted for by the appearance and disappearance of an insect which preys upon it. When the vanessa is plentiful the insect which feeds upon it has been killed off, by some cause yet unknown.

Some of the butterflies of California are like some of the people—they are emigrants. The cabbage butterfly, pieris rapæ, has this curious fact in its history, and it is not a very welcome emigrant either, for it is a pest in the vegetable garden. The cabbage-butterfly was imported from Europe in 1841, and gradually crept west until it reached Santa Barbara. It is now found in Mill valley.

But of all the families represented in in California the Argynnis, which is by far the finest, includes the largest number. A proper popular name for this genus would be Silver Wings, from the silver spots on the under side of the wings. The only one found in the immediate vicinity of San Francisco is the Argynnis Calippe, caught at Laundry Farm. The fortunate possessor of one of these was offered $50 for it. The Argynnis Leto, however, is abundant in the Yosemite district and Oregon. Like the dogshead butterfly, this particular Argynnis shows a great contrast in color between the sexes, distinguishing it from nearly every other member of the group, the males and females of which are essentially alike. The Argynnis Leto is dark brown with pale-yellow markings, while the female is ferruginous brown with darker brown spots. We have one species which is nearly related to the Argynnis Leto—the common red butterfly—Pyramelis Carye, seen throughout summer in San Francisco, and found from Chile to British Columbia.

The Parnassius Claudius, a white butterfly with red and black spots, is also peculiar to California. We may see it in San Francisco, near Tomales bay, or in the Yosemite valley. It lays its eggs in sheltered spots, usually on the under side of rocks. A collector in the Yosemite once sat quietly observing this butterfly and its habits, and to his surprise it flew up to him, laid an egg on the sole of his shoe and fluttered away.

Of the rare species found in this part of the continent there is yet one which is worthy of special mention. I refer to the Papilio Indra—a black butterfly with yellow markings, a little blue, and two orange spots on the wings. Although the Indra has been seen in the Sierra it is thought that the Coast range is its home, and that wherever else it has been found it has strayed from its native place. In Henry Edwards' collection is a female taken from Tuolumne county on the rim of the Yosemite valley and a male from Mount St. Helena, in Napa county. Until 1877 these were the only examples known, but since that time the Indra has been caught in Mendocino county, Knights' valley, Sonoma county, McCloud river, in Shasta county. All of these places are situated in what is called the Coast Range mountains, west of the Sierra, and connected with that range by small ridges. These different localities show at what varied latitudes the Indra lives.

The Indra is compared with the brevicando from Labrador, and it is a curious fact that at both extremes of the continent are these two forms closely resembling each other, with nothing like them between. This resemblance is suggestive of a time when both belonged to one species in the northern part of the continent. The principal difference between the Indra and the brevicando lies in the markings of the abdomen and length of the tail. They both make long flights, rarely alight and reconnoiter over a whole mountain. The larva of the Indra has never been discovered, but there is no question as to what it will be found feeding upon.

The Papilio Daunus is also very much sought after. To one who is not well versed in the science, the daunus could not be distinguished from others of the papilios were it not for its three tails. It is found usually in the canyons of the high regions and down the Coast into Mexico, but many specimens have been taken in Napa county and near Mount Diablo.

The Papilio Eurymedon and the Papilio Rutulus, also yellow, banded with black, are nearly related, the latter taking the place of the turnus of the East. The larvae of these feed upon the apple, wild cherry and willow. Both may be found in numbers throughout California.

The life of a butterfly is supposed to be a week, but it is surprising to know that from the time the egg is hatched to the death of the butterfly is sometimes four or five years. For example, we will suppose that the butterfly lays its egg in the fall. When spring comes the caterpillar appears, feeding until the next fall. It then goes into the chrysalis form and may remain in this state for two or two and a half years, and at last the butterfly bursts forth, to live only a few weeks, when it is battered to pieces and dies. And so the most attractive form is of the shortest duration.

But while it lives it ought to be observed and enjoyed, for of all the creatures of nature none is more interesting or more beautiful in coloring. If you study the shades of color on its handsome, velvety wings you will find the most artistic and pleasing combinations. Indeed, one may gain many valuable hints for home furnishing and dress from the hues of the butterfly's wings.

LILLIAN E. PURDY.

Taking Impressions From Coins.

To take impressions from coins melt a little isinglass glue with brandy and pour it thinly over the medal, etc., so as to cover the whole surface. Let it remain on for a day or two, till it has thoroughly dried and hardened, and then take it off, when it will be fine, clear and hard as a piece of Muscovy glass, and will have a very elegant impression of the coin.

Newport and Santa Clara, the East and the West.

A native Californian's three-weeks' stay in the so-called Queen City of the American Watering Places is long enough to justify him to say how Newport may be compared with California's favorite seaside resort—Santa Cruz—about 80 miles from San Francisco either by boat or rail.

The population of the two places is about the same. The summer rush of visitors to Santa Cruz is greater and at the same time less transitory (or transient); there are more hotels with a steady ebb and flow of guests, and more cottages are hired for a longer time.

The difference between the summer climates of the two is remarkable. The change of weather is so frequent here that every little now and then it would surprise one who has been reared in California, under such a climate as is seldom affected by the uncertainties of seasons. Nevertheless, he, if his mind is not prejudiced, does not hesitate to say that at the end of his first week he has learned to enjoy and appreciate the caprices of this weather as he does the coquetries of the fair sex. Good for Newport! It is often uncomfortable here in warm days and nights, while it in Santa Cruz is as often unpleasant in foggy mornings and evenings. Here the breeze from the sea seems to be perennial, and it thus is almost in perpetual motion, and more bracing though offering less inducements for day-dreams or love-making.

Surf-bathing at Newport is much pleasanter and safer, the water being warm with gentle upheavings of the waves and the beach being smooth and of gradual slope into the sea. Weal Santa Cruz lacks is a part of the program that ought not to be omitted by all means—that is, for a bevy of girls or little tots to be an hour in the rolling surf with their skirts or pants rolled up to the knee with a certain feeling of safety; such a sight is always interesting. At Santa Cruz the waves are high and strong after a stiff breeze, but there is no danger in bathing because there are rafts and ropes. Many of the bathers are daring in their swimming feats. Their bathing costumes have great variety in style and color.

The scenery by the seaside gives Santa Cruz the first place, but Newport handicaps her rival by odds, that is, art has fashioned nature wonderfully by transferring the farm lands into a paradise of palatial residences with green parks so beautifully arranged that a drive or walk in and about Newport, particularly along the cliffs, once taken is never to be forgotten.

Santa Cruz has a splendid cliff drive, too, but there is dust over a good deal of the way. The cliffs are more rugged and bolder, thus presenting more sublimity with the sea ever breaking in grand and weird crests of white. The background is picturesque in the view of timber-covered mountains, into whose cool retreats many people take drives after the bath. Instead of mountain recreation, Newport enjoys an equally full share in the pastimes of sailing. Happily, within easy access are her suburbs out at sea.

Newport has another feature which has already been famous all over the world—the glitter of equipages of all kinds and descriptions on the avenues, this alone is sufficient to give an impression of wealth and luxury up to date. Morever, it gives contrast to the old part of the town, which cherishes its traditions and historical monuments with the intensity of conservatism. Santa Cruz may never be able to cope with Newport as to the modern phase of wealth and fashion, but Monterey and Santa Barbara (two other seaside resorts in southern California) are becoming fashionable.

One more word.—It is to be noticed with grateful appreciation that the rich here have a kind thought for the poor. They not only have their mansions and lawns in open view, but also let the latter enjoy the Cliff walk through their lands. May Newport enjoy the blessings of wealth.

T. D'ESTELLE.

BETTER THAN GEMS.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

Only a little word of cheer,
As she passed along her way;
She knew not that it saved a soul,
Who had wandered far astray.

Only a smile, a tiny ray
Of heavenly sunlight, sped
Into a heart devoid of hope,
And the darksome shadows fled.

Only a tear of sympathy,
For a lonely mother's loss,
The tender, kindly charity
Shed a gleam upon the cross.

A word, a smile, a tear, so small
Each seems, but costlier far
Than richest gems, in Jesus' sight,
These human offerings are.

—*New York Observer.*

Absurd Beliefs About Eels.

In the midst of much dry-as-dust information and many drier-than-dust figures relating to the larval or post-larval development of the brain of the lesser sand eel, to hermaphroditism in the cod, to the spawning period of the armed bullhead and the vitality of its eggs, and to other topics of a similar hair-raising character, the third part, recently issued, of the thirteenth annual report of the Fishery Board for Scotland contains papers on two or three points of interest to others besides geologists. In a paper on the hatching and rearing of food fishes it is stated that during 1894 and down to July of last year the total number of fry distributed from the Dunbar hatchery for sea fish was 72,-755,000, of which 64,875,000 were plaice. The number of cod hatched was 3,760,000 and of Cabot 3,800,000, this being the first time (to the knowledge of the board) that the eggs of the last named have been hatched at any hatchery.

The papers on the influence of marine currents in transporting floating eggs and larvae from off-shore spawning areas, on the life histories and development of the food fishes and on the long and valuable series of physical investigations ought to appeal to all who are concerned with the maintenance of our supply of sea fish. More valuable as tending to the elucidation of a subject wrapped very much in mystery is H. C. Williamson's elaborate paper on the reproduction of the common eel. Mr. Williamson gives a very full account of the reproductive organs, both as described by other naturalists and as observed by himself in a number of specimens examined at St. Andrew's, and the paper includes a description of the migrations of the eel and all that has been ascertained about its spawning.

It is a remarkable fact that the ripe egg of the eel has never yet been discovered. Some funny beliefs have been held at different times as to the genesis of this very slippery creature. Aristotle said it sprang from what he called the "entrails of the earth." Pliny the elder said: "They rub themselves against the rocks and their scrapings come to life." Gesner thought the opinion as to their generation in the putrid carcasses of dead horses was quite a rational one. A German sage forty years ago stated seriously that they owed their existence to electrical phenomena. People are still in England who believe they are "evolved" horse hairs; and not long ago one credulous gentleman gave this recipe for their manufacture: "Cut up two turfs covered with May dew and lay one upon the other, the grassy sides inward, and in this way expose them to the heat of the sun; in a few hours there will spring from them an infinite quantity of eels." In Sardinia the fishermen cling to the belief that the so-called water beetle is the progenitor of the eel, and an Englishman has written a small book to prove the same hypothesis. There can be no reasonable doubt, however, that this fish is oviparous and spawns just as other fish do. Plentiful though our lack of knowledge is regarding it, this much we have learned, the notion appears to be very widespread that the eel, like the lamprey, only spawns once and then dies.—Pall Mall Gazette.

MARCH 15, 1896.

FIRST DISCOVERY OF GOLD.

When Captain Joseph Aram arrived in California across the plains in 1846, they camped on a branch of the Yuba River. Here, for the first time, they found good water, grass, fish and game. After a day or two of rest they began to take in the fascinating beauty of the place and examine the curiosities of the situation. Not the least among these was the character of the rock and pebbles in the swiftly running stream. The women of the party took great delight in these curiously worn and colored stones. One of these women was Mrs. Sarah A. Aram, the wife of him whom California loves to honor as Capt. Joseph Aram, the pioneer soldier and earliest legislator. To Mrs. Aram the gathering of these beautiful treasures of the brook became an exciting pleasure, and not only on the surface, but deep as hands could dig therein she sought for still stranger, prettier ones. In bringing up one handful from beneath the water she saw one dull yellow piece that seemed from its weight to be metal. It was flat and about the size of one's thumb nail, and when she showed it to the men they all thought it might be gold. To test it they pounded it with a hammer and found that it would bend easily without breaking, and the bright golden luster in places showed that it was indeed pure virgin gold. They thought, at first, to search for more, but they had no tools to work with and no provisions to sustain them, and so passed on to the settlement beyond. The gold was afterward satisfactorily tested by good judges. Marshall has the fame of the first discovery, and the monument to his memory, but to the memory of the worthy Mrs. Joseph Aram, whose discovery of gold was nearly two years before, belongs the honor of the true discovery of the placer mines of Central California.

Senator Eugene W. Aram of Woodland, with his sister, Mrs. S. M. Cool of Los Angeles, are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Aram, 200 Washington street, San Jose.

SOME CURIOUS FISHES OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

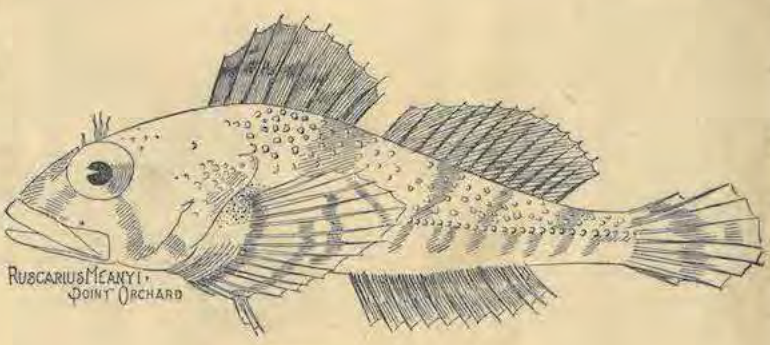
Odd Specimens Gathered Off the California Coast and in the Waters of Puget Sound.

THE LATEST publication from the Leland Stanford Jr. University comprises the third number of the contributions to biology from the Hopkins Laboratory of Biology, established at Monterey, and it relates to the fishes of Puget sound. It has been prepared by President David Starr Jordan and Edwin Chapin Starks. This series is designed to illustrate the investigations and explorations of the Hopkins Seaside Laboratory, an adjunct of the biological laboratory of the Leland Stanford Jr. University, and it is issued under the patronage of T. Hopkins of Menlo Park.

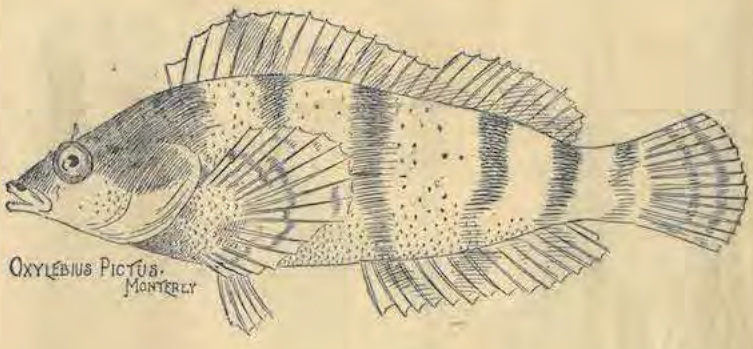
The memoir contains an enumeration of the fishes known to inhabit the waters of Puget sound, and is based principally on a collection made by Mr. Starks last July under the auspices of the Hopkins Laboratory while spending a season at the Sound as the guest of the Young Naturalists' Society of Seattle. Nearly two weeks of his stay was spent dredging with a small steamer, chartered for the purpose, within a radius of twenty miles from Point Orchard, on Admiralty Inlet, where a camp was established. Besides the fishes that were brought up in the dredge, collections were made of "rock-pool" fishes at low tide, and seines were worked along the beaches.

After the return of the dredging expedition the fresh waters about Seattle were seined. A week was also spent by the junior author at Neah bay, near Cape Flattery, in the straits of Juan de Fuca, where a collection of the rock-pool fishes was made. A rich field for this work was found on Waadda island, a small rocky islet lying about half a mile from the shore, near Neah bay. In this same locality large collections were made in 1880 by Professors Jordan and Gilbert. In the list published in 1880 by Jordan and Gilbert ninety species are mentioned as found in the waters of Puget sound and the straits of Juan de Fuca. In a later list by Dr. Carl H. Eigenmann (1892) 106 species are recorded. In the list made by Jordan and Starks 141 species are recorded from these waters.

RHAMPHOCOTTUS RICHARDSONI. POINT ORCHARD



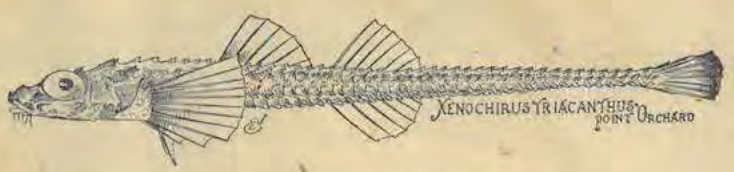
RUSCARIUS MEANYI. POINT ORCHARD



OXYLEBIUS PICTUS. MONTEREY

NEOLIPARIS MUCOSUS. SAN FRANCISCO

RADULINUS ASPRELLUS. SEATTLE.



XENOCHIRUS TRIACANTHUS. POINT ORCHARD

XIPHIDION RUPESTRE. WADDA ISLAND

SCYTAUNA CERDALE. WADDA ISLAND.

Accompanying the memoir are engravings of a number of rare and curious fishes found at various points along the coast from Monterey to Puget sound, some of which are here reproduced.

It is well known now that the Pacific Coast is one of the most fertile sections of the globe for the ichthyologist's researches. The Hopkins Laboratory of Biology was established on the shores of Monterey bay because there the fishes of Arctic and tropical waters meet, and it is said to be more prolific in fish wealth than any other section of the globe. The memoirs which the Hopkins Laboratory of Biology is preparing and the Stanford University is publishing will in time cover this entire domain of scientific research.

HALF MAST THE FLAG!

WILLARD N. FARWELL.

[Not a week, nor hardly a day now passes that does not witness the flag at "half mast" over Pioneer Hall, indicating the death of a California Pioneer The fact suggests the following lines.]

Half mast the flag! Their day is almost done.
Twilight proclaims the gathering of their night.
The shadows lengthen, and their setting sun
With feeble rays sheds but a feeble light
But yet no sadness marks their day's declining,
Though weary to their steps and dim their way,
For, "over the divide," a sun is shining,
Whose light to them shall bring perpetual day.

Half mast the flag! 'Tis honor's brief concession
Of life's work fairly done and fairly ending,
Among the vanguard of the vast procession
They onward march toward shadows deeply blending.
Shadows, that, closing range of human vision,
Shut non the light from range of human faith.
That faith that marks our footstep's firm precision,
That tells us, man is not a soulless myth.

Half mast the flag! Nor pass it by with coldness,
Ye multitudes that throng the public ways,
Nor youth, with flippant speech and jeering boldness,
Speak rudely of these men of other days.
Theirs was the task to make your pathways pleasant;
To make your store of happiness increase,
To carve from out the past, your splendid present
To make your dower prosperity and peace.

Half mast the flag! Their light is slowly waning,
Night cometh, and their work is almost done.
Into the mystery they go without complaining,
Their past secure, their victory fairly won.
And so, with gathering mists around them falling,
They calmly wait, in patient hope serene,
To answer to the Master's final calling,
When restful death shall close the ending scene.

Half mast the flag! The pioneer is passing,
Uncover, give him his well earned salute.
You who in busy streets are daily massing,
Pay this small tribute to the lips now mute.
His race now fairly won his labors ended,
Your benediction he may surely crave.
Speak of his name with honor tokens blended,
With grateful memories decorate his grave.

A PIONEER LADY.

Mr. M. M. Hecox, of Santa Cruz, celebrated her 81st anniversary on the 20th of last month. Fifty years of this time has been spent in California. She is the widow of the late Judge A. A. Hecox, well known in the pioneer history of Santa Cruz. Her daughter, a wide awake young lady, is the keeper of the light house at Santa Cruz point, and has been since the death of her father. Mrs. Hecox resides with her daughter. She enjoys fair health for one of her years, and the writer takes great pleasure in a social chat with the old lady, at her home every Summer, as we never fail to call and see our old pioneer friend when visiting the pretty little city by the sea. The PIONEER wishes her many years to come.

HAWAII'S NEW GREAT SEAL.

Captain W. G. Ashley, Registrar of the Hawaiian Treasury, arrived in this city yesterday on the Australia. With him were President J. A. Kennedy of the American Union party and James McCandless, brother of the Senator of that name. Registrar Ashley is on his way to New York, where he will attend to some engraving business for the Treasury Department. Besides bonds and money certificates he will have engraved the new great seal of the Hawaiian Republic. It was adopted at this year's session of the Legislature. Virgo Jacobsen, a Danish penman, was the designer.

The meaning of the motto is "The Life of the Land Is Established in Righteousness." At the left of the shield is a statue of Kamehameha, the ancient conqueror of the islands. At the right is the Goddess of Liberty carrying the Hawaiian flag. In the right upper and lower left quarters of the shield are tabu sticks, which, when placed in front of an Hawaiian residence, mean that no outsider is to enter. Between each of the statues and the inside rim of the circle are leaves of the taro, from the tubers of which poi is made. Beneath the shield is a "phoenix," representing how the republic rose from the ashes of the monarchy. In the other quarters of the shield are the bars of the national flag. The single star, it is said, was placed in the shield with the idea that it might some day mingle with those that blaze from Columbia's banner. Behind all is the morning sun of the Republic rising in full glory.

THE CALL TO HOME MISSIONS.

BY M. W. KNAPP.

From California's valleys
To Carolina's strand,
We hear the wail of anguish
That rises in our land.
From Maine to Mississippi,
We see the blight of sin,
And hear the groans of sorrow
Above our city's din.

From China's dark dominions,
And Afric's burning sand,
Like mighty streams of water
They're poured into our land.
From Europe's crowded cities,
They flow from year to year,
And bring their crimes and vices
And superstitions here.

What though we sing of freedom,
And nature smiles to-day,
And churches point to heaven,
And people praise and pray;
In vain these gifts to many
Who sit in penury,
Whom sin and want have fettered
To lives of misery.

We hear their pleading voices,
We see their bitter grief,
We hear our Savior bid us
To rush to their relief.
Forgive us, God, forgive us,
That we have been so slow,
To heed our Master's summons,
And to their rescue go.

Glad tidings of salvation
Shall thus be sped along,
Till every place of sorrow
Becomes a place of song;
Till slaves of vice and folly
At Jesus' feet shall fall,
And claim his great salvation
And crown him Lord of all.

—*Selected.*

SANTA CRUZ, CAL. Jan. 27, 1896.

EDITOR EYE, Vermont, Ill.

My Dear Sir:—The time is drawing near when I shall leave this delightful place, and a sister and family I regret to leave, after having a long visit so gratefully enjoyed. The country and climate here are perhaps the most enjoyable of any to be found on our continent. It is not, in my opinion, as healthy as Fremont county, Idaho, but more enjoyable on account of the climate. The whole face of the country is now green, and flowers blooming as in the month of June in Illinois. I can hardly realize that this is the month of January when I think of an Illinois winter.

We are staying with my sister at the United States Light House and have a full view of the great and grand Pacific Ocean, a sight never to be forgotten—the great waves and breakers showing the beautiful spray mountain high, the grandest scene I have ever beheld. I wish every person who has never had this view, might some time in their life find themselves standing on the bank of this, the mightiest ocean on earth, and behold its wonders.

I presume politics are beginning to shape up some in Illinois. I have been interested to no small degree in the financial question, as well as in our trouble with John Bull on the Monroe Doctrine. Cleveland made a great botch in his message, trying to define the scope of the Monroe Doctrine. In my opinion it is imperatively necessary for Congress to make an authoritative definition of the Monroe Doctrine without delay, in order to prevent the mischievous consequences that would result from the acceptance as a precedent of the crude and erroneous definition of that doctrine contained in the President's Venezuela message. Our country owes to Europe a frank declaration of the attitude it will assume and maintain in all such controversies.

The Davis resolution reported by the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations gives the quietus to the loose talk of the President and many others, about submitting disputes of this kind to arbitration. I think the Davis resolution is salutary, opportune and fortunate, and hope Congress will at an early day adopt it, the country will approve it, and maintain it in all its bearings.

Upon the financial situation and the policy to be pursued, I am in favor of Government currency, and opposed to the issue of interest bearing bonds. I am a bimetalist. I think the greatest crime committed by Cleveland, and his biggest blunder, was the issue of bonds in time of peace. The crime and blunder perhaps was no greater than the demonetization of silver in 1873. The general Government should and has full control to regulate the currency of our country, and hence can declare the parity of the same. I think our financial system, as now proficient, endangers the industrial prosperity of our country, and unless the Republicans when they get into full power, as they surely will in 1897, make a fatal mistake in the platform to be framed and adopted in the St. Louis convention that convenes in June next, (and we hope no such mistake will be made) they will give the people relief.

Yours truly,
THOS. HAMM.

From Santa Cruz, California.

February 21, 1896.

EDITOR EYE.

My Dear Sir:—I presume a few lines from me will not intrude upon your valuable time, and may be of some interest to my friends in Vermont, hence will risk your good nature and proceed.

The weather continues fine and I assure you that wife and I have enjoyed the winter in California so far pleasantly. The United States Light House is so admirably situated to interest a 'tenderfoot' that we have made it headquarters during our stay. My sister, her daughter Laura and son Adna are model entertainers, and have given us all the opportunities to see and learn as

the wonders of this favored place and its surroundings. Miss Laura has perhaps the greatest variety of curiosities, gathered from all parts of the world, and especially from the depths of the sea, to be found anywhere. She has so completely acquired the history of each and everything in her cabinet, that it is a pleasure to gather from her this intelligence. Her great gift is communicating to any one the name and history of each specimen—it is a rare treat. She excells in this, and should at some time be placed in charge of the Nation al Museum at Washington. I am sure she would soon eclipse any of her predecessors.

Adna, the son, is as remarkable in his profession. He is as familiar with the history of California, and its layout, as though he had platted and formed the whole state, and established and platted every highway. He is the soul of honor, bright and intelligent, and his highest ambition is to be kind and accommodating, and he knows a good horse and how to drive them, as my good old friend, Amos Babcock, if living, would testify.

My sister, Margaret M. Hecox, mother of the above named, is eighty-one years old and as cheerful as when thirty. She came here in 1846 with her husband, Adna A. Hecox, over land with an ox team. She alone can describe the toil and hardships of the trip. She is a wonderful woman; has a memory clear and bright, and can give a history of all her experiences in a style commendable to a historian. Her family now living consists of five daughters and two sons, all living in California but one daughter, who resides in Oregon. All are doing well. She and her son, Adna, and daughter, Laura, have charge of the Light House. Miss Laura, being the appointee, has charge of the large lamp. It is well cared for, as she is a model Light House keeper—so considered by the Light House board and everyone else familiar with her work.

The fishermen in the Bay are catching Salmon every day. On Saturday over 400 were caught, some weighing over 40 pounds each. We see nearly every day whales and fur seals in the Bay. Three hundred and over fur seals were caught by two sail vessels this week in sight of the Light House, and a monster whale forty feet long became tangled in a fisherman's net a few days ago. He was attacked by four or five fishermen with harpoons and other instruments, and after twelve hours of hard work and fighting succeeded in killing him. He sank to the bottom of the Bay after being killed, but in a day or two rose to the surface and was taken to the beach and is now on exhibition. We will go down to-morow and have a look at him. The seines became wrapped around the whale's tail and tail so that he could not use his propelling apparatus to get away. He will yield 30 or 40 barrels of oil.

Rain has not been so plentiful so far in California as desired by the farmers. The season is quite backward — the fruit trees in this part of the state are not yet in bloom, but that is not any disadvantage; rather favorable to the crop.

I notice that at the banquet given by the Marquet Club, in honor of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, Governor McKinley, of Ohio, repeated the words of injunction given by the immortal Lincoln to Richard Oglesby when about to enter a political life, viz: "Dick, keep in close touch with the people." The question with me is, how can McKinley, or any other aspirant for presidential honors, keep in touch with the people, when such a wide and irreconcilable difference of opinion in each of the old parties exists on the currency question. I make this prediction, that if the two old parties, or either of them, declare in their platform in National Convention against free coinage of silver, or straddle the question by indifferent statements the party so doing will lose the electoral vote of Washington, Oregon, California, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and Nevada; and I have conversed with leading men from each of these states who declare that no party can get the vote of these states unless pledged by their platform to give relief to the mining interests of these states. Then take the Eastern states and we find them opposed to free coinage of silver, or at least a greater portion of the people, if the papers truly represent them. The Middle States, east of the Rocky Mountains and west of the Alleghanies, and the states south of the Ohio river, including Arkansas and Texas, the people are divided on the silver question. Now how can a party "keep in close touch with the whole people?" I fear a third party will spring up. It is the only way the whole people can be kept in close touch with their parties. I hope the Republican party may so shape their views in a platform that we can all stand upon it and once more place our people in a prosperous condition. The good old Republican party has always, when in power, given the people prosperity, and I have full faith in its capacity to continue that good service.

COL. THOS. HAMER.

From Santa Cruz, California.
February 29, 1896.

EDITOR EYE.

My Dear Sir.—That remarkable discussion on the tariff bill in the United States Senate between Senator Sherman and Senator Carter, somewhat cleared the atmosphere as to what the policy of the national convention will be soon to meet in St Louis. The fearless manner in which such responsible Republican leaders as Senator Carter on the one hand and Senator Hoar on the other, have faced and discussed the issues upon which the future of the party depends, will result, in all likelihood, in practically and substantially uniting the party upon a policy which will meet the approval of a majority of the American people. The concern of Republicans is to know what is demanded by the great mass of the voters throughout the country. This discussion will serve to point out to the Republicans throughout the country the necessity of formulating a policy in respect to these vital issues. Senator Teller's position was misleading, but will serve a valuable lesson to the members of the next Republican convention. They will see the necessity of being explicit and straightforward. By independent action the convention cannot commit the party to the restoration of free coinage, but it should not endorse the bimetallism of John Sherman. Senator Hoar pointed out the dangerous blunder he attempted to commit by his ridiculous definition of bimetallism. He asserted with great earnestness that the Republicans of the east believe in a double standard of value. What Senator Hoar said of the eastern Republicans may be said with greater force of the Republican masses throughout the country. They favor the restoration of the gold and silver coinage of the Constitution. There may be wide differences of opinion as to the best plan for restoring silver coinage, but upon the main proposition, the desirability of restoring the equality of the two money metals, the party is practically a unit. The doctrine of protection must go hand in hand with bimetallism. It will be the policy of the Republican convention to make this the central idea.

THOS. HAMER.

THE BLISS OF LITTLE THINGS.

If any little word of mine
May make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine
May make a heart the lighter,
God help me speak the little word,
And take my bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale,
To set the echoes ringing.

If any little love of mine
May make a life the sweeter,
If any little care of mine
May make a friend's the fleeter,
If any lift of mine may ease
The burden of another,
God give me love and care and strength
To help my toiling brother!

—*Selected.*

LARGEST DIAMOND EVER FOUND.

The largest diamond ever known was recently found in South America and sent to Paris to be cut up and made ready for use. Being purely useful and in no wise beautiful, the immense piece of carbon is not worth quite as much as others of its genus that sparkle. Benjamin M. Levy, a New York dealer in precious stones, saw and handled the great stone in South America and vouches for its size. He offered its owner $17,500 for it, but its finder refused to part with it for less than $50,000. Broken into available pieces and polished, it will probably sell for $85,000. Were it of the crystaline kind, its worth would be incalculable. It is just seventeen times the size of the great Victoria diamond, which sold for $1,500,000. Were this stone of the white and blue kind, the wealth of a Vanderbilt would hardly buy it. Unfortunately for the finder, it is of that amorphous variety known to the trade as carbon, and its sole use is for mechanical purposes, such as tipping rock and ore drills, facing tools for turning hard steel, emery wheels and other uses of this sort. These uncrystallized black diamonds are found in the Bahia region of South America, and they are the hardest substance as yet discovered on the earth or under its surface. Its powder will cut the crystallized diamond almost as easily as the diamond will cut the ruby, sapphire or other precious stone. The black diamond—that is to say, the non-crystalline stone—has no beauty, but its loss would be almost irreparable to the miner and to many "arches of manufacture.

BIG BLACK DIAMOND FOUND IN BAHIA (ACTUAL SIZE).

A VALUABLE SCIENTIFIC MEDAL.

In March, 1892, Secretary Langley of the Smithsonian Institution issued a circular announcing that a medal would be established under the name of "The Hodgkins Medal of the Smithsonian Institution," to be awarded annually or biennially for important contributions to our knowledge of the nature and properties of atmospheric air, or for practical applications of our existing knowledge of them to the welfare of mankind; this medal to be of gold, and to be accompanied by a duplicate impression in silver or bronze. The same circular made the announcement of the several Hodgkins prizes, including that of $10,000 for a treatise embodying some new and important discovery in regard to the nature or properties of atmospheric air—these properties to be considered in their bearing upon any or all of the sciences—that is to say, not only in regard to meteorology, but in connection with hygiene, or with any department whatever of biological or physical knowledge. Papers from every quarter of the globe were received at the Smithsonian Institution in competition for these prizes, and some 218 essays were submitted to a jury consisting of Dr. S. P. Langley, ex officio; Dr. G. Brown Goode, Dr. John S. Billings and Professor M. W. Harrington, who, together with a foreign advisory committee composed of Professor T. H. Huxley, Monsieur J. Janssen and Professor Wilhelm von Bezold, announced on August 6, 1895, that the first prize had been awarded to Lord Rayleigh and Professor William Ramsay for their magnificent discovery of a hitherto unknown element in the atmosphere, which they called argon. The second prize of $5000 was not awarded; but the third prize, $2000, was given to Dr. Henri de Varigny of Paris for his essay entitled "L'Air et la Vie."

Just as the first Hodgkins prize was the most valuable one given for a discovery in science, so it was determined that not only should the medal be the largest and contain more gold than any other similar medal, but also that it should be second to none in artistic value. Accordingly, says Harpers' Weekly, Secretary Langley arranged with A. C. Chaudois of Paris, whose work has gained for him a seat in the French Academy, and who is recognized as the master of medallic art in the world, to produce for the medal the beautiful design shown in the accompanying illustration.

The graceful figure may be held to represent knowledge, and so is typical of the mission of the Smithsonian Institution as expressed in the phrase, "for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men," contained in the will of James Smithson. The words "Per Orbem" are from the seal of the institution. The reverse is adapted from the design of the seal of the institution, and is similar to it, except the center, where, in lieu of the map of the world and the motto "Per Orbem," the words "Hodgkins Medal" now appear. The seal was designed by St. Gaudens. No impression of the Hodgkins medal in gold has as yet been awarded, but four impressions in silver and eight in bronze were awarded to successful competitors for the Hodgkins prizes. In future the medal will be awarded from time to time as some grand scientific discovery is made that is worthy of such recognition. These medals were struck at the French mint in Paris, and are seven and a half centimeters in diameter (about three inches), and the gold medal was to have had a bullion value of $300 or $400.

THE CHILD'S FACE.

There's nothing more pure in heaven,
And nothing on earth more mild,
More full of the light that is all divine,
Than the smile of a little child.

The sinless lips half parted,
With breath as sweet as the air,
And the light that seems so glad to shine
In the gold of the sunny hair.

Oh, little one, smile and bless me,
For somehow—I know not why—
I feel in my soul when children smile
That angels are passing by.

I feel that the gates of heaven
Are nearer than I dared to hope,
That the light and the hope of that sweeter world,
Like the dawn are breaking through.

—Philadelphia Times.

THE HODGKINS MEDAL.

To the Editor of "The Examiner"—Sir: Will you please state the value of a coin and to what country it belongs that is described as follows. One side bears a scroll-scene surrounded by the words "Hispan Et Ind. Rex. M. S. H. T. M. On the other side is the head of some ruler surrounded by the words: Dei Gratia. Carolus III, and the date 1789.

A CONSTANT READER.

Santa Rosa, Cal.

(The coin is one issued by Charles III., King of Spain and the Indies. Presumably it is for

ONE OF THE RAREST OF THE STATE'S RARE BIRDS.

Habits and Habitat of the California Swift—

The Difference Between It and the Eastern Swift.

IF RARITY is any index to interest, the swifts are entitled to the highest regard among the rare and interesting birds of California, for in addition to their rarity they are among the most difficult of the feathered tribes to capture. This is due to two causes: first, they inhabit only the most inaccessible places in the rocks, where it is almost impossible for man to get at them, and consequently there is only little known of their habits or of their nests and eggs. Second, as their name indicates, they are probably the most rapid of all birds in their movements, having exceedingly long wings, with sharp edges, enabling them to fly with the greatest velocity, and at the same time offering the least resistance to the air. Taken all in all, they are birds which seem primarily adapted to powerful flight and long endurance. This, in one way, is attested by their legs and feet, which are exceedingly small and undeveloped for birds of their size, the probable explanation being that through disuse these members have become smaller and weaker, until now the reduced size of the legs has become one of the chief characteristics of the bird. The wings are so long that when at rest they almost cross at the tips, while the mouth, like most of the other members of the tribe, including the night hawk and goat suckers, is very large in proportion to the size of the bird, enabling it to catch insects on the wing with almost unerring accuracy. The bill, like the legs, is very small, as the methods of procuring food do not require much use of it, and it, too, has probably grown smaller through disuse.

There are four species of swifts in the United States, and California can boast of furnishing three of them. The only swift not found in this State is the ordinary chimney swift of the Eastern States, which builds its nest of sticks glued together to the insides of the chimneys, and which may be seen every evening during the summer months circling high in the sky and twittering as though chirping to each other while playing in the air. But the California birds of the family are not so sociable as their Eastern cousins; in fact, they are just the opposite, for instead of seeking the association of people, as the Eastern birds, they seem to prefer the wildest fastnesses of the mountains or the rugged cliffs of the seashore. Only one of the three species found in California resembles its Eastern cousin in its nesting habits. This is the one which ordinarily is called Vaux' swift, a smaller and lighter colored bird than the chimney swift, and which is reported to nest only in hollow trees, fastening its saucer-shaped nest of twigs with glue-like saliva to the inside of the trees. It is more common in Oregon and Washington than in this State. Of the three California species the white-throated swift is probably the most common, and yet even it is to be considered as a tolerably rare bird. I have seen it in large numbers circling about the high cliffs overhanging the sea about a score of miles north of San Diego, where it breeds quite plentifully. Here, in the rifts and crevices of the rocks, directly overhanging the surf, dozens of these strange birds may be seen darting in and out, now soaring high in air with only a few flutterings of the wings, again sweeping down the faces of the cliffs and barely missing the flying spray, skim over the waves, gliding gracefully as the swells pass under them.

The white-throated swift is about five inches long, with narrow, pointed wings having its extent up to over a foot. It may always be distinguished by its pure white throat, and dull brownish head and back, a very pretty but plain combination of colors. The feet and legs are clothed with fine hair like feathers almost to the base of the claws. But by far the largest and the rarest of the swifts of California and the United States is the black swift, cypseloides niger. It is about seven inches in length, but its long, curved wings may be spread to an extent of nearly a foot and a half. Its color is of a sooty black all over, except the quill of the feather exposed on the edge of the wing, which is of a lighter shade. The black swift is a very strange bird, being seldom seen, but when it does make its appearance it is usually in little groups. I have only found the rare bird in two places, though it is reported that at periods it appears in the Santa Cruz mountains. The first time I saw them was in the Mojave desert, flying along the shores of Owen's lake, where immense numbers of tiny flies of the species ephedra were gathered. The swifts flying low, and starting the little flies from the ground needed only to open their mouths and fly through the immense swarms which rose before them to be quickly gorged. They had probably come down from some of the rocky canyons of the Sierra, which lay a few miles to the west.

But the strangest experience I ever had with the swifts was last year, while fishing in the mountains of San Diego county, where I came on a flock of about twenty circling high overhead. They came nearer and nearer the ground, until suddenly darting up the canyon one by one, they disappeared behind a waterfall which tumbled fifty feet from an overhanging cliff. On closer examination I found some of them clinging to the spray-spattered rocks behind the falls, while others had disappeared entirely behind the overhanging bowlders. Probably this rock had earlier in the season sheltered their nests. After watching them for half an hour and making them fly in and out by throwing stones at them through the falls, I returned to camp, and the next day came back, this time with my gun. I waited half an hour without a sign of the birds being seen, when suddenly two skimmed out from under the cliff and going by me like a flash of lightning, disappeared down the canyon. I sat down and waited for fully an hour, when one returned, as fast as it had left, and flying behind the falls, it clung to the face of the wet rock. It was dry work of a moment to bring up my gun, and, firing, I saw it drop into the pool below, where I fished it out with a stick. And now the strangest thing of all happened. As my specimen was lying on the top of an immense granite bowlder, where I had placed it to dry, the mate returned, but no sooner had it flown over where I was sitting than it fluttered to the ground and fell over backward into the stream. When I picked it up I was perfectly astounded and, examining it, found that it was very thin, its stomach being entirely empty, while its mate, the male, had been well supplied, having in its stomach fifty-eight black ants and three winged beetles. Probably the mother bird, weak from hunger, had succumbed to her exertions and fell fainting in the stream.

I have no doubt that the birds nested in the locality named, and probably an earlier visit to the place may enlighten us as to their nesting habits, for I believe that but one or two nests have ever been found.

FRED W. KOCH.

FAIRY TALES OF ORNITHOLOGY.

"A Charm of Birds," by Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M. P.,

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ALLUSION has often been made to the incorrigible tendency of early writers to invent fictitious prodigies to illustrate the mystery of nature, which in itself exceeds in marvel anything that human ingenuity can devise. Birds have been the subject of as much of this false philosophy as any other creatures. Not content with beholding them as animals of infinite beauty and variety, endowed with the faculty of flight, which has been from time immemorial the object of man's envy and futile imitation, people have made them the subject of endless silly fables, such as that of the phoenix, to which Pliny gave the weight of his authority; of the pelican, which was generally believed, until the seventh century, to feed her young with blood drawn from her own breast; and of the bernicle goose, a common winter migrant to this country, which was gravely believed till recent times to be regularly hatched from a kind of shellfish. Birds in classical times were the chief instruments of divination; omens were interpreted from their flight, and future events foretold from the appearance of their entrails after sudden death, and, childish as such proceedings seem to us now, we still use the words "augury" and "auspice," both of which are formed from the Latin avis, a bird. Science is a ruthless shatterer of time-honored myths, and its professors seem to have such a deep-rooted suspicion of anything of a romantic nature that they have intrenched themselves behind a fence of classifying terms of such appalling complexity as to be almost as awe-inspiring as any mediæval incantation. Accordingly, the known species of birds have been divided into two various groups, each with its own tremendous title.

Thus plovers are known to ornithologists as charadriomorphæ, pigeons as peristeromorphæ, domestic fowls as alectoromorphæ and the shy humming birds as trochilomorphæ. But these high-sounding names are only meant for international use, Greek being common property to the whole educated world, and even lovers of the marvelous have good cause for gratitude to ornithologists, because, in dispelling the mists of ignorance and putting to flight the fables that took shape in them, they have revealed facts no whit less wonderful than the defunct falsehoods.

Anatomically, birds are more nearly related to reptiles than to any other vertebrate animals. There is a much closer affinity between a crocodile and a kingfisher than there is between a crocodile and a pike, on the one hand, or a kingfisher and a bat on the other. The oldest known bird is preserved in the British Museum. It is a fossil from the Solito series, a formation midway between the coal and chalk deposits. The remains are those of a bird about the size of a rook. Unhappily the head is missing, but the tail remains, a row pair of feathers set obliquely into each vertebra. It seems such an inconvenient organ that there is no wonder, as Professor Newton observed that by the time the next birds known to have existed had been developed jointed tails had gone out of fashion.

No phenomenon of bird life has been longer familiar to mankind than the migration of birds. "The stork in heaven," said the prophet Jeremiah, "knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle and crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming"; but we are only now beginning to be aware of the extent of this annual movement. The observations which have, for some years past, been carried on at our lighthouses round the coasts are revealing the secret that most of the birds which are present with us all the year round are, in fact, not the same individuals from season to season, but that the flocks which are reared in Britain in spring and summer are replaced in autumn by others of the same species, which have bred and been bred further south. Kind-hearted folk who are careful to put food for birds on their window sills in winter imagine fondly that they are repaying by their hospitality the songs that delight their ears when the grass is springing and the woodland was green. I hope they will not desist from their good habit when they are given to understand that this is probably a harmless delusion. There may be a few stay-at-homes haunting the shrubbery where they are reared, but lighthouse-keepers can testify that hosts of the most familiar garden birds leave and return to our shores with as much regularity as woodcocks or swallows. That old cock blackbird which teaches on your sill with such fine assurance on a snowy Christmas morning is probably not the same songster that used to pour forth such soft melody from yonder thorn while his mate kept house in the apple tree hard by, and afterward reared a second brood to take toll of your cherries. That fellow is probably in Spain or France by this time, where he is not unlikely to be stalked by some chasseur, for in those lands blackbirds are prized as gibier of a desirable kind. But this fellow who is spending the winter with you, as like the other as one policeman in uniform is to another, may have been hatched in Norway or Siberia.

Talking of blackbird shooting, an incident occurs to mind which happened in January, 1892, while I was traveling in Greece with a friend, but can only be included among fairy tales of science by the reader's indulgence. We were journeying between Corinth and Athens by rail. At Eleusis station a Greek officer, in full uniform, with sword clanking at his heels, game bag on shoulder and fowling piece in hand, got in the carriage. He had been shooting in the neighborhood and visions of unlimited woodcocks rose before us. In reply to our inquiry about his sport he politely unstrung his game bag and displayed its contents—one waterhen and one hen blackbird.

But to return to this marvelous problem of migration—why do nearly all birds leave their birthplace each autumn and return in spring? It cannot be want of food only, because the curlews, golden plovers, starlings and others which replace those which have moved away seem quite satisfied with what they find. Some other motive for this irresistible, unvarying movement must be found.

Now, migratory birds, as known to inhabitants of the British isles, may be classed in three groups—first, those which arrive in spring, breed here and depart in autumn; second, those arriving in autumn and departing to breed elsewhere and, third, those which are seen with us at all seasons. We may start with the known fact that the general movement is northward in spring and southward in autumn. In some birds the mean center of the annual migration is to the south of Great Britain; hence we only receive on our shores the northern fringe of the general body. Nightingales and turtle doves, for instance, seem no further north than the Trent, and that only in spring.

Of woodcocks, on the other hand, we are visited in the autumn by the southern or, rather, the western fringe of a body, the mean center of which lies to the northeast of us. But Great Britain lies near the mean center of the range of lapwings, golden plover, starlings and wild ducks; therefore, these birds seem to be permanent residents in our land. Every bird in the northern hemisphere pushes to the northeast limits of its migration to breed. Taken in conjunction with the well-known partiality of birds to return, year after year, to the same nesting place, this phenomenon of universal northward migration at the breeding season suggests some curious speculations. It has been interpreted in support of the theory that the polar regions are the true cradle of life; that it was there that the crust of the earth first cooled down sufficiently to permit the existence of vegetable and animal organisms, whence they have been spread southward as the temperature became fitted to receive them. The fossil deposits in Spitsbergen and other polar lands testify by the presence of tree ferns and giant mosses, to the former prevalence of tropical conditions in those latitudes. Hench, it is argued, the persistency with which birds at the most interesting season of the year press as near as possible to the region of their origin. Professor Newton has given a striking instance of this conservative instinct in a pair of stone curlews, a regular migrant and an inhabitant of open plains. Their nesting place was in a large rabbit warren, where the ground was very large. The progeniture killed down the rabbits and planted the warren, yet still the stone curlews, or their descendants, the reverse of wood haunting in habit, re-

CURLEW SANDPIPER.

paired in spring to the same spot and reared their young among the trees.

Of all British birds save one or two the breeding places has been discovered; but during much has never yet met eyes on the eggs of the curlew sandpiper. The range of this little bird's migration is enormous. It is no bigger than a snipe, yet each year vast flocks of this species pass southward through Europe and Asia, cross the equator, and travel as far as the Cape of Good Hope, the Malay Archipelago and Australasia. Then, returning northward in spring, they travel through our latitudes in May and disappear to breed beyond the line of man in the dreary region around the North Pole. There is no known parallel in animated nature to this extraordinary power of locomotion, performed twice in each year, although another little bird of the same genus, the knot, very nearly equals it, for it travels from the Arctic circle to Southern Africa, and it is doubtful if its eggs have ever been included in any collection. Speculation is baffled in attempting to fathom the influence which leads these birds so far from their homes; yet most of the attention they receive when they alight on our shores is conveyed in the form of powder and shot. Crowds of people will pay their shillings to witness an unusual flinging himself a few yards through the air from one trapeze to another, but hardly one in a thousand pays passing respect to winged travelers whose travels are measured by many thousands of miles. Yet what fairy tale was ever more marvelous than the power of finding the way from land to land? Nay, lands may disappear, yet still the wanderers keep the track across the sea. Nightingales, chiffchaffs and flycatchers used to visit this country to breed while it was still part of the continent of Europe. But gradually the tides ate away the soft chalk between Dover and Calais and the channel began to roll between the shores. Leagues of forest with which generations of these birds had been familiar sank beneath the waves, but still they steer their way not as of yore, from brake to brake, but from shore to shore. It is but a silver streak they have to cross, you will say, but experience of the movements of birds in other lands shows us that it would have made no difference had the English channel been made an ocean.

It would not be possible within the limits of this paper, and without numerous diagrams, to explain the mechanical means by which flight is effected, but it may be observed in passing that the earlier fallacies in the theory of flight have long since been dispelled. It used to be asserted that birds had the power of drawing air into their bones to make them light. To-day it is known that flying and floating are totally different things, and that a bird flies in virtue of its weight. "The wing strikes the air," says Professor Pettigrew, "precisely as a boy's kite would if it were jerked by its string, the only difference being that the bird is pulled forward upon the wind by the string and the hand, whereas in the insects, bat or bird, the wing is pushed forward on the wind by the weight of the body and the power residing in the pinion itself." And note, the stroke of the wing is vertical, at right angles with the line of flight. There is no backward movement, such as in the arms of a man swimming or in the fins of a turtle. Propulsion is caused by the peculiar construction of the wing, which may be roughly described as formed of a stiff spar in front—the pinion and pin-feathers—and an elastic membrane behind, the webs of the pin-feathers and the secondary and tertiary wing covers. If a large bird's wing, extended and stiffened by drying, is held by the axis and struck sharply downward through the air, the hand holding it will be sensibly pulled in a forward direction. If seagulls are watched coming off the land in a fresh sea, they may sometimes be seen to advance for a mile or more in the teeth of a smart breeze without a single downward stroke of the wing. But they are not floating; if they were, they would speedily find themselves miles to leeward. Here, instead of striking the air with their wings, they are allowing the air to strike their wings, which, owing to the stiff anterior rib and the elastic posterior web, has the same effect of propulsion as ordinary wing beats.

Feathers, besides being exquisitely adapted in their structure for flight and covering, are of all animal raiment the most ornamental, yet there is one bird, the motmot (motmotus brazilliensis), which is not content with the natural growth with which it is adorned. It is the only animal, except man, which is known to shave. As soon as its long, dark green tail feathers come to maturity, it clips off the web with its bill, leaving the stem bare, except for a neat little tuft at the end of each.

The mystery of nest structure is endless. Observers know the bird which spins a thread and stitches together leaves for an outer covering; the common chaffinch, which decorates its warm receptable with silvery lichen till it closely resembles the apple bough on which it is built; the magpie, which, being an incorrigible thief, fences its eggs with an impenetrable hedge of thorns; and the kingfisher, which commits its delicate, pearly eggs to a bundle of malodorous fish bones, ejected from its own crop. Strange to say, the only one out of the infinite variety of these structures which man has thought fit to make into an article of commerce is the nest of a kind of swift, which the builder smears with a glutinous saliva. This dries into a substance like isinglass, and the nest is served as a special dainty on the tables of Chinese bon-vivants.

As a rule, it is easy to distinguish between mammals and birds. No one would mistake a bat for a bird, except when it flies by in the twilight. Nevertheless, in the lowest order of mammals the Prototheria, there is one species which partakes so much of some of the characteristics of a bird as to have offered when first discovered a serious problem to naturalists. There is nothing more paradoxical or improbable in "Alice in Wonderland" than the duck-billed platypus (platypus ornithorynchus) of Australia.

In general shape it resembles a miniature beaver or gigantic water rat; its habits are aquatic, and, duck-like in its haunts and food, its mouth is just like a duck's bill. It would almost seem as if the creature wore a mask. Moreover, its feet are webbed like a duck's, but on each of the hind legs is a spur like a cock's, yet still more like a serpent's tooth, for the spur is traversed by a canal connected with a gland exactly analogous to the poison gland of a snake. Strangest of all, and as if to perfect the mimicry, the platypus lays eggs, two at a time, and this is its sole mode of reproduction.

HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES. MAY 31, 1896.

List of Those Who Have Completed Their Course in the Santa Cruz School.

First Classes That Graduated in This City—The Principals and Teachers Who Instructed Them.

There are now 232 graduates of the Santa Cruz High School. The first class graduated in 1878, under Prof. W. W. Anderson, who was then the only teacher. Miss Galbruith became his assistant. In 1881 E. C. Newell became principal. In the same year W. H. Galbraith was elected principal, with Miss G. Bennett as assistant. For a short time P. T. Biley acted as principal. In November G. W. Jones was chosen principal, and in 1883 was succeeded by Prof. J. H. Randell. In 1894 the Trustees elected the present incumbent, Prof. D. C. Clark. Miss L. A. Howard was elected assistant in 1882, and has occupied the position ever since.

Up to that time all the instruction was given by two teachers, but in 1888 the studies were divided into groups, and two more teachers, Miss Annie Austin and H. E. Cox, were added. The school has been accredited at the State University since 1879. The present corps of teachers numbers seven, the last three engaged being W. W. Wilson, Misses Ruth Merrill and Mary Burke.

The number of members in the graduated classes varied from 3 to 47. The school has made steady advancement under the supervision of Prof. Clark. An Alumni has lately been formed, binding the graduates closely together. The complete list of the graduates is as follows:

CLASS OF 1878.

John P. Cooper, *Underwood McCann
Cornelia Cappelmann (Mrs. G. W. Reid)
Evelyn Pope.

CLASS OF 1879.

H. E. Cox, W. D. Haslam.
Annie Austin, *May A. Bliss,
Nettie Locke.

CLASS OF 1880.

Joseph S. Francis, Frank J. Hoffmann,
Frankie E.S. Anderson (Mrs. Chas Clark)

CLASS OF 1881.

Irene Hill (Mrs. Wilbur J. Dakin),
Ida Miller (Mrs. J. J. Rice),
Vianna McLaughlin.

CLASS OF 1881—December.

Madge Perkins (Mrs. H. Deering),
Ralph Thompson, Schuyler DeLamater.

CLASS OF 1883.

A. W. Cox, *James Perez,
Irene Bowen (Mrs. W. O. Dow),
Lily Cappelmann (Mrs. H. K. Pierce),
Emma Hodgdon (Mrs. Chas. A. Fitch),
Etta Lukens (Mrs. Lee Palmerfield),
Nellie Sweet (Mrs. Williams),
Lillian J. Dake.

CLASS OF 1885.

Otto W. March, Emma Barnet,
Alice Culverwell, Carrie Belle Emmor,
Marian E. Seaver, Nettie M. Newman,
*Melissa Whidden (Mrs. Sedgley).

CLASS OF 1886.

George H. Bliss, Oscar Cappelmann,
Rebecca Blum, Lucy Bliss,
Bessie M. Cox (Mrs. C. W. Vickery),
E. Rose Reese (Mrs. O. V. Orl),
Rosa Well (Mrs. Rummelsburger),
Josie Buelna.

CLASS OF 1887.

Misses Bernheim, Chas. L. Pinda,
Cory Young, Caroline Baldwin,
Mabel Goodwin (Mrs. A. W. Cox),
Annie Gilbert (Mrs. Laurenz).

CLASS OF 1888.

Alonzo Whidden, Stella Finkelbey,
Flora Bias (Mrs. Jackson Crooks),
Rosa B. McPherson (Mrs. H. H. Miller),
Lillian Sagar (Mrs. J. Rowell),
Stella Skinner (Mrs. W. B. Joyce),
Bessie G. Haslam.

CLASS OF 1889.

Bertrand Balding, Louis Bernheim,
Della Bixby (Mrs. Geo. Otto, Jr.),
Amy Goodwin, Fanny Humphrey,
Lillian Mathews (Mrs. C.C. Kratzenstein)
Ann T. Porter, Minnie Sullivan,
Clara Ryder (Mrs. Donald Madeira),
Cora Skinner (Mrs. J. F. Wood),
Florence Winchester (Mrs. J. W. Cowling)
Josephine Young (Mrs. Norman Martin).

CLASS OF 1890.

Bella Steen, Harry S. Wanzer,
Kate Bauter, Grace Barnet,
Edith Knight (Mrs. W. B. Dodge),
Emily Runge (Mrs. C. Morris)
Emma Fisom (Mrs. W. W. Moses),
Bertha Schwartz (Mrs. Gunzendorfer),
May Grant.

CLASS OF 1890—December.

Josie E. Smith, Emma T. Bacon.

CLASS OF 1891.

Howard Holway, Otto Kuntz,
Hattie Bennett, Etha Bradley,
Mary Burke, Marion Goodwin,
Tessie Pepin, Maud Stevens,
Luella Case (Mrs. Herring),
May Denny (Mrs. Albert Foster),
Winnie West (Mrs. J. A. Rutherford),
Etta Thurber.

CLASS OF 1892.

Jennie Bergin, *Retha Buchanan,
Margaret B. Dey (Mrs. L. McQuesten),
Jessie B. Disbrow, Mabel L. Drennan,
Nellie W. Gordon, Anna C. Hein,
May L. Hoffmann, Gertrude May Marsh
Mabel A. Mead, Irma Rhodes,
Caroline D. Miller (Mrs. Robt. Wagner),
*Joseph Cullinan, Ralph G. Dunning,
Charles C. Houck, Reynolds Mann,
Fred D. McPherson, Percy M. Newhall,
C. Arthur Smith, Chas. B. Younger, Jr.,
Edna L. Scott, Gwendolen Stewart,
Cora Ross (Mrs. Blodgett),
Mabel W. Sullivan.

CLASS OF 1893.

Mabel Lincoln, Adeline Recker,
Hattie Bacon (Mrs. Prince),
Lillian Ray, Mamie Norris,
Mamie Nantz, Cora Otto,
May Gardner, Clara Braun,
Stella Steen, Sophie Grant,
Helen Younger, Winnie Wilson,
Anna Turner, *Caddy Curran,
Myrtle Rutherford, Ada White,
Thomas Turner, Roderic Stewart.

CLASS OF 1894.

Zora Adams, Agnes Boston,
Agnes Cooney, Ruby Costello,
Ida Folsom, Bessie Giffen,
Maud Jenkins, Lizzie Manseau,
Anna Waterman, Edith Wilbur,
James Abeel, Herbert Bias,
Samuel Evans, Ray Linscott,
Walter Newman, Charles Wilson,
Grace Baldwin, Gertie Collins,
Josie Cooney, Dora Drennan,
Alice Garrett, Ellen Hynes,
Gussie Lindsay (Mrs. Moore),
Dora Newhall, Annie Wells,
Mabel Shepard, Wm. L. Bell,
Harry Cope, Ed Farmer,
Clarence Mason, Robert Williams.

CLASS OF 1895.

Bailey Terrill, Thomas McPherson,
Walter Austin, Thomas McGrath,
Ernest Sisson, William Bliss,
Geo. Sorensen, Carlton Amea,
Percy Hicks, David Wilson,
Clayton Eldridge, Florence Bliss,
Bessie Walker, Flora Harding,
Annie Crump, Mabelle Chace,
Fannie McKay, Lillie Bell,
Eleanor Sutphen, Estella Gamble,
Anna Linscott, Norris Pope.

CLASS OF 1896.

Julien Bernheim, Harriet Bailey,
John Broadwood, Gertrude Barson,
Bertram Evans, Emma Bowen,
George Gould, Marion Cummings,
Charles Hickok, Muriel Drullard,
Jesse Hicks, Crystal Howe,
Clarence Peck, Lois Nichols,
Harry Piper, Helen Somers,
Jessie Adams, Lucy Porter,
Elva Ames, Lela Sweitzer,
Martha Burke, Lucy Talnton,
Minnie Cope, Anita Triplette,
Marion Fischer, Josie Turcot,
Myrtle Hale, Delia Wente,
Kate Hanahan, Eva Whinery,
Robie Howland, Frank Armstrong,
Emma Huntington, Ryland Drennan,
Myra Hyde, Henry Hein,
Viola Lake, Ed Johnston,
Mabel Madeira, Frank McCann,
May Manseau, Bert Pioda,
Clara Nichols, Berwyn Stewart.
William Barnes, William Shaw,
Floyd Place.

*Deceased.

The first coining of money is attributed to Pheidon, King of Argos, in the year 895 B. C. Coined money was first used in Western Europe twenty-nine years before the opening of the Christian era. Gold was first coined in England in the eleventh century, and the first round coins were not made until 1662 years later.

A BRIDE FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE.

1896.

WEDDING AT MARE ISLAND.

BEAUTIFUL CEREMONY IN THE NAVY CHAPEL.

Miss Katharine McDougal and Lieutenant Gorgas as the Contracting Parties.

Special Dispatch to the Chronicle.

VALLEJO, July 21.—The most important social function that has taken place at the Mare Island Navy Yard for several years was the marriage to-day of Miss Katharine C. McDougal, daughter of the late Commodore Charles J. McDougal, United States Navy, to Lieutenant Miles C. Gorgas, United States Navy.

The ceremony was solemnized at high noon in the Navy Yard chapel, which was most tastefully decorated with a profusion of palms and flowers. The officiating clergyman was the Rev. A. A. McAllister, United States Navy, chaplain of the Navy Yard, who read the beautiful and impressive service of the Episcopal Church.

As the meridian hour approached the little chapel was crowded to its utmost with many guests from San Francisco, Oakland and the Navy Yard, all the officers being in full dress, which gave a dash of brightness from the gold lace and buttons.

Exactly at noon the orchestra of the Navy Yard began the sweet strains of the wedding march from "Lohengrin," and the handsome groom, attended by his best man, Surgeon Charles T. Hibbert, United States Navy, attired in the gorgeous full dress of naval uniform, entered from the right of the chancel and took their places before the altar, while up the main aisle came the six charming bridesmaids, followed by the bride, leaning on the arm of Medical Director George W. Woods, United States Navy, who gave the bride away, and attended by the maid of honor, Miss Bessie McDougal, a sister of the bride, who came on from Baltimore, Md., to be present at the ceremony. The maid of honor was distinguished and elegant in appearance as she leaned upon the arm of Dr. Woods, one of the most polished and chivalrous officers in the naval service.

The bride, who is a beautiful brunette, was attired in a gown of white satin, en traine, and enveloped in a veil of white tulle, while the six bridesmaids were dainty and pretty in white muslin gowns with large white hats. They were Miss Carrie McDougal, Miss Wilcox, the Misses McCalla and Miss Woods.

The ushers were six young naval officers, resplendent in the glittering lace and buttons of full dress uniform. They were: Lieutenant Simms, Paymaster Mohun, Engineers Burgdorff and Alderdice, Ensign Hussey and Lieutenant McDonald.

Dr. Woods acted for the family and gave the bride away, and it is prettily reminiscent at this time to state that the doctor officiated as groomsman at the wedding of the bride's parents thirty years ago.

After the ceremony the bridal party and invited guests repaired to the residence of Commander and Mrs. B. H. McCalla, where a reception in honor of Lieutenant and Mrs. Gorgas was held. The happy couple will take a short trip through California and then proceed to Annapolis, where the Lieutenant has been assigned for duty.

The bride is the eldest daughter of Mrs. McDougal and the late Commander Charles J. McDougal. She is a native of California, and has spent much of her life at Mare Island, where her mother is in charge of the lighthouse. She is justly popular hereabout for her many accomplishments and amiability of disposition. Mrs. McDougal is a daughter of the late Colonel Coffee, United States Army, who was a blood descendant from Andrew Jackson. A sword presented to the General by the State of Louisiana is still in the possession of the family.

Lieutenant Gorgas has been in the naval service twenty-one years, and is a son of the late Medical Director H. A. Gorgas, United States Navy. The Lieutenant saw service on this Coast in 1887 and 1889 on board the Thetis, and during the past three years has been attached to the flagship Philadelphia on the Pacific station. He is very popular in naval and society circles on this Coast.

Baked Plum Pudding.

Eight crackers rolled fine, 4 eggs well beaten, a quart of milk, three-fourths cup of sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls butter, one-fourth teaspoonful salt, one-fourth nutmeg grated, one-half teaspoonful cinnamon, a pound raisins seeded. Mix all but eggs, then add them, beaten very light. Bake in a moderate oven about 1½ hours.

Queer Coins Minted.

1—Summer Island, brass. 2—New England sixpence. 3—Pine Tree shilling, silver. 4—Carolina, brass. 5—Massachusett cent, copper. 6—First silver dollar. 7—Flowing hair dollar of 1794.

Coins That Have Been Used in the United States

THE EARLIEST American coinage was executed in 1612, for the Virginia Company, at the Sommer islands, now called Bermudas. The coin was of brass, and bore on the obverse the words, "Sommer Islands," and "a hogge on one side, in memory of the abundance of hogges which were found on their first landing." On the reverse was a ship under sail, firing a gun.

In 1645 the Assembly of Virginia, owing to the "great wants and miseries which do daily happen unto it by the sole dependence upon tobacco," provided for a copper coinage, but the law was not carried into effect.

In 1631 Massachusetts used corn as a legal tender at market prices, and in 1634 "muskett bulletts of a full bore" passed current "for a farthing apiece."

The earliest Colonial coinage took place in Massachusetts in 1652, when "a mint howse" was established at Boston and coins of the value of threepence, sixpence and twelvepence were struck. These coins were to be of the fineness of "new sterling English money," and every shilling was "to weigh a threepenny troy weight, and lesser pieces proportionately."

They were stamped on one side with N. E., and on the other with IIId, VId, XIId, "according to the value of cash price." They were soon after in circulation, but owing to the excessive plainness of their finish they were found to be greatly exposed to "washing and clipping."

To remedy this, in the same year "henceforth both shillings and smaller pieces shall have a double ring on either side, with the inscription (Massachusetts) and a tree in the center, on the one side, and New England and the date of the year on the other side." In 1662 a twopenny piece was added to the series.

These coins are now known as the "pine tree shillings," etc. The Massachusetts mint existed about thirty-four years, but all the coins issued bear only the dates 1652 and 1662, the same dies being used probably throughout that period.

In the reign of William and Mary copper coins were struck in England for New England and Carolina, having on the obverse an elephant, and the reverse respectively, "God preserve New England, 1694," and "God preserve Carolina and the lords proprietors, 1694."

Soon after the settlement of Maryland in 1634, grain, tobacco and live stock were received in payment of taxes under the name of "country pay." Tobacco being the chief staple became the general medium of exchange, but it never attained the purchasing power it once had in Virginia, where an invoice of girls, "handsome, and recommended for virtuous demeanor," were purchased as wives by bachelors of the province at 100 pounds of tobacco apiece, and the demand was so brisk they soon rose to 150 pounds, and the price of a wife was made recoverable before any other debt.

As early as 1661 an act was passed by the Assembly of Maryland "for the setting up of a mint within the province." It is probable, however, that the mint was never established in the province, but shillings, sixpences, fourpences and groats of silver were made in England under the direction of Lord Baltimore and sent to the province. There were also copper halfpennies.

New Hampshire legislated for a copper coinage in 1766; but, as in the case of Virginia and Maryland, nothing more was done.

From 1778 to 1787 the power of coinage was exercised not only by the confederation in Congress, but also by several of the individual States.

In Vermont a mint was established by legislative authority in 1785, in the town of Rupert, and copper cents were issued of the following description: Obverse, a sun rising from behind hills, and plow in the foreground—legend, Vermontensium Res Publica, 1786; reverse, a radiated eye surrounded by thirteen stars—legend, Quarta Decima Stella.

The cents of 1788 have on the obverse a head, with the legend, Vermon. Auctori. Vermontensium; and on the reverse a woman, with the letters Inde et Lib, and date. A few half-cents were also coined at the Vermont Mint.

Connecticut followed the example of Vermont, and in the same year, 1785, authorized the establishment of a mint at New Haven, and copper coins were issued weighing six pennyweights, and having on the obverse a head with the words Auctori. Connect.; reverse, a female figure holding an olive branch, with the legend Inde et Lib. 1785.

The Mint continued in operation three years.

New Jersey authorized a copper coinage in 1786. The persons procuring the patent established two mints, one at a place known as Scrambe, about two miles west of Morristown, and the other at Elizabeth. The coins are described thus: Obverse, a horse's head with a plow beneath—legend, Nova Caesarea, 1786, etc.; reverse, a shield—legend, E. Pluribus Unum.

Massachusetts, in 1786, directed the establishment of a mint, and the following year the necessary works were erected on Boston neck and at Dedham. In 1788 cents and half-cents were issued, exhibiting on the obverse the American eagle, with arrows in the right talon and an olive branch in the left, a shield on its breast bearing the word "Cent"—legend, "Massachusetts, 1788"; reverse, an Indian holding a bow and arrow—legend, "Commonwealth," and a star.

As early as January, 1782, a plan for an American coinage was submitted to Congress by Robert Morris, the head of the Finance Department, the authorship of which is, however, claimed for Gouverneur Morris.

In February following Congress approved the establishment of a mint, but no further action was taken until 1785, when Congress adopted the plan of a national coinage presented by Thomas Jefferson, and in 1786 decided upon the following names and character of the coins: An eagle to contain 246 263-1000 grains of fine gold, value $10, and half-eagle in proportion, both to be stamped with the American eagle; a dollar to contain 375 64-100 grains of fine silver, a half-dollar, double dime, and dime in proportion. The copper coins were a cent and a half-cent.

Some of the strange coins issued a few years before Washington's inauguration were the "Open Eye," the "Ring" and the "Chalmers." The first of these, a $5 piece issued in 1783, contained on its obverse the image of a wide optic surrounded by a design and the words "Nova Constallio," and on the opposite side the inscription, "Libertas Justitia." The "Ring" coin disclosed a more complicated design. Its obverse was resplendent with a dazzling sunburst, the cheerful admonition, "Mind Your Business," and the further information "Fugio, 1787." In the center was a series of figures. On the reverse appeared a chain of rings, in the center of which were the words "United States—We Are One." The "Chalmers" was a coin varying from 3 pence to 1 shilling, issued by I. Chalmers at Annapolis in 1782.

It was not until about the year 1830 that the private gold coin began to make a conspicuous appearance. About that time a curious $2 50 gold piece, known as the Bechtler, began to show its style in Rutherford, N. C. Bechtler was the name of the banker who coined it, and after inscribing his name and the numbers 250 on the obverse side he hadn't room enough to get the full word "Rutherford" on it, so he had to be content with the letters "Rutherf." That looked awkward and evoked a general laugh, but as the metal was pure gold and there was enough of it nobody cared to refuse its acceptance. On the reverse appeared this statement: "Georgia gold, 84 G., 22 carats." Some of the Bechtler coins were made of North Carolina gold, too, but so long as they were of the precious metal nobody cared where the gold came from. The chief point was to see that the requisite quantity of it was included in the circle.

Bechtler didn't confine himself to small gold coins. He issued a $5 piece also, on some of which he not only found ample space to insert his name and the full word "Rutherford," but "County" besides. On other coins of the same denomination he couldn't get further than "At Rutherf—" Lack of space cut the word short. On some coins also the words "C. Bechtler, Assayer," appeared, and on others simply the name "C. Bechtler." Here was a wonderful variety and a distinguished disregard of uniformity, but the foremost plantation owner in the South or the richest merchant in the North took them seriously even if they were amused at the inscriptions.

Private coinage was an infant industry, however, until about 1849. It was in that year that the bonanza gold fields of California were discovered. Where waste and uninhabited stretches had stood camps and cities sprung up and gold was on everybody's tongue as well as in almost everybody's pocket. Under such brilliant auspices pushing individuals and companies and bankers soon had their own coins. One of these that had a wide circulation was "the beaver," a five-dollar coin. It was issued by the Oregon Exchange Company in 1849 and was so called because it contained the effigy of a beaver. On the reverse the assurance appeared that in it were 130 grains of native gold, and on the obverse the now mysterious initials K. M. T. A. W. R. G. S. Similarly designed ten-dollar gold pieces were issued by the Oregon Company.

The Pacific Company issued coins of from $1 to $20, bearing the stamps of an eagle and a liberty cap. There was not a soul in California who valued his interests so little as to refuse these coins. They were popular with all who could get them. Times were flush in California then.

The Mormon issues were in some respects the most interesting. They were coined at Salt Lake City in 1849 in denominations of $2 50, $5, $10 and $20. On the obverse appeared the letters "C. S. L. C. P. C.," and the words "Twenty dollars," and in the center the representation of hands clasped, under which was the date 1849. The reverse was filled with the sacred inscription, so characteristic of the Mormons, "To the Lord Holiness." In the center a miter over an open eye—the Mormon emblem—was embossed. Much of the early business of Utah was transacted by means of these coins.

These coins partly illustrate the monetary history in this country.

ALL RIGHT IN THE END.

Your heart is bowed with a transient grief,
Your eyes are misty with tears;
There's a sorrow deep and there's no relief
Ahead in the maze of years.
So it seems to you as you weep to-day.
Yet sorrow may be your friend;
So keep up your courage a while and pray,
'Twill come out right in the end.

There never was day so dark and drear
But what, ere the sands had run,
The clouds would shift and the heavens clear
To the smiling face of the sun.
There never was cruel stab or blow
Inflicted by foe or friend
But there was a balm, God willed it so—
'Twill come out right in the end.

There never was love so cruelly wronged
Or throttled by vengeful lies,
But time atoned for the love you longed,
And love that was crushed would rise.
O, heart, rise up from the dough's despond.
Your faith must not swerve or bend;
Let hope be planted above and beyond—
'Twill come out right in the end.

—Ray Farrell Greene.

THE SLOAT CELEBRATION.

July 7 th 1896.

Monterey Does Honor to the Commodore's Memory.

PARADE AND LITERARY EXERCISES.

The Old Town Crowded With People to Witness the Raising of the American Flag.

In the half century that has passed since patriotic old Commodore Sloat raised the American flag at Monterey, the old town never held such a crowd as it did Tuesday. People came from far and near to participate in the ceremonies attendant upon the occasion. Salinas, Watsonville, Santa Cruz and neighboring towns to Monterey contributed by far the largest number of visitors. San Francisco furnished two trainloads, but not near so many as was expected. Monterey's sister towns stood loyally by her in sending large delegations to assist in celebrating the occasion so important to California. The crowd, however, was not so large as during our Carnival. Probably about 5,000 visitors constituted the number present.

The train from Santa Cruz, which started at 7:45 A. M., did not reach Monterey until 11 A. M., owing to an hour's delay at Pajaro. When the Santa Cruzans reached the historic old town it was too late for them to be present at the ceremonies over the laying of the corner-stone of the Sloat monument in front of Fort Halleck. When the few Santa Cruzans who braved the hot sun, which was pouring down with an intensity unknown in this city, to climb the hill where the ceremonies were about being finished, all they heard was Rabbi Voorsanger's address. The corner-stone ceremonies were preformed by the Grand Lodge of Masons. The attendance was not as great as the importance of the occasion demanded.

As the hour for the main procession to move was near at hand the heat became almost unbearable. Ice cream stands and other places where beverages are sold did a big business, but were able to stand the strain, having laid in an extra supply of stock. While waiting for the parade, which did not start from the Del Monte bathhouse until 1:30 P. M. an hour after the scheduled time, the crowd walked up and down the street, occasionally visiting the old adobe houses, each with an interesting history of early days, and recalling to the minds of the sturdy old Pioneer days where hope was buoyant and their hair was not silvered with the blight of years. On each of the old houses was a placard telling what it was occupied for, which was a convenient guide for visitors.

When the procession started Alvarado St., the principal thoroughfare, was crowded, giving the town such an experience of activity it had never before witnessed.

J. R. Leese was the Grand Marshall. In the first division were the Philadelphia's Band, Batteries of U. S. Artillery, Brigade of U. S. Infantry, Naval Brigade and Salinas Cavalry, composed of stalwart young men who did not suffer in comparison with the regulars.

In the second division were the Veterans of the Mexican War, F. Adams, once of Santa Cruz, being flag-bearer. Pioneers, and a living flag, composed of 200 girls, forming one of the prettiest features of the parade. The girls who represented the flag were attired in colors of red, white and blue, while those who formed the pole were yellow.

Then followed a float on which Miss Edna Ingram fittingly represented the Goddess of Liberty. On another float, which was prettily arranged, stood three pretty girls. One was Miss Florence Schaufle, formerly of Santa Cruz, and the other Miss Viola Rodgers of Pacific Grove, who carried a golden key, and the third, Miss Barney, who represented California. In a carriage were eleven young ladies representing as many counties of California. Santa Cruz Co. had a worthy representative in Miss Anna Strive of Watsonville, who carried a banner that did credit to our county. Monterey Co. had a extremely pretty representative in Miss Grace Burr of San Francisco, who is spending the summer in Monterey. Following the floats came carriages containing the Naval officers and city and county officials.

The procession halted in front of the Custom House, opposite to which a grand stand had been erected. The young ladies who had taken part in the parade, Naval officers, distinguished visitors, descendants of Commodore Sloat and prominent Pioneers and members of the press occupied the stand. After an address of welcome by Mayor Ingram, S. J. Loop, President of the Mexican War Veterans responded. Congressman McLachlan was introduced as President of the Day and made a stirring address. After Prayer by Rev. A. A. McAllister, U. S. A., J. D. Whitmore read Sloat's proclamation. Then came a scene which was impressive in the extreme. It was the raising of the flag by Wm. Taler, who had hoisted it fifty years ago. The old Pioneer with steady hands, assisted by marines from the Philadelphia, slowly raised the flag to the pole in front of the Custom House amid cheers and the booming of cannon from the warships. The scene that followed was enthusiastic. The Pioneers again in imagination were young men and cheered again and again. Mr. Toler was escorted to the stand and in a voice filled with emotion, spoke briefly. E. A. Sherman made an address extolling Commodore Sloat. After a poem by Mrs. Eliza Pittsinger H. C. Gesford delivered an address. Mrs. Blake Alverson, well known to many Santa Cruzans, sang an appropriate selection, and the ceremonies closed with the Benediction by Rev. J. H. Macomber, U. S. A.

The visitors spent the rest of the day in visiting Del Monte, Pacific Grove and the warships.

The Santa Cruz Pioneers, who formed an important part of the celebration, had dinner in an adobe house where the California Pioneers had headquarters. Among the Santa Cruz Pioneers were W. Bennett and Mrs. Shelby, who arrived in California in 1842, R. C. Kirby and A. Baldwin, who came in 1845, Mr. and Mrs. E. Anthony, Mr. and Mrs. O. Ashley and Mrs. F. Lewis, who reached California in 1845, Mrs. D. M. Rice, who was born in Santa Cruz Co. in 1846, and Mrs. Fernando Pfingst, who was born in the Custom House when her father, John F. Porter, was Collector, were guests of the Pioneers. Thos. Ward of San Luis Obispo Co., who was on Sloat's flagship Savannah, was also entertained by the Santa Cruz Pioneers.

At 6:15 P. M. the train left Monterey, reaching Santa Cruz at 9:10 P. M. The train for San Francisco, Salinas and other points preceded the Santa Cruz train.

The Montereyans treated the visitors hospitably and were pleased that Santa Cruz sent a large delegation. Monterey had prepared for a big crowd, so that no person went hungry. The hotels, restaurants and booths were able to accommodate everybody who wanted a meal.

HISTORICAL COMMODORE SLOAT.

Not Popular With His Crew—Cruelty Shown to the Sailors.

Charles Byrnes, who sailed the sea with Sloat, says, in a Call interview:

"Sloat was a very unpopular man with the ship's crew, principally because he was a tyrant among the men. The cat-o'-nine-tails was his favorite sentence to offenders and usually he failed to investigate the offense before ordering the unfortunate triced up for punishment.

"I remember one incident that went a long way to make Sloat unpopular on the ship, and as I firmly believe led, through the instrumentality of Commodore Stockton, to the abolition of flogging in the American navy. It was a rule then, as I suppose it is to-day, that orders must be obeyed promptly and to some extent blindly by the sailors of the ship. One day we were firing a salute to some officer or dignitary who had been aboard and was leaving in a boat. James McLaughlin, an old gunner 65 years old, who had been through the Tripolitan war, was at the port gun that was being used in the salute.

"The first lieutenant was under the after deck, as was customary, and called out, 'Are you ready?' McLaughlin sang out, 'No,' for he had not taken the tompion out of his gun, but the lieutenant did not hear him, and gave the order, 'Port fire!' There was nothing for McLaughlin to do but obey and he pulled the lanyard.

"The result was that the tompion was sent with nearly the force of a shot and very narrowly missed killing the officer who was being saluted as his boat pulled away.

"McLaughlin was called up and Sloat demanded to know why he had fired the gun with the tompion in.

"He explained that he had signified that he was not ready, but the lieutenant contradicted him, and though there were dozens of McLaughlin's shipmates who would have testified that the gunner said he was not ready to fire the gun Sloat would hear no more, and ordered all hands piped on deck to witness punishment.

"McLaughlin was given his choice between apologizing to the lieutenant for having disputed his word, or taking a dozen lashes, and chose the latter.

"He was stripped to the waist, triced up in the rigging and given a dozen on his bare back that brought the blood at every swing of the cat. Then he was cut down and put in the brig, though before he could be ironed there he gave the lieutenant a tongue-lashing that made the officer wince, and, showing the scars he had received in the war with Tripoli demanded to know whether it was justice that a man who had served his country faithfully and well should be tied up and beaten like an animal.

"Sloat was determined that he should apologize, however, though the lieutenant would have been willing to let the matter pass. So the next two days McLaughlin was brought on deck for punishment and on his refusal to ask the officer's pardon was flogged. After the third day the murmurs of the crew became so deep that it was thought best to desist and after being kept a few days longer in the brig McLaughlin was released.

"The ship's crew did not forget Sloat, however, and their opportunity to revenge McLaughlin's scars came shortly afterward, when Sloat started for home around the Horn in one of the sloops-of-war—I think it was the Levant.

"As was usual when so important a personage was leaving, preparations were made to show him all the honors belonging to his rank.

"The men were ordered to put on the suits that were reserved for State occasions—sailors had two distinct uniforms in those days—and as Sloat's boat was pulled away toward the ship that would take him home, the order was given to the men, who had previously been sent aloft to man the rigging from the main truck to the monkey rail, for three cheers.

"Then happened the strangest thing that ever took place aboard a man-of-war. Instead of three cheers the 600 and odd men who made up the crew gave three tremendous groans that could be heard a mile."

THE FLIGHT OF AN ARROW.

The life of a man
Is an arrow's flight,
Out of darkness
Into light,
And out of light
Into darkness again;
Perhaps to pleasure,
Perhaps to pain!
There must be something
Above or below,
Somewhere unseen,
A mighty bow,
A hand that fires not,
A sleepless eye
That sees the arrows
Fly and fly;
One who knows
Why we live—and die.

—Richard E. Burton in the Atlantic Monthly.

Dead. Jan. 7-96

COX—HAMER.

John S. Cox and Miss Mame B. Hamer were united in marriage by Rev. G. W. Ross at his home Wednesday evening at 8:30 o'clock. The young people were attended by Geo. D. Cox and Miss Lillie Easley as best man and maid of honor, and also by Frank Hamer, brother of the bride, and Miss Mary Gilson. After the ceremony, the wedding party returned to the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs Simon F. Hamer, where a bounteous wedding supper was served. In addition to the wedding party there were present the immediate relatives of the bride and groom. The newly married pair are among our most worthy young people, and their hosts of friends made haste to extend their warmest congratulations and best wishes. They will make their home for the present with the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Cox, residing on a farm three miles southwest of Vermont.

THE FIRST STAMPS OF THE U. S. AND EARLY POST MASTERS.

The first stamp issued in the U. S. was in New York in 1842. These stamps were issued by order of the government at expense of postmaster.

Previous to the issuing of this stamp and up to the more recent date of 1863 the rates of postage were based upon the distance over which the mails were conveyed.

In 1846, these rates were, not exceeding 300 miles, three cents, exceeding 300 miles, ten cents.

In 1857 the rates were reduced to three cents for distances not exceeding 3000 miles.

The use of postage stamps was first authorized by an Act of Congress approved on the 3d of March, 1847, and the use of stamps for the prepayment of postage was made compulsory on June 1, 1856.

In 1833 a rate of postage was established which was fixed at three cents without regard to distances, and in 1883 the government being satisfied with the surplus income from the postal revenues reduced the rate to two cents. Owing to its liberality the U. S. government lost in the year 1884 the sum of $5,204,484.12.

But by the cheapened rates it ought soon, owing to the stimulus to correspondence by reducing the rates, to make up this deficiency in a few years.

In the English Colonies which subsequently became the U. S. a postal system was projected as early as 1632 but owing to the thinness of the population it was not organized until 1710, 18 years after.

By Act of Parliament of that year, the Post Master General of the colonies was "to keep his chief letter office at New York and other chief offices at some convenient place or places in other of her majesty's provinces or colonies in America."

The revenue for some years was very small. In 1753 Benjamin Franklin was appointed deputy postmaster general for the colonies and was guaranteed the sum of £600 per annum for the salary of himself and his assistant.

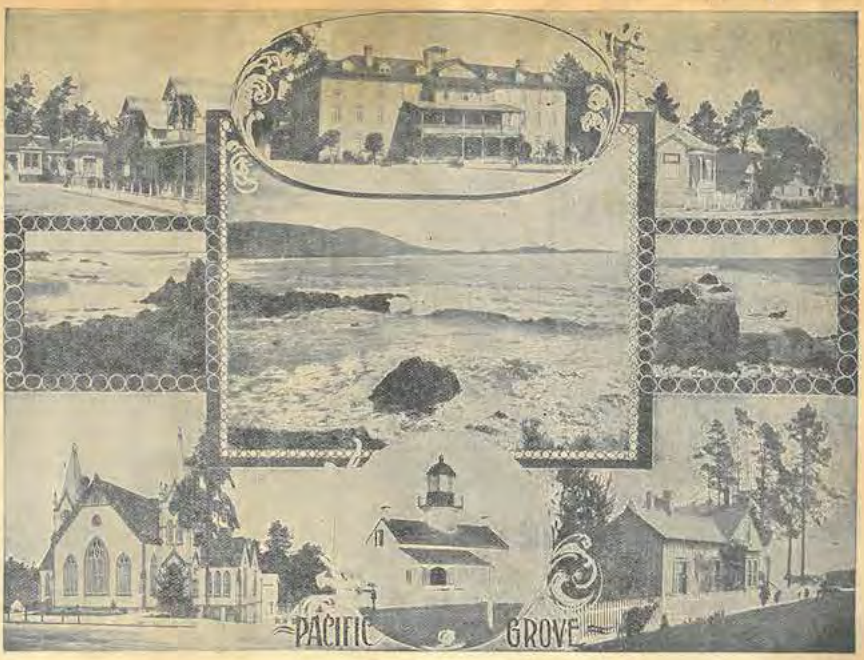
He remodelled and extended the operations of the office and in a few years greatly increased its revenues. He startled the people of the colonies in 1760 by proposing to run a stage wagon to carry mail from Philadelphia to Boston once a week, starting from each city on Monday morning and reaching its destination Saturday night. He was removed by the home dep't in 1774 while in England. On July 26, 1775, the American Congress having assumed control of the direction of the Post Offices, re-appointed Franklin to his former post.

A HYMN TO THE NATIVITY.

I sing the birth was born to-night,
The author, both of life and light;
The angels so did sound it,
And like the ravished shepherds said,
Who saw the light and were afraid,
Yet searched, and true they found it.

What comfort by Him do we win,
Who made himself the price of sin,
To make us heirs of glory!
To see this babe all innocence,
A martyr born in our defence!
Can man forget the story?

—BEN JONSON.



DRIVING ON BELLEVUE AVENUE, NEWPORT.

BROADWAY, SARATOGA.

The Bishop's Visit.

BY EMILY H. MILLER.

Tell you about it? Of course I will,
I thought it would be dreadful to have him come
For mamma said I must be quiet and still,
And put away my whistle and drum;

And made me unharness the parlor chairs,
And pack my cannon and all the rest
Of my noisiest playthings off upstairs,
On account of this very distinguished guest.

Then every room was turned upside down
And the carpets hung out to blow,
For when the Bishop is coming to town
The house must be in order, you know!

Then out in the kitchen I made my lair,
And started a game of hide and seek;
But Bridget refused to have me there,
For the Bishop was coming to stay a week;

And she must have cookies and cakes and pies,
And fill every closet and platter and pan,
Till I thought the Bishop, so great and wise,
Must be an awfully hungry man!

Well, at last he came; and I do declare,
Dear grandpapa, he looked just like you,
With his gentle voice and silvery hair,
And his eyes with a smile a-shining through.

And whenever he read, or talked, or prayed,
I understood every single word,
And I wasn't the leastest bit afraid,
Though I never once spoke nor stirred;

Till all of a sudden he laughed right out
To see me sit quietly listening so,
And began to tell us stories about
Some queer little boys in Mexico;

All about Egypt and Spain; and then
He wasn't disturbed by a little noise,
But said that the greatest and best of men
Once were rollicking, healthy boys.

And he thinks it's no matter at all
If little boys run and jump and climb,
And that mamma should be willing to let me crawl
Through the bannister rails in the hall sometime.

THE CASINO AT NARRAGANSETT PIER.

But Bridget, sir, made a great mistake
In stirring up such a bother. You see,
The Bishop didn't care for cake,
But really liked to play games with me.

But though he is so honored in word and act—
Stoop down, for this is a secret now—
He couldn't spell Boston—that's a fact—
But whispered to me to tell him how.

A Year Ago.

A year ago!
A year ago I had my baby here,
With hair of gold, and eyes so blue and clear;
A year ago I heard his pattering feet,
And listened to his childish babble sweet.
Now he is gone—gone whither? Who can say?
I only know he left me that sad day,

WANTED—A LITTLE GIRL.

Where have they gone to—the little girls,
With natural manners and natural curls,
Who love their dollies and like their toys,
And talk of something besides the boys?

Little old women in plenty I find,
Mature in manners and old of mind;
Little old flirts who talk of their "beaus,"
And vie with each other in stylish clothes.

Little old belles, who at nine or ten
Are sick of pleasure and tired of men;
Weary of travel, of balls, of fun,
And find no new things under the sun.

Once, in the beautiful long ago,
Some dear little children I used to know;
Girls who were merry as lambs at play,
And laughed and rollicked the livelong day.

They thought not at all of the style of their clothes,
They never imagined that boys were "bores";
"Other girls' brothers" and "mates" were they,
Splendid fellows to help them play.

Where have they gone to? If you see
One of them anywhere send her to me
I would give a medal of purest gold
To one of these dear little girls of old,
With an innocent heart and an open smile,
Who knows not the meaning of "flirt" or "style." —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

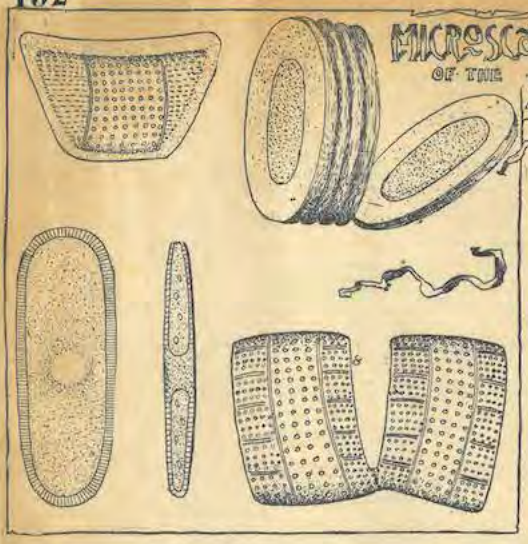
A year ago.

And is that all?
Is there no comfort for the aching heart?
No balm to ease, no hand to bind the smart?
Are all my hopes lost in a bleak Unknown,
And is my baby wandering forth alone?
My baby, whom I loved and tended so,
And soothed to sleep with mother-croonings low,
A year ago!

Nay, heart, not all!
For, see! beyond, in countries not unknown,
My baby waits, well loved, and not alone;
A strong Hand guides him, lest his feet should fall,
And loving ears are quick to hear his call;
He waits full happy, safe from all alarms;
For Jesus took my baby in his arms,
A year ago.

—[Exchange.

MICROSCOPIC PLANTS OF THE SLIMY SWAMPS



THOSE who are unaccustomed to looking for the beauties of nature on all sides in all probability will turn in disgust at the sight of some muddy bog, or a slimy slough, covered with a coating of green, apparently the essence of unhealthiness and perhaps far from tempting to the nostrils. But to the enthusiastic botanist such places have no terror, the dirtier the ooze in the bottom of the marsh the more probable it seems that beneath this unsightliness there lie some of the most beautiful plants known to the scientific world. And they are not only beautiful, but at the same time are interesting, for their manner of growth and reproduction is far different from that of the ordinary plants which we see about us. Suppose we scrape a little of the green stuff from the top of any of our ordinary bogs or sloughs and put a little bit under the microscope. To the naked eye the mass has seemed to have very little form, probably appearing like so many tiny threads lying side by side, but once put them beneath the powerful magnifier and a great change takes place. Beautiful forms appear, plants of the brightest green are seen everywhere, some perfectly motionless, others moving rapidly to and fro, for the lowest plants are able to move about even better than some of the lowest animals.

Here in one corner is a bit of what the naturalists call oscillaria, and well it merits its name, for though only a filament of green it is waving slowly too and fro, and oscillating from side to side almost as though alive. Here is another long threadlike piece, but instead of being all green a beautiful spiral band of that color is seen to run the entire length of the plant, only being interrupted here and there by the partitions of the cell walls. Spirogyra, as the naturalists call this plant with the green spiral, belongs to a strange family called the conjugatæ, on account of its peculiar manner of reproduction. It seems that when the plant is ready to multiply two of these threads approach each other, and, lying side by side, small protruberances appear in the walls of each. These gradually unite and a channel is formed between the two plants. Meanwhile the green spiral band has broken up in a number of smaller particles, which, uniting into a larger body, pass from one filament to the other and mix with the corresponding mass of the other plant. The two then separate, the rejuvenated one being ready to multiply by division.

One of the most beautiful and at the same time the most plentiful of the plants of the water is a diatom. This strange little plant is inclosed within a hard, quartzy shell, which is beautifully marked with the finest lines and dots imaginable. In fact, so regular are these markings that many microscope manufacturers use them to test the lenses of their instruments. The diatoms have no green coloring matter, but sometimes have brownish spots instead. Their manner of reproduction is very strange indeed. Each little envelope of silica, which contains a live diatom, begins to grow another, just like itself, but inside of it. As soon as ready the inside one slips out, a complete diatom itself. This continues for several generations until, by reason of each one coming from within its predecessor, growing smaller, takes a rest, and, growing to its full size once more, again starts the work of multiplication.

Sometimes these diatoms are found in long strings, hanging together as though all belonging to the same family. These plants are very widely distributed in time and space, and it is the relics of their siliceous shells that form the beds of infusorial earth.

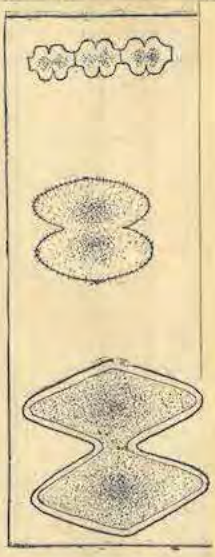
One of the strangest of the microscopic plants is called pandorina. It consists of a round envelope of gelatinous substance, within which are grouped sixteen little cells, called daughter cells, and each is provided with a nucleus. Each cell has a pair of little, whip-like hairs, or cilia, which protrude through the gelatinous covering, and, moving to and fro, help to move the plant. When ready for multiplication, these little paddles are withdrawn and the family breaks up, each daughter cell going to start a new family.

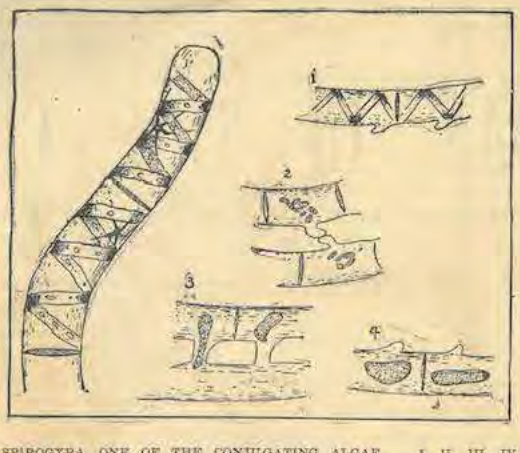
Probably the most beautiful of all the marsh plants are the desmids, as they assume a perfectly wonderful variation in color and shape. Some are in the forms of beautiful stars, others in long, fantastic bands, while here and there are found others crescent-shaped, triangular, round, or covered with bristling protuberances. The desmids are found everywhere, like the diatoms—carried with the moisture in the air to the clouds, from which they were precipitated with the rain.

The desmids usually multiply by dividing, each half growing a new plant. They may, however, multiply sexually, something as the other plants described above do.

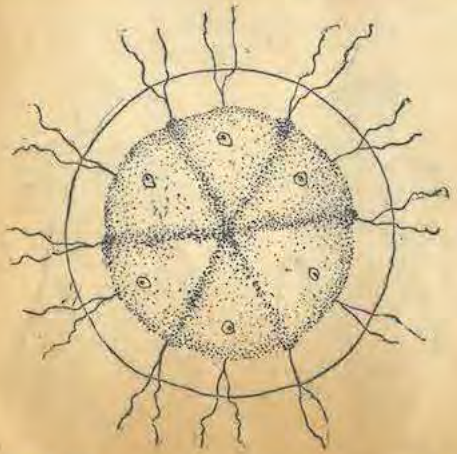
Besides these there are hundreds of other microscopic plants in every swamp, including myriads of tiny bacteria, which are colorless and seem to barely move about, but nevertheless succeed in getting from place to place as did the desmids. In all probability this is one of the reasons why swamp land is considered so unhealthy, for here the bacteria, some of which are the cause of malaria, swarm in great numbers, much to the danger of the naturalists, many of whom have taken sick and died as the result of their eager enthusiasm to search out the mysteries of the tiny little plants of the swamps and bogs.

FRED W. KOCH.

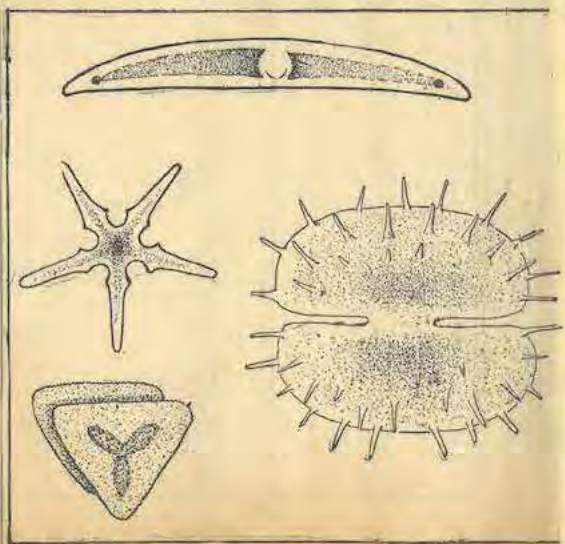




SPIROGYRA, ONE OF THE CONJUGATING ALGAE. I, II, III, IV, STAGES IN THE PROCESS OF CONJUGATION.



PANDORINA, THE ALGAE WHICH HAS SIXTEEN DAUGHTERS, EACH ONE OF WHICH WILL SEPARATE AND FORM A NEW FAMILY.



If We Knew.

If we knew the griefs and burdens
Which our next door neighbor bears,
We would be, perhaps, more gentle,
And would help him in his cares.
We would judge him with more kindness,
And our passions, too, control;
For in him we might discover
Purest noblemen of soul.

If we knew the infant voices
Ringing in our ears so sweet,
On the morrow would be silent
And no more our coming greet,
We perchance would be more patient
With their fretful little ways,
And more tenderly enfold them
In a loving, fond embrace.

If we knew how near the border
Of the unseen world we live,
May be we would be more careful
Not a cause of grief to give.
We would wipe away the tear-drops
From our loved one's troubled brow,
We would scatter rays of sunshine
Where we cast but shadows now.

But we know not, and 'tis better
That the future be unknown,
For the transitory umbra
Over every pleasure thrown
Would at once destroy the sweetness
Of the sweetest now we have;
We would raymore be dwelling
In the shadow of the grave.

—N. Y. Dispatch.

Tramp in Tropic Forests

A Naturalist's Description of Explorations Under Giant Palms.

IF YOU can keep on good terms with yourself, surely you can do the same with the rest of the world. This was the tenor of my reflections as I took my morning bath in the sea and prepared for my first foray into the tropic forest that stretched unknown and unexplored behind the bay where I had pitched my camp.

My hut was my own handiwork, built from the waste material lavishly scattered on the strand. The costume I wore was the result of months of experience in hot climates, and perhaps my readers would like to know of what it consisted. First, then, on my head a helmet-shaped hat, brought from India by the coolies of Trinidad, the favorite headgear of all explorers in hot countries, because it is at the same time light in weight and impervious to the rays of the sun. It is made of the famous papyrus pith, cream-colored outside, and lined with green within for the protection of the eyes. My coat was of dun-colored duck, and hung loosely over trousers of the same material; both were full of pockets, of course, stuffed with cartridges loaded with different sizes of shot. My coarse cotton shirt was open at the throat; over my stout shoes I wore strong canvas leggins, to protect my shins from the rocks and razor grasses; and over my shoulder was slung a willow fish-basket, which is better than a bag, being stiff enough to keep its contents from being crushed.

And now, having washed away all my cares in the sea, I leaped exultantly forward over a little stream that crossed my track. The bank beyond was very steep, but I climbed it by using as a ladder the roots of trees, from which the soil had been washed away by the rains. I finally reached a great plain, where the trees were so high that I had to lean my head back to see their crowns, and the foliage was so thickly interwoven that sun and sky were obscured. But I could see for quite a distance between their immense buttressed trunks, as the space was open, except for a network of lianas, or bush ropes, which hung down from the lofty limbs.

After I had penetrated a little way into this vast cathedral of trees, of which the great trunks were the pillars, with groined arches supporting a roof of verdure, I came to a lofty palm, different from the cocoas, with a straight stem shooting up to the height of more than a hundred feet. It was an oreodoxa. I had seen many palms of this species before, but never one with such strange terminal appendages. There may have been thirty or forty long leaves, with a long, purse-like nest at the tip of every leaf. There they swung, far, far above my head, at such a height as to be inaccessible. Of course I was possessed with a desire to get a specimen or two, but how to reach them was the question. At last I loaded my gun with two charges of duck shot and sent one of them crushing through the tree top. It brought down a shower of leaflets without dislodging the coveted bird nest; but a second shot, more carefully aimed, brought one of them whirling to the ground, where I could examine it at my leisure. I found it to be over five feet in length, woven of tough grasses and palm fibers, and lined with soft leaves. A long opening in the throat of this gourd-shaped dwelling gave ingress to the builder and possessor. Through this the bird descends to the bed of leaves at the bottom, where she makes a slit in the tough wall, through which she thrusts her beak, and there she sits calmly viewing the outside world. She is not to be caught napping, and at the slightest sign of danger scrambles up the inside of the nest and flies off in a twinkling. It seemed to me that a more perfect bird dwelling was never constructed, and surely never did man or bird enjoy more delightful surroundings than its owner. The long grasses that compose the nest are attached to the extreme tip of the palm branch and woven around the mid-rib; thus great strength is combined with elasticity. Above this delicately suspended structure the palm leaf spreads protectingly, shielding it from sun and rain, while every breath of wind gently rocks it. Within the nest that I shot down were three beautiful eggs, with markings like those of our "crow blackbird," but even more curious and complicated. The lining of the nest was so elastic that none of the eggs were broken, and the young birds, if those eggs had been allowed to hatch, would have been rocked in an aerial cradle, far out of reach of predatory beasts—even of the monkeys, which destroy every kind of nest and egg they can get their hands on.

A Tropic Bird's Nest Five Feet in Length.

The architects of this wonderful home in the palm tops belong to a family familiar to most of us who live in the North—that of the Baltimore oriole, or "golden robbin."—whose nest, on a small scale, is a duplicate of this pendent habitation. In fact, the great Linnaeus, who had the pleasure of first naming the bird, called it the "crested oriole;" but the French naturalist, Cuvier, objected to his classification, and renamed it the yellow cassique—"cassicus icterus," derived from the Latin "cassis," a helmet, on account of its painted crest, and from a Greek word, referring to its color. It is also sometimes called the "yellow-tail," because that appendage is bright yellow. It is about eighteen inches in length, with a brown body and bright yellow beak, and slightly resembles the great black bird of the South known as the boat-tail grakle. So much for the cassiques; who flew about nervously overhead, expostulating with me in bird language for so ruthlessly sacking their homes. It was too bad, I could not but admit; but it was a sacrifice to the cause of science, perhaps they might have been reconciled if they could have understood!

Across my path, as I moved away from the palm tree, ran a strange wood rat, over sixteen inches in length, with a pouch in each cheek, stuffed full of cacao seeds, from which chocolate is made. I knew from this that there must be wild chocolate trees somewhere near, and resolved to look for them later on. It is always advisable to take notice of every little circumstance when in the forest; it sometimes leads to important discoveries. This incident led, a week or two later, to my finding a grove of cacao trees, from which I procured seeds enough to supply me with chocolate for months.

Hearing some queer noises proceeding from a clump of wild plantains I crept stealthily toward it, and saw a very funny sight. Perched upon a plantain leaf, bending it nearly to the ground, was a squirrel. As soon as he saw me approaching he darted up a small tree, halting at intervals, cocking his tail to one side and sticking out his head in a very comical way. Seeing that I did not mean to molest him he leaped down upon the plantain again, and crept cautiously toward me, chattering and barking all the way, as though to express his disapproval at my intrusion.

He had good reason to "thank his stars" that I did not know then that he was a specimen of the very rare "golden bellied squirrel," for I fear I should have added him at once to my collection in spite of his entertaining ways. But after enjoying his antics for a while I went farther into the glen, attracted by a soft "whirr," which I knew meant the presence of the mountain doves, sometimes called the Tobago partridges, or pigeons.

Robinson Crusoe says that he found in his island "a kind of wild pigeons, who built, not as wood pigeons in a tree, but rather as house pigeons, in holes of the rock."

These may have been the blue rock pigeons, which were formerly abundant in Tobago, but are now rare. But I am inclined to think that they were not pigeons at all, but birds entirely different, for Crusoe's knowledge of natural history was exceedingly limited. He hardly knew a "hawk from a hernshaw," or "handsaw," as most erroneously say. However, in spite of the obscurity of the glen, I saw a bronze-colored body alight beneath some tree-ferns, and after careful stalking managed to shoot one of these "partridges," a very pretty bird with neck feathers of a vivid, golden green. The day passed quickly, and as I returned from my tramp the woods were quite dark and the thickets black in the night shadows; it may be imagined that I lost no time in covering the distance to my hut. When I reached an opening, a great night hawk darted overhead, with its weird cries, and out of the deeper woods came strange muffled noises. One of these night birds hovered persistently in front of me, at times alighting directly in the path, and again falling flat on the ground, with wings and tail loosely spread, as though wounded. Many other nocturnal prowlers also made their appearance, especially bats, which were continually swooping down in front of me. Some were of the small, common kind; but there were others as large as pigeons. They flapped about like ghosts, with soft and noiseless flight; and among them were huge vampires, which, I knew, would track me to my camp, and endeavor to suck the blood from my veins while I was asleep in my hammock.

At last I sprang into the clearing, shaking with excitement and apprehension. Such was the termination of that first day in the tropic woods which had opened so blithely.

FRED A. OBER.

C. C. Trowbridge, a young son of the scientist, W. P. Trowbridge, while hunting, shot a soaring hawk. On picking up the dead bird he noticed, in the words of his father, in *Science* for Jan. 6, "that the four outer primaries of each wing were interlocked: that part of each primary along which the lower margin was cut away lapped over or behind the succeeding primary, which was cut along its anterior or upper margin, to permit of the interlocking and crossing of these feathers," which was the condition of the wings when he picked up the bird. The young man thought that this interlocking had the effect of relieving the muscular action required for the extension of the primaries during long flight, especially in soaring birds, and, further, that it might aid the bird in steering while soaring. The young man's idea is sustained, not only by his father, but by Messrs. Newberry and Wyman, both eminent scientists. Dr. Coues, however, differs with the above gentleman, and by his positive assertions to the contrary has succeeded in arousing considerable feeling. We are favorably impressed with young Trowbridge's ideas, and offer the following for what it is worth: When hunting on Fox river, some twenty miles from Aurora, Ill., the fall of 1878, we discovered an Osprey (*Pandion carolinensis*) perched on the topmost boughs of a lofty oak, and although our shells were charged with but an ounce of No. 10, we skulked to the base of the oak and risked a shot. The bird rose in the air with a shrill cry of pain or alarm, and, wheeling about, sailed down the river. Thinking it wounded, we followed on a rapid run, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing it rapidly descend towards the river, into which it splashed. When the bird was brought in, (we waded out for it) the wings were still "set" as though in the act of soaring. The discussion in *Science* recalled the incident, although nothing especial was thought of it at the time.

CHRISTMAS TREASURES.

Eugene Field.

I count my treasures o'er with care—
The little toy my darling knew,
A little sock of faded hue,
A little lock of golden hair.

Long years ago this holytime
My little one—my all to me—
Sat robed in white upon my knee
And heard the merry Christmas chime.

"Tell me, my little golden-head,
If Santa Claus should come to-night
What shall he bring my baby bright—
What treasure for my boy?" I said.

And then he named this little toy,
While in his round and mournful eyes
There came a look of sweet surprise
That spoke his quiet, trustful joy.

And as he lisped his evening prayer
He asked the boon with childish grace;
Then, toddling to the chimney-place
He hung his little stocking there.

That night while lengthening shadows crept
I saw the white-winged angels come
With singing to our lowly home
And kiss my darling as he slept.

They must have heard his little prayer,
For in the morn with rapturous face
He toddled to the chimney-place
And found this little treasure there.

They came again on Christmas-tide—
That angel host so fair and white!
And singing all that glorious night
They lured my darling from my side.

A little sock, a little toy,
A little lock of golden hair,
The Christmas sousie on the air,
A-watching for my baby boy!

But if again that angel train
And golden-head come back for me
To bear me to eternity
My watching will not be in vain.

A Curious Bit of History.

There are few who have not seen the ordinary sign of a jeweler—an immense imitation of a watch hanging over the front of a store. But it is safe to say that the number who have ever detected anything curious in these same signs is very small. At 8:18 p. m., April the 14th, 1865, Abraham Lincoln was assassinated in Ford's theatre at Washington by John Wilkes Booth. Since that fatal day every one of those watch signs that has gone from the factory of the only man who makes them has shown the hour of 8:18. The man in question says: "I was then working on a sign for Jeweler Adams, who kept a store on Broadway across the street from Stewart's. He came running in while I was at work and told me the news. 'Paint those hands at the hour Lincoln was shot, that the deed may never be forgotten,' he said, pointing to the sign I was making for him. I did so. Since then every watch sign that has gone out of here has been lettered the same as that one."—*Ex.*

THE EVOLUTION OF SMOKING PIPES.

Ancient Specimens Found in Indian Mounds —Curious Forms They Originally Possessed.

TOBACCO SMOKING among civilized people is merely the indulgence of a habit acquired generally from a desire to imitate our elders, and, finally, a self-indulgence, which is difficult and sometimes impossible to break off. Various nostrums and methods of treatment for the cure of the tobacco habit have been recommended, and are still in use. Opinions differ as to the degree of benefit derived or injury resulting from the use of "the weed." Some persons consider it a harmless and healthy enjoyment, and lean upon it as a never-failing sedative for tired nerves, an antidote to worry and fatigue, and solace for all their troubles. Others denounce its use as being a filthy habit, a nerve destroyer, prime cause of physical degeneracy, an active poison, or a slow poison which will ultimately cut off its victims in the flower of youth, or accelerate death from heart troubles. Still we smoke, and the numbers of votaries to the habit seem to increase.

The discussion of the physiological effects of the use of tobacco upon the present generation is not the object of this paper, but a short study of the forms and uses of pipes by our predecessors on this continent, the use of which, in one of its phases, has been transmitted to us as part of our heritage from the red man.

The use of pipes on the American continent seems to be almost coeval with the history of man's occupancy; at least, smoking has been practiced so long that its origin dates so far back in the dim ages of antiquity that not even a tradition has been handed down to enlighten us as to its first appearance.

Among a series of unique Indian implements discovered under Table mountain, Tuolumne county, was a pipe-bowl, represented by figure 8, which is very similar in appearance to those found in the burial places and deserted habitations of the races who occupied the territory at the time of the advent of the whites.

Many centuries of time must have intervened between the periods when the first mentioned pipe was made and the time at which our history began, and it has been claimed by eminent writers that the implements found under 200 feet of ancient lava, which overlies the old river bed under Table mountain, in which they were found, may be considered as the oldest evidences of man's occupancy which have been brought to our notice.

When we look back to the time when the pipe was used we find by incontrovertible evidence that the entire topography of the region has been changed; where the rivers then ran we now find mountains, and the mountains of that period have been eroded by the elements, and their places are now occupied by deep canyons and river channels. The principal cause of all this change was an outpour of lava from volcanoes which have since disappeared, the lava flowed down the ancient river channels, destroying all animal and vegetable life, burying the inhabitants with their implements and ornaments, to be found ages after the lapse of many centuries, to furnish the ethnologists with fragmentary pages of the book of nature, from which they may collate knowledge and draw inferences for a history of man on this continent.

The lava, after filling the river channel and cooling, became so hard that the streams could make no impression upon it, but were forced to cut their new channels in the softer rock.

When the ancient pipe of the aborigines is followed up by the miner, found in cuts or tunnels made by the railroad builder or the ashes of forgotten heroes are disturbed by the searcher for relics in any of the old burial places scattered over our entire State, how few there are who realize that they have found an object which, instead of merely affording evidence of the practice of a coarse habit as with the man of today—a medium through which the narcotic influence of tobacco was imparted—they have unearthed one of the most highly valued possessions of the former owner, second only in importance to weapons of war and the chase, and which, could it tell its history, would throw more light upon the manners, customs, superstitions and mode of living of the ancient inhabitants of California than can ever be expected to be gleaned from the most extensive series of relics and the exploration of mounds by trained scientific experts.

The pipe was one of the most highly valued of the few luxuries of savage or uncivilized races and peoples and figured largely in the social life, legislative councils and executive governments of tribes and families.

The etiquette of smoking was more exact and exacting than the rules which are adopted by courts and governments to-day. Were the whole history of tobacco, the origin of the pipe and the customs and significance of smoking known, many of the most interesting problems of the ancient history of America would be solved.

The mound-builders of Ohio and Mississippi valleys had a large variety of peculiar forms of pipes, and doubtless an elaborate system of etiquette regulating their uses.

The inhabitants of Queen Charlotte's island exhibit much skill and taste in the manufacture of pipes from a kind of slate.

The tribes who formerly inhabited the region east of the Sierra Nevada made a great variety of pipes for general use; in the main each individual seems to have followed his own particular ideas as to form and ornamentation, but those used for ceremonial purposes and at the meeting of large assemblages were of some form adopted for special uses.

Nor is it to be wondered at that an implement which formed such an important object in the comparatively uninteresting daily life of the savage should receive so much attention, and be the one thing upon which a great amount of time, labor and skill should be expended.

Although such a variety of forms of pipes are found there is still a noticeable tendency toward certain types even among the tribes and races which were widely separated, as may be seen by reference to figure 11 from San Nicolas island, and figure 12, found in a cave at The Dalles, Or., showing the natural evolution of similar ideas.

This evolution of forms may be traced along several lines, and is plainly illustrated by a study of the evolution of the common clay pipe of our ancestors, and that in use at the present time. The oldest pipe (figure 8), from Table mountain, was probably used by inserting the bowl into a hole made in the side of a hollow tube of wood, bone or stone. Figure 9 represents a pipe of this character found in a mound in Contra Costa county, which might easily be fastened into the stem by strings, for which purpose the circular ridges near the base would be admirably adapted. Figures 1 and 13 are other forms of this class. In time some genius discovered that it would be easier to fix a stem into the bowl, and such forms as figures 4, 5, 14 and 16, in which the bowl was pierced at its side for the insertion of a hollow tube of bone, stone or wood, and the "fairie pipes" of 200 years ago, a fragment of European manufacture found in an Indian grave vary little from the long pipe of recent times and the clay pipe of to-day. In all of these the origin may be traced by the presence of the "heel." (See figure 17, A.) A reminiscence of the lower end of the bowl projecting below the inserted tube of the aboriginal pipe, and for which no reason or use can be assigned, other than its being an "ear mark" of its origin. Our forefathers utilized the heel as a place for their trade mark, generally in the form of the initials of their name, and old clay pipes, like choice china and other ceramics, are valued according to these marks, and their age is determined by them also.

Another line of evolution may be traced by reference to figures 14, 12, 11, 10, the "cigar-holder" form, wherein a straight tube or cylinder is the type; figure 15 represents a fine specimen made of steatite, and appears to be the form most used for ceremonial purposes, especially in Southern California. These were often ornamented with inlay lines, carvings, beads of shell inlaid with asphaltum, etc.

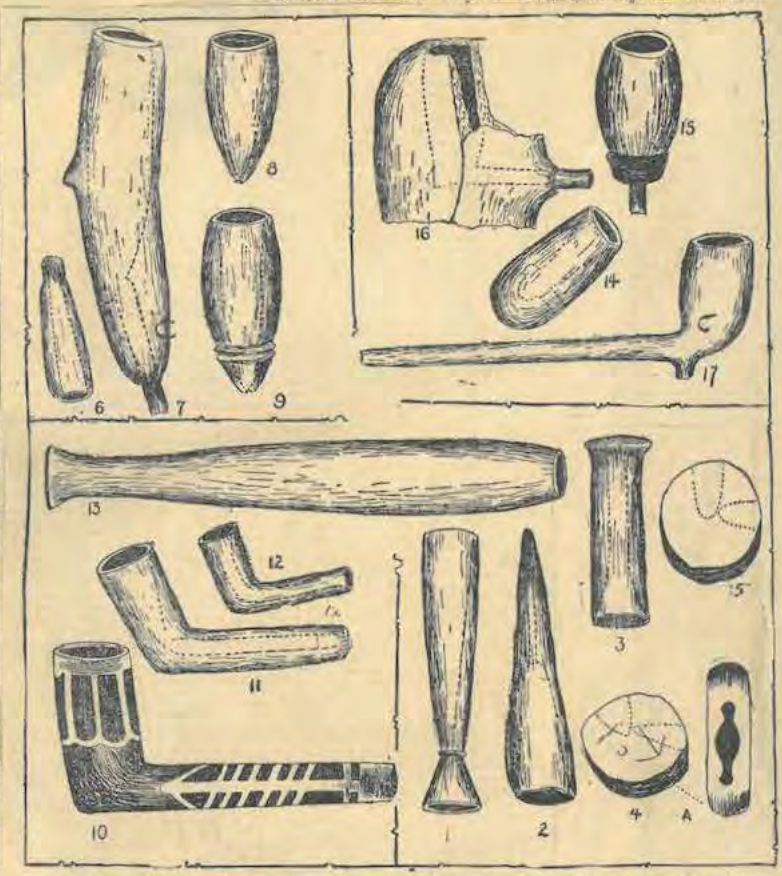
Figure 15 is a cylindrical tube or head. The smaller end of the opening has been closed by asphaltum, through which passes a mouthpiece of bone. Mouthpieces of stone were also used.

There is an almost endless variety of this type. Sometimes the hole is drilled from the larger to the smaller end by one drill; then, as it was found to be easier to drill from both ends, two sizes of drills were used. Oftentimes the drill holes failed to connect properly, as in figure 1, and as the exterior of the pipe was made to conform to the drill-holes, the pipe in such cases varied from a straight line.

This doubtless led to the discovery that a bent or crooked pipe was more convenient for use than a straight one, hence the evolution of such forms as figures 7, 11 and 12 to figure 10, prototypes of our meerschaum and briermood pipes of to-day.

Among the aborigines pipes were held in different degrees of estimation, according to their several uses. Some of them were considered as sacred, and those who had charge of them were called pipe-keepers, and formed a branch of the order of priesthood. Common people were not allowed to use these pipes, and the women and children were afraid of them. One man was installed as pipe-filler, and no grand council could be held in his absence.

There were also peace pipes and war pipes. Some of the tribes had two of the latter and six or eight of the former.



1—Serpentine pipe, found near Yreka. 2—Clay pipe, common to Tulare lake. 3—Mottled serpentine pipe found near Selma. 4—Marble pipe, with incised lines on flat sides, Nevada county. A—Front view of same showing inlaid figure of lead, blackened by oxidation. 5—Micaceous sandstone pipe, Sonoma county. 6—Basaltic rock pipe, San Nicolas Island. 7—Steatite pipe, Santa Barbara. 8—Hard rock pipe found under 200 feet of lava, in table mountain, Tuolumne county. 9—Pipe made of hard, slaty rock containing small black crystals, Alameda county. 10—Pipe of serpentine, inlaid with lead, Corvallis, Or. 11—Serpentine pipe, San Nicolas Island. 12—Pipe of fine-grained calciferous sandstone, found in a cave near The Dalles, Or. 13—Pipe of serpentine, Humboldt county. 14—Pipe of argillaceous shaly rock, drilled from the end and side, Eastern States. 15—Serpentine pipe, finely polished, stem and mouthpiece of bone, fastened in with asphaltum, Santa Barbara. 16—Pipe made from water-worn indurated clay rock, broken at lower end, mouthpiece of bird's bone, Santa Barbara county. 17—Common clay pipe of to-day. Figs. 1, 3, 4, 5, 10, 12, 13 belong to the Wilcomb collection, Golden Gate Park Museum.

But the glory of the pipe has departed, and little remains to commemorate the sorrowful history of the long series of broken treaties between the American Indians and the European settlers, made up of promises and ceremonial smoking, the clouds of the fragrant smoke and the white man's promises being equally evanescent.

LORENZO GORDIN YATES.

Nov. 9, 1890.

A SOCIALLY HISTORIC HOUSE.

The old Kirby residence on Jordan street, Santa Cruz, has been purchased by Mrs. Moreland of Watsonville, thro' the agency of Mathews & Tuttle. The residence, which is historical in the social annals of Santa Cruz, formerly was on Mission street. It was purchased when in an unfinished condition, by R. C. Kirby of a school teacher named Frink, in 1851. Mr. Kirby paid $800 for the house and land. In the residence many notable people have been entertained, among them being Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, John F. Swift, once Minister to China, and John Bidwell, who was Minister to France. The social events at the Kirby residence are remembered by those who participated as among the most pleasant ever enjoyed in Santa Cruz. In the old house many young folks met, who afterwards embarked on the sea of matrimony.

Spanish Bayonets Which, Thrive in the Desert.

THE YUCCAS, or Spanish bayonets, as they are most commonly called, are among the most characteristic plants of the desert and semi-desert zones of California, being found in nearly all the hot, dry parts of the State, where

A Thirty-Foot Yucca Tree.

little rain falls. Strange as it may seem, these tough, wiry-leaved plants belong to the same order in botany as do our beautiful hyacinths, lily of the valley, tulips and gorgeously-colored Mariposa lilies or butterfly flowers, so characteristically represented in all parts of the State. And yet these yuccas are tough and hard in texture, with sharp-pointed leaves, often terminating in a tough thread which hangs loosely from the end. Others grow to the size of large but not graceful trees, often reaching fully thirty feet above the ground, as is the case with the tree yucca of the Mojave desert, groves of which may be seen at any time near the railroad between Mojave and Los Angeles. These are about the only trees of any size found on the deserts of California until one gets high enough on the barren ranges to find the pinon pine, which grows here and there on the mountains, usually far below the rest of the pine trees. The flowers of the yuccas usually grow in immense bunches, often as much as four or five feet long, sometimes being borne straight at the apex of a long, leafless stem, again, as in the tree yuccas, bending downward with the weight of the great bunch of flowers which usually open in the evening.

There are about half a dozen species of Spanish bayonets growing in the State, the most prominent of which is undoubtedly the great tree yucca (yucca arborescens), which sometimes grows to be thirty feet high and a couple of feet in the diameter of its trunk. It is seldom found lower than 3000 feet above sea level, at which altitude it often appears quite suddenly sometimes in immense groves miles in extent. It seems to disappear quite as suddenly higher up, and I have never found it higher than 5000 feet, though it is said that in some of the hot deserts of Nevada it thrives up to 6000 feet above the sea. The branching of the

Yucca Baccata.

tree yucca is very stiff, the limbs nearly all dividing at right angles, while the leaves are found only on the tips of the branches, in closely packed wool-like bunches, the entire trunk and branches often being covered with these dead leaves recurved so as to point downward. Nature thus prevents animals from climbing the trunk and injuring the blossoms or doing other damage to the plant. It is like climbing through a mass of sword points to reach the top of the tree. The leaves are shorter than in any of the other species, being only six or eight inches long. The flowers are of a greenish white color and possess a disagreeable smell. They are from 1½ to 2½ inches long.

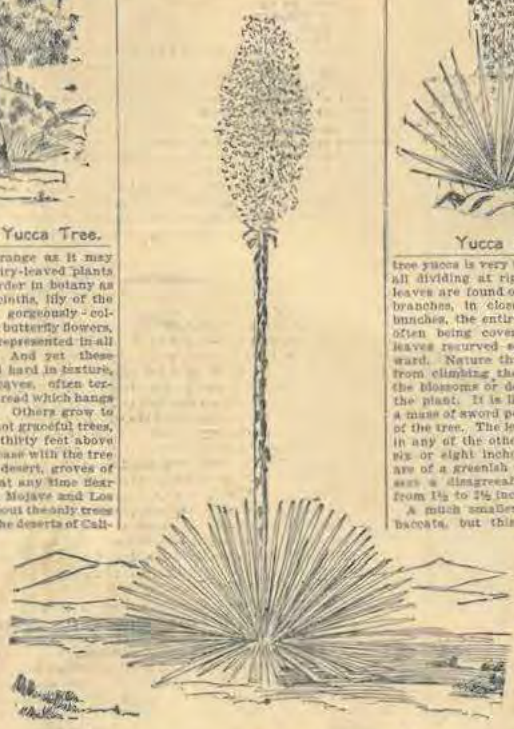
A much smaller plant is the yucca baccata, but this has leaves often reaching from the base to a length of three feet, and tipped with very sharp spiny points. The flowers, like the points, are larger than on the tree yucca, sometimes reaching a length of three inches. The fruit of this species at times grows to be five inches long, while that of the tree yucca scarcely ever exceeds three. This and Whipple's yucca are the most widely distributed of the Spanish bayonets, both being found from Monterey to San Diego, and reaching eastward into Nevada and Arizona. The blossom of Whipple's yucca usually grows on the end of a long leafless stem, sometimes shooting to a height of ten feet above the ground with the immense bunch of flowers perched stiffly on top. This plant is one of the most dreaded by the horses on the ranges, for while its sharp needle-like leaves have no barbs, as is the case with the cactus, their strength and size make them fully as formidable.

There is another yucca still larger than yucca baccata, which some naturalists claim is different from it and have called it yucca macrocarpa. It sometimes reaches a height of ten or fifteen feet. It never branches, however, like the arborescent yucca. These yuccas flower about the 1st of May in a few places in the Mojave desert, near the Nevada border.

The flowers of the yuccas are so formed that it is almost impossible for them to be fertilized without outside influences. The pollen on the stamens does not reach anywhere near the pistil, being far below it, so it is almost absolutely necessary that some insect should carry it in order that the flower may be properly fertilized, and for this the yucca depends on a tiny white moth of the genus pronuba. After dark the female moth assiduously collects a load of pollen from the stamens of one of the yucca flowers, and then, shaping it into a little pellet with her front legs, she carries it to another flower, enlarging her load in this way at each successive visit, but as she does so transferring a little pollen from one flower to another or from the stamen to the pistil, thus fertilizing it. She ends her labor by laying her own eggs in the soft tissue of the plant, but by the time her mission from the standpoint of the yucca has been accomplished and the growth of the seed begins.

Professor Riley of the Entomological Department at Washington, a short time before his death, made an extensive study of the habits of this little moth, and it is chiefly through him that we are now able to understand the entire life history, not only of the insect but of the beautiful yucca. The work of this little moth helps to show the utter dependence of different forms in nature on each other, for not only do we find that animals and insects live on the plants, but in exchange they complete the necessary link in the life history of the plants themselves, an utter impossibility without their aid.

FRED W. KOCH.



Whipples Yucca, Fifteen Feet High.

A MONSTER MASTODON'S TOOTH.

One of the largest and most perfect specimens of a mastodon's tooth ever found has just come to light in Illinois. It was exposed by a heavy rainfall on the night of July 29). The specimen was found by Edmund L. Worthen, grandson of the late Professor Amos H. Worthen, who was for nearly thirty years State Geologist of Illinois and subsequently curator of the State Museum of Natural History. It was discovered in a hollow a mile to the south of Warsaw, embedded in a soapstone formation. The tooth measures seven and one-half inches in length, three and three-quarters inches in breadth, and is six inches high—a portion of the base having crumbled away. The crown, which is in a perfect state, has nine cusps, the points of two of which were slightly broken in securing the specimen. The cusps are in all of them are highly polished. These eight cusps vary in length from one to two inches.

The size of the tooth indicates that the animal must have been a monster even among monsters, and the presence of this fossil leads to the suggestion that perhaps other parts of the mastodon may be discovered near by, especially since the tooth was discovered imbedded in soapstone of the "drift" formation, which is rich in fossils.

Whether the remnant is among the drift sweept in by some stream or the deposit of a river, or in the last vestige of an unfortunate brute that sought some marsh in search of the succulent plants there abounding only to be fatally mired, is a matter for the speculation of scientists; but Professor Worthen in the Geological Survey of Illinois gives it as his opinion that "these enormous animals roamed in considerable numbers over the prairies at no very remote period."

1896.

A MASTODON TOOTH, SEVEN AND ONE-HALF INCHES LONG.

the process of permineralization, and four

STAMP COLLECTING.

Much has been written and said about the benefits of stamp-collecting, but in all these articles the writers generally over-reach themselves and miss the point. They will begin and tell you it teaches history, geography, and stimulates researches in all branches of fine arts (?), but how or in what way they do not state. In the first place we will begin and take history. I selected twenty so-called intelligent young men, six of whom were collectors, and asked them what they knew about the history of Spain. Sixteen of them did not even know the name of the present monarch. Do you reader? Two of them had some sort of vague ideas. One could give a good general history, and another could give it almost exactly for the last half century. The four last were collectors. Then take geography: How many of you could locate and tell what countries Antigua, Bolivar and Hong Kong belong to? But you may ask what good this does; and I will reply by asking you how you can intelligently read about the present Franco-China and Tonquin difficulties without knowing the position of the chief place? Ask any of your friends to what country Hong Kong belongs, and note how many tell you China. There, in the values of many of the new-issue stamps, you learn the decimal system is gradually extending all over the globe. In this way, you see, a collector picks up all sorts of little notes, small in themselves, but all go to make one an intelligent and well-informed person.

—Postal cards went into use May 1, 1873, and during the first year 110 millions were sold, yielding a handsome revenue to the government, and proving a great convenience to business men. During the past fiscal year the sales ran up to the enormous total of 369 millions, which on a population of 50 millions is an average of six cards per capita. New York city alone has consumed nearly 30 millions in a single year, about one-tenth of all that were printed in 1880-81. The estimated net revenue in this one item, for the four years ending in March, 1883, is $18,000,000.

The Real Mother-in-law.

Who was it taught my wife to bake
A loaf of bread or fancy cake
And appetizing dishes make?
My mother-in-law.

Who was it, when my wife was ill,
Exercised upon her, care and skill,
And saved to me a nurse's bill?
My mother-in-law.

Who then my little ones prepared
Each morn for school, who for them cared
And all their little sorrows shared?
My mother-in-law.

Who was it, when their prayers were said,
So snugly tucked them into bed,
And, till they slept, beside them stayed?
My mother-in-law.

Who of my clothing does took care,
Who overlooked my underwear,
And kept each garment in repair?
My mother-in-law.

Who oft to me her aid has lent
To buy the coal and pay the rent;
Who'd gladly see me President?
My mother-in-law.

A loving grandmother is she,
A generous friend she's been to me,
Forever honored let her be,
My mother-in-law.

CALIFORNIA IN THE GENIAL SPRING.

Some of the Wild Flowers Which Are Now Beginning to Appear in Field and Forest.

WITH THE return of the springtime, the nomadic instinct seems to awaken in even the most phlegmatic individual, urging him to the woods and hills, to witness the beauties of expanding buds and unfolding leaves.

Not all are able to gratify this very natural desire, but happy is he who, freed from the din and turmoil of city life, can fill his lungs with pure country oxygen and rest, for a season, his weary brain.

In our genial climate—where storms and cold snaps are the exception and not the rule—the fields are green at Christmastime, and in January the plowman turns the rich dark soil, while the liquid note of the meadow lark fills the air with delicious melody.

Among the first plants to awake from their winter sleep are the brook willows, which put forth a host of downy catkins along their wand-like boughs, heralds of brighter and better days. The tips of the fir branches then begin to burst their little brown skin caps, liberating the delicate fir tassel; the oaks clothe themselves in new spring foliage; the trunks of the stately madrones shed their rough, outer bark, revealing the satiny young growth of the opening year, the buckeyes become huge fragrant bouquets and the maples masses of dainty verdure, while innumerable clusters of tiny white blossoms adorn the bosoms of the aromatic laurels.

From tree to tree are festooned wild grape, clematis and ivy vines, and the trailing blackberry and pink flowering currant run riot in the low shrubbery.

On the creek banks graceful woodwardias uncurl their mammoth fronds, in company with the maidenhair, polypod, "five-finger" and gold-backed ferns, while in the wettest, shadiest places flourish the water-cress and the Spanish lettuce.

The beautiful but treacherous poison oak presents itself at every turn—grim danger signal to the sensitive-skinned—but by its side grows its antidote, the well-known, sweet-scented wormwood. One of our earliest spring flowers is the trillium, or wood lily, the most common variety of which is a lurid red in color and nestles in a whorl of spotted leaves on stems about a foot in height. A smaller species, with white blossoms, has a curious habit of turning pink when placed in water. All the portions of these plants being in threes, they are sometimes used by certain religious sects in designs and carvings to symbolize the Trinity, as are also the clover-like leaves of its near neighbor, the oxalis, or wood sorrel.

Among other denizens of the damp woods in spring time are the false smilax or Solomon's seal, so called from the large round scars on the root stock; the blue borrager, or cynoglossum, a tall rank herb of the forget-me-not family, sometimes known as "hound's tongue," on account of the shape of the leaves, and the zygadenus, or soap root, with spikes three or four feet in height, of thick-stemmed, lily-like white flowers. The amole, or Indian soap root (Chlorogalum) has sprays of starry white blossoms veined with delicate purple, and large fibrous bulbs, used in the manufacture of Indian baskets, as well as in primitive toilet appliances.

At the head of the procession of field flowers is the wild mustard, which becomes the height of a shrub or small tree in the warm sunshine and rich soil of the southern counties. Then follow, in quick succession, the wild radish and the golden buttercups, the bright little primroses and the "blue-eyed grass," the fragile nemophilas, or baby blue eyes; the yellow violet and the shooting star, or wild cyclamen; the dainty creamcups, the allium and the spike mallow. The familiar faces of the little red pimpernel, or anagallis, dot the meadows and roadsides. In some countries these pretty little plants are known as "the poor man's weather glass," as they close their petals on the approach of damp or rainy weather.

In March and April most of the unplowed fields are ablaze with the gorgeous eschscholtzia, or California poppy, with its satiny petals of purest orange—fitting emblem of the Golden State. "Copa de oro," "the cup of gold," it is called in the musical Spanish tongue, and the miners of '49 knew it as the "California gold flower," as it spread in profusion on the mounds of earth thrown up from the "diggings." It derives its unpronounceable name from a young surgeon, Dr. Johann Eschscholtz, who, in the year 1816, accompanied a Russian exploring expedition to the California coast as ship's physician and naturalist, and was named in his honor by his comrade and fellow-voyager, Von Chamisso, the eminent poet and botanist. The marine varieties are much smaller and lighter colored than those of the sheltered valleys and foothills, which sometimes reach the height of two feet, with corollas four inches in diameter and capsules of about an equal length. These plants are easily raised from seed, and often doubled in cultivation. Though one of our spring wild flowers, small specimens have been seen blooming in the scant soil of the roadsides as late as the month of December. No photographer or artist has ever yet been able to do justice to their velvety texture, finely cut foliage and brilliant dyes.

The tree poppy, or dendromecon, is a shrub from two to eight feet high, with whitish bark and pale, lemon-colored blossoms, from two to four inches in width. In the south flourishes the beautiful Romneya, or Matilija poppy, sometimes known as the Mission poppy, in reference to the old Spanish churches in the vicinity of which it grows. Being of hardy habit and adapting themselves readily to almost every kind of soil, they are largely cultivated in parks and gardens, especially on the continent; and frequently attain an astounding height, while the white, papery corollas measure from three to six inches in diameter. The leaves are smooth and feathery, the stamens numerous and of a brilliant yellow, and the buds small, round, and covered with downy hairs.

Another Southern plant of great interest is the magnificent yucca, or Spanish bayonet—also known as "the Roman candle," "Adam's needle" and by pious Spaniards as "our Lord's candlestick." They are natives of the Coast mountains, from Monterey to San Diego, and from the latter point eastward to Arizona, and, together with the grotesque yucca palm, redeem the arid wastes of the Mojave Desert from utter desolation. These floral torches vary in altitude from five to twenty feet, and bear about two thousand small white flowers clustered in a dense compound panicle. Toward nightfall they expand and become more fragrant, doubtless for the sake of attracting nocturnal moths, which scatter the pollen and fertilize the seed. The long, sword-shaped radical leaves are terminated by sharp, bristling spines, and, in one species, are furnished on the edges with threads or fibers. Cut into narrow strips, they are sometimes woven into rustic baskets, which are sold to tourists as souvenirs. This plant is a member of the lily family, which is largely represented in the State. To it also belongs the calochortus, or "pretty grass," of which there are numerous varieties, white, yellow, lilac or purple, growing in sheltered nooks in the mountains, and varying from three or four inches to a foot in height. Some are nodding, with overlapping, concave petals, hairy on the inner surface. The seed pods are long and fleshy, and the leaves delicate and grasslike. The calochortus is a native of the United States, having been discovered in the suburbs of Philadelphia at the beginning of the present century. The beautiful Mariposa lilies, or "butterfly tulips," are included in this genus, and are distinguished by the large, variegated spots on the petals.

Among other characteristic plants of the lily tribe are the tawny tiger lilies and snowy Washington lilies—from two to eight feet in height; the curious veratrum the open fields at the base of Mount Shasta; the bulbous pups of the redwood; the dark, mottled fritillaria and the graceful erythronium.

The iris is not a lily, though commonly known as such. In some parts of the East the astringent roots of these rainbow-tinted "flags" are used medicinally for the country people. The fleur de lis is the national flower of France, the name being a corruption of "flower of Louis," in reference to the French King, Louis VII.

As the summer advances the larkspur and the nodding columbine appear in the open woods, followed by the flame-colored spikes of the castelleja or "Indian's paint brush," the zillas and flaunting snap-dragons, the clarkias and the peristomium, or "beard tongues"; while the graceful golden-rod, the stiff, flannely mullein, the gray-leaved milkweed, the evening primrose and the wilful blue aster take possession of the meadows and uplands.

In certain localities is found the chicory, or succory, largely cultivated in some countries on account of the young tender leaves, which make a salad like lettuce; while the roots, dried, roasted and ground, are used to mix with coffee grains, or infefior export brands.

The silene, or catch-fly, is a fringed, fiery petaled flower growing on rocks in the sunshine, and derives its name from a Greek word meaning saliva, in reference to the sticky exudation of the stems of some of the species.

All Californians are familiar with the sweet-scented yerba buena—the "good herb" of the Spanish—a delicate little, round-leaved vine clinging to dry, stony banks; but not every one knows that the city of San Francisco once bore this melodious name, as did also Goat Island when occupied by the Mexicans, early in the century. The leaves, dried in the sun and stripped from their trailing stems, make the softest and most "woodsy" of pillows and retain their aroma for an indefinite time.

Conspicuous among our flowering shrubs is the toyon, or California holly, a small tree with dark evergreen foliage and numerous clusters of small white blossoms, resembling those of the English hawthorne. In the autumn these are succeeded by the well-known bright scarlet berries, used everywhere for decorations at the holiday season.

If small specimens are carefully transplanted to parks and private gardens, they will develop into large ornamental plants for lawns and hedges.

The dainty snowberry or waxberry bush, with its pale green, rounded foliage and fleshy, globular white berries is another very attractive wild shrub, as is also the feathery ceanothus or mountain lilac, beloved of deer and noisy bees.

Among other handsome flower-bearing trees are the Bridendron or tree tulip, the leaves of which are of squarish outline and the blossoms a mixture of light yellow and orange; the dull red, leathery-petaled calyceanthus or cup flower, smelling like vinegar or sour wine; the drooping datura or Russian river; the deadly nightshade from the fresh leaves of which is prepared atropine for medicinal uses; the dogwood with its showy white bracts, and the sambucus or elder, in spring time loaded with creamy cymes and in autumn with clusters of dull-blue berries, used for old-fashioned sauce and elderberry wine.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

Elizabeth Akers Allen.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight;
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a Summer, the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between;
Yet with a strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I tonight for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Over my heart in the days that are flown,
No love like mother love ever has shown;
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish and patient like yours.
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul, and the world-weary brain.
Slumbers' soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep;
Rock me to sleep, mother rock me to to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again, as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead tonight,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more,
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore,
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;
Rock me to sleep, mother rock me to to sleep!

A. S. Cooper, the New State Mineralogist.

A. S. Cooper of Santa Barbara was appointed State Mineralogist yesterday by Governor Budd. He will succeed John J. Crawford, whose term will expire on the 21th inst. Cooper has been prominent in Southern California for a number of years. He came to this Coast a boy in 1853, and in 1856 went to Tuolumne county, where he gained his first knowledge of mining. During the White Pine excitement in 1869 he went to Nevada as an assayer, after having lived in Santa Cruz for a number of years. After that he went to Santa Barbara. He has been County Surveyor of that county for over twenty years, and is at present a member of the City Council of Santa Barbara. The last eight years of his life have been devoted to the asphalt business. His patents for purifying asphaltum have proved very important and have enabled California companies to enter into active and successful competition with the companies throughout the East.

Cooper has been in close touch with mining matters all his life. He has made mineralogy his life's study, and his experiments have resulted in patents that have greatly advanced the mining industry. The appointment of Cooper was made on the unanimous recommendation of Southern California Democrats and by the petition of all the Republican Senators and Assemblymen in the Legislature. 1897.

PHELANS' GIFT.

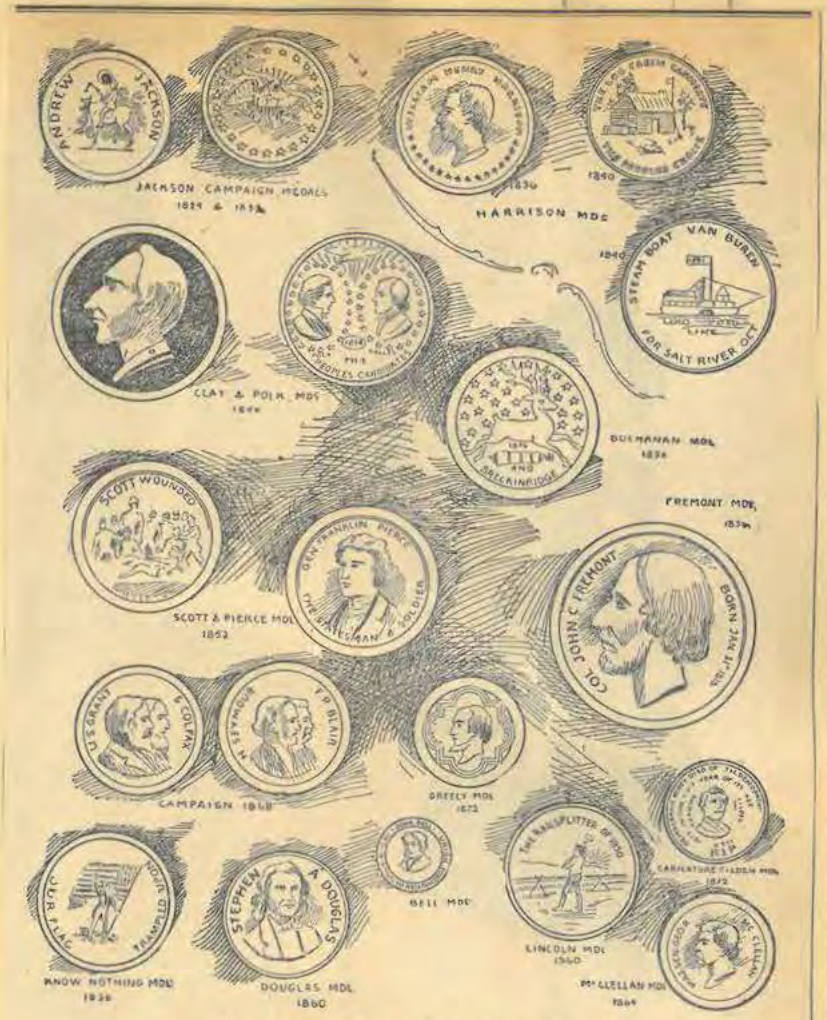
A Handsome Drinking Fountain To San Francisco.

In the most unpretentious manner Mayor James D. Phelan yesterday transferred to the city of San Francisco his handsome fountain at the junction of Market, Mason and Turk streets.

The donor had expressed a desire that there should be no formal exercises, and the transfer occupied hardly two minutes.

Irving M. Scott said that the monument on Mayor Phelan's fountain is a proof that in California there are talent, material and skill to construct works of art equal to those made elsewhere. Mr. Scott asserted that in his travels he had never seen anything finer than the bronze figures on this fountain.

Douglas Tilden, the sculptor, is a mute and a grandson of Mrs. A. A. Hecox of this city.



Campaign Medals of the Past.

MY PLAYMATES.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

The wind comes whispering to me of the country green and cool,
Of redwing blackbirds chattering beside a reedy pool;
It brings me soothing fancies of the homestead on the hill,
And I hear the thrush's evening song, and the robin's morning trill;
So I fall to thinking tenderly of those I used to know
Where the sassafras and snakeroot and checkerberries grow.

What has become of Ezra Marsh, who lived on Baker's hill?
And what has become of Noble Pratt, whose father kept the mill?
And what's become of Lizzie Cram, and Anastasie Snell,
And of Roxie Root, who tended school in Boston for a spell?
They were the boys and they the girls who shared my youthful play;
They do not answer to my call. My playmates, where are they?

What has become of Levi and his little brother Joe
Who lived next door to where we lived some forty years ago?
I'd like to see the Newton boys, and Quincy Adams Brown,
And Hepsey Hall, and Ella Cowles, who spelled the whole school down!
And Gracie Smith, the Cutler boys, Leander Snow, and all
Who, I am sure, would answer could they only hear my call.

I'd like to see Bill Warner and the Conkey boys again,
And talk about the times we used to wish that we were men!
And one—I shall not name her—could I see her gentle face,
And hear her girlish treble in this distant, lonely place!
The flowers and hopes of springtime, they perished long ago,
And the garden where they blossomed is white with winter snow.

O cottage 'neath the maples, have you seen those girls and boys
That but a little while ago made, oh, such pleasant noise?
O trees, and hills, and brooks, and lanes, and meadows, do you know
Where I shall find my little friends of forty years ago?
You see, I'm old and weary, and I've traveled long and far;
I am looking for my playmates—I wonder where they are.

—Chicago Record.

ONE STEP AT A TIME.

There's a mine of comfort for you and me
In a homely bit of truth
We were tenderly taught at the mother's knee,
In the happy days of youth.
It is, What if the road be long and steep,
And we too weak to climb;
Or what though the darkness gather deep,
We take one step at a time?

A single step, and again a step,
Until by safe degrees,
The milestones passed, we win at last
Home, when the King shall please.
And the strangest thing is often this,
That the briery, tangled spots
Which cumber our feet should be thick and sweet
With our Lord's forget-me-nots.

It matters little the pace we take,
If we journey sturdily on,
With the burden-bearer's steady gait,
Till the day's last hour is gone;
Or if, with the dancing foot of the child,
Or the halting step of age,
We keep the goal in the eye of the soul,
Through the years of our pilgrimage.

And yet in the tramp of appointed days,
This thing must sometimes be,
That we falter and pause, and bewildered gaze,
For the road has led to the sea,
And the foeman's tread is on our track,
As once on the booming coast,
Where the children of Israel, looking back,
Saw Pharoah's threatening host.

Then clear from the skies our Leader's voice,
"Go forward!" bids us dare
Whatever we meet, with fearless feet,
And the might of trustful prayer.

So, ever advancing day by day,
In the Master's strength sublime,
Even the lame shall take the prey,
Marching one step at a time.

And what of the hours when hand and foot
We are bound and laid aside,
With the fevered brain and the throbbing pain,
And the world at its low ebb tide?
And what of our day of the broken heart,
When all that our eyes can see
Is the vacant space where the vanished face
Of our darling used to be?

Then, waiting and watching almost spent,
Comes peace from the Lord's own hand,
In His blessed will, if we rest content,
Though we cannot understand;
And we gather anew our courage and hope,
For the road so rough to climb,
With trial and peril we well may cope,
One single step at a time.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in "Congregationalist."

Some Time, Somewhere.

Unanswered yet? The prayer your lips have pleaded
In agony of heart these many years?
Does faith begin to fail? Is hope departing,
And think you all in vain these falling tears?
Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer;
You shall have your desire some time, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Though when you first presented
This one petition at the Father's throne,
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,
So urgent was your heart to make it known.
Though years have passed since then, do not despair;
The Lord will answer you some time, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted;
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done.
The work began when first your prayer was uttered,
And God will finish what he has begun.
If you will keep the incense burning there,
His glory you shall see some time, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith can not be unanswered;
Her feet were firmly planted on the Rock;
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock.
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,
And cries, "It shall be done some time, somewhere."

—Robert Browning.

Field's First Poem. 1878.

But if again that angel brain
And golden head come back to me,
To bear me to eternity,
My watching will not be in vain.

The Bells of Notre Dame.

What though the radiant thoroughfare
Teems with a noisy throng?
What though men bandy everywhere
The ribald jest and song?
Over the din of oaths and cries
Broodeth a wondrous calm,
And mid that solemn stillness rise
The bells of Notre Dame.

"Heed not, dear Lord," they seem to say,
"Thy weak and erring child;
And thou, O gentle Mother, pray
That God be reconciled;

And on mankind, O Christ, our king,
Pour out Thy gracious balm"—
'Tis thus they plead and thus they sing,
Those bells of Notre Dame.

And so, methinks, God, bending down
To ken the things of earth,
Heeds not the mockery of the town
Or cries of ribald mirth;
For ever soundeth in his ears
A penitential psalm—
'Tis thy angelic voice he hears,
O bells of Notre Dame!

Plead on, O bells, that thy sweet voice
May still forever be
An intercession to rejoice
Benign divinity;
And that thy tuneful grace may fall
Like dew, a quickening balm,
Upon the arid hearts of all,
O bells of Notre Dame!

"Booh!"

On afternoons, when baby boy has had a splendid nap,
And sits, like any monarch on his throne, in nurse's lap,
In some such wise my handkerchief I hold before my face,
And cautiously and quietly I move about the place:
Then, with a cry, I suddenly expose my face to view,
And you should hear him laugh and crow when I say "Booh!"

Sometimes the rascal tries to make believe that he is scared,
And really, when I first began, he stared, and stared, and stared;
And then his under lip came out and farther out it came,
Till mamma and the nurse agreed it was a "cruel shame"—
But now what does that same wee, toddling lisping baby do
But laugh and kick his little heels when I say "Booh!"

He laughs and kicks his little heels in rapturous glee, and then
In shrill, despotic treble bids me "do it all aden!"
And I—of course I do it; for, as his progenitor,
It is such pretty, pleasant play as this that I am for;
And it is, oh, such fun! and I am sure that we shall rue
The time when we are both too old to play the game of "Booh!"

The Rock-a-By Lady.

The Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street
Comes stealing; comes creeping.
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet—
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping!

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum—
"Rub-a-dub!" it goeth;
There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum,
And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come
Of popguns that bang, and tin tops that hum,
And a trumpet that bloweth!

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams
With laughter and singing;
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams,
And up and up, where the Mother Moor beams,
The fairies go swinging!

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet?
They'll come to you sleeping;
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
From the Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street,
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing; comes creeping.

With Trumpet and Drum.

With big tin trumpet and little red drum,
Marching like soldiers, the children come!
It's this way and that way they circle and file—
My! but that music of theirs is fine!
This way and that way, and after awhile
They march straight into this heart of mine!
A sturdy old heart, but it has to succumb
To the blare of that trumpet and beat of that drum!
Come on, little people, from cot and from hall—
This heart it hath welcome and room for you all!
It will sing you its songs and warm you with love,
As your dear little arms with my arms intertwine;
It will rock you away to the dreamland above—
Oh, a jolly old heart is this old heart of mine,
And jollier still it is bound to become
When you blow that big trumpet and beat that red drum!

So come; though I see not *his* dear little face
And hear not *his* voice in this jubilant place,
I know he were happy to bid me enshrine
His memory deep in my heart with your play—
Ah me! but a love that is sweeter than mine
Holdeth my boy in its keeping to-day!
And my heart is lonely—so, little folk, come,
March in and make merry with trumpet and drum!

SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS OF EUGENE FIELD.

[The following poems are reprinted from *Facts and Fiction*. The poems here given are of the best the poet produced, and have been selected to show the versatility of his genius.]

At the Door.

I thought myself indeed secure,
So fast the door, so firm the lock;
But, lo! he toddling comes to lure
My parent ear with timorous knock.

My heart were stone could it withstand
The sweetness of my baby's plea—
That timorous, baby knocking and
"Please let me in; it's only me."

I threw aside the unfinished book,
Regardless of its tempting charms,
And, opening wide the door, I took
My laughing darling in my arms.

Who knows, but in Eternity,
I, like a truant child, shall wait
The glories of a life to be,
Beyond the Heavenly Father's gate?

And will that Heavenly Father heed
The truant's suppliant cry,
As at the outer door I plead,
"'T is I, O Father! only I"?

"Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep."

The fire upon the hearth is low,
And there is stillness everywhere;
Like troubled spirits, here and there
The firelight shadows fluttering go;
And as the shadows round me creep,
A childish treble breaks the gloom,
And, softly, from a farther room
Comes, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

And, somehow, with that little prayer
And that sweet treble in my ears,
My thought goes back to distant years,
And lingers with a dear one there;
And, as I hear the child's "Amen,"
My mother's faith comes back to me,
Crouched at her side I seem to be,
And mother holds my hands again.

O for an hour in that dear place!
O for the peace of that dear time!
O for that childish trust sublime!
O for a glimpse of mother's face!
Yet, as the shadows round me creep,
I do not seem to be alone—
Sweet magic of that treble tone—
And "now I lay me down to sleep."

—*Eugene Field.*

Suppliants.

BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

"What right have you to knock at my door?"
Dear Lord, a beggar did knock before,
And a woman weighted with deadly sin,
Just called on Thy name and so passed in.

"What he wanted the beggar knew;
His rags were real and his hunger true.
You have clothes to cover you, food to live,
What do you need that I needs must give?

"The woman fled from the touch of shame,
No credit shielded her blasted name;
But you are quoted as rich and gay
By those who are both, so I say you nay."

Ah Lord! The beggar faints not for food
As I for the truth of Thy kingdom good;
Nor hath the wretch from the street appealed
More nearly than I for Thy mercy's shield.

Great Need of Humanity! Hunger divine!
God's Fatherhood, feed thou this spirit of mine;
And in the self-judgment which me doth abase,
With the poor and the sinful, let me see Thy face.

BOSTON, Mass. —*The Independent.*

Little Kindnesses.

If you were toiling up a weary hill
Bearing a load beyond your strength to bear,
Straining each nerve untiringly, and still
Stumbling and losing foothold here and there,
And each one passing by would do so much
As give one upward lift and go their way,
Would not the slight reiterated touch
Of help and kindness lighten all the day?

If you were breasting a keen wind, which tossed
And buffeted and chilled you as you strove,
Till, baffled and bewildered quite, you lost
The power to see the way, and aim and move,
And one, if only for a moment's space,
Gave you shelter from the bitter blast,
Would you not find it easier to face
The storm again when the brief rest was past?

There is no little and there is much:
We weigh and measure and define in vain;
A look, a word, a light responsive touch
Can be the ministers of joy to pain.
A man can die of hunger walled in gold,
A crumb may quicken hope to stronger breath,
And every day we give or we withhold
Some little thing which tells for life or death.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

AFLOAT.

BY C. V. ANTHONY, D.D.

One evening in September, 1878, I went aboard the ocean steamer lying at the wharf in Portland, Oregon, expecting an early start next day for San Francisco. At five the next morning the ponderous wheels were in motion, and we were on our way down the Willamette. But, alas! while yet in plain view of the city we had left, we ran aground, and all day we continued there waiting for the tide to give us a lift over our difficulties. About sundown a powerful river steamer made fast to our stern, and pulled till the great hawser seemed, by the noise it made, about to part, still we could not move. Our steamer had not stirred an inch! I was watching by the early twilight these efforts at getting off the bar, when I saw two men approaching in a boat. As they drew near us I saw that one of them was Bishop Andrews. He had been up the Columbia to attend the Conference that bears the name of that majestic river. He had hoped to reach Portland in time for this steamer, but the night before had abandoned all hope of doing so, and had been all day facing the hardships of a long stage ride to reach the California Conference. The river steamer had passed an hour before, and the Bishop saw the situation. Leaping from the boat as soon as it touched the wharf, he engaged the nearest boatman to row him down to our vessel. As the boatman saw the efforts made to drag us off the bar, he pulled with all his might, and was soon alongside.

A rope drew up the Bishop's baggage, and a rope ladder was soon lowered for him. Just as he was fairly on that ladder and clear from the little boat that brought him, the great mass of iron and the freight it carried slipped into deep water. We were already on our way when the Bishop set foot on deck!

I am afloat again! Once more I can call a church my people! Two years laid up, and now at work! I rejoice with trembling, not knowing what may befall me. Up the San Lorenzo, a river whose pure waters flow through the most beautiful gorge of rocks and forests to be found in the State, up in a village that bears, in part, the name of the stream that laves its border, hard by that other village where all our mail must come—Boulder Creek—in a neat little cottage, made pleasant and tidy by kindly hands, near a neat little church where I am to hold forth the Word of Life—there my wife and myself are keeping house alone, just as we began to do full thirty-nine years ago.

Three weeks ago Dr. McCreary of Stockton marched me into a clothing store in Santa Cruz, and ordered my measure for the best suit to be had. He then took me to a shoe store and shod me with the best pair to be found. Thence to a hat store was but the walk of a few minutes, and we emerged with the best soft hat they had. He then paid me enough money to buy my wife a superb dress, and went on his way, no doubt, rejoicing. To the dear unknown friends who took this kindly interest in our behalf the thanks of a heart that can appreciate favors are hereby tendered. God is good. My friends are good. Our lines are fallen in pleasant places.

The Bravest of Battles.

The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where, and when?
On the maps of the world you'll find it not;
'T was fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen!
Nay; not with eloquent word or thought
From mouth of wonderful men!

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo! there is the battlefield.

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave!
But oh, these battles! they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave!

—*Joaquin Miller.*

A Nautical Mile.

The nautical mile is called a knot. It contains 6,086.7 feet, while our mile has but 5,280. That makes a knot a little more than one and three-twentieth miles. A ship that sails 20 knots an hour goes 23 miles per hour.

Standard Time at Mare Island.

BEFORE the adoption of what is known as "Standard time" throughout the United States and Canada the inhabitants of each city and town were accustomed to use as their standard the local mean time of their respective vicinities, determined in a variety of ways, from the primative sun dial to the accurate determination by local observatories. This great variety of time standards, however, caused so much confusion that it became necessary to establish some standard time for the efficient and safe handling of the trains on the many thousands of miles of railroad track, to prevent complications in great financial transactions, which often hinge on a question of time, and for accuracy in the workshop, the office and the home. Hence the country was divided into great sections or slices by lines running north and south, and a standard of time was assigned to each.

Thus all the vast territory west of the Rocky mountains, commonly known as the West Coast, uses as its standard time the local mean time of the 120th meridian, or, in other words, the commonly accepted noon of the West Coast is when the sun crosses the 120th meridian.

The accurate determination of this standard time for the practical use of the people of California, Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Nevada is almost exclusively made at the United States Naval Observatory at Mare Island, the distribution of its time signals being made over the wires of the Western Union Telegraph Company.

This United States Naval Observatory at Mare Island is a small and unpretentious building, which stands on a hill at the north of the island overlooking the busy shops and docks of the United States Navy yard. It was originally founded as a station for determining the time so that the chronometers of the United States men-of-war might be rated and corrected, but, as the demand came for a more accurate measure of time, the noon signals were given to the public, first by dropping a time ball exactly at noon and then by the general distribution of the noon signal over the telegraph wires.

The method by which the exact determination of time is made, though at first glance hopelessly complex to the outsider, is, upon a closer view, found to be capable of popular demonstration, and should certainly be of almost as much interest to the public as a standard of weight or of money, to which it is only second in importance, as "time is money."

The revolution of the earth upon its axis is uniform, and the intervals between successive transits of a fixed point in the heavens over any meridian would be equal if it were not for the fact that the direction of the earth's axis changes from day to day, and thus alters the length of these intervals. This change is, of course, greatest at the poles and least at the equator. Therefore the transit of some point on the equator should be used to mark the beginning of the day. The point used is the vernal equinox, where the sun crosses the equator in going from the south to the north, and the time thus determined is called sidereal time, it being 0 hours, 0 minutes and 0 seconds of sidereal time when the vernal equinox crosses the meridian of any place.

One clock in the observatory is regulated to keep this sidereal time. Like all the clocks in use at the observatory it is of the finest workmanship, and is compensated by a mercurial pendulum for changes of temperature. It rests upon a solid stone base sunk ten feet below the surface of the ground to bed-rock, and is surrounded by a double case lined with felt to protect it from changes of temperature, while no part of the building touches its foundation support. The true sidereal time is obtained by observing the transits of stars over the meridian. The observer has a list of some seven hundred stars with their sidereal time of transit. Picking out one or more of these stars that are in suitable position, he observes their transit across the wires in the field of the 2½-inch transit instrument of the observatory. There are eleven of these "wires" (which are really the finest cobweba). The sidereal time of the star's crossing each wire is marked on a sheet of paper by means of an instrument called a chronograph. This consists of a cylinder (upon which is wound a sheet of paper) which revolves once a minute. Upon the cylinder a pen marks a spiral line and by an electrical connection the sidereal clock marks each second on the spiral line, and the time of transit of the star is thus secured, and the accuracy of the clock tested.

Solar time is measured by the sun as it moves in the ecliptic, but this gives days of unequal length, owing to the motion of the earth about the sun; hence the astronomer imagines a sun which moves on the equator at a rate equal to the average rate of the true sun in the ecliptic. The time measured by this fictitious sun gives days of equal length, and is called mean time, and it is the mean time of the 120th meridian which we use as standard time.

By means of known tabulated corrections the astronomer gets the mean time from the sidereal clock, and the standard clock at the observatory is set to keep mean time of the one hundred and twentieth meridian. Although these clocks run with remarkable accuracy, they are checked and tested by frequent and careful observations of stars from night to night, and carefully regulated. Having found the true time at the observatory it is comparatively easy to distribute it over the country wherever the telegraph wires lead. For this a third clock is used, which is provided with a mechanism which automatically closes an electrical circuit once each second by means of a toothed wheel in the clock, from which the teeth for the twenty-ninth, fifty-fifth, fifty-sixth, fifty-seventh, fifty-eighth and fifty-ninth seconds are omitted. When this circuit is switched on the clock sends out a signal click on the telegraph for each second except the omitted ones as noted. Several circuits are actuated by this mechanism by means of a five-point repeater. The points of this repeater close the circuits in a loop of the main lines of the Western Union telegraph line and thus send the signals out to all the telegraph stations on the Coast. Other circuits lead to a time ball at the navy yard near the observatory and to the time ball on Telegraph Hill in San Francisco, which are dropped automatically by the clock exactly at noon; and to the navy yard fire alarm system, which also strikes two bells at noon.

Each day before noon the naval officer in charge of the observatory compares his clocks, and, by applying the rate of gain or loss to the time as shown by the standard mean time clock, ascertains the correct standard time. Within fifteen minutes before noon the transmitting clock is compared and set by hand to the exact standard time. As the clock shows 11:55 A. M. the telegraph circuit is switched on and the clock begins to send out the time signals every second, omitting the twenty-ninth second, to give warning for the half minute and the five marks just before the sixtieth second to mark the full minute. This continues until just ten seconds before noon, when the switch on the clock is turned so as to connect a wheel which sends out a long signal exactly at noon.

During this ten seconds the electrical circuits are switched on, which drops the time balls and automatically sets a series of master clocks in nearly a hundred cities and towns of the territory covered. Exactly at noon a signal of one second's duration goes over the telegraph wires, the time balls leave the tops of the poles and the hands of the master clocks are brought by an electro-magnet to the exact position to mark noon.

The present system of sending out the time signals from the Naval Observatory was inaugurated in 1883, the primary object being to give the sailing masters of vessels in port the correct time by the ball-dropping device.

Since the determination of the positions of ships at sea depends to a great extent upon the accuracy of the time as shown by the ship's chronometer, it is of first importance to every sailing master and navigator to know the condition of his own chronometer. To do this he has only to note the time of the dropping of the ball and compare it with his chronometer from day to day when in port at San Francisco, and by calculating the rate of change in twenty-four hours he can find the true 120th meridian time, or by reduction the Greenwich mean time, which is generally used, at any subsequent day at sea.

As the railroads began to run more and more trains on their lines the necessity of having an accurate time by which to run their trains became apparent to the trainmen, and to meet their requirements the method of sending out the noon signals over the telegraph lines was adopted.

The next demand for correct time came from the jewelers, who are called upon to set the watches, good and bad, of the multitude, for every one who carries a watch likes to think that he is carrying the correct time. To meet this demand the telegraph company established the system of clocks automatically set by the currents that gave the noon signals, a small rental being charged on each clock.

When this time service was first established the public looked askance at it, but as the remarkable accuracy of the signals was observed from day to day the public confidence grew, until at the present time the people of the Coast practically depend upon the standard time as thus given out, though only few realize whence it is derived. These signals are sent Eastward over the lines of the Santa Fe Railroad to Barstow, Cal.; over the Union Pacific to Mossow, Idaho, the Central Pacific to Reno, Nev., and over the Northern Pacific to Spokane, Wash., while on the north they go to Seattle, and on the south to San Diego. Altogether there are over 1000 clocks set by the daily signals automatically at noon, scattered through nearly 100 cities and towns in the territory mentioned, and in round numbers the signals go over 4000 miles of routes. The Naval Observatory is the only one on this Coast which sends out the signals automatically and hence its signals are almost exclusively used, owing to the greater accuracy as compared with the signals transmitted by hand from the Lick Observatory.

For the use of ships in port at San Diego and Portland it is probable that a time ball will soon be placed at each of these ports and connected with the present system.

The Naval Observatory is in charge of a specially detailed naval officer, who has shown especial skill and aptitude in astronomical work, and this officer does all the observing, calculating and adjusting required, besides sending out the signals each day. The present astronomer is Lieutenant W. E. Sewell, United States Navy, whose efficiency and skill is attested by the accuracy of the time signals and the reliance placed upon them by the people of the Coast. A like time service for the Eastern Coast is furnished by the Naval Observatory at Washington, D. C., and in that case the signals are even sent to foreign territory, being transmitted by submarine cable to Havana, Cuba.

If, through any delay in the mechanical action of the time ball it does not drop at the right time that fact, together with the amount of the time correction is published in the "Chronicle" of the next day under the heading, "Marine News," so that sailing masters may rate their chronometers accordingly.

DION WILLIAMS,
Lieutenant, U. S. M. C.

Mare Island, Cal.

DECEMBER 10, 1896.

A VALUABLE COIN.

The biggest price ever paid for a coin in England was paid recently at a sale in London of the collection of the late Hyman Montagu, who distinguished himself among numismatists, says the Illustrated London News, by gathering together the finest set of coins ever collected by one man. The sale was attended by a great crowd of enthusiastic numismatists. Expectation ran high when the famous "Juxon medal" was put up. This coin, the work of Thomas Rawlins, was presented by Charles I to Bishop Juxon on the scaffold. It passed down to Juxon's descendant, Mrs. Mary Gythens, who bequeathed it to her son-in-law, the Rev. James Commeline of St. John's College, Cambridge. Lieutenant-Colonel Brumond and the dealer, Mr. Till, had it in turn;

THE JUXO

and it passed into the famous Cuff collection and ultimately came into the hands of Mr. Montagu, at whose sale on November 18th it fetched £770.

N MEDAL.

NEW FRENCH COINS.

The French Government is about to change the designs of its coins, after several years' agitation of the subject in the press and elsewhere. The decision was finally brought about by the appointment to office in the Ministry of Finance of a young man with independent ideas and reformatory tendencies, who triumphed over administrative routine. M. Doumer summoned Messrs. Chaplain, Roty and Daniel Dupuis to the task. He intrusted

NEW 100-SOU PIECE.

the first with the designs for the gold coin, the second with those for the silver, and the third with those of copper. The three artists set immediately to work. M. Dupuis presented the first design, which was accepted with some modifications. M. Roty's design for the silver piece has just been adopted. It represents a woman sowing grain, her elastic figure outlined against the horizon illuminated with the first rays of the rising sun. Upon her head she wears the Phrygian cap. The reverse

NEW 10 CENTIME, OBVERSE.

shows the torch of progress surrounded by a wreath of laurel. The composition is much admired in France and regarded as worthy of the artist who has just been elected president of the Academy of Fine Arts.

The design of Daniel Dupuis herewith shown is subject to some slight modifications, but in its main features will be adopted. The obverse shows a woman's head in profile, representing the republic. It has an artistic quality different from

NEW 10 CENTIME, REVERSE.

that of the copper pieces at present current in France.

M. Chaplain is still at work on his designs for the gold pieces.

THE HALLOWED TIME.

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Savior's birth was celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strikes,
No fairy tales, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Marine Wealth in Monterey Bay.

POOR AS IS the soil round the shores of Monterey bay, its waters yield to the scientist harvests of untold wealth. Dr. Bashford Dean, the latest lingerer of the corps of investigators at the Hopkins Seaside Laboratory, has just finished packing his share of the year's plunder, and will soon return to his beloved Columbia College, New York city. What such men come 3000 miles to study is the science of life—biology. Monterey bay is just full of life; full, especially, of funny fishes allied to those old heavy-armored, iron-jawed leviathans, whose teeth would shear in half a bar of steel, and whose records are written in fossil plates of indented armor through which those terrible teeth crunched. Such as these swarmed the seas ages before Noah launched his ark, and their degenerate descendants have found a congenial refuge in the rocky ribs of this iron-bound coast. Monterey's motley fisher folk—Italians, Chinese and Portuguese, daily haul up far more than pleases them of these finny monstrosities of fabulous form. Curses in many tongues ascend to heaven as these unmarketable nondescripts are pulled off the hooks or scooped out of the nets. Worthless as food, these contraptions of marine vileness are the harvest longed for by the scientist. Daily as the boats come in he is seen, bucket or glass jar in hand, wending his way to the landing-place, returning laden with deep-sea conundrums. One particularly plentiful, is such a puzzle that he is named the chimaera. He has many aliases—ratfish, sea cat or spook fish, and is a kind of connecting link between the sharks and lungfishes. Dr. Dean describes him as having the head of a goat, the body of a lion and the tail of a dragon; but it needs the eyes of an anatomist and mythologist combined to realize these resemblances. Part of the seven plunder now going to Columbia College consists of heads and skins and eggs of this natural puzzle of the race of chimaeroids.

Shark's eggs are also favorite treasure trove for visiting scientists to study and to carry away. The curious horny envelope that serves as an egg case is often picked up by excursionists who little dream that the odd, dark-brown, leathery pocket, drying in the sand, once held a lively little shark. Mother sharks only lay at one time two eggs apiece, and the long, tendril-like processes at each corner of the case catch on, as the egg is extruded, to sea grasses or corals at the bottom of the sea and anchor it securely until the young shark is hatched and is ready to emerge. As spiral springs they also literally serve to rock the young shark in the cradle of the deep. A remarkable variety in the form of this egg case is offered by the Port Jackson shark, found also on this coast, whose egg case, instead of being four-square, is cone-shape, and in this respect resembles the egg capsule of the typical chimaeroid, as will be seen from the illustration.

Sharks literally swarm in Monterey bay, the genuine maneater sometimes coming within half a mile of shore. The enormous basking shark occasionally make havoc of the fish nets; two years ago a specimen about thirty feet long was skinned for the benefit of Stanford's biological collection. This big fellow has a habit of lying at the surface of the water sunning himself, hence his name. Seemingly inert he will lie still sometimes until a boat almost runs into him; then a flash, a plunge, and a hole in the water tells where he has been. Though so immense and powerful he feeds on the tiniest of prey, the infusoria. One of the most striking marvels that comes out of these shark eggs is the thrasher, or fox shark. Half of his tail, the upper lobe, has grown into a terrible engine of war. How such a half tail so developed is a problem in evolution. It is longer than his body and head together, and has tremendous muscular power, for he uses it to beat the life out of his prey, and that prey is the whale.

I have seen him lifting that immense flail of his, like the gleaming arm of some Cyclops, high out of the ocean, and bringing it down, thwack after thwack, on his victim, with a thud and a splash and uproar, the mere horror of which ought to paralyze any whale. And, unless the whale is thus rattled, just why he is fool enough to stay at the surface and get battered to death is a mystery. Grampuses are reported as the thrasher's allies in this curious carnival, and two or more sharks will work together, delivering alternate blows with something of the regularity of Chinese hurling mats. Between the worrying by the grampuses and the thrashing by the shark's tails the whale gets all broke up and torn to bits, dyeing the "sea a gouty, gory red," like Eugene Field's would-if-I-dared pirate. In some waters the swordfish is the thrasher-shark's reputed ally.

Another interesting object that Drs. Dean, Price and others are studying is the barfish, a curious eel-shaped creature that eternally annoys the fishermen, entangling and besliming their trawl lines, a single fish possessing the extraordinary power of turning a pailful of water into jelly by ejecting from certain skin cells long, spiral, silk threads of great absorbent power that swell like starch grains in boiling water.

The hagfish is about the oldest form of backboned animal known, and, by the study of its development, much interesting light is expected to be thrown on the descent of all backboned animals. The reputed sea serpent is also common here. It has a snake-like form and bulldog head, its skin is marbled gray in color, and it attains a length of eight feet, but it is simply the wolf fish, and Puget sound's serpent was doubtless of this or some larger variety.

Still another of Monterey bay's specialties is the vast number and curious variety of sea birds that frequent its waters. Leverett M. Loomis, curator of the California Academy of Sciences, made two notable collections—one for Stanford University and one for the Academy of Sciences—for which purpose he visited here several times, and on one of which visits he was accompanied by Professor Vernon L. Kellogg, who made a collection of the insects parasitic on the birds Loomis shot—new arrivals from Arctic regions. Dr. Dean has made a special study of the cormorants, or shag. As the ratfish is near akin to fossil fishes, so is the cormorant among birds. In many ways it claims close relationship with the extinct reptilian birds.

Columbia's collection includes not only cormorants' skins and skeletons and a complete series of embryos, but also numerous photographs of the young birds at different ages. For these embryos show a phenomenal development of tail for a bird, and the photographs show the young bird's mode of progression on the rocks where he has a tendency to go on all fours and be further assisted by his big tail. Skeletons of pelicans, bones of sea lions from Point Lobos, crinoids or sea lilies, dredged from ocean fathoms deep, barnacles that grow on living whales, and a whole catalogue of such plunder are all off for Columbia. Investigators from other colleges have been equally successful, for the chief work in the Hopkins Seaside Laboratory has been done this year by post graduates. Professor E. P. Wheeler of Chicago has been busy studying the life history of a curiously primitive parasite (Dicyema), or the devil fish. Professor Johnson of the University of California has taken in hand marine worms, which abound here. Professor Ritter of Berkeley has been working on the embryology of Monterey's Ascidians, very degenerate and low down representatives of what vertebrates may become, looking more like jelly fish than things of any backbone. Dr. O. P. Jenkins was busy over researches on the general contractility of muscles, conductility of nerve tissues in invertebrates, mainly crabs and sea-cucumbers, with reference to problems of a more general character, and incidentally preparing rate tables of the temperatures of marine forms. Shaw, Harold, Heath, Wilbur and others have also made collections in their various departments. Dr. C. H. Gilbert has been too busy with his forthcoming work on Central American fishes to give much time to the laboratory. Drs. Price and McFarland have been in Germany, the former working with Professor Von Kupffer at Munich, the latter with Boveri and Kolliker. The researches of these investigators will be ultimately published in the transactions of various learned societies, a majority of the best in Germany, the heaven of the specialist. Meanwhile Pacific Grove remains the happy hunting-ground of the collector of ocean plunder. EDWARD BERWICK.

THE STEERSMAN.

The fore shrouds har the moonlit sand,
The port rail lays the sea;
Aloft all taut where the wind clouds skim,
Alow to the outwater sung and trim,
And the man at the wheel sings low;
sings he:

"Oh, sea room and lee room
And a gale to run afore;
From the Golden Gate to Sunda strait,
But my heart lies snug ashore."

Her hull rolls high, her nose dips low,
The rollers flash aloe—
Wallow and dip, and the untossed screw
Sends fleet throbs quivering through and through—
And the man at the wheel sings low; sings he:

"Oh, sea room and lee room
And a gale to run afore;
But my heart lies snug ashore."

The helmsman's arms are brown and hard,
And pricked in his forearm be
A ship, an anchor, a love knot true,
A heart of red and an arrow of blue.
And the man at the wheel sings low; sings he:

"Oh, sea room and lee room
And a gale to run afore;
The ship to her chart, but Jack to his heart—
And my heart lies snug ashore."

—The Bookman.

TWO MOTHERS.

BY MRS. ANNIE E. SMILEY.

A mother sat in the chimney-place
In the firelight's ruddy glow,
And fondly looked on her baby's face
As she rocked him to and fro.
She dared not move as he slept so calm,
Lest he wake with a sudden start;
And though heavy he lay on her aching arm,
Yet light was her happy heart.

In a home of wealth, in the moonlight wan,
A sorrowing mother lay;
Her arms were empty, her boy had gone
In the paths of sin astray.
"O God, remember my boy to-night!"
She breathed in her anguished prayer;
"My burden for him, in his sin and blight,
Seems greater than I can bear."

O mothers, rejoice, when from sin and harm
You can shelter your children apart,
It is better to bear an aching arm
Than to carry an aching heart.

—*Zion's Herald.*

SAM'S PRAYER-MEETING.

BY HARRIET CARYL COX.

It had been a pretty bad wreck, to be sure, and the morning edition of the Eastern papers would tell of the fearful collision that had occurred just as the train entered Lead Valley.

But now the excitement, in the place of the disaster, had begun to quiet down; for the rough miners of the little settlement were too used to perils of all kinds to be long stirred by this wreck, with its half-dozen lives lost.

It was all over now, they reasoned, and they had helped cheerfully as long as help was needed; but now the wrecking crew was at work, and only an occasional straggler sauntered up to look at the derailed cars and pile of debris on either side of the track.

The rest of the settlement were in the office of the one hotel the place afforded; and the room was blue with smoke as they sat about the sputtering fire and related anecdotes, or vied with each other in tales of danger and heroism.

Some of the stories were old ones, as knowing glances between the men showed; but the crowd was good-natured, and new and old alike were received with approbation.

Ed Labes, the funny man of the place, had just finished telling a new and very taking story. Ed had just returned from a neighboring settlement, and had, doubtless, brought the story with him.

As the shouts of laughter that had greeted him died away, one of the men shouted: "Swearing Sam's goin' ter sleep. Wake him up, and make him tell us a good one. Come, Sam;" and they gave him a hearty slap.

"I could tell yer a story," he said, slowly, after a moment's hesitation; "but yer wouldn't believe it, and I dunno as I want ter tell it;" and he replaced his pipe and relapsed into silence.

"Oh, come off!" they cried. "Yer don't sneak out er it that way. Guess yer can stan' it if we don't swaller it whole; it can't be be no worse than some what's been told ter-night; so go ahead, old feller."

They looked inquiringly at him.

He drew his pipe out, rubbed its smooth stem against his high boots as if in thought; then tucking it into his bootleg, he glanced about the dingy room.

"It ain't exactly like any of yer stories," he began; "but the smash-up ter-night made me think of it same's 'twas yesterday.

"'Twas fifteen years back, when I was a logging up in Michigan, and things was so dull and hard we was mighty glad when anything interesting came up. So when one er the loggers brought news up from town that there'd been a terrible smash-up, we was rather glad than otherwise. Course we was sorry for them who had folks killed, but it didn't matter much ter the folks what got killed.

"So a whole crowd on us quit camp and went inter town. There was fifteen folks dead, and some pretty bad shook up. There was one woman who hadn't known a thing ever since she landed on'er head. And she had a little girl, so Ben who kept the house told us, and he was dreadfully upset 'bout that child. 'Cause, you see, there wa'n't any women folks in town ter look after it. Ben's wife had took a sudden notion to go East a week before, and she was the only one, except the station agent's wife, who had died a month ago.

"'It does seem kind er tough that there ain't no woman ter kind er mother her,' Ben said, as we set about the stove a-talking same's we be now. 'And she's most cried herself sick, too. Wish the train hadn't seen fit ter smash up here'; and he scowled an awful scowl.

"'Yer wouldn't have sold so much beer, so yer needn't be blaming your good luck,' one of the men told him; but he seemed a bit troubled all evening and kept a going up ter listen close ter her door to see if she'd stopped crying. Bime-by, he came back considerable relieved.

"'She sounds quiet', he said 'and now I guess we can rest easy.'

"So we was having a rousing good time, when all o' a sudden the feller next ter me give an awful start and said kind er low, 'Sam I see a ghost.'

"'Ghost, nothing,' I replied; but I looked where he pointed, and sure enough there was something white a-coming down the dark hallway.

"By this time some o' the others saw we was a-lookin' at something, and they looked too. And 'fore we began ter realize what it was, a little bit of a voice piped up:

"'Why don't Susan come up to hear me say my prayers?'

"If it had been a real live ghost it couldn't have struck us so sudden.

"'Better go back ter bed,' Ben said, trying ter speak soft like. 'Susan's busy now, and can't come; so run along.'

"But she knew he was a-fooling her, and she was a spunky little thing.

"'I will have Susan,' she cried, a-stamping her little bare foot. 'Tell her to come right here now,' and she looked real proud like.

"'Susan ain't here; she's gone,' Ben said, kinder shamed. 'Guess you can say your prayers ter yerself this once, can't yer?' he asked.

"'Course not,' she said her eyes big. 'There wouldn't be any one

to say "God bless you darling, and keep you;" and that little under lip o' hers began ter tremble.

"I tell yer, boys, there come a lump in my throat so big, if it had been gold I'd 'a' been a rich man; and all of us was a-wishing we were back in camp, 'twas so mighty uncomfortable a-hearing that kid asking fer some one ter hear her prayers.

"Sudden she come further into the room and looked all round ter us men, and yer never seen such a pretty sight in all yer life as she made there. Her big blue eyes were filled with tears, and her cheeks were pretty and pink, and her golden hair was all frowzled, and her little pink feet peeped out below her white gown, like May-flowers when they shine through a snowdrift on a warm day. Everything was so black around she looked like a little white flower growing all alone in a clump er black stumps. And somehow, I wished all o' a sudden that I wa'n't such a rough old chap. Thought it must have been nice ter had a kid like that, real friendly with me when I come home nights.

"Seemed as if she must have known what I was thinking about, 'cause she came up ter me, real confiding like, and put her little hand onter my knee, and said:

"'You'll hear me say my prayers, won't you?'

"I tell you that room was awful still, and I didn't dare look round ter see the fellers a-grinning at the thought of me a-hearing her say her prayers. Hadn't said my own for nigh onter twenty years.

"But she stood expectant like, and I tell yer, boys, I just couldn't say no. I'd 'a' ruther had 'em all a-laughing at me forever, than 'a' hurt that poor kid. Strange what fools men are sometimes, ain't it?"

"'Well,' says I, 'go ahead; I'll listen.'

"Then she dropped down onter her knees, and clasped her little hands, and I waited fer her ter begin.

"'You must fold your hands too,' she said, 'and get down on your knees side o' me.'

"'Oh, this'll do,' I said. 'I can hear you just as well this way, and I aint very much used ter praying!'

"But she insisted, and so just 'cause I didn't know what else ter do, I got down on the floor too.

"I can't seem to remember very much what she said, only I know it ended 'God bless everybody; and then when she'd said Amen, she didn't get up, but kinder waited.

"I looked round ter see what was up, and, if you'll believe me, three of them men was down on their knees too, and one of 'em was crying like a baby.

"'Yer must say what she told yer to,' whispered Ben.

"Then I kind er recollected what she had said, and managed, with his helping, ter say, 'God bless you darling and keep you.' And as I said it, I meant it too.

"She seemed satisfied then, and got up and shook hands with me; then when Bill held out his, she shook all round, and went off a-smiling as happy as could be.

"That's all there is ter it," and Sam glanced defiantly at his audience. "But it's true, every word, and I'm proud er it, too. 'Taint very often we kind er folks get a chance ter see angels, and yer don't never want ter miss it if yer do."

There was a silence for a moment, then Sam got up, pushed back his stool, and shuffled from the room.

"That was a good yarn of his," said one, as the door closed; and the others prepared to take their departure also.

"But yer never would er thought it of him, would yer now?" queried another.

One by one they filed out, and the landlord, barring the door behind them, stood looking vacantly at the empty chairs.

"That was a good yarn," he mused.—*The Independent.*

AN OLD LADY.

When visiting Santa Cruz last month, we took the opportunity to call upon our pioneer friend, Mrs. Laura Hecox, the widow of the late Judge A. A. Hecox, of that city. Mrs. Hecox came to California in the same party with our Captain Aram in 1846, and has resided for nearly fifty years in Santa Cruz. She is 84 years of age, and so lightly does she carry her years, that all in our party placed he age at sixty. The PIONEER expresses the wish that she may see many years yet. Her daughter is the efficient lighthouse keeper, and an enthusiastic collector of eggs, shells, woods and other curios. We always enjoy visiting her museum.

March 3rd 1897.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH MEETING.

An Interesting Sketch of the Birth of the Church and Its Subsequent History.

In spite of the disagreeable weather a goodly number gathered at the Congregational Church parlors Monday night. A. J. Hinds was elected Moderator, and various annual reports were read.

The following Board of Directors was elected: J. W. Linscott, H. A. Foster, George Byrne, H. E. Cox, W. T. Cope.

Auditors, J. H. Jansen, Frank Mattison.

To take charge of the observance of the fortieth anniversary of the organization of the Church, which will be observed September next, the following Executive Committee was appointed:

C. L. Anderson, H. Willey, Wm. T. Cope, F. Mattison, Ed. Martin, O. J. Lincoln, A. C. Snyder, J. G. Taylor, A. J. Hinds, J. W. Linscott, Mrs. M. E. Fagen, Mrs. L. Drennan, E. Otto, Miss May Baldwin.

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HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE CHURCH.

In June, 1851, under the leadership of Rev. T. W. Hinds, who had just become a resident of Santa Cruz, services were held in the Union House, and in July in a grove near the residence of Mr. Imus, and afterwards in a rented building located on Front street. In 1852 a meeting was held to consult as to the organization of a church. After some delay this organization was completed, with the Apostles' Creed as its doctrinal standard, March 14, 1852, with T. W. Hinds as minister, and the following persons as members: Mr. and Mrs. Case, Mrs. Greenwood, T. L. Andrews, D. C. Stone, Nelson Taylor, Charles Collins and James M. Cutler. Rev. D. A. Dryden, pastor of the Methodist Church at that time, preached the sermon at the organization service, and both churches celebrated the Lord's Supper together. April 4th of the same year Nelson Taylor was chosen Deacon.

This was the first Congregational Church organized in Santa Cruz and in the county roundabout. Except for the illness of Mr. Hinds and the removal of most of the members from town, this Church would have continued unto the present time. Yet the seed was sown, and a few years afterward, Sept. 13, 1857, the present Church was organized with twelve members. The first meeting looking toward an organization was held in a adobe house still standing on Davis street, and in which at the time William Anthony lived. The question was carefully considered by those present, eight in number, but no action was taken except to arrange for another meeting. At the second meeting, which was held July 26, 1857, at the same place, the following persons were present: William Anthony, Mrs. Caroline C. Anthony, Joseph Ruffner, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Ruffner, Rev. Thos. W. Hinds, Mrs. Marietta Hinds, Thomas Pilkington, Dr. A. W. Rawson, Mrs. H. W. Rawson, John B. Perry, Mrs. Elizabeth Perry, Nelson Taylor, Richard Williams, Mrs. Mary Fowell, Mrs. Rachael Mueller, Mrs. Caroline Pilkington.

At this meeting the question of organizing a Church was settled, and also its form. All were agreed to the need of organizing, but the vote stood eight to eight for a Presbyterian and a Congregational Church. It was then proposed by the Presbyterians, at the suggestion of William Anthony, that a Congregational Church be organized with a Presbyterian Confession of Faith, which was agreed to, and the First Congregational Church was born although not yet formally recognized.

The following request was made by Rev. W. W. Brier and J. S. Zelle, who came to Santa Cruz at the request of this new Church of Christ: "We, the undersigned, professing Christians, desiring the ordinances of God's House, do request you to organize us into a Church of Jesus Christ, to be known as the First Congregational Church of Santa Cruz, with power to determine our ecclesiastical relation and Covenant."

The public services at which this new Church was formally recognized and its organization completed was held Sunday, Sept. 13, 1857, in the Methodist Church located on Mission street, but which has since been demolished, the use of which was cheerfully granted for that purpose. There were present from abroad to assist in the organization Reverends Mr. Brayton, the Home Missionary agent, W. W. Brier and J. S. Zelle.

Four of those who were present at the preliminary meeting July 26th, were not among the number received into the Church Sept. 13th, but all but one united with the Church later on. The members who entered into the Covenant Sept. 13, 1857, were: Rev. T. W. Hinds, Mrs. Marietta Hinds, William Anthony, Mrs. Caroline Anthony, Joseph Ruffner, Mrs. Elizabeth Ruffner, Thomas Pilkington, Mrs. Caroline Pilkington, Nelson Taylor, Richard Williams, Mrs. Harriet Rawson, Mrs. M. E. Fowell.

The Rev. J. S. Zelle consented to preach a Sabbath for this new Church, and on Sept. 23d accepted a call to the pastorate, in which relation he remained for three years. During the first year of his pastorate services were held in the old Court-house on the Upper Plaza.

Except for the generous aid of the American Home Missionary Society, amounting the first year to $200, this young Church could not have survived for any great length of time. The men and women who composed this Church, and their friends, among whom were Episcopalians, Unitarians, Universalists and people of no denominational affiliation, were so determined to start a new organization in the town that before anything was done to this end they subscribed $1,400 toward securing a lot and erecting a house of worship.

Early in 1858 active measures were taken to realize this purpose, and on August 15, 1858, within one year after its organization, this young church, aided by generous friends in the town bought a lot in what was known as the "potato patch," and which at that time was out of town, but now known as Church street in the center of town, and built thereon a comfortable and commodious house of worship at a cost of $3,500.

After Rev. Mr. Zelle resigned the Rev. William C. Bartlett, Sept. 6, 1860, began work and was installed as pastor June 14, 1862, and served the Church until June 14, 1864.

On February 14, 1864, Rev. Walter Frear was called to serve the Church, and on July 10, 1865, was installed as its pastor and continued in that relation until Nov. 14, 1870. During Mr. Frear's pastorate, in April, 1868, eight members withdrew for the purpose of organizing a Congregational Church in that town.

Following Mr. Frear came Rev. S. H. Willey in the pastorate of the Church, June 28, 1871, and after a little over nine years' service he resigned, Aug. 23, 1880. During this time the Church was enlarged at a cost of $1,200. The successor of Mr. Willey was Rev. Malcolm Willett, who became pastor of the Church Oct. 1, 1880. In 1886 the Church parlors were built, thereby greatly increasing the usefulness of the building. After prolonged counsel it was resolved to build a new house of worship. The old site on Church street was not thought the best one for the new church, and so the building was sold to the Methodists, and a lot on the corner of Lincoln and Center streets was purchased, and the present house of worship erected at a cost, including the land, of $26,000.

Except for the devotion and energy and sacrifice of Mr. Willett, ably assisted by a Building Committee, this great work could not have been carried to a successful end. The new house of worship was dedicated June 4, 1893, almost free from debt. The first service was held in it Dec. 25, 1890.

Owing to impaired health Mr. Willett resigned Nov. 13, 1892, and was succeeded by Rev. John A. Cruzan, Nov. 20, 1892, who continued in the pastorate until the spring of 1895, when he resigned to accept a new work in San Francisco. He was followed by Rev. John G. Taylor, who began his work April 21, 1895, and his pastorate of the Church August 1, 1895, and who serves the Church in that office at the present time.

Risked a Probable Death to Live.

Miss Maggie Hamer, aged 32 years, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hamer sr., old residents of Vermont, has for the past three years been suffering from an abdominal tumor, the character of which was not definitely known. During the last six months the growth developed in size rapidly and her general health began simultaneously to fail. It became painfully apparent to the lady and her relatives that her life was being seriously threatened and that something must be done. Consulting a physician they were informed that nothing short of the most dangerous operation in surgery offered any hope for relief. To the surprise of the family the young lady said: "I will risk an operation, even if I die on the operating table, rather than to endure this living death of the past three years." The parents reluctantly gave consent to their daughter's wishes and last Sunday morning Dr. Edwin S. Parker, assisted by Drs. McCurdy, Taylor and Hamilton, of this city, and Drs. J. Parker and Bolles, of Macumba, removed a large solid tumor. It was feared the patient would not rally from the shock following so extensive an operation, but to the surprise and gratification of all she rallied and at this time—Thursday noon—seems to be doing well, though, as yet, no one can certainly predict the outcome of the case. Everyone hopes for the recovery of this brave woman.

Fast Forging to the Front.

Ray Hamer, who was elected member of the General Assembly of Idaho last November, is fast taking high rank among the public men of his adopted state. From the papers of that section of the country we learn that at the present session of the State Legislature he has established himself as a leader on the floor and is making his influence felt in the proceedings of that body. Although one of the youngest members, he has been recognized from the first of the session as a man of great force, and has been honored with the chairmanship of several important committees. A recent issue of the Daily Republican of Denver, Colorado, contained a large portrait of Mr. Hamer, together with a flattering notice of his work. His many friends in Vermont and vicinity—his old home—will be glad to learn of his success. The PRESS joins with others in extending heartiest congratulations.

THE SECRET OF FERN LIFE AND GROWTH

THE CLIMBING FERN.

THE LIFE history of a fern, though it does not include stages represented by flowers and birds as is found in the higher plants, still presents to the naturalist even more interesting studies in growth and development.

Probably the first things noticed by an ordinary observer when considering the growth of ferns is that they are totally without flowers, and, second, that they reproduce, not by means of seeds, but by the germination of the tiny spores, formed on the back of the fronds, as the beautiful leaf-like expansions of the ferns are called. On the back of every fertile frond—for some of them do not bear spores—will be noticed usually a number of little brown dots, sometimes arranged in parallel rows along the under side of the veins, again, scattered rather promiscuously over the back of the frond. Sometimes, as in the maidenhair, these little dots are hidden under the overturned edges of the frond, and so protected; while in other cases each little dot is covered with a plate-like protection, usually either round or linear in shape. These lids may be found to open on little hinges, or, perhaps, the spores are allowed to escape from around the edges. Each of these little protecting lids is called an indusium, and the little dots which we noticed either protected by them, or the overturned edge of the frond, or even unprotected altogether, are called the sori. As before said, the sori of the maidenhair ferns are formed along the overturned edges of the frond; while in the big woodwardia, or chain fern, which is so plentiful, and which grows so luxuriantly along many of our mountain and valley streams, these bunches of fruit dots are found following the mid ribs of the pinnae, as the segments of the leaf-like frond are called. The indusium over these opens, lid-like, along the longer edges almost like a jewel case, and when ripe one may take a knife and open or shut the little lid without any trouble. In the brake the sori are found along the margin of the frond, where they, like the maidenhair, are protected by the overturned edge. In the shield ferns the little indusium or lid is fastened in the center, making a tiny depression in it. In the ferns commonly called the polypodies there is no protection for the sorus whatever.

STERILE AND FERTILE FRONDS OF MAIDENHAIR.

FERN SPORES BEING DISCHARGED FROM THE SPORANGIUM (MAGNIFIED).

Each one of the sorii, or fruit dots, as we call them, is composed of a number of tiny bladder-like capsules, each at the end of a stalk, and each in turn containing a number of small spores. This capsule, or sporangium, as it is called, is surrounded with a ring of cells, almost elastic like, which, when the spores are ripe, bursts and throws them in all directions. But it is not from these spores that our new fern is to grow directly, as most people imagine. There is still another chapter in its life history before we have the delicate plant as we find it along the streams and on the hillsides. These tiny spores, after being thrown out of the capsule, fall to the ground, where they germinate, and as the result we have a tiny green leaflike body, formed, sometimes, heart-shaped, again rather long and slender, and very often scarcely large enough to be seen with the naked eye. This green spot, for it is scarcely anything more, is the beginning of the most wonderful part of the fern's life history—a growth almost analogous to the multiplication of the higher animals. This part of the life is called the sexual stage. Soon after our dot or prothallium has appeared, tiny objects may be noticed on the green surface. These are sexual organs. Near the notch of the heart-shaped prothallium appear the little female organs, or archegonia. They are flask-shaped. Below them, or toward the point of the heart, but still on the under side of the prothallium, are found the male organs, or antheridia. Each of the male organs bears within it a number of small spiral bodies which, when set free, have the power of motion, and, wriggling about, find their way to the mouth of the archegonia, where fertilization takes place.

From this union of the two the fern grows and in time there arises the beautiful plant which we all know so well. Soon after the green fronds show signs of fruiting, and upon them appear the spare bunches again, and the everlasting cycle of fern life starts over once more. But many of the fronds of the ferns are not fertile; that is, do not bear any spores, and in most cases these seem to grow larger than those which have taken upon themselves the care of bringing forth their kind. In fact, it seems that the energy and strength which they should have expended in the multiplication of their species has, instead, gone to make a strong, healthy frond, which can, in a manner, be a protector from the wind and rain to those which have undertaken the duty of spore bearing. Many of our shield ferns, which may be found in nearly every canyon, are so loaded down with spores as to weigh the fronds almost to the ground, and when ripe, the spores, dropping out almost cover the plant with a fine, yellow powder. In some of the Eastern States there is found a beautiful climbing fern, which twines itself vine-like about the nearest plants. The strange part of this is that the fertile fronds are born on the same vine stalk with those that are sterile, but, beyond them. Furthermore, the fertile ones are scarcely one-third the size of the sterile fronds. There are some ferns on which the spores, instead of being borne on the back of the fronds, are found attached to a central stalk, the sporangia appearing like so many berries attached in a bunch to an upright branch.

The fronds, the most beautiful part of the ferns, are often covered with brown scales, sometimes so densely clothing the stalks as to make a complete chaffy covering. Again, as is the case with the beautiful cotton-back fern of Southern California, the entire under side of the frond is covered with the finest of short silky hairs, looking almost like a coat of wool, and giving the strange fern its name. On the back of our common gold-back fern, which is found in nearly every shady canyon, there is a peculiar yellow powder, which gives it its name. It may be easily rubbed off with the hand. Often, when quite young, and sometimes when the fern is mature, this powder is of a beautiful silvery color, and many have believed erroneously that this marks another species of fern.

In San Diego county there is a very nearly related fern to this, the upper side of which is covered with a gummy exudation, making the entire fern sticky to the touch. We have not yet found out what either of these strange characters are for, but the powder on the gold-backs is often supposed to be as a protection to the spores until they are ripe. Mr. Blasdale of the State University at Berkeley, has analyzed the powder, and found it to be a very peculiar chemical compound.

There are many other curious things about the ferns fully as interesting as those spoken of which have not yet been solved, and may never be understood, but the ferns, like many other of our lower plants, will, no matter how mysterious, ever continue to be one of the most interesting groups of plants which the naturalist can study, and at the same time, on account of their extreme beauty, remain among the favorites chosen by the lovers of nature.

TO THE unobserving person it would seem that California, which for two-thirds of the year is dry and apparently barren of anything green, would be the last place in the world in which to look for ferns, for the name alone suggests rich, mossy banks beside rippling brooks, and shady hillsides, where the sun seldom reaches to dry out vegetation. But a careful search will reward the lover of nature bountifully, for, in spite of its dry seasons, its shadeless hills and rocky gorges, California is one of the richest fields for a botanist on this continent. It may not be as rich in the meadow-loving flowers, and the plants which thrive best with their feet in the water and raise their nodding heads in the shady forests, but it is plentifully sup-

BERRY FERN, WHOSE SPORES ARE BORN IN CUPLIKE BERRIES.

plied with the flowers which love the warm hillsides and the torrid deserts, or that thrive in the balmy breezes of which California can boast at almost any time of year.

There are about fifty varieties of ferns found within the borders of the State. Of these probably one-third prefer the warm, dry hillsides to the shady banks so generally the choice of the ferns. Some even refuse to grow in the shade, and not only this, but seem to search the hottest and most exposed places in which to grow. This is characteristic of the beautiful cotton-back fern (Notholaena Newberryi), so common on the hillsides of the extreme southern counties of the State. It does not seem content with simply getting into the hot sun, but is always found growing near the base of some rock, where the reflection of the sun's rays on the shining stone almost cut off from any cool breeze which might happen along, make it almost an impossibility that anything even approaching coolness should reach it. It is a beautiful fern in spite of this; not very green, but rather a greenish-gray; covered all over the back and almost hiding the spores from view by a soft cottony hair, which grows almost like a mat over it, sheltering the delicate spore cases from the direct rays of the sun until they are ready to germinate, when they seem to rise above their woolly covering, where the sun and moisture may reach them and aid them in the first steps toward growth. Sometimes the cotton-back is covered with an almost white wool; again it is a rich brown, giving a most beautiful effect.

The coffee and wire ferns, as they are usually called, which belong to the genus pellaea, seem just as fond as the cottonback of the hot hillsides. Both of them are found on the hills within a few miles of San Francisco, and on Mount Tamalpais they grow side by side. The wire fern may always be distinguished at a glance from the coffee fern, as the little pinnules, which look like tiny leaflets, are in threes, or like a bird's foot, as the scientific name, pellaea ornithopus, indicates.

One of the rarest and at the same time one of the most beautiful ferns in the State is the little feather fern, or maiden-hair spleenwort, which has been found very sparingly in the southern part of the State. It only grows in the coldest and shadiest canyons, usually where the sun never reaches, and here, far under a great overhanging rock, almost out of sight, it thrives. It is only a few inches high, but very delicate, as its name indicates. As is the case with nearly all ferns, the fronds bearing the reproductive organs are much smaller than those which are sterile, as though much of the strength which ordinarily would go to make up the leafy frond had been used in supplying the little brown spores which form the dots on the backs of the reproductive ones.

Some years ago Mr. Lemmon of Oakland discovered a fern growing near Mount Shasta, which he, never having seen before, sent to Professor Eaton of Yale University, who was considered an authority on ferns. Professor Eaton stated that the specimen was that of the Falkland island shield fern, which had never before been found in North America. The history of this fern is very strange. In 1824 a naturalist found it growing on the Falkland islands, and shortly afterward it was found on the mainland in the region of Cape Horn and the Straits of Magellan. Nothing more was heard of this rare fern until 1873, when it was discovered growing on an island in the Indian ocean. A short time afterward Mr. Lemmon found it in California, and within the last few years a single specimen has been found on Mount Stewart, Washington. The question which is puzzling naturalists nowadays is the question of distribution, and this is certainly one of the most difficult instances to explain. Whether the spores were carried on the feet of birds or whether they were blown by the wind we do not know, but one thing is certain, the ferns are there in almost the three most distant points of the globe.

Over on Clarendon Heights just south of Golden Gate Park there is growing among the rocks a very strange fern, called the leathery polypody (Polypodium scouleri). It looks much like the other common California polypodys, which grow all over the rocks, but instead of being thin and membranous, as are the common ones, it is thick and almost leathery in texture. It is not very plentiful, but may be found here and there among the granite rocks on the hillside.

There is a strange and beautiful and really quite rare fern growing over in Wildwood Glen, back of Sausalito. It grows in a moist place in the canyon, and is probably the only clump of its kind in the bay region, with the exception of some plants growing up on the ridge above the glen in what is commonly called Tennessee valley. Here Dr. Behr of the Academy of Sciences found them years ago. The fern belongs to the genus lomaria, and is commonly called the deer fern. It is the only one of this genus found in the United States. Often it grows to a height of nearly two feet, while it is seldom more than three inches wide, usually much less, and hence has the appearance of being very long and slender, while the narrow pinnae look almost like the teeth of a comb. The spores are borne along the under edges of the pinnae, as the little divisions of the leaf-like frond are called.

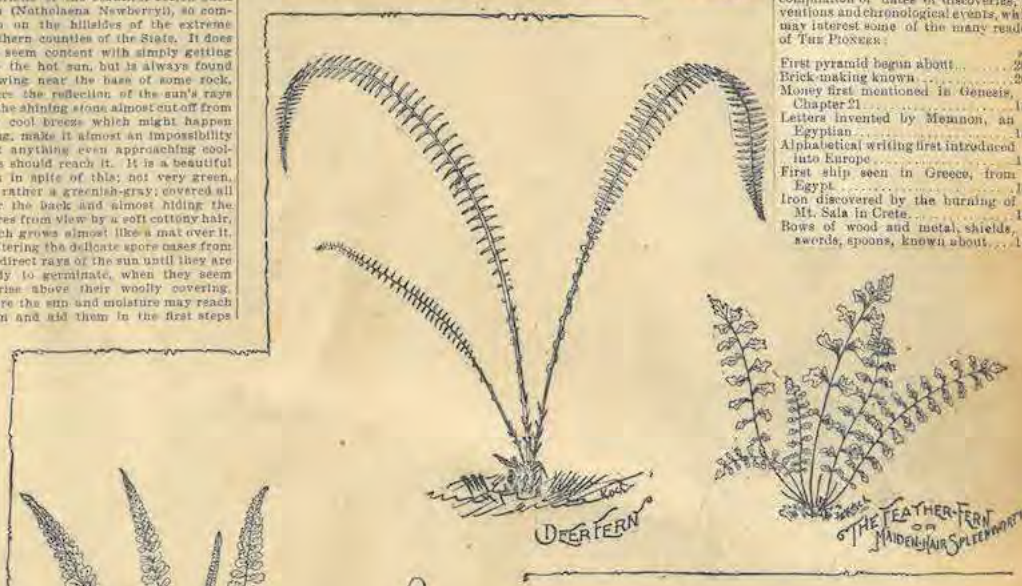
Down in Santa Barbara during the Centennial year Mrs. Cooper, wife of the noted olive grower, found a beautiful little fern growing in the mountains. It was a beautiful plant, covered with silky hairs, each of which is tipped with a little gland. The peculiarity of the little fern, which has been named cheilanthes Cooperae, in honor of Mrs. Cooper, is that it is almost invariably found in limestone coves. It has been found in such localities in the northern portion of the State by Mr. Lemmon and also in San Bernardino county by Parish. The fern is very nearly related to one from South America, and the difference was only discovered by comparison with specimens of the latter from the Botanical Gardens at Kew, England, where the greatest collection of ferns in the world has been made.

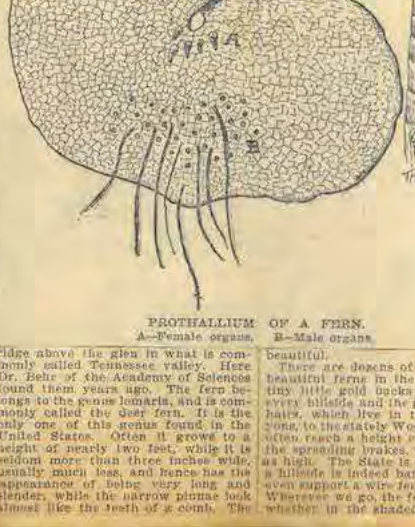
For a number of years a beautiful spiny wood fern has been found by naturalists in Oregon, and extending from there over nearly the entire country, but never in California. Last year Mr. Howe, of the botanical department at the State University at Berkeley, while collecting in Marin county found this beautiful wood fern in the moist woods near the road running from Olema to Bear valley. It seems strange that this fern has not been found further north in the State, as it has for so long been known from the States just north of us, instead of 200 or 300 miles further south.

This beautiful fern, which is of a deep green color, has each of the little pennides terminating in a tiny spenuless tip, which gives it the name aspideum spinulosum. The stipe or stem is covered with scaly like chaff of a rich brown color, which, by contrast with the green, makes the fern all the more beautiful.

There are dozens of other species of beautiful ferns in the State, from the tiny little gold backs which brighten every hillside and the graceful maiden-hairs, which live in the wooded canyons, to the stately Woodwardias, which often reach a height of eight feet, and the spreading brakes, which are nearly as high. The State is full of them and a hillside is indeed barren that cannot even support a wire fern or a gold back. Wherever we go, the ferns are with us, whether in the shaded glens, the arid plains, or the desert ridges. There are scores of them all about us, and all we have to do is to keep our eyes open and we will be surprised at the number, even at our very doorsteps.

FRED W. KOCH.





PROTHALLIUM OF A FERN.
A—Female organs. B—Male organs.

INTERESTING DATA.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 30, 1896.

MESSRS. COTTLE & MURDOCHEY:—I take the liberty of sending you the following compilation of dates of discoveries, inventions and chronological events, which may interest some of the many readers of THE PIONEER:

	A. C.
First pyramid begun about	2095
Brick-making known	2000
Money first mentioned in Genesis, Chapter 21	1895
Letters invented by Memnon, an Egyptian	1822
Alphabetical writing first introduced into Europe	1493
First ship seen in Greece, from Egypt	1485
Iron discovered by the burning of Mt. Sala in Crete	1400
Bows of wood and metal, shields, swords, spoons, known about	1400
Weights and measures invented	869
Carving in marble invented	772
Game of chess invented	608
Comedy first acted in Athens	562
Bellows invented	554
Malt liquor used in Europe	450
First private library, belonging to Aristotle	334
Wrought silk, brought from Persia to Greece	325
Silver coined at Rome	188
Clocks, run by water, used in Rome	158
Blister plasters invented	90
Glass known to the Romans	80
	A. D.
Gristmills invented in Ireland	214
Hour-Glass invented in Alexandria	240
Saddles in use	490
Bells invented by Paulinus, in Campania	400
Glass for windows first used	450
Shoeing of horses	481
Stirrups used	550
Water-mills, for grinding, invented by Belisarius	538
Pens for writing, first made from quills	635
Buildings of stone first introduced into England	670
Lanterns invented	890
Arithmetical figures first introduced into Europe	901
Paper first made of cotton	1100
Compasses invented	1200
Colleges for education first established in Paris	1215
Linen first made in England	1253
Magnifying-glasses invented by Roger Bacon	1260
Windmills invented	1299
Spectacles invented, by Spina, a monk of Pisa	1299
Looking-glasses, made only in Venice	1300
Gunpowder invented	1330
Cannon invented	1340
Painting in oils invented, by John Van Eyk	1352
Cards invented in France	1380
Spurs in use	1400
Hats invented at Paris	1404
Musk is first used in France	1414
Paper first made from linen rags	1417
Pumps first invented	1425
Engraving for printing on paper first known	1428
Printing invented by Faust	1441
A Latin Bible, the first book printed from type	1450
Electricity discovered	1467
Almanacs first published in Germany	1470
Violins and watches invented	1477
Canals first made in Italy	1481
America discovered by Columbus	1492
Tobacco first discovered in St. Domingo	1496
Spinning introduced into England	1505
Chocolate introduced into Europe from Mexico	1520
Spinning-wheel invented at Brunswick	1530
Needles first made in England by a native of India	1545
Stockings of silk first worn	1547
Knitting of Stockings first invented	

in Spain	1550
Circulation of the blood first published	1553
Fans first used in England	1572
Coaches first introduced into England	1580
Telescopes invented in Germany	1590
Tea first brought into England from China	1591
Coining with a die	1617
Steam engines invented	1618
Thermometer invented	1620
Microscope first used	1621
Coffee introduced into England	1641
Air-guns invented	1640
Railroads first used, near Newcastle upon Tyne	1650
Air-pumps invented	1654
Clocks with pendulums invented	1656
Chain-shot invented by Admiral De Witt	1660
Knives made in England	1663
Fire-engines invented	1663
Barometer invented	1670
Guineas coined in England from gold from Guinea	1673
Buckles invented	1680
Signal telegraphs invented	1687
Copper money first coined in England	1689
Prussian blue discovered at Berlin	1704
First newspaper in America printed in Boston	1704
Stereotype printing invented in Edinburg	1725
First ascent of a balloon, in France	1782
Sunday Schools first established in Yorkshire	1784
Lithographic engraving invented	1796
First steamboat, ran from New York to Albany	1807
Leicester Square, London, paved with cast-iron	1817
Ether first used in surgical operations	1846
Electric telegraph established	1848
Atlantic telegraph cable laid	1858

CHRONOLOGICAL EVENTS.

	B. C.
The Creation	4004
The Deluge	2348
Assyria founded	2229
Egypt settled	2188
Birth of Abraham	1996
Greece settled	1856
Removal of Jacob to Egypt	1705
Athens founded	1550
Israelites left Egypt	1491
Death of Moses	1447
King David born	1085
Solomon's temple completed	1004
Rome founded	752
Persian Empire established by Cyrus the Great	536
The Jews returned from their captivity in Babylon	536
Alexander invades Persia	330
Greece and Carthage conquered by the Romans	146
Julius Cæsar invades Great Britian	55
Battle of Pharsalia	48
Battle of Actium	31
Cleopatria of Egypt dies	30
Jesus Christ was born—Christian Era established	A. D.
St. Paul sent a prisoner to Rome	61

ONCE WE PLAYED.

Once we played at love together—
Played it smartly, if you please;
Lightly as the wind-blown feather,
Did we wake a heart spleen.

O, it was delicious feeling:
In the hottest of the game,
Without thought of future cooling,
All too quickly burned Life's flame.

In this give-and-take of glances,
Kisses sweet as honey dews,
When we played with equal chances,
Did you win, or did I lose?

Was your heart then hurt to bleeding,
In the ardor of the throw?
Was it then I lost, unheeding,
Lost my heart so long ago?

Who shall say? The game is over,
Of us two who loved in fun,
One lies low beneath the clover,
One lives lonely in the sun.

—Mathilde Blind.

SOME DAY.

Last night, my darling, as you slept,
I thought I heard you sigh,
And to your little crib I crept
And watched a space thereby;
And then I stooped and kissed your brow,
For, oh! I love you so!
You are too young to know it now,
But some time you shall know.

Some time, when in a darken'd place,
Where others come to weep,
Your eyes shall look upon a face
Calm in eternal sleep;
The voicesless lips, the wrinkled brow,
The patient smile shall show—
You are too young to know it now,
But some time you shall know.

Look backward, then, into the years
And see me here tonight—
See, oh, my darling, how my tears
Are falling as I write—
And feel once more upon your brow
The kiss of long ago—
You are too young to know it now,
But some time you shall know.

—Eugene Field.

NEST OF RARE EGGS

Joseph Skirm and E. H. Fiske Make a Find.

Located a Buzzard's Nest and Secured the Seed That Beareth Bad Fruit.

Joseph Skirm of this city and E. H. Fiske of San Francisco found a turkey buzzard's nest yesterday while hunting rare eggs of birds near Bonny Doon. In the nest was a pair of beautifully speckled eggs, a little larger than those of tame turkeys.

The eggs are very rare in this county. Those found yesterday would have sent out a couple of buzzards if left undisturbed for a few weeks longer.

The gentlemen named have each a large collection of birds' eggs, mostly of a rare, and therefore valuable variety. Mr. Fiske is an annual visitor to this city and travels all over the state in quest of eggs. Joe Skirm has been trying to get a pair of buzzard eggs for the past ten years, and it was through a lucky move and very difficult work that he secured the nest yesterday. He had to climb along a ledge of rock to reach it and the task required considerable care and skillful climbing.

Mr. Skirm and Mr. Fiske drove to Ben Lomond early yesterday morning, having been informed that they would probably be able to find the eggs they sought. They reached the send hills near Bonny Doon early in the day and soon noticed a pair of huge buzzards sagerly guarding a certain locality.

"I'll bet there's a nest down on that ledge," said Joe, and he started to make a systematic search of the locality. Mr. Fiske followed suit, but kept at a distance above Joe. The birds saw the intruders and gave vent to their feelings in excited cries.

The male bird stretched out his wings and flapped them in an angry manner. Joe slipped and fell several times and was cut and bruised. He was about ready to give up the search, when his companion yelled to him: "Look in that large hole just below you, Joe." It was a difficult matter to reach the place designated, but at last it was approached and Mr. Skirm was rewarded by finding the eggs.

The market value of them is not high enough to reward one for the trouble which has to be met in getting them, but there is a certain amount of satisfaction in accomplishing the purpose of the pursuit

Students of Birds in Session.

ALAMEDA, November 7.—The Cooper Ornithological Club of California held a session Saturday evening at the home of H. R. Taylor, corner Central avenue and Regent street. The following officers were nominated for 1898: President, W. Otto Emerson of Haywards; vice-president, Richard C. McGregor of Palo Alto; secretary, Chester Barlow of San Jose; treasurer, Donald A. Cohen of Alameda. The club now has upward of one hundred members in various parts of the State, the southern division meeting each month at Pasadena. A list of the birds of California, giving geographical ranges and other data valuable to students and horticulturists, is being made up.

Longley—Ross.

It was at high noon today that Maud E. Ross and Adna H. Longley stood together in the flower-decked parlor of the bride's home and spoke the vows which made them man and wife.

Rev. Dr. Van Pelt, of Denver, Colorado, was the officiating clergyman and impressively read the marriage ceremony of the Methodist Church in the presence of the immediate relatives of the contracting parties.

The Ross residence was prettily adorned for the occasion with buds and blossoms and foliage. The bridal couple stood in front of a fragrant bower while over their heads a floral horseshoe typified the good luck wished for them by loving friends. The bride was tastefully attired in tan-colored serge with lace garniture; she carried a bouquet of sweet peas and wore the same blossoms in her hair.

After the ceremony the congratulations were many and heartfelt, and from none more so than from the venerable Grandma Hecox and Grandpa Longley—each of whom has reached the 82d round in the long life-ladder.

Then an enjoyable wedding breakfast followed, and later in the day the happy couple drove to their home at Bonny Boon on Ben Lomond, where the many useful wedding gifts will furnish and adorn their cosy cottage.

Mrs. Longley is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Ross, and Mr. Longley is the oldest son of Mrs. Matilda A. and the late Otis A. Longley, and brother of Miss Daisy Longley of this city.

As the youthful couple drove away the symbolic rice and superannuated footgear that are supposed to carry good fortune were not forgotten, so the new life was appropriately and auspiciously begun.

MARRIED.

MONETTI—CASNEDI—In Santa Cruz June 30, 1897, by Father McNamee, Peter Monetti and Thresa Casnedi, both of this city.

LONGLEY—ROSS—In Santa Cruz June 30, 1897, by Dr. Van Pelt, Adna H. Longley and Miss Maud E. Ross, both of this city.

UNCLE SAM'S MANY LIGHTHOUSES.

All the light stations of the United States are grouped in sixteen inspection districts, to each of which is assigned an Army officer as engineer, and an officer of the Navy as inspector. Eight of these districts are allotted to the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, says Kirk Munroe in Scribner's Monthly for October; the ninth, tenth and eleventh cover the Great Lakes; the twelfth and thirteenth extend from Southern California to Alaska; while the remaining three embrace all navigable waters of the Mississippi valley, on which are displayed some 160 aids or post lights. There are about 155 light stations on the Pacific Coast, about 265 on the Great Lakes, and about 850 in the Eastern districts; or between 2800 and 2700 in all. It is impossible to state the exact number, as new stations are constantly being established. Of all these the oldest is Boston light, on Little Brewster Island, in Boston harbor, which was established in 1716 and last rebuilt in 1859. The next oldest is on Brant point, at the entrance to Nantucket harbor, which was established in 1746 and last rebuilt in 1826; while the third in point of age is the Gurnet, off Plymouth, established in 1769.

LONG AGO.

I once knew all the birds that came
And nested in our orchard trees;
For every flower I had a name—
My friends were woodchucks, toads and bees;
I knew where thrived in yonder glen
What plants would soothe a stone-bruised toe—
O, I was very learned then,
But that was very long ago.

I know the spot upon the hill
Where the checkerberries could be found;
I knew the rushes near the mill
Where the pickerel lay that weighed a pound!
I knew the wood—the very tree
Where lived the poaching, saucy crow,
And all the woods and crows knew me—
But that was very long ago.

And, pining for the joys of youth,
I tread the old familiar spot,
Only to learn this solemn truth:
I have forgotten, am forgot.
Yet, here's this youngster at my knee
Knows all the things I used to know;
To think I once was wise as he—
But that was very long ago.

I know it's folly to complain
Of whatever fit the Fates decree;
Yet were not wishes all in vain,
I tell you what my wish should be:
I'd wish to be a boy again,
Back with the friends I used to know;
For I was so happy then—
But that was very long ago.

—Eugene Field.

VOLUMES of description may fail to convey the object lesson of the wonderful resources of Alaska, which can be obtained from a study of the museum collected by the Alaska Commercial Company of San Francisco through its numerous agents during the past thirty or more years. This collection, which surpasses any other Alaska collection in existence, has been donated by the company to the University of California, and will be transferred to that institution as soon as the University shall be ready to receive the gift. The museum now occupies a large hall directly over the offices of the company, on Sansome street. The room, though quite spacious, is scarcely large enough to accommodate the thousands of curious articles contained in it. The collection was begun by the early explorers, and was later acquired by the company. Large glass cases, reaching from floor to ceiling, cover every inch of the high walls. Shelves hanging from the ceiling are crowded with Alaska's wonderful products and implements, while the overcrowded tables and counters leave barely room enough to pass between them. In that collection are found thousands of species of the feathered tribe, not to be found elsewhere on the globe. Some hundreds of eggs and birds' nests are also there to make it more complete. Animals which thrive on land and in water, and which are known only to the outside world in books of science, are fully represented, though only one specimen of each species. Seals and sea lions, sea leopards, walruses, sea cows and moose are to be found there. An endless variety of minerals, quartz and gems in their original state, still imbedded in the rock, as they were taken from the mountain side, can be seen. One large rock, with glittering garnets of immense size firmly imbedded, is a fair specimen of the country's wealth in gems. The quantity and variety of natural products and the specimens of handicraft of the untutored Aleuts, Esquimaux and other native tribes is perfectly bewildering. Beside the jaws of the prehistoric mastadon are found ivory carvings, shells, rare and curious pebbles, a fox as white as snow, the Alaskan hedgehog, silver bear, Esquimau dog, squirrels, boats, masks, images and idols of the natives, deities of the Sitka Indian, frightfully hideous; curios of all kinds, sacred and profane; minature boats, household utensils, the use of which are unknown and unheard of in civilization, strangely designed, carved and ornamented in primitive style by the untutored natives; an Aleutian hunting hat, pierced by spears, shields and armor, fishing and hunting apparatus, weapons and implements of war, mummies, garments and priestly vestments, petrified fish, kyaks made of sealskin or birch bark, the weapon of the swordfish, every variety of fish and shell fish found along the vast expanse of its coast, and in the rivers and inland lakes. A catalogue has been compiled of the earlier collections, in which every article is designated by its scientific name where it was possible to find one, and the English and Russian appellation, besides the name by which the natives know it in the Malemute tongue, a tribe of the Esquimaux. Each tribe of the territory has a language of its own.

Rudolph Neumann, who collected a large part of the curios, started his collection in 1873, and says that he found at that time quite a nucleus to begin with, which had been obtained before his advent in Alaska, where he has been living ever since. Among the principal contributors, besides Neumann, were the following, each of whom spent some years in Alaska: E. W. Nelson, F. Sargent, B. J. McIntyre, W. L. Fisher, Dr. S. J. Call, John Malowansky, Captain Sandman, Captain E. E. Smith, Captain John G. Blair, N. Grebnitzky, Alfred Greenebaum, M. L. Washburn.

Hog Money In Bermuda.

"Hog money" is rather a queer name for currency, is it not? Yet that is the name by which the brass money which began to be struck in Bermuda in 1615 came to be known. On one face of it was a hog, on the other a ship of that

period. Our illustration shows one of these old coins. They are very rare and highly prized by collectors.

BRAINY BLIND MEN.

Thomas Blacklock, D.D., one of the most learned men of the eighteenth century, was blind at the age of three months.

Francis Huber, the Swiss naturalist, lost his sight at an early age, became an eminent entomologist, and wrote on bees, ants and other insects.

Nicholas Sanderson, although he became blind at the age of three years, became learned in two of the most difficult branches —astronomy and mathematics.

David Macbeth, the inventor of the string alphabet for the blind, was born blind. He was an accomplished musician, a perfect prodigy in mathematics, and an inventor of no mean order of merit.

John Medcalf, blind at the age of four years, and a most wonderful production of the last century, was born in Knaresborough, Yorkshire, England, in 1717. When only twelve years old, he was the most expert violinist in all England.

Vidal, the blind sculptor, is one of the wonders of the French capital. He has been blind since his twenty-first year. By slowly passing his hands over an object, he notes its external proportions, and imitates them in clay in a manner which strikes the beholder dumb with surprise.

Henry Fawcett, the blind English postmaster-general, who died in 1884, was a greater man by half after the unfortunate accident which deprived him of sight, than he ever was before. He was born in 1833, and lost his eyes in 1858, at the age of twenty-five, from the effect of a gunshot wound.—*Onward.*

Will You?

W. L. S., 16,135 SAN QUENTIN.

TUNE—*Kiss Me Good Night, Little Darling,* or *Gypsy's Warning,* or *Sons of Vesey,* or *Sing it, Sing it,* or *I Love Jesus, Hallelujah,* or *All the Shores Will Soon be Over.*

Sinner, listen to the story,
Of a Savior true and kind,
Always loving, ever precious,
And a Friend not hard to find.
Turn to Him now, cease delaying,
For He's calling to thee now;
At His feet cast all thy burden,
And before Him humbly bow.

CHORUS.

List, then, to the precious story,
Jesus calls. He calls today.
Turn thy back on Satan's pleadings,
Who would lead thy soul astray.

Do not tarry, haste thy coming,
He will aid if thou will plead.
He's thy Friend and dearest helper,
He will grant thy every need.
On the cross He died to save thee,
Shed His blood that thou mightst live;
Give thine heart to Him poor sinner,
Since 'tis all thou hast to give.

Come just now while He is waiting,
Raise thine eyes to Him in prayer.
He will answer and forgive thee,
Take upon Himself thy care.
Oh, this wondrous love of Jesus,
Making all thy darkness bright.
Come, oh come to Him, poor sinner,
He will save you yet tonight.

THE TIME OF THE GOLDEN-ROD.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

WHISPERING winds kiss the hills of September,
Thistledown phantoms drift over the lawn;
Red glows the ivy, like a ghost-lighted ember,
Shrouded in mist breaks the slow-coming dawn;
Sunlighted vistas the woodland discloses,
Sleeping in shadow the still lake reposes,
Gone is the summer, its sweets and its roses—
Harvest is past and summer is gone.

Plaintively sighing, the brown leaves are falling,
Sadly the wood-dove mourns all the day long,
In the dim starlight the katydids, calling,
Hush into slumber the brook and its song.
Gone are the sowers and ended their weeping,
Gone are the gleaners and finished their reaping,
Blossoms and bees with the song-bird are sleeping—
Harvest is past and summer is gone.

—*Exchange.*

Bravest Battle Ever Fought.

The bravest battle that ever was fought!
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it; no,
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword, or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,
From mouths of wonderful men;

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo! there is that battle-field.

No marshaling troops, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave;
But, oh! these battles they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave.

Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town—
Fights on and on in the endless wars,
Then silent, unseen—goes down.

O ye with banners and battle-shot,
And soldiers to shout and praise,
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
Were fought in these silent ways.

Oh, spotless woman in a world of shame,
With splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came,
The kingliest warrior born!

—*Joaquin Miller.*

A LAUGH IN CHURCH.

She sat on the sliding cushion,
The dear wee woman of four;
Her feet in their shiny slippers
Hung dangling over the floor.
She meant to be good; she had promised;
And so, with her big brown eyes
She stared at the meeting-house windows
And counted the crawling flies.

She looked far up at the preacher;
But she thought of the honey bees
Droning away in the blossoms
That whitened the cherry trees.
She thought of the broken basket,
Where, curled in a dusky heap,
Three sleek, round puppies, with fringy ears,
Lay snuggled and fast asleep.

Such soft, warm bodies to cuddle,
Such queer little hearts to best,
Such swift, round tongues to kiss you
Such sprawling, cushiony feet!
She could feel in her clasping fingers
The touch of the satiny skin,
And a cold, wet nose exploring
The dimples under her chin.

Then a sudden ripple of laughter
Ran over the parted lips,
So quick that she could not catch it
With her rosy finger-tips.
The people whispered, "Bless the child!"
As each one waked from a nap;
But the dear wee woman hid her face
For shame in her mother's lap.

Exchange.

STRENGTH FOR TO-DAY.

STRENGTH for to-day is all that we need,
As there never will be a to-morrow;
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day,
With its measure of joy and sorrow.

Strength for to-day! What a precious boon
For earnest souls who labor!
For the willing hands that minister
To the needy friend or neighbor!

Strength for to-day! that the weary hearts
In the battle of right may quail not;
And the eyes, bedimmed by bitter tears,
In their search for light may fail not.

Strength for to-day! abroad and at home,
To practice forbearance sweetly;
To scatter kind words and loving deeds,
Still trusting in God completely!

—*The Churchman.*

A Wasted Life.

The day is done,
And I, alas! have wrought no good,
Performed no worthy task of thought or deed,
Albeit, small my power and great my need,
I have not done the little that I could,
With shame o'er forfeit hours I brood—
The day is done.

I cannot tell
What good I might have done this day,
Of thought or deed, that still, when I am gone,
Had long, long years gone singing on and on,
Like some sweet fountain by the dusty way,
Perhaps some words that God would say—
I cannot tell.

O life of light!
Thou guest out, I know not where,
Beyond night's silent and mysterious shore,
To write thy record there evermore;
Take on my shining wings a hope or prayer,
That henceforth I unfaltering fare
Toward life and light.

—[Selected.

THE DREAM-SHIP.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

When the world is fast asleep,
Along the midnight skies—
As though it were a wandering cloud—
The ghostly Dream-Ship flies.

An angel stands at the Dream-Ship's helm,
An angel stands at the prow,
And an angel stands at the Dream-Ship's side
With a rue-wreath on her brow.

The other angels, silver-crowned,
Pilot and helmsman are,
And the angel with the wreath of rue
Tosseth the dreams afar.

The dreams they fall on rich and poor,
They fall on young and old;
And some are dreams of poverty,
And some are dreams of gold.

And some are dreams that thrill with joy,
And some that melt to tears,
Some are dreams of the dawn of love,
And some of the old dead years.

On rich and poor alike they fall,
Alike on young and old,
Bringing to slumbering earth their joys
And sorrows manifold.

The friendless youth in them shall do
The deeds of mighty men,
And drooping age shall feel the grace
Of buoyant youth again.

The king shall be a beggarman—
The pauper be a king—
In that revenge or recompense
The Dream-Ship dreams do bring.

So ever downward float the dreams
That are for all and me,
And there is never mortal man
Can solve that mystery.

But ever onward in its course
Along the haunted skies—
As though it were a cloud astray—
The ghostly Dream-Ship flies.

Two angels with their silver crowns
Pilot and helmsman are,
And an angel with a wreath of rue
Tosseth the dreams afar.—

—October *Ladies' Home Journal.*

Post Mortem Honors.

When I am dead and in my coffin laid,
Masonic honors may to me be paid.
To me? Not so, for I will not be there.
The lifeless corpse, the cold inert mass
Of the sightless eye, the unbeating heart,
The pulseless hand, the pallid lips apart
As though to speak, are not the living me;
They tell but feebly, where I used to be.

That frame is now but matter, cold and dead,
Free from all pain, all fear or shrinking dread,
Alike unloving, and not knowing love,
Unmoved by storm below or light above.
As inanimate as the heavy clod
That the spade reveals in the upturned sod.

I am not in the coffin laid to rot;
Only the garments I used to wear, not
The living, acting, thinking part. The me
Looks down upon the worn out dress, and free
From the burden of its slow decay, flies
Swift to the realm where nothing ever dies.

How much we love the lifeless corse! How glad
We honor cold, dead clay! And, too, how sad
The tears that fall upon the coffin lid.
When the pale face forevermore is hid!
What shallow mockery to weep and cry
Above that body that no more can die!

The mournful dirge, the stately march, and slow,
The well-plumed hearse, the pomp and solemn show,
The sacred rites performed at house and tomb,
The acacia planted at the grave to bloom
And mark the sacred spot where friends are laid,
Are fitting honors to the worthy paid.
And yet hypocrisy all this, if we
Refused, while yet alive, his need to see—
A hundred guineas on his funeral spent,
But in his life, to help him—not a cent.

When thinking of our comrade dead and gone,
We oft repeat what we have left undone,
His virtues rise and we behold him true
Whom we condemned because we never knew
The inward motive of his manly heart,
Or warfare, where he nobly bore his part.

He never knew the fellowship of love,
That binds hearts here, and stronger binds above.
We'd give the world to call him back and tell
How much we love him. Then to say farewell
Would not so trying be. The sad neglect
We mourn, would not its bitterness reflect
In shadowy phantoms in our lives, stealing
Joy away, and only grief revealing.

Do honors to the living, not the dead,
Put living flowers on the living head,
Relieve the body while it suffers pain,
To try to soothe it after death is vain.
The living, not the dead return our love,
And living angels praise us from above.
The useless casket put with care to rest,
If during life you did the burden share,
But if your love did not let him know,
Why should the senseless clay be honored so?

Crinoid Stems.

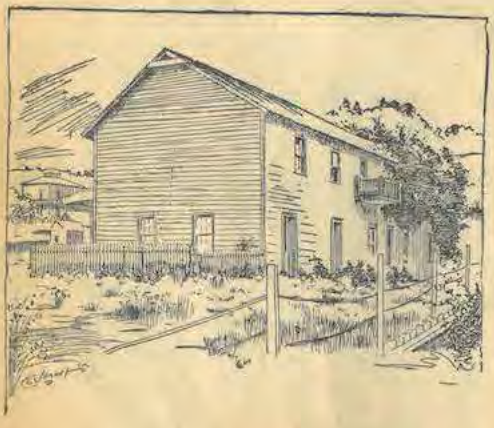
"But fain St. Hilda's nuns would learn,
If on a rock by Lindisfarne,
St. Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame
The sea-born beads that bear his name:
Such tales had Whitby's fishers told,
And said they might his shape behold,
And hear his anvil sound,—
A deadened clang, a large, dim form,
Seen but and heard when gathering storm
And night are closing round."

Sir Walter Scott.

Hugh Miller humorously remarks "that if St. Cuthbert made all these beads, he must have been the busiest saint in the calender."

Senora Maria de Los Angeles Castro Majors, the Oldest Survivor of the Castros.

Aged Ninety Years.



Adobe Mansion Built by Castro in 1825.

Since incased with rough weather boarding to save it from destruction through exposure.

THE SPANISH FAMILIES that of half a century ago. Most of those who were in possession of the soil have survived retain little if any of and the owners of countless the vast domain which they formerly herds of cattle in California called their own. They behold the before the American occupation are stranger, "Americano," in possession rest passing away. Few of the old dons of the broad leagues of mountain and and women have survived the changes vale over which their cattle roamed in other days, and they look upon the face of nature as it has been strangely transformed under the influence of the new owner's industry and enterprise.

At Santa Cruz, the oldest survivor of the once-wealthy Castro family, resides. Senora Maria de los Angeles Castro Majors is 90 years old. Although once the heiress of property which is now worth many millions, she is occupying a small whitewashed shanty a mile west of the bustling seaside city, from whose windows she looks out on what was once her own vast domain, but of which she does not now possess a foot, and lives over again in memory the happy and luxurious days of her childhood and young womanhood. This venerable senora is to-day destitute. She relies for her daily subsistence upon the charity of friends and the meager pittance which the county doles out to its indigent poor. Recently she was interviewed in her humble home and there was more than ordinary pathos in her quaint recital of the change of fortune which she has experienced.

"How old am I? Ninety, I think; maybe a little more; maybe a little less. What does it matter a few years, when one is so old and homely?" And Senora Maria de los Angeles Castro Majors drew a deep sigh as she looked out of the window of her little white-washed shanty.

"Years ago, thousands of acres of land were mine," she continued, "and horses and cattle and sheep enough to keep the herders busy from rise to set of sun," she added, as the memories of the past marshaled themselves before her mind's eye. "Then I had fine houses, and chests of money, and silk dresses and laces and beautiful jewelry and friends, ah! many, many friends. Now, ah! Senora Americano, now I have old age and poverty and crazy Antonio, the son of my dead brother, who was crazy before him. My father, the old Don Castro, left me plenty of lands and cattle, but when the Americano came they melted away, and my sister went into the convent and died there. My brother, Antonio, went crazy and burned all the deeds and papers that seemed of no more value to him after the Americano had taken all the land and cattle. That broke the heart of his wife, who died when little Antonio was born, and since his birth he has been always as he is now, even as a little child. He had sharp knives and hatchets and mumbled in low tones that he would kill, kill, and they tell me, now that he is a man, that he wanders all day through the streets of the town built by the Americanos, and runs the thumb of his right hand over the blade of the sharp ax that rests in the hollow of his left arm, and his black eyes shine out through the red tangle of hair and beard that came to him from his French ancestors, and he mumbles all day that he will kill, kill. He is looking for the enemies of his father, for the men who stole his birthright before he was born, and though he passes them every day in the street he knows them not, for he sees but dimly through the clouds of sorrow and insanity that settled upon his brain before breath came to his body. Poor Antonio! Poor Antonio!

"My children? how many? Ah! Senora, only twenty-two; some are dead now, all are poor. There's more than a hundred grandchildren and great-grandchildren, but they cannot help me. The Americano has their land. They must grind the corn, and make the tamale, and they stay away many weeks at a time because of Antonio and the sharp ax.

"Many years ago it was that my father and his seven brothers came overland with their horses and cattle and wagons and many servants from Linaloa, Mexico, and made their homes in California, and few there are born in the State to-day, no matter what their names may be, that in their veins may not be found the blood of the Castros.

"Down on the hill near the Mission Church I was born, then, after my father built the Casa adobe, we went there to live, and it was very grand, and the timbers came in boats across the ocean, and the boards in the floor were danced thin to the music of the guitar, and every night there was music and songs under the windows, where the young ivy was learning to grow. One day my father, the Don, said to me, 'Marry some one of them, Maria, and send the others away.'

"'Which one?' said I, looking down.

"'Which one do you love best?' he asked, and I said, 'The one that best suits my father, the Don.'

"And he was pleased and said that Senor Majors would be a good son to him, and I answered that his will was mine; but I did not tell him that more than a year before I had promised some day to be the wife of Senor Majors. And we were married, and my father gave us all the land of Scott's valley, and the horses and cattle and houses that were there, and we had many happy years there and many children, too. One Sunday, ah, how well I remember it, I rode to church on my horse—he was the best in all the valley—and on my way home I stopped to gather some berries. Then I heard the sound of voices and hurrying of horses' feet, and over the hills and through the timber came many Indians in a cloud of dust, their faces painted, and their hands full of bows and arrows. This way and that they swung on their ponies, trying to shoot me. I put my hands on the horse's back and jumped into the saddle. I hit him with the whip and away we went, faster and faster, with the Indians close behind; then he stumbled and went to his knees. I gathered him back to his feet. The Indians shouted behind me. Holy mother, but they were close! I looked back; wasz went an arrow past my face. Then the Indian who rode in front yelled to the others, 'Don't shoot; don't shoot; she is my friend. I will kill you if you kill her. And they turned and rode into the forest. I, too, saw the Indian's face. He was one that I had found deserted by his people, and had carefully nursed through a long spell of fever. Now he had saved my life. But I never checked the little horse till we reached the door of my home, there I fell to the ground fainting with terror. They carried me inside, my husband and my friends, and taking from my neck the coral necklace given me by my great-grandmother, the little French woman who talked with her hands, they ground it up very fine and gave it to me to drink. It saved my life.

"Then an Americano came to my husband and said he would take all the land of the big ranchero and the cattle and horses for five years and

First Grist Mill in Santa Cruz.
Built fifty years ago by Majors.

would give us half that was made during that time. But I said to my husband in Spanish, 'He's a bad man. Don't let him have them. Call up the poor about you and give them all that we have here, then some good will have been done. But this man is bad; he will keep it all.' But my husband would not listen to me, and when he was dead, years after, I went to the man, asking him to give back to me what was mine. But he laughed, and said he had understood all that I said to my husband about his being a bad man, and now he would keep it all to make my word good, and he did, for there were no papers to show that it was mine.

"From Scott's valley we came here to live, and my father, the Don, gave us more land and more cattle. My husband built the big house on the hill above here for $15,000, and the mill that you see here through the window for another $15,000; but we had plenty and gave to all who asked, and the first yellow wheat ever raised in Santa Cruz was ground into white flour in this mill by my husband and my boys. But the beautiful house on the hill was burned; my husband died, my boys drank the wine and played the cards, and the Americanos came like hungry wolves. Some of them who were young and very poor said they were my friends. They would make the papers for me so that nobody ever could take my property away from me, and they made the papers and I made my name on them as they told me, and I thought it was all right. But I did not know the language of the Americano. I did not know his laws. To-day I am old and poor; the young lawyers who were my friends, who made the papers for me, are all very rich. They are Judges and bankers, and have beautiful homes. They have hundreds of acres of land and much money, and when I sit here like an old owl in a dark corner and tell the few who ask that these men have robbed me of all that was mine by their crooked language and their crooked laws they smile and tap their heads, so, and say, 'dreaming, dreaming'; and maybe it is so, Senora. Maybe that old age and sickness and sorrow have climbed into my eyes and my brain as the ivy has climbed into the broken windows of the old Casa Adobe and shut out the light of reason. Sometimes when my eyes and fingers are weary of the Spanish work I lay the lace upon my knees and look through the window of this miserable little room over the beautiful land that reaches to the sea. It was all mine once. I see the sunshine and the flowers and the birds. I hear the wheels of the old mill singing to the waters of the spring that dance over the washing stones by the house on the hill. My little children play about me; I hear the voice of my husband and the older boys as they answer my call to dinner, and that is dreaming, Senora; I know that that is dreaming. But this! If this is dreaming then tell me why these men who once were so poor should now be so rich, and I, who was once so rich am now so poor? Hold my hands, Senora, and look into my old eyes, and tell me if you can why it is that out of all my vast inheritance I have nothing but poverty and Antonio? Poor Antonio!" BELLE DORMER.

Rear Admiral Walker, Head of the Commission That Has Decided in Favor of San Pedro.

WE THANK THEE.

We thank Thee, O Father, for all that is bright—
The gleam of the day, and the stars of the night;
The flowers of our youth and the fruits of our prime,
And the blessings that march down the pathway of time.

We thank Thee, O Father, for all that is dear—
The sob of the tempest, the flow of the tear;
For never in blindness, and never in vain,
Thy mercy permitted a sorrow or pain.

We thank Thee, O Father, for song and for feast—
The harvest that glowed and the wealth that increased;
For never a blessing encompassed earth's child,
But Thou in Thy mercy looked downward and smiled.

We thank Thee, O Father of All, for Thy power
Of aiding each other in life's darkest hour;
The generous heart and the bountiful hand,
And all the soul help that sad souls understand.

We thank Thee, O Father, for days yet to be—
For hopes that our future will call us to Thee—
That all our Eternity form, through Thy love,
The Thanksgiving Day in the mansions above. Will Carleton.

WHO'S THERE?

Nowell, nowell, nowell, nowell,
Who ys there that sayeith so, nowell, nowell, nowell?

I am here, syre Christmasse!
Well come, my lord, syre Christmasse,
Welcome to us all, both more and lesse.
Come nere. Nowell!

Dieu vous garde, bean syre, tydinges yow bryng;
A mayd hath born a chylde full young,
The weche causeth yew for to syng.
Nowell!

Criste is now born of a pure mayde,
In an oxe stalle he ys layde,
Wher'for syng we alle atta alrayde.
Nowell!

Bebben bien par tutte la company,
Make gode chere and be right mery,
And syng with us now joyfully.
Nowell!

A SCENE IN A SPRUCE AND PINE WOODS ON A SANDY MOUNTAIN SIDE IN THE BLACK FOREST.

(Photograph loaned by Mr. Austin Carey, of Maine. See page 46.)

THE MAHOGANY TREE.

Christmas is here,
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill;
Little care we;
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany tree.

Sorrow begone!
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills,
But we to live.
Come with the dawn,
Blue devil sprite,
Leave us to-night
Round the old tree.

—THACKERAY.

Below is the poem asked for; the writer is not sure that the verses are in the right order as the poem is taken from two different places:

Your Mission.

If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors
Anchored yet within the bay;
You can lend a hand to help them
As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountains steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitude go by;
You can chant a happy measure
As they slowly pass along,
Though they may forget the singer
They may not forget the song.

If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If, where smoke and fire are thickest,
There's no work for you to do;
When the battlefield is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

If you cannot in the harvest
Garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain, both ripe and golden,
May the careless reapers leave;
Go and glean among the briars
Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that their shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

Do not then stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a fickle goddess,
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard—
Do not fear to do and dare;
If you want a field of labor
You can find it anywhere.

E. L. N.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1898.

WHENEVER a deaf person or a blind person does anything out of the ordinary and the newspapers get hold of the facts, they generally mix things up in such a fashion that the original hero can hardly recognize the description of his own achievement. Readers of the NEWS will remember a snap-shot photograph of a dog, taken by Mr. d'Estrella, a cut of which appeared in our columns a few weeks ago. An acquaintance in Philadelphia has sent Mr. d'Estrella a clipping from a Philadelphia daily, containing a reduced copy of the picture and descriptive matter running as follows:

PHOTOGRAPH BY A BLIND MAN.

Curiosity of the Camera All the Way From California.

Here is a picture that means summer and freedom and sport and all sorts of good things. It isn't a Newport or Lenox or Bar Harbor picture, but comes from the Yosemite Valley. But the interesting thing about it is the fact that it is the work of a blind man.

The California Camera Club is responsible for its exhibition. It was taken by Theophilus D'Estrella, a teacher in the State Institute for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind. He himself is deaf and blind, but his other senses, by way of compensation, are unusually acute.

This picture shows the sightless photographer's great Newfoundland dog in the very act of leaping to catch the stick held out by his mistress.

One would think that even a newspaper reporter would see the absurdity of having a blind man attempt photography. The error in this instance probably arose from the misleading title of this school, as given in the extract. As there worded, this is an Institute for persons who are both deaf and blind. If the name of the school had been written, as it should be, "Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind," or better still "School for the Deaf and the Blind," it is possible (not probable, of course,) that there would have been a closer approach to accuracy. The concluding paragraph is a fair sample of the average reporter's brain work. The dog, are told, belongs to the photographer, yet in the same breath the assertion is made that it is the lady who owns him. [illegible] come to be a well-known fact when [illegible]on is familiar with all the particulars [illegible] any incident described in the newspapers of the day, he is actually astonished if he finds the account correct in all its details.

Lincoln's Idea of Himself.

Abraham Lincoln was born on the 12th of February, 1809. In 1858 he was, therefore, forty-eight years of age, and, as might be considered, quite capable of taking a fair inventory of himself, as far as any one can perform that difficult feat.

A book was being compiled, to be entitled the "Dictionary of Congress;" and knowing that Mr. Lincoln had once been a member of the lower house of that august body, the compiler sent him one of the regulation circular letters, asking for information as to the date of his birth, the character of his education, his profession and occupation, and a list of any public positions he might have filled.

In the many answers received from ex-Congressmen to whom a copy of the same circular had been sent, soon very complete and circumstantial information was included; in fact, the men who had least distinguished themselves were the ones who fairly exuded with information.

But the following terse statement, signed "A. Lincoln," was a great refreshment to the compiler, who little thought that in three years his Illinois correspondent would be the most talked-about man in America:

"Born, February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Ky.

"Education, defective.

"Profession, a lawyer.

"Have been a captain of volunteers in the Black Hawk War.

"Postmaster at a very small office.

"Four times a member of the Illinois Legislature.

"And was a member of the lower House of Congress."

Imagine the sketch that a small man could make up concerning himself with the above simple facts for a basis.—*Every Where for February.*

SANTA CRUZ HIGH SCHOOL.

CAMPING GROUND, SANTA CRUZ BIG TREES

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

The little toy dog is covered with dust
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle bed
He dreamed of the pretty toys,
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

—*Eugene Field.*

"Voices of the Night."

Charming as is the merry prattle of innocent childhood, it is not particularly agreeable at about 1 o'clock in the morning, when you are "dead for sleep," and wouldn't give a copper to hear even Gladstone himself talk. There are young and talkative children, who have no more regard for your feelings or for the proprieties of life than to open their peepers with a snap at 1 or 2 A. M., and seek to engage you in dialogues of this sort:

"Papa!"

You think you will pay no heed to the imperative little voice, hoping that silence on your part will keep the youngster quiet; but again the boy of three pipes out sharply:

"Papa!"

"Well?" you say.

"You 'wake, papa?"

"Yes."

"So's me."

"Yes, I hear that you are," you say with cold sarcasm. "What do you want?"

"Oh, nuffin."

"Well, lie still and go to sleep, then."

"I isn't s'eepy, papa."

"Well, I am, young man."

"Is you? I isn't—not a bit. Say, papa, papa!"

"Well?"

"If you was wich, what would you buy me?"

"I don't know—go to sleep."

"Wouldn't you buy me nuffin?"

"I guess so; now you—"

"What, papa?"

"Well, a steam engine may be; now you go right to sleep."

"With a bell that would ring, papa?"

"Yes, yes; now you—"

"And would the wheels go wound, papa?"

"Oh, yes (yawning). Shut your eyes now, and—"

"And would it go choo, choo, choo, papa?"

"Yes, yes; now go to sleep!"

"Say, papa?"

No answer.

"Papa!"

"Well, what now?"

"Is you 'fraid of the dark?"

"No" (drowsily).

"I isn't either. Papa!"

"Well?"

"If I was wich, I'd buy you somefin."

"Would you?"

"Yes; I'd buy you some ice-cweam and some chocolum drops, and a toof brush, and panties wiv bwaid on like mine, and a candy wooster—"

"That will do. You must go to sleep, now."

Silence for half a second; then—

"Papa—papa!"

"Well, what now?"

"I want a jink."

"No, you don't."

I do, papa."

Experience has taught you that there will be no peace until you have brought the "jink," and you scurry out to the bath-room in the dark for it, knocking your shins against everything in the room as you go.

"Now, I don't want to hear any word from you to-night," you say as he gulps down a mouthful of the water he didn't want. Two minutes later he says:

"Papa!"

"See here, laddie, papa will have to punish you if—"

"I can spell 'dog,' papa."

"Well, nobody wants to hear you spell it at 2 o'clock in the morning."

"B-o-g—dog, is that right?"

"No it is not; but nobody cares if—"

"Then it's 'd-o-g,' isn't it?"

"Yes, yes; now you lie right down and go to sleep instantly!"

"Then I'll be a good boy, won't I?"

"Yes; you'll be the best boy on earth."

"Papa!"

"Well, well. What now?"

"Is I your little boy?"

"Yes, yes; of course."

"Some mans haven't got any little boys; but you have, haven t you?"

"Yes."

"Don't you wish you had two, free, nine, 'leben, twenty-six, ninety-ten, free hundred little boys?"

The mere possibility of such a remote and contingent calamity so paralyzes you that you lie speechless for ten minutes, during which you hear a yawn or two in the little bed by your side, a little figure rolls over three or four times, a pair of heels fly into the air once or twice, a warm, moist little hand reaches out and touches your face to make sure you are there, and the boy is asleep, with his heels where his head ought to be.

What a Wife Does.

In search of knowledge rare
I asked a millionaire
To what causes he attributed his success in life.
With looks of honest pride
And pleasure he replied,
"I owe it, sir, entirely to my brave and helping wife."

I asked an artist great
If he would also state
How he had won a glory that would never, never fade.
Joy lighted up his face;
His answer came apace;
"To my inspiring wife, sir, my achievements must be laid."

I asked a scholar high
If he would tell me why
His name and fame resounded to the corners of the earth.
"All my success in life
Is due my noble wife,"
He answered: "I, without her, would have been of little worth."

I asked a good man, too,
Why he was led to do
The things that helped so many to a higher, sweeter life.
His features brightly shone;
With gladness in his tone
He said, "I'm simply trying to be worthy of my wife."

I asked of all around
Who wealth and joy had found,
The reasons for the blessings and successes of their lives.
Not one was there who thought
He had the glory wrought—
All proudly gave the credit to their brave and loving wives.

And then I met a tramp
Who bore the awful stamp
Of wretchedness and misery and wickedness and strife,
And asked him whence it came—
With curses on her name
He groaned, "Oh, stranger, what I am is owing to my wife."

—H. C. Dodge in Trader's Journal.

A PUZZLE.

There's one thing I don't understand;
It really seems to me so queer,
That my mamma last night should say,
"Be sure and always mind, my dear."

And when I got that dreadful fall
This very morning from a chair,
Should pick me up and cuddle me,
And pat my cheeks, and smooth my hair,

And press her face down close to mine,
That I might hear her whisper, kind—
The while she kissed my tears away—
"There, there! my darliug, never mind!"

—*Selected.*

Special Postage Stamps.

To the Editor of "The Examiner":—Sir: What are the new United States postage stamped and why were they issued? Where are they for sale? I read an item about them, but was not information here. L. H. B., Portland, Oregon.

(Postmaster-General Gary, in recognition of the Omaha Exposition, ordered a series of special commemoration postage stamps, the designs of which are as follows: One-cent stamp, Marquette on the banks of the Mississippi, after a painting by Lamprecht; 2-cent, Eads bridge over the Mississippi, showing a portion of the city of St. Louis; 4-cent, mounted Indian chief, after a drawing by Frederic Remington; 5-cent, hunting buffalo, after a picture in Schoolcraft's "History of Indians"; 8-cent, Fremont raising the national flag over the Rocky Mountains; 10-cent, emigrant train bound west, after a painting by A. A. Heaton; 50-cent, mining scene; $1 stamp, herd of cattle fleeing before a storm; $2, harvesting scene in the Northwest. The stamps will be placed on sale next month, when they may be purchased from any Postmaster.)

Miss L. J. F. Hecox returned with her brother, O. S. Hecox, the first of the week from Santa Cruz and will visit here for several weeks. Miss Hecox has been lighthouse keeper at Santa Cruz for over twenty-five years, probably the longest service of any light house keeper on the coast. Feb 15 1908

O. S. Hecox and Miss Laura Hecox spent Wednesday in San Diego, while there accepting an invitation to visit the light house on Point Loma, Miss Hecox being one of the best known light housekeepers on the coast. Feb 15 1908

In the office of O. S. Hecox & Co. is a nasturtium vine that is a sample of some of the queer things nature does and a portrayal of the virtues of the soil and climate of this part of God's country. The vine has its roots outside along the building and came in underneath the window frame, inside of which it has mounted up to reappear again at the top. From here Mr. Hecox has trained the trailing sprays into the front offices where it is still growing and will doubtless reach the front door. The sprays are at present at least 25 feet in length.

Feb. 15, 1908.

THE editor is exceeding sorry he missed the brotherly call of Dr. Anthony when in the city last week on his way to Denver. He gladly gives room for the beautiful and brotherly "Word to Friends," which will be found in this issue. Our brethren in Colorado hardly need that we should say Dr. Anthony's name hereabout is the synonym for upright personal character and downright ministerial devotion. There is "nothing against him" that we ever heard. And we feel sure he will worthily perform the duties assigned him in the Iliff School of Theology. When that work is done California will gladly welcome home again a man whom all our people love.

A WORD TO FRIENDS.

Until within a few weeks I had supposed I should never again breathe the air of any country outside of California. This has been my home since early in 1851. I have been at every session of the California Annual Conference except four. These were the two held before I became a probationer, and the two held while I was a member of the Oregon Conference. It is a source of sadness that I shall not be able to look upon the beloved forms of my brethren at the Conference so soon to convene. Still, I belong here, and shall ever belong to the land I have learned to love so dearly. Since it was known that I was going to Colorado to do work for a year my heart has been made glad by the expressions of confidence I have heard from so many, as well as by the written words sent me. I wish I could believe that I deserved all they have been pleased to say. It will do me no harm, for I am too anxious that I shall not fall below the expectations of those I love. Moreover, to my Divine Master I owe a thousand fold obligation. I wonder at his amazing love and care.

One word about our departed fellow-workers. A dark shadow seemed to pass before me when I read the notice of the death of Dr. Nelson. Eight deaths in our Conference this year! We are poorer, but heaven is richer, and they are happier! I have enjoyed great intimacy with three of these worthy men. James E. Wickes began his ministry in the fall of 1861. He and I were appointed together on the Alameda circuit. No other Methodist preacher worked in Alameda county. Oakland, Alameda, San Leandro, San Lorenzo, and Haywards—these were our appointments. He lived with us. We were a happy family. Happy, even if at times we could not see where food was coming from for the next day; in one instance, not even the next meal. I then thought he would come to the very front in his standing as a minister. I am sure it was not the fault of his ability or piety that he did not.

H. C. Benson was the most conspicuous figure in the first Conference I ever attended, except the Bishop. He was the Secretary, and was always very much interested in all the discussions. For years I was often with him in the editor's room, in the Depository, in the Preachers' Meetings, and in various forms of church counsel and work. I was once his family's pastor. The Conference room will never seem quite natural without his presence.

From the day A. J. Nelson came among us I knew him well. We were very often together in committee work, and still more frequently together in social relations. As I now look back upon our associations I am quite willing to believe that I never passed fifteen minutes in his company that I did not learn from him something I had never thought of before. With the other brethren I had less acquaintance, but knew them enough to wish to know them better.

When these words shall be read, if the editor shall please to suffer them to be read at all, I shall be, Providence willing, on the other side of the Rocky Mountains. May I ask all my friends to lift an earnest prayer to God that I may do work there that shall redound to his glory. C. V. ANTHONY.

Snail Raising in San Francis

THE WORD "snail" almost invariably calls to mind that long, slimy, yellow creature seen in gardens and on damp garden paths, usually in the cool of the morning. One is too likely to confuse this unprepossessing slug with the little animal that carries on its back its dainty spiral house. But it will be seen that while they both belong to the same family, there are as many and as great differences between them as there are between the members of any other family of animals. The snail with its wonderful power to construct a delicate, even and beautifully tinted shell seems of a much higher order than the slug. And so the idea of raising snails is not repulsive after all, but has an odd flavor of interest about it.

Shells From the Snaillery.

I had occasion to visit a conchologist in his den not long ago, and while showing me drawer after drawer of sea and land shells, he suddenly led me to an adjoining conservatory, and pointing to a large box that stood in the corner, said, "This is my 'snaillery.'" I looked into the box and saw hundreds of shells of all shades of brown and pale yellow fastened to the sides of the box or lying upon the bottom.

The cage, if one may call it by that name, was a redwood box three by four feet and one foot deep. It was half filled with rich, moist earth, a quarter of which was planted with canary seed that had grown to a height of six or seven inches. Looking closely into this miniature grain field I could see snails moving about, nibbling the tender green shoots or roaming among the delicate stalks. There were also lettuce leaves scattered at random, and wherever a snail had crawled upon one of these he was eating voraciously. The inclosed little animals were prevented from escaping by a screen covering the whole top of the box, and a dark colored shawl was thrown over half of the screen to preclude the light, for snails thrive only in shady, secluded spots. It will be observed, also, that in moving they travel away from the light, and in the darkest corner of the box was the largest number of snails. Temperature is another consideration of importance in the propagation of snails. Extremes of heat or cold prove detrimental, and to produce rapid and successful growth an even and moderate condition of atmosphere is essential. The scientist visits his "snaillery" every morning to sprinkle the earth with water, using a small watering-pot for the purpose, to supply fresh lettuce or the more tender parts of the cabbage or cauliflower, of the latter of which they are very fond, and to remove any snails that may have died, for snails are more dainty than one supposes, any decomposing material killing them very rapidly.

Now, to have reached the present successful condition, the "snaillery" has undergone many experiments, and the lives of many snails have been sacrificed. In the first place, to secure the proper humidity was of prime importance and only by killing some from dryness and almost drowning others, was the correct medium reached.

Another difficulty to be overcome was in the treatment of the snails of cannibalistic tendencies. One morning, after having placed some of these snails in the "snaillery," the conchologist found, to his dismay, that dozens of the shells of other species of snails were empty. And so, he had to prepare a separate box for the cannibals, and even then, they were so carnivorous in their habits, that they often consumed their own kind.

When young, snails are very active, and it is necessary to observe the greatest care to keep them in captivity. If the screen top is once left off the box, the snails will crawl out, and though the species of the United States are less gregarious than those of Europe (and the largest number in this collection are from our own country), they still like company well enough to follow their leader and escape imprisonment. Imagine the consternation of the snail-raiser to enter his conservatory at evening and find the box almost empty, and snails on table, flower pots, leaves, windows and curtains. This is what did happen and will always happen unless the necessary precautions are taken.

One of the first questions that presents itself to the visitor to this odd collection of little animals is, how many snails are in the box at one time? At a rough guess, the scientist will tell you that there are six hundred at present, representing twenty species. And these have come from all parts of the world—Cuba, Mexico, Louisiana, New York, Kansas and other places. Of the United States varieties, there are a dozen, from as many different States, and about the same number are natives of San Francisco.

This enthusiastic collector of snails when passing a restaurant one evening observed a live snail in a glass in the window. He went in and asked the proprietor of the restaurant if he would sell it. The proprietor answered in the affirmative and stated his price of 50 cents. The scientist gladly placed the necessary half dollar on the counter and went off with his prize.

He immediately made a study of the animal and found that it belonged to a Mexican edible variety, Helix (pomatia) bufloniana. It was very large, measuring nearly three inches when stretched to full length.

When making his daily visit to the "snaillery" one morning he discovered dozens of tiny, yellow shells moving about the box very actively. Upon counting them he found that there were sixty-two in all of this odd Mexican variety. They were not so large as a small pea, and some were even then just making their appearance above the ground where the parent snail had bored a hole and deposited the minute eggs.

It was then the owner's special care to watch the growth of these little creatures. He found that they developed faster than any other species in his collection, and that while some grew to be quite large, none have yet reached maturity. The original snail lived for many months afterward, and may then have been several years of age.

There is one other interesting species, Bulimulur Palildior, from Lower California, presented to the owner by the Academy of Sciences. This is one of the prettiest and most distinctive varieties represented in the "snaillery." The shell is a pure white spiral, pointed, an inch long and greater in length than in breadth. It resembles very closely a sea shell. The animal is inactive and has been in the "snaillery" only a few months.

The most common of the San Francisco species is the Lysinoe Nicklinlana variety reticulata. It it about as large

THE CLOCK'S FAREWELL.

(Written on its removal from the old ferry building at the foot of Market street, San Francisco.)

I must say a farewell to the best-loved spot
I have known on the earth, and must bear my lot
With the patient endurance they showed of old,
Who first turned to the West in their search for gold:
For I came at the call of the pioneers,
And have stood in the sweep of the winds for years,
And measured the time for the anxious horde
That rushed to the hills where the gold lies stored.
But life's throbbing current has carried them down
More often than fortune's tide raised to renown;
With pity I've seen them grow haggard and gray,
While new friends took their place as they faded away.
And I felt as secure in their kindly regard
I never imagined my end might be hard.

While the seasons have passed, at the foot of the street
I have stood where the bay and the city meet,
Watching the crowds that surged below
As the full tide of life ebbed to and fro
Through the gateway that gives to the world outside
A vision majestic of city pride.
I've seen meetings and partings 'tween lovers and friends
Who have come and gone from the world's far ends,
And to me have turned mothers in grief, tearful eyed,
As their children went from the warm hearth side.

Before me the men in disgrace have passed,
With lives by the darkness of crime o'ercast,
While dark before them, across the bay,
The jail shadow falls on their lonesome way;
And some after years have come cowering back
Furtively seeking to cover their track
And find in the depths of a city den
A refuge from scorn of their fellow men.
Oh, why, in their breasts do the passions lie hid
That drive them to do as a demon might bid?
The springs of my action have never been such
But move with precision, and proud ever much
Perhaps I have been as men looked to my face,
For the guide to their ways I'm accustomed to trace;
Yet now, like an outlaw, they turn me aside,
Who have felt for those men by temptations sore tried.

I know I have aged, but I've always been true,
And still I do well as any could do.
I have stood to my work both in sunshine and rain:
My hands never falter, I never complain,
And yet to make way for another I go,
And am left by the crowd to destruction and woe.
Nevermore will I time the departing one's feet,
Nevermore be the first the returning to greet;
I can say, as my fate for the future they tell,
But one word, and it chokes though 'tis only—farewell!

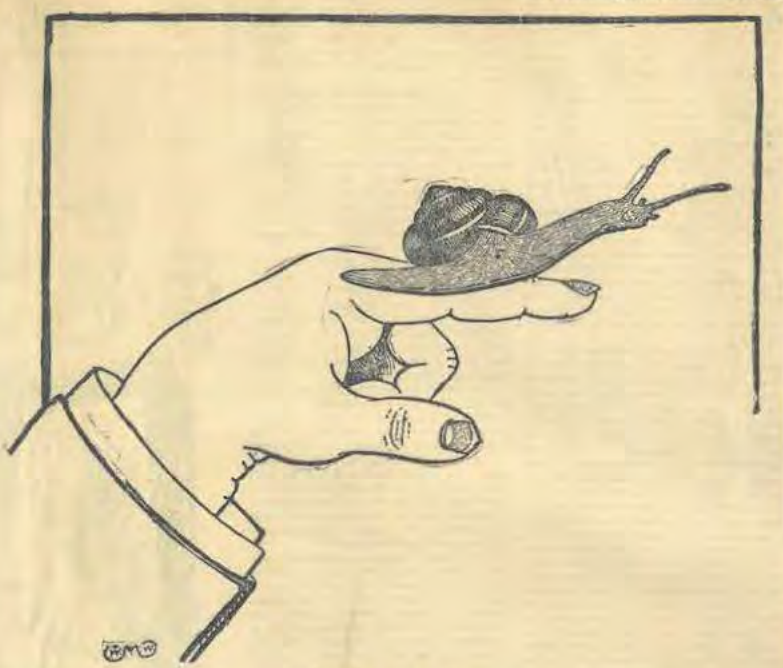
JOSEPHINE A. JEWETT.

co and in Oakland.

everything, and among themselves it is a matter of "survival of the fittest," for they will devour one another.

The demand for snails in the markets is slowly increasing, and it would not be an unwise plan for some one to raise edible snails for the purpose of supplying the merchants.

In the Chinese markets you may buy at almost any time live snails, which have been imported from the rice fields of China. These sell for 10 cents apiece, or 10 cents a dozen, according to the quantity on hand and arrival of steamers. But the Italians use principally the French canned snails, which are worth 50 cents a can, twenty shells served with each can.



A Pet Snail.

as a medium-sized button and may be found on doorsteps or garden walls. It does not inhabit gardens.

The largest of the native San Francisco snails, Helix (Lysinoe) Arrora, is found only in the southern portion near the county line. It is banded with a dark chestnut ring and is lined with lavendar. The lip of this snail is as white as the purest china and the size of the animal compares with that of a walnut, although full-grown ones may be much smaller. It is found under and around lupin bushes.

The Pupa Californica, found on Lone Mountain, also infests lupin bushes principally. But this little creature is as small as a pin head, and is therefore not easily seen. It was found and named by Dr. Rowell.

Another rare shell, of which there are only two living, has a hairy epidermis. It is dark colored, large and flat and is catalogued at 50 cents. It may be found in Marin county.

The snails of the Helix Armigera variety attract some attention, perhaps because we are told that they sometimes have a little white tooth in the aperture, and perhaps because they are a rarity in the "snailery." The scientist has not discovered why they do not seem to thrive well. They are found in very moist places, usually along the banks of streams, and are very modest creatures, withdrawing into their shell at the slightest touch, and not issuing from it again for a long time.

Freaks in nature appear among snails as they do in any other form of natural life, and we have albino forms of the reticulata. These are pale lemon color, with no band, and are found about one in every thousand specimens. You may see only about half a dozen albinos in the "snailery" at present, and many hundreds of reticulata have been raised to produce this small number of "freaks."

The scientist will show you the shells of his "cannibals" also, but he has none living now. The Selenites Vancouverensis is a leaden-colored shell with a whitish body, and may be found on the banks of the stream leading out of Mountain lake, in the vicinity of the Children's Hospital. If you place this animal on your hand you will feel its bite, which is like the prick of a pin.

There are only two other cannibal varieties found in San Francisco, and it is a question with conchologists which is a form of the other. Zonites Cellarius was introduced from the East, and may be found in gardens. Zonites Lucidus is a native of France, and is found on leaves, not in gardens. Both feed upon

Snail-raising is, however, accompanied with some risk; not so much to the grower as to the grower's neighbors, if he have any. A case in point occurred in Oakland. About a year ago a Frenchman who had a small yard in the rear of the cottage which he tenanted turned the yard into a snailery for the culture of edible snails for his own use and for the market. The stock thrived and multiplied so rapidly that the small domain provided for them was soon too limited for their support and comfort, and they climbed the fences and invaded the cultivated grounds and conservatories of neighboring residents, devouring every tender leaf which came in their way and leaving desolation in their wake. The French snail-grower has gone out of the business, but the pest he unwittingly introduced in the commendable desire to supply his table with a dainty and his purse with coin has spread over several blocks of neighboring territory and defies extermination.

LILLIAN E. PERDY.

WHISKEY SMUGGLING IN THE WILDS OF ALASKA

Dangerous Adventures on One Expedition Even When Everything Was "Understood."

By One of the Smugglers.

SELLING whisky in Alaska is a violation of the law.

But there is always plenty of whisky to be had by any one who has the price. Illicit distilling is carried on to only a small extent, so it is most apparent that the whisky is smuggled into the country. And a most exciting and profitable business this is.

Aaron H. Brown, who has just returned to San Francisco from Alaska, had an experience of this kind while in the north last winter. He did not know what kind of a venture he was engaging in until it was almost carried out. A man simply hired him to go with him from Circle City to Fort Yukon and bring back a load of goods. He did not know until they were piling the goods on the sleigh that he was engaged in smuggling and if caught would be sent to prison in Sitka.

In telling of his experience Mr. Brown said: "Whisky was getting low in Circle City. The saloon stock had been watered over and over again until there was hardly any taste to it. Something had to be done.

"One night as we were sitting round the fire in our cabin Windy Bill, the bartender at Herrington's, came rushing in and yelled out: 'Hello, Jim! Hello, Tom! Say, brown, do you want to go down to Fort Yukon with me in the morning? I've hired old Surrurki's dogs and am going to get a load of canned meat.'

"The boys knew just as well as Holmes, the custom house man, did just what kind of a load of 'canned meat' Windy was going after. I was innocent about the kind of goods meant and took Bill at his word.

"The next morning at about half-past 3 o'clock the cabin door was kicked open and in rushed the freezing cold air and a gruff voice yelled, 'Turn out and come over to breakfast.' I slipped on my heavy coat and moccasins, grabbed a bundle of extra footwear and then went over to a steaming breakfast of bacon, hot cakes and coffee. Then we put the dogs in their collars and fastened the belly bands. With a chirp to the leader Windy led off at a trot and we got safely down the bank and entered the river trail. The dogs were fresh, and now and then gave plaintive little whines.

"About 4 o'clock we came to the Twenty-five Mile cabin. Here we intended to stay for a couple of hours. Windy ordered me to get out the grub box and get a 'bang-up square.' We let the dogs out of their harness and Windy started a big camp fire. Three hours after our stop we were on the road again. The men and dogs were all pretty tired, so we settled down to the last stretch of twenty-five miles of moonlight trail.

"About midnight we began to pass dark, gloomy looking cabins, clearly outlined against the white, gleaming light.

"Soon we came to the squaw-man's cabin, where we were to stay until we got our return load. Windy kicked and banged on the door, and at last they let us in and Martha, Joe's squaw, lit the fire and got us something to eat. I slept until 10 o'clock, and when I tried to get up I found every muscle about me stiffened out as though it had an iron rod run through it. But a warm breakfast fixed me up so I could stagger along.

"It wasn't every one who could get whisky at the North Alaska Trading Co.'s store and Bill had to use all his eloquence to get his load, but I knew it was all right when I heard old Boone saying, 'You see it's against the law for us to break the seals. The stuff is bonded through to Dawson so I can't really sell it to you, Bill.' Then he gave Bill a very knowing look and continued, 'You know we are going to move the whisky out of that old warehouse. And may be the men might leave about eight of those ten-gallon kegs outside to-night. But I say, Bill, you'd better leave that 20-50 sack of dust with me if you're afraid of carrying it back to Circle City.'

"Bill passed over the sack, and then turned and gave me a long serious wink.

"That's all there was to the transaction. Both men were on their honor.

"Bill and I were up at two the next morning, and by the time the squaw had breakfast ready we had driven the dog team round to the store and had tied on the eight kegs of whisky. A little later we were on the trail again, but now the dogs had a heavy load to pull and we did not travel very fast.

"In the evening we reached the cabin, where we were to spend the night. All night long a wind-storm raged round the house, and in the morning when we were ready to start there was not a sign of the old trail left. Bill sent me on ahead of the dogs to find the trail and then he came along shouting and cursing. Every once in a while I could hear his heavy whip snap on some shirking dog, and then the whole line would let out the most dismal howls, which would be answered by Bill's yells. But the worst experience of all was when we hit the rough ice where the trail went over big chunks and sided round others, and here Windy could not keep the sleds right side up, no matter how hard we tugged and pulled at the gee-pole. It took all of our united strength to set a sled on its runners, and this we had to do a dozen times before we reached camp that night.

"At last we came to where the grave and tent had been and there we stopped.

It was a very cold night, about fifty below zero, and we nearly froze before we got the tent up and boughs laid on the snow. In about two hours we had everything comfortable, the dogs had been fed, Windy was cooking supper and I had just finished cutting enough wood to last all night. After eating we lay back on our blankets and talked and smoked. Bill was telling me stories of how they had run whisky mills in Circle, and of smuggling in the outside whisky. He got out his pistol and began cleaning it. The old six-shooter had seen service with him as a cowboy and stage driver.

"'Officer Holmes,' he said, 'has declared that if he ever catches me with a load of whisky he'll send me to Sitka sure, and he swears he'll shoot Mercy too (this was Bill's favorite dog), but I guess he won't be any too anxious to meet us when we get in,' and Bill squinted along the barrel of his gun, the candle light flickering on his harsh, strong features.

"Bill gave a low chuckle and then with a broad smile at me, he said, 'You see, Brownie, we'll leave here at about noon to-morrow, and get to Circle City about one next morning. Everything will be quiet then, and we'll land the stuff safe and sound.'

"Next morning we were awakened by a long dog train passing by the tent and headed for Fort Yukon. The team had broken the trail for us all the way from Circle, so the rest of our trip was comparatively easy. Along about twelve that night the first log cabins of the western end of the town began to appear. Here Bill stopped the team and carefully tied up all the bells on the dogs' collars, and then he hurried them along next to his belt. Soon we were pulling up the road cut in the steep bank of the river.

"Bill had quit swearing at the dogs now, and I had hold of the leader's collar, guiding him along past the cabins. Not a soul in sight in perfect silence, except for the slight crunching noise made by the runners of the sled passing over the frozen snow. Now we were just about to pass the custom-house, and then on

Engraved Gems in Golden Gate Pa

AMONG all the peoples whose histories have come down to us, gems and precious stones have been considered as the most desirable and highly valued possessions, and their former use as media, upon which the meager histories of races and peoples long extinct have been pictured or written, give these ancient relics an additional value in the estimation of the antiquary and student of history.

In our day the exceptional value of gems is on account of their use as ornaments; with the ancients their value rested on very different grounds, when each particular gem was considered the representative of some spiritual, moral or physical potency or power; and virtues and talismanic agencies of the utmost potency were attributed to them, and the belief was prevalent that the presiding genius of a man's fate or destiny could be carried about with him in the shape of some one of these gems or precious stones.

The use of fetishes, totems, charms and medicine of the savage, and the rings, watch charms, pocket pieces, etc., of civilized people show the general survival of these superstitions to the present time.

Some of the greatest men of history, from Alexander the Great to the celebrated men and women of our own time, have devoted much time to the study and large sums of money to the acquirement of choice gems and precious stones. The museums of to-day count choice engraved gems among their most valued possessions, and many private collections contain exquisite examples of gem crystals and stones upon which the best skill of the lapidary has been used to bring out the latent beauty of the many mineral substances which come under the classification of gems, precious and semi-precious stones.

The Museum in Golden Gate Park has, among the many valuable curiosities purchased in Europe and the Eastern States by M. H. de Young, as memorials of the Midwinter Fair of 1894, a large and extremely interesting collection of engraved gems, precious stones and ornaments, made and used by peoples whose very existence, when not supported by these material and incontrovertible evidences, seems almost fabulous.

Specimens of the handiwork of lapidaries and artists whose habitations and monuments were destroyed thousands of years ago, speak to us of nations of men whose aims and ambitions were similar to our own, but whose names have gone into oblivion, leaving no evidence of their former existence except these engraved gems and ornaments.

The reasons which may be assigned for the general esteem in which gems and precious stones are held are numerous. First, on account of their beauty, which has made them suitable objects for ornamenting the person and decorating the surroundings of the individual. Sir John Lubbock says: "When we speak of beauty, among the ideas which come to us most naturally are those of birds and butterflies, flowers and shells, precious stones, skies and rainbows."

Pieces of bright colored or transparent minerals and crystals, either on account of their color or beauty of form, have served as ornaments for the living and been buried with their owners through all time. Many ages must have elapsed after man appeared on the earth before he became sufficiently advanced in art to enable him to cut and engrave gems or precious stones.

The ability to take advantage of the different degrees of hardness of minerals, and the skill to manipulate and fashion the metals in which they are set or mounted, would require a knowledge of mineralogy and metallurgy which could be acquired only after the lapse of many centuries, or, perhaps, many thousands of years, as may be seen by the absence of such knowledge among many peoples now existing.

Second—Gems and precious stones were valued on account of their comparative rarity and indestructibility, and the high value of objects which by reason of their diminutiveness could be more readily concealed or transported, than could other heavier and more bulky media of exchange and representations of wealth.

In this way engraved gems and stones took the place of shells and other objects as media for exchange or barter, which were afterward replaced by coins of metal. Thus the engraved pebble, piece of shell, bone or ivory of four or five thousand years ago and the roughly wrought piece of native metal of the same period developed on parallel lines. The first to the exquisite gems and ornaments of many centuries and the latter to contemporaneous gold and silver coins, all material evidences of the wealth of their ancient possessors.

Before the art of writing was discovered, or became a general accomplishment, persons in authority used signets, rings or engraved stones as emblems of their authority, which, when sent by messengers or ambassadors, were evidence of the authenticity of the messages or orders, and the custom is still in use among some tribes and nations. And coming down to more modern times, we find that, a few centuries ago, the ruling and wealthy classes, who left scholarly attainments to the priests and scribes, signed all documents by affixing to them a copy of their seal in wax or some similar substance. The present use of official seals is a survival of the ancient usage, as is also the "L. S." or "place of the seal" of our deeds and mortgages.

The oldest examples of seals which have come down to us are sometimes in the original form of the water-worn pebble upon which the design is engraved, except that the face which is engraved has been ground off smooth, and the stone drilled for suspension or attachment to a ring or other object. See figure 20.

Others are in the form of a cone, with the design engraved upon the base, as in figures 2 and 3, which represent an Assyrian seal of chalcedony, made between 900 B. C. and 800 B. C., or in the form of an octagonal pyramid, the engraved base of one of which is shown in figure 4. This is also Assyrian workmanship of from 600 B. C. to 1000 B. C.

Flat stones of ovoid shape, with designs cut on both sides and drilled through the longest axis are quite common. A great many Egyptian gems or seals of this character are extant, one side representing a beetle, or scarabus, the other engraved with figures or characters and mounted as shown in figure 5, or on a ring as in figure 6. The stone in figure 5 is of red jasper, and is intended to represent a scarab.

Designs engraved on stone or precious gems—according to the wealth or position of the owner—were used as private marks, a custom still in use among the Free Masons, which they claim to have brought down from the time of King Solomon. The designs on these seals were selected by the individual, and after the introduction of heraldry the coat-of-arms or the crest were used as the design.

Some of the examples of seals and

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down to the saloon.

"The noise of the steel runners seemed like the grinding of a sawmill in my ears. Bill's right hand fondled the butt of his six-shooter.

"When nearly opposite the custom house suddenly the door opened. Bill's feral portal showed up black and ominous in the doorway, and then—a low chuckle from Bill, a guilty little laugh from a small face that darted swiftly past me and—the door closed.

"We drove on softly down to the saloon, and behind me I could hear Bill muttering, 'Durned if I didn't nearly plug a hole right through that little squaw.'"

A VISIT FROM SANTA CLAUS.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a luster of midday to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eye should appear,
But miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer; now, Prancer, and Vixen!
On, Comet! on Cupid! on Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away, all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the house top the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas, too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes how they twinkled! His dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew, like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night."

—CLEMENT C. MOORE.

AS IT FELL UPON A DAY.

A handsome mutton, merry feast,
A pot of ale and nose a-heat;
Tobacco, and a good coal fire,
Are things the season doth require.
—Poor Robin's Almanac.

WEDNESDAY, ... APRIL 27, 1898.

ELDRIDGE—RODGERS.

The First Military Wedding of the Season Takes Place on Bay St.

A wedding, which was somewhat military in character, took place at the home of Mrs. T. M. Rogers on Bay St. Monday at 5:30 P. M., when her daughter, Miss Ollie Rogers, was united in marriage with Clayton Eldridge. Mr Eldridge is a faithful member of the Naval Reserves, and is of course with his company constantly expecting orders to start for San Francisco. Under his circumstances, the decorations under the skillful and artistic direction of Misses Hattie Shaw and Lizzie Dresser, were a combination of flags and flowers. A canopy of white and delicate tinted roses graced one corner of the parlor, while crimson roses were arranged in garlands and sprays as a border entirely around the room.

Flags and roses were used in profusion in the dining-room, and with the Naval Reserve suits of the groom and one or two of the guests gave quite a hint of patriotism to the occasion.

The bride was tastefully attired in a stylish costume of cadet blue that was

·k Museum.

engraved gems in the Park Museum are very rude and unsymmetrical, and require a close examination to convince one that they have been fashioned by the hand of man.

The curator of the museum, C. P. Wilcomb, has added much to the interest of the series, especially the engraved cylinders, some of which are represented by figures 7, 8 and 9, by making impressions upon red sealing-wax, which enables one to see all the design upon a cylinder at one glance, and more distinctly than on the original. See figures 10 and 11.

Figure 7 represents a Babylonian cylinder and dates back to from 3000 to 4000 B. C. Figure 10, the impression in wax, is of hematite.

Figure 8, an Assyrian cylinder, 800 to 1200 B. C.

Figure 9, Hittite cylinder of hematite.

Figure 11, wax impression showing the peculiar method of representing human figures, one of which is erect, the other seated.

The collection is especially rich in cylinders of Assyrian, Babylonian and Persian make, beside some of unknown age or origin. These cylinders are drilled lengthwise for the insertion of the pins by which they were attached to frames, and upon which they could be made to revolve, as in figure 5. The dates of such as are known take us back about 5000 years, and in connection with those of Egypt, Greece and Rome—of which the museum has a fine series—supply remarkably interesting examples of the result of intercommerce and a communication of ideas and methods between ancient peoples.

The oldest Greek gems take the form of a circular bean—"lenticular gems"—or of a pebble "glandular gems"—which two forms were contemporaneous; and they were used in that form because many pebbles could be found which would answer the purpose without much grinding down of the material, thus saving much labor in the fashioning of the stone. Figure 20 represents a stone of this character, with a hole drilled lengthwise. Another reason might have been that the ancient Greeks used pebbles to record votes at public trials, and beans for voting at the election of magistrates.

These engraved gems were not generally used in rings, but were pierced for convenience of attachment, and were simply seals intended to express by a symbol or device the identity of the owner whenever this had to be established for the many purposes of trade or private life, or in the exercise of official duties in which seals were used previous to the general introduction of writing toward the middle of the seventh century B. C.

Nearly all the known species and varieties of precious and semi-precious stones have been used for engraving.

Among the earliest Greek gems we find engravings on green slate, agate, hematite, sardonyx, steatite, gypsum, rock crystal, green and red jasper, amethyst, serpentine, porphyry and chalcedony, steatite being the most abundant.

In the Egyptian scarabs chalcedony predominates. Scarabs are found in various parts of Egypt made of black clay, porcelain of various colors, green glass, steatite, paste, limestone, agate, jasper and serpentine.

The earlier engraved gems were intagli. That is, the design was cut into the face of the stone, as may be seen in watch seals. As the art improved, the cameo was evolved. In this the stone is cut away around the design, leaving it in relief, or projecting from the face of the stone. And it was in this latter style that the various zones or layers of different colors were utilized, and the choicest gems of ancient and modern times are of this character.

The beryl was seldom employed for engraving. Some fine gems, however, are known. The oldest example is said to be the "Taras on the Dolphin" in figure 12, said to be among the finest of Etruscan work.

A blue chalcedony was a favorite material for Assyrian conical stamps or the seals. The large conical seals of the Tasmanians were almost exclusively of this material. The most beautiful Persian cylinder known is of this stone. Scarabaei of Etruscan work and Greek and Roman intaglia frequently occur.

Magnetite was much used in Egypt and in Persia for signets, perhaps from a superstitious regard for its magnetic properties.

Amber claims the highest antiquity among the substances used for personal ornament and scarabaei are frequently found made of this substance. The same remarks will apply to serpentine, which was also used in making gems of a late Roman period, and talismanic intagli of the same period made of porphyry occasionally occur.

Intagli and scarabaei of a late period among the Egyptians are found of basalt. The Egyptians were the only people who engraved small objects in granite. Scarabaei bearing hieroglyphics are frequently found. Phoenician scarabaei are usually of dark-green chlorite jasper.

Opals were seldom used on account of the difficulty experienced in engraving them. In the Park Museum are, however, some handsomely engraved opals from Tasmania, in which the artist has utilized the beautiful colors of the stone to represent brilliantly colored parrots.

The sardonyx is a stone upon which many of the finest examples of the engraver's art has been done. It is a variety of quartz in which the sard or red agate alternates with white, giving the artist excellent opportunities for showing his skill in utilizing the different colors for portraits. One of the most celebrated works of this character is the bust of the Emperor Augustus in profile, a cameo represented by figure 13.

Figures 14 and 15 represent ancient intagli with animal figures.

Figures 16, 17, 18 and 19 represent Egyptian scarabaei in the Park Museum, of which there are a large number.

Several examples of engraving on turquoise by the Persians are among the exhibits represented by figures 21, 22 and 23, in which the engraved figures are in gilt.

Among the recent works of art are some thirty examples of camei of exquisite workmanship, including several fine specimens of cameo shells entire, with cameos worked out on the shell; and a number of fine onyx cameos, mostly portraits.

LORENZO GORDIN YATES, F. L. S.

very becoming to her fair girlish beauty. The pretty and impressive service was performed by Rev. Mr. McHatton. After hearty congratulations Mr. and Mrs. C. Eldridge led the way to the dining-room, where the party sat down to a delicious and daintily served wedding supper.

The young couple have the sincere wishes of their friends for a happy future in which the dread of war and its attendant heartaches may have no part.

Among the guests present were Mrs. Eldridge, mother of the groom, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. P. Jackson, Mrs. Dresser, Mrs. M. A. Birkland, Mrs. E. Bradley, Misses Delia Cole, H. Shaw and L. Dresser; Messrs. McHatton, Thos. Bradley and Lloyd Pringle.

M'KINLEY'S IMAGE IN BRONZE

Medals Now Being Struck Off by the Philadelphia Mint.

Bronze medals bearing the likeness of President McKinley are being rapidly struck off by the mint, and soon the whole issue will have been finished. This work is being done in accordance with an ancient custom that has prevailed ever since the time of Washington. The medals are very valuable, inasmuch as the supply is

THE M'KINLEY MEDAL.

limited and the demand is large. Some collectors have complete collections of these medals, from that showing the profile of Washington to that showing the profile of Cleveland. Several of the medals already struck off have been sent to the President for himself and the members of his cabinet. The profile of the President is an excellent likeness. On the reverse side is the date of the inauguration. Large orders for the medals are expected, and the receipts are for the benefit of the mint earnings.

THE OLD LIBERTY BELL.

THE KING OF KINGS.

"Shepherds, rejoice, lift up your eyes,
And send your fears away.
News from the region of the skies!
Salvation's born to-day.

"Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you;
To-day He makes His entrance here,
But not as monarchs do.

"No gold, nor purple swaddling-bands,
Nor royal shining things;
A manger for His cradle stands
And holds the King of kings.

"Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
And see His humble throne;
With tears of joy in all your eyes
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."

Thus Gabriel sang; and straight around
The heavenly armies thronged;
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song:

"Glory to God that reigns above,
Let peace surround the earth;
Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
At their Redeemer's birth."

Lord! and shall angels have their songs,
And men no tunes to raise?
O may we love those sweet tongues
When they forget to praise!

Glory to God that reigns above,
That pitied us forlorn!
We join to sing our Maker's love—
For there's a Savior born.

DR. ISAAC WATTS.

Richard Henry Savage

The Colonel has been appointed Major in the Volunteer Army and will doubtless fight well and gain material for another book as good as his first "My Official Wife."

The Coin Collector.

Glossary of Numismatic Terms.

ACERRA. A sacrificial instrument; a little coffer of incense.

ASPERSORIUM. A sacrificial instrument; a vessel for holy water, with which the priest sprinkled the assistants.

Æ. Abbreviation of *Æs*. (Bronze.)

ANCHOR. As a mint-mark on the coins of Alexander it is the sign of Ancyra. On the coins of Herod I, it probably refers to the maritime city of Cæsarea, which he built at the place formerly called Trato's Tower.

APEX. A cap with strings, and terminating with a tuft; badge of the pontificate.

AR. Abbreviation of *Argentum*. (Silver.)

AV. Abbreviation of *Aurum*. (Gold)

AUGUSTA. A term applied to the wife, sister and daughter of an Emperor. (See *Augustus*.)

AUGUSTUS. A title of the Emperor.

BILLON. A compound of cheap metals with silver or tin.

BRONZE—FIRST, SECOND, THIRD.—Ancient copper or bronze coins are divided, for convenience, into three classes, viz: First, Second and Third Bronzes. A "First Bronze" (the *sestertius*) is about the size of an English penny, and weighs from 478 to 383 grains. (This class ceases with Gallienus, A. D. 260.) A "Second Bronze" (the *dupondius*) is about half the size of the "First," and weighs 208 grains. A "Third Bronze" (the reduced *as*) is from the size of the American dime to a size one half larger. (See *size*.) Pure copper was not used by the ancients so much as *Bronze*, or copper united with zinc. This made a hard and durable metal, sufficiently hard, indeed, that working-tools, (chisels, saws, axes, etc.) and weapons of war were forged from it.

CADUCEUS. A white wand or rod, generally having wings; symbol of peace and concord.

CÆSAR. Originally denoted only the adopted son of Julius Cæsar; afterward the Emperors named their successors *Cæsars*; and, from the time of Nero, the Emperors themselves bore that title.

CANOPUS. Very common on the coins of Egypt in the singular shape of a human head placed upon a kind of pitcher.

CARPENTUM. The divine chariot which carried the image of a deity in sacred processions; a badge of consecration of an Empress.

CLOAKED. Wearing the *paludamentum*, or General's military cloak. It was of a scarlet color.

COIN. From Lat. *cuneus* wedge. A piece of metal on which certain characters are stamped, making it legally current as money. The first coins were struck about B. C. 850. Herodotus tells us that the Lydians first coined *gold*.

CONSECRATION COINS. Coins struck in honor of persons after death, a sort of medallic grave-stone. They form a numerous class in the Roman series, a large proportion of the Emperors, etc., being thus honored.

CORNUCOPIÆ. The "Horn of Plenty;" a symbol of abundance. A very frequent coin-emblem.

CUPID. Sometimes appears on Syrian coins.

DENARIUS. This word, rendered in the Scriptures "penny," was the name given to the principal Roman silver coin from its being at first equivalent to ten *asses*, but on the reduction of the weight of the *as* it was made equal to sixteen *asses*, and though the soldiers nominally received a *denarius* per diem, he was only paid *ten asses*.

DIADEM. The *diadem* or *vitta* was a ribbon worn around the head and tied in a floating knot behind, anciently the simple, but superlative badge of a king. In the family of Constantine it is ornamented on either edge with a row of pearls.

ENSIGN. On a Roman *reverse*, standing alone and without any persons, it shows a colony to have been drawn from one legion; when many ensigns or banners appear in the like circumstances, they show the colony to have been drawn from as many legions as there are ensigns.

EPIGRAPH. Same as *inscription*.

EXERGUE. The small space beneath the line on the *reverse* coin. It frequently contains the abbreviated name of the city where the coin was struck.

FELIX. This title, signifying fortunate, happy, as well as the appellation Pius, was first given to Antoninus Pius, but afterward assumed by nearly every Roman Emperor.

FIELD. The spaces on the coin between the figure and the rim. It often contains the mint-marks.

GRADIENT. The word means stepping in a stately, royal manner.

HASTA PURA. A spear-shaft without the point or dart. Very common on Roman coins, and nearly always held in the left hand.

INSCRIPTION. The words on the *obverse* of a coin; counterpart of *legend*.

LAUREATED. Wearing a laurel crown.

LEGEND. The words on the *reverse* of a coin, exclusive of those in *field* and *exergue*; the counterpart of *inscription*.

LITUUS. A curved staff used by the augurs in quartering the heavens.

MINT. From Lat. *moneta*, the mint, coined money, from *Moneta*, a surname of Juno, in whose temple at Rome money was coined.

MODIUS. A measure of capacity among the ancients, only used for measuring dry things, particularly corn; hence usually translated "corn-measure." It is very frequently seen on the *reverse* of Roman coins, surmounting the head of *Genius*. It symbolizes the generosity of the prince in whose honor the coin was struck.

MONEYER. A mint-master, or Triumvir Monetalis. The office of mint-master was held by three individuals at one time; hence the title of Triumvir Monetalis. After the reign of Augustus all mention on coins of the name and title of the masters of the mint entirely disappears, although the office of IIIVIR MONETALIS was still continued.

OBVERSE. The *front* or face side of a coin, the side you naturally first *turn* to when you wish to examine it; in common parlance, the *Head* of the coin.

PALUDAMENTUM. The military cloak of the Roman General was called *paludamentum*. The Roman Emperors or Generals, (for they were all military commanders,) are very frequently seen on their coins wearing this cloak.

PARAZONIUM. A baton of command, not a pointless dagger as some have supposed. This is evident from a *reverse* of Galba, HONOS ET VIRTVS, and other circumstances; it is always held as a baton, not held by the handle as a dagger. Why few Roman Emperors or soldiers appear on their coins with a sword cannot be explained by antiquaries.

PATERA. One of the sacrificial instruments; a dish for the fat and other portions sacred to the gods. Very often seen in the right hand of *Genius*.

PATINATED. A coin is *patinated* when colored by age; this *patina* is often extremely rich in color, according to the constituent parts of the metal. Gold alone refuses rust, coins of gold being found generally in the same state of brightness as when the left the hammer.

PIOUS. As a translation of the Latin Pius it is not to be taken in a religious sense. The meaning is more nearly "dutifully affectionate." The word is first seen on the coins of Antoninus Pius. (See *Felix*.)

POTIN. Pinchbeck, an alloy of copper and zinc resembling gold.

RADIATED. Wearing a radiated crown.

REVERSE. The *rear* or back side of a coin; in common parlance, it is the *Tail*.

S. C. Initials of *Senatus Consulto*, "by the decree of the Senate," and are commonly seen on the older bronze money of Rome; after the republic they were never on gold or silver coins, Augustus depriving the Senate the right of stamping coins in these metals.

SECESPITA. An instrument of sacrifice; an oblong hatchet or large knife for killing the victim.

SIMPULLUM (or SYMPULLUM.) A sacrificial instrument; the vessel for pouring wine on the sacrifice.

SISTRUM. An emblem of Egypt, it being an instrument like an elongated horseshoe, made of brass, fixed on a handle, with loose bars across from side to side, which made a jingling noise when shaken, and some specimens seem to have been made with the horseshoe like part hollow to increase the sound. It was carried by the priests of Isis and used by them in their religious ceremonies.

VICTORIOLA. A small image personifying victory; usually holding a wreath or branch.

VICTORY. A life-size female figure; the personification of victory.

The Lessons of Ancient Coins.

BY DR. ROB MORRIS, OF LA GRANGE, KY.

Opinions relative to Coin Study, Mottoes, etc.

A series of a rulers coins is his life digested into annals—*Addison*. Coins provide us means to promote the advancement of art among ourselves—*Winslow Lewis*. Coin legends are historical events, abbreviated by technical ways, and 'tis the task of the student to arrange the extracts in due sequence; the disposition to penetrate the unknown is one of the strongest of the human passions; ancient coins are histories in suggestive epitomes; he holds possession in coins—*Cicero*. The royal coin—*Horace*. And whatsoever shall seem good to thee and to thy brethren, to do with the rest of the silver and the gold, that do after the will of your God—*Ezra* vii, 18. They say unto him, Cesar's. Then saith he unto them, Render therefore unto Cesar the things that are Cesar's; and unto God the things that are God's.—*Matthew* xxii, 21. I will fetch my knowledge from afar—*Job* xxxvi, 3. The study of the Scriptures is promoted by coins. They breathe new life upon the hallowed pages, and bring the subject down to the comprehension of the simplest. Every scrap of history, every consonance and similarity of names, every legend acquires a meaning under the searching light of coins. And they gave him audience unto this word, and *then* lifted up their voices and said, Away with such a *fellow* from the earth: *for* it is not fit that he should live. *Acts* xxii, 22. In coins we find wandering fancies and odd guesses, hints of familiar accents and imaginative suggestions. If a *copy* of any work of art creates the desire to see the original, it is a *good copy*—*Ruskin*.

For out of the olde fields, as men saithe,
Cometh all this newe corn, fro year to yeare:
And out of olde bookes in good faithe
Cometh all this newe science that men lere.
—*Chaucer*.

It is supposed by some that the invention of the crescent is due to the Mohammedans. Even a slight acquaintance with Roman coins will disprove this, for on many of them we find the crescent.

On the coins of Caracalla (A. D. 211-218) we find it with a star just above. It also occurs on a coin of Gordianus Pius, (A. D. 244-249) on the coins of Otacilia, wife of Philip, the Arabian (A. D. 244-249) her bust appears on the obverse in a *crescent*, which rises above the shoulders on either side like horns.

An ounce of silver in the reign of Severus Alexander (A. D. 222-235) was equivalent, it is said, to ten pounds of bronze. This was 120 to 1.

Considerable use is still made in the rural districts of European countries, and in all Oriental countries, of ancient coins as currency. In France, until A. D. 1570, no copper money was struck, the old Roman pieces remaining there by millions, answering all the purposes of change. Even now you can purchase great varieties of such from the merchants in retired places. In 1830 an English traveler saw a countryman pay his toll at the bridge in Lyons, France, with coins of Constantine the Great, A. D. 306-337.

In Europe all classes of persons possessing any literary taste collect coins, medals, etc., as a means of study; and magazines, etc., upon the subject are multiplied.

A dog playfully bit a murex-shell to pieces on the beach at Tyre. The juice colored his lips purple. His master took the hint. The sharp, shrewd Tyrians took the hint. The *murex* was collected in millions of bushels, ground up and utilized. The rich purple dye of Tyre became an object of prime commercial importance. To commemorate the fact and give due credit to the dog, coins were struck, still extant, showing the original dog and shell, and the word, "Tariorum" (*of the Tyrians*).

Our government in 1861 struck 19,166,000 nickle cents; in 1862 more than eleven millions, and in 1863 nearly fifty millions. The total is nearly seventy millions in three years and yet they are not plentiful. "Where are the loved ones gone?"

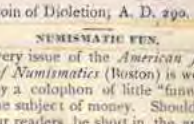
The American mints are distinguished from each other by initial letters. If you see "S" on a a coin, know it was struck in San Francisco; "O" means New Orleans; "C" means North Carolina, where much gold was minted before the war.

The number of devices and emblems upon ancient coins is very great. The ingenious and well read artists in the Roman mints had the world of fact and the world of fancy at their command, and made exhaustive use of both. Birds, beasts, fishes, cities, camps, castles, temples, altars, instruments of sacrifice—the facts of history and the fancies of mythology—all yielded their treasures to the artist as he sat down to make a new "attribution for the coin of a Roman emperor.

The punctuation seen in coin-cuts is not copied from originals. Ancient coins are not punctuated.

An early form of coinage of the Kingdom of Jerusalem: twelfth century.

Illustrations of coinage of the second century.



Coin of Diocletion; A. D. 290.

NUMISMATIC FUN.

Every issue of the *American Journal of Numismatics* (Boston) is wound up by a colophon of little "funnies," on the subject of money. Should any of our readers be short in the article itself (wit), he may fill his pocket with these.

The original dollar-store is the United States mint.

A miser hugging his gold is the true "happy *mean*."

The best thing out is to be out of debt.

The irredeemable bond, that trouble.

Community, at the most are vagabonds.

The virago Queen Elizabeth was, in

a sense, the sovereign bet. If not getting off the subject of money, we should also say she was the original bad egg.

There are no lovers of the species so true to love as bullion brokers.

A fresh coin from nature's mint is penny-royal.

A rare combination,—dollars and sense.

Money in the vest pocket is entitled vested interest.

Our money can never be popular with the ladies, for the Goddess of Liberty wears the old-fashioned dress.

Money resembles condensed fertilizers—it must be spread to fertilize.

The endless variety and marvelous ingenuity of coin inscriptions, and the skillful manner in which they were compressed upon the small field afforded, are best understood by examining specimens themselves. The Roman moneyers have never been excelled in the art of giving expression to "the voices of coins."

Colors of Coins.

Hobler, in *Records of Roman History*, inaugurates the laudable practice of giving the more striking colors of the coins he describes. Such expressions as the following are extremely life-like and convey an excellent idea of the appearance of the specimens: "A fine green coin," "a good bronze brown coin," "a good brown coin," "a good mottled green Campana coin," "a good mottled-green and red Campana coin," "a fine dark green coin," "a good coin, mottled red and green," "a fine water, gold colored Campana coin," "a red Cyrian copper coin," "a fine gold colored Campana coin," "a beautiful Campana green coin," "a beautiful red bronze Campana coin," "a very beautiful Campana green-bronze coin," "a very good black coin," "a red coin," "a very pale green color," "a beautiful grass-green Campana coin," "a fine Campana coin, glossy black, mingled with green," "a raw sienna or drab coin," "a beautiful pale dove-color Campana coin," "a purple coin with a green, Campana tinge," "reddish or pale orange color," "reddish-brown coin," "fine, emerald-green color," "mottled red-green," "extraordinary beautiful purple-violet patina."

Some of these expressions are not altogether clear to us, but upon the whole they give an additional vividness to coin descriptions.

Travelers in Egypt hear much from the natives concerning "Pharaoh's Pence," and if diligent they may gather, as we did in 1868, from the base of Cheop's Pyramid, a handful of them. They are what is termed in geology *nummulites* or "money stones." Webster derives the word from the French *nummulithe*, from Latin *nummus*, a coin, and Greek *lithos*, a stone. His definition of *nummulite* is "a fossil of a flattened form, resembling a small coin belonging to the tribe of *Rhizopoda* or Polythalamia, and common in the early tertiary period."

The Lepton (widow's mite). About B. C. 100.

This is a specimen of the smaller coins, issued in bronze as aliquot parts of the shekel. They were struck at Jerusalem, to accommodate the poorer classes in their daily traffic, and more especially in the temple offerings. All taxes or tributes designed for the benefit of the temple, were paid in Jewish coin alone; that is, in shekels and their aliquots.—*(John's Biblical Archæology, Sec. 242).* And as the Jews were not a commercial nation, their money not being current beyond their own boundaries, the quantity minted was inadequate to the great national collections. Money-changers therefore took their seats in the corridors of the temple on the 15th of the month Adar, and for a profit exchanged Hebrew money for all other coins. As fast as it accumulated in the sacred chests the priests, who doubtless participated in the profits, brought it back to the brokers, and so it may have been bought and sold many times in the day.

The mass of the Jewish people being extremely poor, and the offerings of gratitude to God being often very trifling in value, such money as the above was struck to accommodate them. It is of copper. Its value computed in federal currency can not be exactly given.

Reverse.—No device; but an inscription in Hebrew (Samaritan character which reads, Jonathan Hakkohen Haggadol Vecheber Hajehudim; "Jonathan the High Priest and the Confederation of the Jews." The border is a wreath either of olive or laurel, probably the former.

Reverse.—Two horns of plenty (cornua copiæ), with a poppy-head in the center.

This coin was struck under the administration of Alexander Jannæus, called for his cruelty, *The Thracian*. His era is B. C. 105–78, when he died of strong drink.

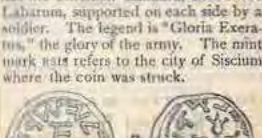
Other forms of the Lepton or "Mite":

Coin Readings.

Forty nine fiftieths of all the ancient numismata that come to our hands are in some degree defective, worn, rust-eaten, clipped, robbed on rocks, pounded by the same, scratched or defaced by use. Nearly every one has lost something—a few letters from the epigraphs, a bit of costume, crown, head-dress, mint mark—something. In all such cases we "read" the coin *by comparing it with others in better condition.*

Take, for instance, three Hadrians, with "Nilus," first bronze. "Nilus" is a rare and valuable attribution. Lay the three side by side. One has old "Nilus" reclining, a perfect and beautiful image, but the obverse is illegible. One has the inscriptions on the obverse and reverse perfectly legible, but portraits of Hadrian and "Nilus" have been mischievously effaced. The third has the portrait to perfection, and but little else. The three objects correspond in size, weight, material, and *tout ensemble*. The result is we can "read" the three coins accurately, the one aiding the other.

A "second bronze" of Constantine the Great. Inscription, "Constantinus Maximus, Augustus." The reverse has the Christian standard, called the Labarum, supported on each side by a soldier. The legend is "Gloria Exercitus," the glory of the army. The mint mark ASIS refers to the city of Siscium where the coin was struck.



The Jewish Shekel.

"Coins were first issued about 900 years B. C., and the use of coined money among the Jews could not have been known prior to the taking of Samaria by the Assyrians, B. C. 721," Hezekiah being king of Judah. About a century later, the Jews forfeited their sovereignty, and never regained it until by the patriotic daring of the Maccabees, B. C. 150, and the nation was redeemed from the "yoke of the heathen," and a new era opened. This occurred B. C. 142, by which time the use of coined money was acknowledged by all civilized people throughout the world. An era from which the new departure was made begun B. C. 142, and the people from that time dated their contracts "in the first year," etc. This sovereignty of course carried with it the right to coin money, and the first was struck at Jerusalem, as specimens prove, about 139 B. C. It was a silver coin denominated a shekel, a word denoting a standard, like the Greek *static*. Half shekels were struck the same year, of which our cut is a representation. The weight of the half shekel is about 110 grains; the value in Federal money about 30 cents.

Obverse.—A cup or chalice; above it the Hebrew letter (Samaritan form) *aleph*, implying "the year one," or B. C. 139.

Inscription.—(Translated) "Shekel of Israel."

Reverse.—A triple lily.

Inscription.—Jerushalem Kedoshah —"Jerusalem the Holy."

Two centuries later, when the Jewish nation was under the Roman yoke, that government ordained an annual tax upon each Jewish man in the world, consisting of one of these coins, the half shekel. This was for the repair, preservation and support of the temple and its service.

The half shekel corresponding with the above:—

As shabby a thing as ever the Roman government did in the worst of its troubles and anarchy was done by the British government in 1803, in collecting up Spanish dollars and stamping a small figure-head of George III. upon them! Vespasian adopted this expedient as he passed through Antioch, A. D. 68, after the conquest of Palestine. In his haste he ordered the stock of coins lying in the great mint, to be heated to softness and stamped with his own portrait over the original impressions. Many coins are in this existence of this *palimpsest* breed. The Jews followed this example during the revolt of Barchobas, A. D.—, and turned into *shekels*, for sanctuary use, the *staters* that had originated with their most hated foes.

CONQUEST COINS.

Among the numerous and more curious legends of historical facts impressed upon Roman coins, we give a few here as pointers to the whole.

Augustus, about B. C. 20, on the conquest of Egypt, struck coins with *Ægypta Capta*; a crocodile chained to a palm tree.

Vespasian, about A. D. 70, on the conquest of the Holy Land, struck coins with *Judæa Capta*; a palm tree, a bound prisoner, and a bewailing maid.

Nerva, about A. D. 97, having abolished the heavy tribute that oppressed the Jewish nation, struck coins with these words (translated): "The reproach of the Jewish tribute being removed."

Trojan, about A. D. 110, when the Parthians were subjugated and compelled to receive the king appointed by Trajan himself, struck coins with *Rex Parthis datis*. Having overcome a part of Arabia, he also struck coins with *Arab Adquis*.

Hadrian, about A. D. 130, records numerous conquests upon coins, and we find specimens bearing the inscriptions. *Mauretania, Alguptas, Alexandria, Nilus, Africa, Cappadocia, Dacia, Hespania, Britannia*, and perhaps others.

Antoninus Pius, about A. D. 170, followed with *Pannonia*.

Commodus, about A. D. 170, upon the conquest of the British Islands, struck coins with *Britannia*.

Verus, joint Emperor with *Marcus Aurelius*, from A. D. 161 to 169, struck numerous conquest-coins, and with *Rex Armen Dat*.

Many other "conquest coins" exist, but the above are among the most instructive.

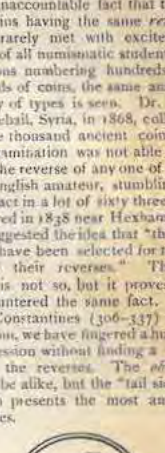
SECRET OF SUCCESS.

The secret of success in coin study is to go slowly over each specimen, examine it with reference to size, weight and material, view the portrait from different positions, study the armor and decorations, decipher, letter by letter, the inscriptions, supplying the abbreviations,—in short, follow the order in which our descriptions are given. Attend to only one thing at a time. To dwell on each topic until a perfect mastery of that is secured is the sure way to make acquisitions profitable and subsequent progress easy, rapid and delightful. The student will not then feel that the region he has passed over swarms with enemies no less numerous and formidable than those he has yet to encounter. He will not have the difficulties magnified by being seen through the mists of imperfect, half formed ideas; but will contemplate with pleasure all the ground he has trodden.

AMAZING DIVERSITY OF TYPES.

The unaccountable fact that two or more coins having the same *reveries* are so rarely met with excites the wonder of all numismatic students. In collections numbering hundreds and thousands of coins, the same amazing diversity of types is seen. Dr. Morris, at Jebail, Syria, in 1868, collected fully five thousand ancient coins, and upon examination was not able to duplicate the reverse of any one of them.

An English amateur, stumbling upon this fact in a lot of sixty three coins discovered in 1838 near Hexham, England, suggested the idea that "they appear to have been selected for the variety of their reverses." This, of course, is not so, but it proves that he encountered the same fact. In a lot of Constantines (306–337) taken at random, we have fingered a hundred in succession without finding a duplicate in the reverses. The *obverses* may all be alike, but the "tail side" of the coin presents the most amazing diversities.



THE CELEBRATED TRIUMVIATE OF OCTAVIUS AUGUSTUS, MARK ANTONY AND LEPIDUS. A BRONZE COIN. SECOND BRONZE.

The death of Cæsar (B. C. 44), instead of restoring the republican form of government to Rome,—as the conspirators, Brutus, Cassius and the rest had hoped,—removed forever the possibility of such a change; for the whole of the State fell incontinently into the hands of three unscrupulous men who, under the name of triumvirate, or "three-men-power," drove the chariot of State as they listed. "Who is ignorant," says an old historian, "of the manner in which they sealed their bond with blood, and overcame all opposition in the blood of the free."

Obverse. The faces of the triumvirate, Marcus Antony, and Marcus Æmilius Lepidus, to the right. Busts bare. Beardless. Heads unadorned. No inscription. These portraits will repay close attention. How various the expressions of the three! "Young Octavius," as Shakespeare calls him, is 22 years of age, as seen on the

Mark Antony 42; Lepidus is older.

Reverse. The Ephesian Diana, adored at Ephesus as the goddess of Nature; whose symbolical figure, by its multitude of breasts and heads of animals hung around it, denotes the fecundity of Nature. The deer on the coin are those caught by herself at Anaurus, and used to draw her chariot.

Inscription. The single word, APXIEP (archer) is all that remains of the epigraph which once swept in a half circle around the goddess. Patin explains it thus: "This colleagueship, so terrible to all good men when it should be destroyed, the priest himself of the temple of Ephesus impressed this coin in the words of the community; so that the name being effaced, nothing remains but the name of the priest."

A DOUBLE STATUE (OCTRODRADRIN) OF THE EMPEROR SETENCUS.

Rare and Curious Coins

DESCRIBED BY ROBT. MORRIS, LL. D.

It is amazing to see the pretentious ignorance with which men label coins of whose ages and authors they are absolutely ignorant. Now here is a specimen which I gathered in Jerusalem and of which I have a score or more in a more or le s perfect condition. In looking over collections of coins in colleges and private hands I find pieces of this kind most blindly and absurdly labelled. Yet nothing is easier to the man who has a copy of De Santry, Levy or Madden than to discover that it is a copper piece struck by Pontius Pilate when governor of Jerusalem.

In Madden's *Jewish Coinage*, p 149, are three cuts of this coin saying only in the dates, "16," "17," "18." The figure is the *lituus*, a sacred instrument, used by the Roman priests in their incantations. It must have been extremely galling to the pious Jews to see this figure upon the "small change" of Jerusalem, suggesting as it did the most heathenish ceremonies, abhorrent to every principle of true religion. This inscription is in Greek, "Tiberius Caesar." The date is seen in the Greek letters after the letter L for *Etobaanator*. "16" is equal to A. D. 29, the year before Jesus began his ministry; "17" represents A. D. 30, the year in which he was baptized; "18" stands for A. D. 31. The specimen figure above is the latest of the three.

Here is an extremely rare and curious piece from near Gaza in the Holy Land where it was struck, and figured in De Santr.'s *Numismatique de la Palestine*, plate 41, figure 2. The front side (obverse) presents the head of a goddess with a turretted crown. Such a crown implies that the city to which it refers was a walled (castellated, turreted) city, as indeed Gaza was. Upon the other side is a large form of the letter *Mem* (equivalent to our M). In the upper right hand corner are the first two letters of GAZA in Greek; in the opposite corner the date is expressed by the letters LIC or 210. It is believed that this refers to the era of 693 from the foundation of Rome B. C. 753, and this will make the date of the present coin B. C. 60 or 61. The "M" named above is the initial letter of the god *Marna*, tutelary deity of Gaza. The letter A on the front side behind the castellated crown has not yet been explained by any numismatist. Perhaps some one of your readers, tackling this problem, may discover the secret.

Here is a copy of one of the official seals of the Knights of Malta. In the center is seen a sick person extended upon a bed. This reveals the fact that the first name given to this valorous

organization was "Knights of the Hospital," and here is a room of the hospital containing a bed with a patient. Over his head is the eight pointed cross, properly styled "cross pattee" or Maltese cross. Over his head is the large oil lamp peculiar to hospital use. Near his feet swings a censer throwing out resinous fumes to counteract the offensive odors of the hospital. The inscription is in old Roman characters HOSPITALIS JERUSALEM. The hospitals of Jerusalem. I am not able to give the exact period at which this seal was adopted. Various epochs had different seals but all bore the inscription as here. Perhaps each Grand Master had a different seal. Let your readers inquire into that.

This is a coin struck in the far-famed city of Baalbec in upper Syria, styled by the Romans Heliopolis or "City of the Sun." It was struck under the Roman Emperor Philip A. D. 245.–8 as the inscription shows. "The Emperor Caesar Marcus Julius Philip Pius, Felix Augustus." His portrait is seen forming the right, the face bearded, the head crowned with laurel.

The edifice upon the opposite face of the coin has, upon each side, a smaller building. In the centre of the temple is a cypress tree. At the bottom stands an altar with a figure like a column on each side. Above are the letters,

COL. HEI.
I. O. M. H.

That is "The Colony Heliopolis To Jupiter Maximus" (or better "To Jupiter supremely good, supremely great."

The Cypress tree was dedicated to Appollo or the sun and this explains its use, in the temple of the Sun he and his coin, struck at the same place by the same Emperor Philip, the temple is seen surrounded with column like Parthenon at Athens and attached by a long flight of steps. The inscription is "The Colony of Julius Augustus, Felix, Heliopolis"

The Lessons of Ancient Coins.

BY DR. ROB. MORRIS, OF LA GRANGE, KY.

These are three classes of coins of the Emperor Domitian, struck A. D. 88, to commemorate the Secular Games. These were national celebrations like our own Centennial of 1876, preparations for which were made at enormous cost. The first Seculars were celebrated about B. C. 505 or 508. The second B. C. 445 or 448; the third B. C. 235; the fourth B. C. 145 or 148; the fifth by the Emperor Augustus B. C. 17; the sixth A. D. 47 by the Emperor Claudius; the seventh by Domitian as above; the eighth by the Emperor Septimius Severus A. D. 204; the last by the Emperor Philip A. D. 248.

The proper song for all those occasions was the one written by Horace A. D. 17, a charming piece in the original Latin, as every scholar will admit. It has nineteen stanzas each in four lines, the metre of the first three Sapphic, of the last Adonic, in turning the Secular Hymn of Horace into American, it is not possible to convey more than a faint taste of the odor of the original. One passage sounds well even in our own tongue: "Oh, genial sun who, in thy splendid chariot opens and follows the day, may thou never be able to behold anything more glorious than the city of Rome."

Here is one of the Ptolemies, the first kings of Egypt. The head is bound with a fillet in imitation of the proetia of the great Alexander. Upon the reverse appears the eagle, king of birds, emblem of omnipotent love, standing upon thunderbolts. The legend is (translated) the "money of the King of Ptolemy."

Lysimachus comes next. His symbol is the conquering Minerva, who sits grandly to the left with spear, and vested helmet and shield and *gloriola* or emblem of conquest. As a piece of art this is a very fine specimen.

The Persian daric, a gold coin, simple, archaic, but especially valuable as being among the very oldest of coins. It was struck by the great Darius, and by some others is believed to represent the oldest coinage ever made. This, however, is not agreeable to our own theory, which places the first coinage at Ægina about B.C. 900.

American, Colonial and Continental Paper Money.

BY E. MASON, JR. NUMISMATIST, 32, No. 13th STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Seventh Paper.

The history of the early paper currency of America is an extremely interesting one, and deserves more attention from the numismatic student than is usually given the subject, but the limits of a newspaper scarcely affords the voluminous details necessary to place the matter in a complete form; hence we will confine this paper to the rarity and variety of the different issues. With few exceptions the notes of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland are of little value, ranging from five cents to fifteen cents each at the dealer's stores, while the notes at New York, New England and states south of Delaware and Maryland are, in many instances, quite rare, and in others somewhat scarce. The most valuable notes are the Yorktown, Va., and the limited Vermont issues, with a few exceptions of issues of other states almost impossible to procure. The prices for the rare notes range from $1 to $10 each, while the scarce issues range from 25c to 50c each. Many of the colonial notes have been redeemed and cancelled, bearing upon their face perforations, cuts, or other defacing marks, and in this condition are worth but half the value of perfect notes. The following states issued paper money prior and after the revolutionary struggle: N. H., Vt., Mass., R. I., Conn., N. Y., N. J., Pa., Del., Md., Va., N. C., S. C., and Georgia.

The Colonial notes were generally issued in English denominations of pounds, shillings and pence, and were subsequently repudiated by the different states; hence irredeemable. Some of the states issued paper money on the decimal system and in fractions of a dollar such as one-third, two-thirds etc.

Continental paper money bears date as follows:

May 10,	1775	Nov. 2,	1776
Nov. 29,	"	Feb. 26,	1777
Feb. 17,	1776	May 20,	"
May 9,	"	April 11,	1778
July 22,	"	Sept. 26,	"
		Jan. 14,	1779

The denominations were from one-sixth of a dollar to $80, inclusive, and were authorized by Congress. The rarest of the issues is said to be the Yorktown $40 notes, dated April 15, 1777 and March 12, 1778; but many collectors believe these notes were not genuine issues; however they command a good price. The rare issues of continental paper money are valued at 25c to $3 each, the commoner varieties from 10c to 20c each. Those notes dated at Yorktown, Va., of which there are a number of issues, besides the rare $40 note, command from $1 to $5 each. Many efforts have been made in past years to get a bill through Congress having for its object the redemption of the continental money; but all such efforts failed, the arguments used against the bills being that the money had passed from the heirs of the revolutionary soldiers and others who received it in payment for services, etc., and was held in vast quantities by speculators, at a cost to them of a little over old paper stock. For a full description of Colonial and Continental paper money the reader is referred to Breck's History of the same and the interesting work of John W. Haseltine, of Philadelphia.

The Coin Collector.

The Lessons of Ancient Coins.

BY DR. ROB. MORRIS, OF LAGRANGE, KY.

A correspondent asks, "What relation did the penny Scotch bear in the last century to the penny English?" It was twelve to one: the penny English being equivalent to twelve pence (a shilling) Scotch. Allusions to this are seen in Scott's novels and the older works in Scottish history.

In the year 1381 the *livre tournois* was equal to seven cents, Federal currency, as we reckon it now. To understand Dumas' novels, we must bear in mind the *present* values of those ancient coins and get their equivalents in American money of the present day.

THE FINGER NAIL ON CHINESE COINS.—There is the mark of a finger nail on a certain class of Chinese coins which was adopted at the time of Queen Wentek, if anybody knows when that was. A wax model of a proposed coin was brought to her for inspection. Handling the piece she stuck her finger nail in it, and when the coin went to the mint that mark was retained.

In the Athenæum of 1807, it is said that an earthen pot was found in Delping Common, near Stamford, Lincolnshire, England, containing 782 Roman coins. A few were of Augustus and the First Claudius. To show how little the editor of the Athenæum knew of ancient numismatics, he explains the difficulty of distinguishing their ages by "the irregularity of the coins towards the exergue," as though he were expecting to find the year of our Lord upon the exergue! "Around the head of one of the plainest," he says, "supposed to be Augustus's, is the following IMP. C. VICTORINVS P. AVG." Any one of the least pretensions to the knowledge of historical coins would read this "The Emperor Cæsar Victorinus," &c., referring it to the ruler of that name who was contemporary with Gallienus, nearly three centuries after Augustus.

The division of metals in the coinage of the first Cæsars between the Emperor and the Senate is of great importance to be understood. The tyro in coins finds a puzzle in the distinction between the coins struck in copper and the more precious metals, the former being covered with adulatory expressions, the latter more modest. The explanation is, as Gibbon so tersely expresses it, "the first Cæsars had been invested with the exclusive coinage of the gold and silver; to the Senate they abandoned the baser metal of bronze or copper." The emblems or legends were inscribed on a more ample field by the genius of flattery, and the prince was relieved from the care of celebrating his own virtues. The successors of Diocletian despised even the flattery of the Senate. Their royal officers at Rome and in the provinces assumed the sole direction of the mint, and the same prerogative was inherited by the Gothic kings of Italy, and the long series of the Greek, the French and the German dynasties. After an abdication of 800 years, the Roman Senate asserted this honorable, and lucrative privilege, which was tacitly renounced by the Popes, from Paschal II to the establishment of their residence beyond the Alps. Some of these republican coins of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries are shown in the cabinets of the curious. On one of these, a gold piece, Christ is depictured holding in his left hand a book with this inscription: "The Lord of the Roman Senate and people; Rome the capital of the world." On the reverse is St. Peter delivering a banner to a kneeling Senator, in his cap and gown with the name and arms of his family impressed upon a shield.

The page of coin cuts may well be studied together to show the variety of emblems employed by ancient artists. The first specimen is that of Messana, of which the hare was the numismatic index. The coin of Syracuse may be recognized by the dolphins swimming round the head of Medusa, and upon the other side the devil-fish, of which Victor Hugo has given us such a terrific account. The eagle and hare, the bee, the crab, the hippopotamus, are all local emblems, suggesting the places of mintage. A colonial coin of the city of Perla suggests the rocky character of that place. The lion was appropriately used as a symbol of the city named after the loyal brute. The three-legged monsters refers to the three chief promontories of the island of Sicily, and was struck at Panormus, on that fertile island. A similar emblem was used on the copper currency of the Isle of Man, Great Briain, up to quite a recent date.

Reducing the value of the Roman ases to Federal money is a more difficult problem than one would suppose. In arranging the franchise of the Roman people under the Republic, 98 votes out of 193 were given to those voters who owned 100,000 ases each, that is, 100,000 lbs. troy weight of copper. This quantity has been represented by most western writers as equal to 10,000 Attic druchmæ, equal to $1500. An Attic drachmæ by this computation was worth 15 cents. In regard to this computation, Mr. Gibbon says it would only apply to later times when the *as* only weighed one-half ounce instead of 12 ounces. He says he cannot believe that in the first ages, however destitute of the precious metals Rome might be, that a single ounce of silver could have been exchanged for 70 pounds of copper. He prefers to think that the primitive *as*, or pound, was worth 25 cents in silver, and the 10,000 as'es of the franchise $25.00.

In 1866 a farmer in the parish of Washington, County of Sussex, England, turned up a casket containing 3000 English pennies which must have lain in the ground since the battle of Hastings A. D. 1066. They got among the villagers, and half a pint of the coins were sold for a pint of beer.

In inaugurating the great artificial harbor at Cherbourg, France, August 7, 1858, a metallic box was fitted into a niche cut at the base in the solid rock, which box contained one of all the coins and national medals of France. Then the box was hermetically sealed. A massive stone slab properly inscribed was rolled over the niche and fastened down and the ocean water admitted to the depth of 60 feet and more.

The comparison made by the poet Tennyson between the Knights of the Roman Table and a collection of coins is a happy one:

"For good ye are and bad and like to coins,
Some true, some light, but every one of you
Stamped with the image of the King!"

Among the numismatic scraps preserved by the indefatigable Gibbon is one concerning Alexander, "a subtle scribe at the period of the Emperor Justinain," (A. D. 527 to 563) to whom the government submitted the improvement of the revenue. He was a man long practiced in the fraud and oppression of the Byzantine schools, and the Greek name of *psalliction* or "The Scissors" was given him from the dexterous artifice with which he reduced the size of the gold coin without defacing the figures and inscription. *Psalliction* is good.

The first two of these present two reverses of the coins of Sabina, wife of Hadrian A. D. 117 to 138. The lady reader is invited to observe the complicated and beautiful arrangement of her hair. The other represents the two sides of a fine coin of the Emperor Vesparian A. D. 69 to 79, struck

in his third Consulate to commemorate the subjugation of Judea in the legend Judea Capta shows. All three of these are bronze (copper) coins.

Both the above are Greek Imperials. The character of their symbolism is very striking and will repay study.

Here we have a coin struck at Jerusalem by one of the Jewish procurators (governors.) The stiff, coarse style of engraving is remarkable.

Nickel.

The appearance of the new nickel five cent coin—convenient and handsome—has suggested the question, what is nickel? In 1754 Constadt announced the discovery of a new metal in kupper (false copper) nickel, to which he gave the name of nickel. It was in combination with arsenic, and the alloy of nickel and arsenic which he obtained was white, brittle, and very hard and had a melting point nearly as high as cast iron.

Some seventy years after this discovery pure nickel was obtained by analysis of German silver. Pure nickel tarnishes readily in the air, and has heretofore been used chiefly for plating. Nickel bronze, which consists of equal parts of copper and nickel, with a little tin, may be cast into very delicate forms, and is susceptible of a high polish. Mines of nickel are worked at Chatham, Conn., Lancaster, Pa., Le Motte, Mo., and at several points in Colorado and New Mexico. The recent discovery silicate of nickel will probably bring nickel into common use.

The United States made nickel cents in 1856, and in 1864 coined the five-cent pieces. The nickel is the handsomest coin in circulation, and it being the handsomest is because its design is a plagiarism, the coin makers at the mint having become famous for producing homely designed coins. It is alleged that the reverse of the new five-cent piece is that of the five reis Portugese bronze coin of 1868, and the obverse that of the Spanish pesos of 1868.

Rare and Curious Coins

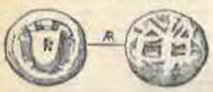
DESCRIBED BY ROBERT MORRIS, LL.D.

The numismatic paragraphs that go the rounds of the press are often ludicrously erroneous, and misleading. Here is a paragraph that I have just pasted in my numismatic scrap book. I clipped it from the *Courier-Journal*, of Louisville, Ky. The correspondent says:

"I have recently seen a gold coin of the reign of George III., year 1768, having his head and the words 'George III. Dei Gratia' on one side, and on the other a shield or coat of arms and the words 'In the memory of the good old days 1765.' It is just the size of a nickel, not so thick."

Now the reply to that correspondent should have been "Your specimen is not a *coin*, but a *token* or medallet. It is probably only brass (not gold), and was struck perhaps within the last ten or twenty years, by one of the English manufacturers of that sort of stuff." Instead of that, the editor gravely declares that "from the mint-marks he can not say anything of its value." Mint-marks, indeed! But that is a fair specimen of the numismatic ignorance that floats through the press.

I select for the present article three coins corresponding with the cuts:



This is not much of a rarity in the form of an engraving; for every one who has studied numismatics, even a little, knows it to be a *stater of Aegina*, believed by the best numismatists to be the very oldest strike of coins. It is of silver. One side only is struck, and that with an impression of the turtle or sea-tortoise. As for age, it is safe to set it between 800 and 900 years B. C. When this coin first went into circulation, King Solomon had only been some 50 years dead. Homer, perhaps was declaiming his immortal productions through the cities of western Asia; Rome was not founded; Greece had not risen above barbarism; the only law-book was that of Moses; the only poetry that of David; the only philosophy that of Solomon. Neither of the seven wonders of the world had been constructed; neither of the seven wise men of antiquity was born. Tyre was the commercial metropolis of the world, and her ships sailed and her caravans sought the remotest place for the profits of trade.

The rude impress upon the reverse of this coin is simply the fret or excrescence upon the anvil made to hold the silver planchet in place under the strokes of the hammer. The weight of this piece is 220 grains or thereabouts, and it was worth 60 cents in silver.

This is a neat little coin of bronze, found rather abundantly at Jerusalem, and struck in the third year of the Jewish revolt, under the Romans; that is, A. D. 68, two years before the final destruction of Jerusalem by Titus.

Upon the obverse will be seen a two-handled and covered vase, believed to be one of those presented by Ptolemy Philadelphus to the temple service, and taken thence by John of Gischala, during the rebellion named. The inscription in Hebrew is, Shenath Shelosh; that is, "the third year." Upon the other side is a vine-leaf, a characteristic emblem of Judea, teaching peace, rest and safety. The legend reads *Cheruth Zion*, "the Deliverance of Zion."

If the reader should visit Jerusalem, let him quietly slip out of the east gate that opens toward Mount Olivet, and walk at the base of the great wall to its southeast corner. Then if there has been a washing rain, let him seek in the sides of gullies and ravines for coins of this size. They demand sharp eyes for their detection, but they are numerous, and if he will not be too easily discouraged he will find some. When he has done so let him recall that awful night of August, A. D. 70, when the heavens were glowing with the flames of the temple on the wall above him, and the blood of 40,000 human beings poured into the valleys as a cataract.

Here is another specimen of money found but rarely in the ruined places of Palestine. It is of silver, and was struck probably A. D. 65 or 66, one of the earliest coins of the great Jewish rebellion. It is a shekel, resembling, but very indistinctly, those of two centuries earlier. Upon the obverse is a temple with four columns front *(tetra style)*, and a star above it. On the other side are two emblems particularly Jewish, styled the *ethrog* and the *lulab*. The legend is in Hebrew, *lacheruth Jerusalem*, "the deliverance of Jerusalem."

The *lulab* was a bunch of thickly-leaved branches, corresponding with the order in Leviticus 23: 40. "Take of goodly trees, branches of palm-trees, and the boughs of thick trees and willows of the brook." These were carried in holy procession at the feast of the Tabernacles. The Jewish tradition has it that the bunch was made up of myrtle and willow and palm branches, and carried in the right hand.

The *ethrog* was a *citron* which was borne in the same procession, in the left hand. Much use is made now of the citron by the Jews, in Holy Land in their religious worship. In the synagogue at the close of the service it is common to see them passed round to each worshiper, who inhales their sweet odor, and praises God.

Coins Found Among Ancient Ruins in Holy Land.

DESCRIBED BY DR. ROB. MORRIS, OF LA GRANGE, KY.

This coin was struck in some one of the mints of Galilee, in the dominions of King Herod Antipas, between B. C. 4 and A. D. 39. This Herod was a son of Herod the Great, by his wife Matthace. He is called "Herod the Tetrarch," in Matthew xiv.; Luke iii. 19; also "Tetrarch of Galilee." This is the Herod who married Herodias, the wife of his half brother, Philip I., and who put John the Baptist to death for publicly rebuking his licentiousness. He founded the city of Tiberias, on the Sea of Galilee, and named it in honor of the then reigning Emperor of Rome. After the death of that Emperor he was deposed, banished to Gaul, (A. D. 39.) and subsequently to Spain, where he died.

Upon one face of the coin *(obverse)* is a branch of palm, poorly drawn. The inscription is in Greek letters, stiff and ungraceful. I substitute English letters, which stand for *Harodou Tetrarchou*—"the money of Herod the Tetrarchou." The date is seen in the three Greek letters on the right and left of the branch, L. I. Γ. (In the English letters,) which stand for *Lukh Etontes* Γ., that is, of the 53d year. This refers, of course, to this career of Tiberius. On the other face of the coin, *(reverse)* is a wreath enclosing the word, TIBERIVS.

This is a coin of Guy de Lusignan, king of Jerusalem from 1185 to 1195. It was found near Jacob's well. This Guy surrendered to the Saracens at Hattin, 1187. His life was spared; he was released, and lived to join in the war for the recovery of his kingdom. Then he abdicated his throne, for which he was totally unfit, and gave place to Henry, Count of Champagne.

The portrait on the obverse is probably that of King Guy, or, if the reader conceives it to be a female face, of Lybilla, his queen, through whom he obtained the crown. The edifice on the reverse is the Holy Sepulcher at Jerusalem, as it appeared at that time. The lettering, though so barbarous, is not worse than that used in other mints of the period. Put the epigraphs on both sides together, and the reader, with some ingenuity will make REX GVIDO DE IERVSALEM, "King Guido of Jerusalem." "X" stands for "Rex."

This is a coin of the Emperor Diocletian, (A. D. 284 to 304,) whose part in the 10th General Persecution of the Christians was so prominent that to this day one of the Christian sects in Egypt date their documents from the commencement of his reign. He burnt the churches, destroyed the Holy Writings, and martyred the priests at such a rate that before he died he had engraved upon one of his monuments the boast, "that the Christian superstition had been (deleted,) wiped out." This coin was found near the city of Joppa. The portrait is good. On the reverse, a group of priests are sacrificing in front of an entrenched camp. The inscriptions are "Diocletian the Augustus," Victory over the Sarmatians." This shows that the coin was struck to commemorate one of the greatest victories of his career, viz: that over the people of Sarmatia. The coin is silver, and known as the *denarius*, or "penny." Upon the resignation of Diocletian, A. D. 306, Constantine the Great began to appear on the field of action, and within six years the whole Roman Empire fell into his hands and became Christian.

This is a coin of Vespasian, the 10th Emperor of Rome, A. D. 69 to 79. It was struck to commemorate the conquest of Judea under Titus, A. D. 70. The palm tree is stamped upon it as the emblem of that country. Upon larger specimens of this class, the words *Judea Capta* are seen, which we read, "The land of Judea subjugated." The inscription reads in the American language, "The Cæsar Vespasian consul the fourth term." The coin was found at Gebal, (now pronounced Jebale) on the Phœnician coast, some twenty five miles north of Beyrout. I found that place a great treasure-house of ancient coins, running through all periods from Alexander the Great down to the present time. My purchases of coins there numbered several thousand. If any of your readers going to the Holy Land would visit the richest *thesauros* of coins in Syria, they will find it, I think, at Jebale. Take lodgings in the Maronite Convent. Take a man with you who can talk Arabic. Don't let anybody know what you are there for. Purchase quietly and in *lots*, and you can get splendid bargains if you are sufficiently acquainted with numismatics to know what you *do* want.

The Annals of a Nation Preserved upon Coins.

BY ROBERT MORRIS, L. L. D.

Antiochus VI., King of Syria.

In all the immense variety of historical and biographical thought, presented by our coins, none suggests sadder reflections than this of the poor boy king set up by an ambitious general as a puppet, first to be worshiped, then to be murdered as political necessities might demand. He was the son of Alexander Balas whose coin I described in Number Four of this series. At the death of his father, by assassination B. C. 146, this boy was brought forward B. C. 144, by Tryphon, who had been one of his father's generals, and crowned under the name of Antiochus VI. Tryphon was no ordinary manager, and succeeded in securing Antioch and a considerable portion of Syria in the interests of the young king. Jonathan and Simon, leaders of the Jews, whose coin I described in Number Five, joined his party, and it is credible that a long and useful career was before him. But his keeper found an appointed hour B. C. 142 to murder the lad and seize upon his crown. At least such is the common report although Tryphon alleged that the boy died under the operation of lithotomy. At all events Tryphon seized the authority and held it until B. C. 139, when he was defeated and put to death by King Demetrius II.

Look at the face of the hapless boy in any school we see just such countenances. The hand of a loving mother has smoothed and disentangled those locks; the kisses of a fond parent have been impressed upon that childish mouth. Humanity is ever the same, and whoever, if any reader shall acquire one of these silver sisters, with its juvenile face to the right surmounted by a spiked crown, will be able to find its parallel in any merry group of boys. The enclosing circle is ornamented in a peculiar style.

But the reverse of this rare specimen is even worthier of the attention of the readers. The central object is a pair of horsemen galloping to the left, wearing caps in the form of egg-shells divided in half, their lances at rest, a star above each head. These are the thrice celebrated sons of Jupiter and Leda, styled *Castor* and *Pollux*. The common title is *Dioscuri*, meaning "the sons of Dios" or Jupiter. They constitute one of the most popular emblems impressed by Greek and Roman artists upon coins. The device was used in many forms; the ship in which St. Paul sailed on his way to Rome was decorated by figures of Castor and Pollux and dedicated to those sons of Jupiter. See their cloaks flying in the wind; an artistic thought suggesting rapidity of motion. Observe the length of spear which was one of their distinguishing marks. Every shepherd in the early times could point you out in the sky the constellation of Castor and Pollux charging as daring cavaliers among the stars of heaven and betokening changes of weather of which the shepherds were not slow to take notice. Surrounding the group is a wreath of laurel sprigs.

The legend is in Greek and reads: "The money of King Antiochus, Epiphanes, Dionysius." The first three letters of the word Tryphon are marked upon the coin, and the Greek letters O. R. which are numerals for the year 170 referring to the Selenciden Era which began B. C. 312. This gives the date B. C. 142, at which time the coin was struck; it was the last year of his reign, and of his life. The name Dionysius which is but another word for Bacchus, was bestowed upon him, on account of his extraordinary graces of form and feature; this our picture abundantly verifies. In some specimens his head is bound with a wreath of ivy leaves, one of the attributions of Bacchus. In some, we find the image of Victory holding in her right hand an olive branch, in her left

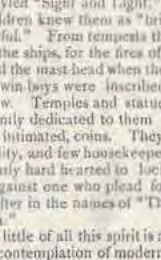
an unknown branch. In some there is an elephant standing, holding in his trunk a burning torch, and behind him a cornucopiæ, emblem of fertility. The star is frequent, so is the wheat-head, the poppy-flower, the panther emblem of Bacchus. In some is the figure of Bacchus himself, having in his right hand a drinking mug, in his left a staff wound about with ivy, (*Thyrsus.*) In others the full-length figure of Apollo, nude, sitting upon a *cortina*, having in his right hand a bow, in his left an arrow. Besides these I find a horse, a tripod, a helmet, a goat's horn, a woman standing erect and holding a branch and a spear, and many other types of numismatic art.

The emblem styled the *Dioscuri*, demands more space than I can give it here. Pollux was the skilful boxer, Pollux the unequaled horseman. Favored was he who worshiped the Dioscuri; the father (Jupiter) blessed those who reverenced his two sons, the children of Leda. The ship-wrecked mariner acknowledged the aid of their light. They were the white-horse phantoms of day and night. As the sun went down, the gazer saw one of them begin to mount the sky. They were styled "Sight and Light." Even the children knew them as "brightness and joyful." From tempests they protected the ships, for the fires of Jupiter spanned the mast-head when the names of the twin-boys were inscribed upon the prow. Temples and statues were abundantly dedicated to them and, as already intimated, coins. They taught hospitality, and few housekeepers were sufficiently hard-hearted to lock their doors against one who plead for food and shelter in the names of "The Sons of Leda."

How little of all this spirit is aroused by the contemplation of modern coins! When will the world move far enough backward to give their money the place of teachers!

The Annals of Nations Preserved upon Coins.

BY ROBT. MORRIS, LL. D., NUMISMATIST.



Hadrian and Sabina.

I am now prepared to exhibit a specimen very rare and curious, of the class of coins styled "Greek Imperials," that is coins having the Emperor's portrait upon the obverse, but giving the epigraphs on both sides, in the Greek language. The one figured above is somewhat abraded upon the obverse, but enough remains to enable us by comparison with other coins of the same class, to read even the erased portions. It is a bronze coin of the Emperor Hadrian, who reigned from A. D. 117 to 138, and presents both his own portrait and that of his wife Sabina.

In this study of ancient coins, every indication however trifling, MEANS SOMETHING. The owner of a coin may not know how to read these marks; he may have no books or friends who can help to elucidate them, but he may feel confident that, like the hieroglyphics on the obelisks at Luxor, each one expresses a thought. These things lead to patient and persevering study. This very day I have succeeded in deciphering some Parthian coins which have been for several years in my possession, but without expressing any meaning to me. Look now at the portraits of the Emperor Hadrian and his wife, facing each other. This implies conjugal concord. When the question came up in the Senate, or most likely, in the Committee of the Senate, what devices to put upon this coin, someone suggested "the tenderness of agreement that existed between the Emperor and Empress," and this was the result! So all coin language is read. A leaflet of history was to be written, and there was a wealth of emblem well known, full of meaning ready at hand, and the expert moneyer selected the proper one.

The head of Hadrian is laureated; that of Sabina is crowned with a coronet of her own hair, supplemented by artificial work. Her bust is decently draped as in all female busts upon Roman coins. Her face is delicate and handsome: all historians unite in commending her beauty. The inscription is in Greek, as already intimated; it signifies "Trajan Hadrian, the Augustus." If the sentence were complete it would read (turning Greek into Latin letters) Aut. Kais. Traianos Adrianos Seb Upatos G. Patar Patridos, that is, "the Emperor Cæsar, Trajan Hadrian, the Augustus, the chief German, (or Germanicus) Father of the Country." This illustrates the capacity of coin epigraphs in the way of abbreviations.

The reverse of our specimen presents a beautiful figure of Victory advancing to the left, upon a brisk run or as a soldier would say "at a charge step." This is indicated both in the position of her feet and in the manner in which her skirts have caught the air, and flown backward and upward. In her right hand is a crown held by the knot with which its ends are tied; in her left, a palm branch long enough to extend over her left shoulder. Her head is handsomely crowned; her vesture is open and free. The artist has expressed in all this, the perfect general sense of freedom from restraint.

The legend (in Greek) signifies, when translated, "A coin of the people of Hadrianapolis." This is a city near Constantinople, and now styled Adrianople; it promises soon to become the scene of a great strife between Czar and Sultan, in the last great wrestle of those powers. At the time of Hadrian, there was a vast mint there whose issues are fully recognized by coin students even though the legends are sometimes wanting. It is proper to add, that Hadrian, familiarly known as the "Imperial Pilgrim" visited successively almost every province and city of his dominion; his advent and departure were marked by issues of coins in all the variety that the art of numismatics could suggest. Gibbon, the English historian says, in view of this fact, that though all written histories of Hadrian were destroyed, a correct one could be constructed from his coins and inscriptions extant.

Looking once more at that delicate and imperial face, I beg leave to whisper in your ear that poor Sabina was as unhappy a lady as ever wore a crown. After living with her husband more than thirty years, she died the same year in which he did, (A. D. 138,) and according to the opinions of historians, by POISON, administered by his orders. She had no children. In her will, she left a sum of money for founding a school for indigent girls, and I have a coin of her's with two little children, her hands pressed lovingly upon their heads.

My lady readers would like to have an account of the head dress figured on the coin. The coronet is in three parts. The first band is narrow and joined to the second which is broad; both are ornamented with indentations fitting into each other. Added to this is a third band narrow at the side, and projectively rising to a sort of pointed crown or coronet which seems to have been ornamented with jewels. The narrow band is flattened out at the end as if to fix it by its elasticity on the side of the head by the temples. The great Roman families vied with each other in the perfection to which these perruquiers (who were slaves) attained, and it is quite painful to estimate the time, patience and perseverance necessary to build up such a capilary structure as we see upon this coin.

BY ROBT. MORRIS, LL. D., NUMISMATIST.

The Half Jewish Shekel of Silver.

I have selected for my subject this month, the rare coin styled the half Jewish Shekel of silver. They are so uncommon that I was a number of years in pursuit of one, before I obtained it, and but for a singular piece of good fortune in finding a friend at the Centennial, fresh from Holy Land, who had some for sale I might never have succeeded. It is probable that not many were ever struck; they were struck four or five years: they were not so much used for currency as for payment of temple dues. They were emphatically what the Romans called SACRA MONETA "a holy money." As the surrounding nations would not use them, the Jews being a non-commercial people with no reputation at that period as traders, and as Palestine, being a conquered country, was fully supplied with the coinage of the Egyptians, Syrians, &c., the principal purpose, I repeat, of striking shekels and half shekels was to supply coins for payment of religious dues by the Jews which could only be paid in sacred money. This specimen is pure silver, weighs about 108 grains and is worth intrinsically 30 cents nearly. It is a hammered coin as all the monies of old times were, except a few large ones that were cast and the engraved work is of a sharp and legible character, peculiar in various respects. And now let us examine the INDICIA stamped on the two sides.

The obverse of the coin presents a cup. This is a frequent emblem in Scripture representing the lot of a man as "my cup runneth over;" "suffer this cup to depart from me;" "the cup of bitterness," &c., &c.

In form, it is copied from the large brazen laver in which the priests washed themselves before undertaking sacredotal duties. This laver or "molten sea" as it is called, stood east of the temple and is minutely described in II. Chronicles IV. It stood upon twelve objects having "the similitude of oxen," three looking to each of the four points of the compass, the thickness of the molten sea was a "hand breadth" and "the brim of it was like the work of the brim of a cup with flowers of lilies" and it held 22,500 gallons of pure water. As every Jew was obliged, at stated periods to visit the temple at Jerusalem, beginning at the age of 12 years, and so was familiar with the appearance of this great basin, it formed a most natural and attractive emblem to place upon the coin.

Above the cup is the date; this is given in a Hebrew letter, signifying one, and is read "the first year" referring to the government of Simon Maccabee the first Jewish ruler who ever struck coins. He began his government B. C. 142, but it is doubtful whether the coin was struck that year or 4 years later (B. C. 138), when he received explicit authority from the Syrian King to open a mint. The inscription (in Hebrew) within a circle of dots, is read CHATZI HA-SHEKEL "the half shekel."

Turning the coin over to the reverse, we see a bunch of three lilies or as some think hyacinths. Every Jewish child was familiar with these productions of unaided nature. Palestine is emphatically a land of lilies. I have walked over them, plucked them, botanized with them, made them my royal cushion. Jesus used them as his best floral emblems: "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." The legend (or epigraph) within a circle of dots, is read JERUSALEM KEDOSHAH, that is "Jerusalem the holy."

The shekel is exactly the double in weight of the half-shekel, but otherwise the same, having the same emblems and epigraphs, with the difference "shekel Israel" instead of "CHATZI HA SHEKEL," as above.

There are also copper shekels, half shekels, quarter shekels, and sixth shekels, but I have only seen them in engravings. On the obverse they present two bunches of thickly leaved branches, with the fruit of a citron between. On the reverse is a tall palm tree, placed between two baskets of fruit. The inscription gives merely the date; this legend reads LAGUILOTH ZION "the redemption of Zion." But the sixth of a shekel has the cup on the obverse like the silver shekel, and a parcel of branches between two citrons on the reverse. This coin, the Jewish half shekel of silver, represents the emblem referred to in lectures of the freemasons, and very celebrated among the students of that Order. Being the first ever struck by the Jews and serving as their standard or unit of value in all the subdivisions of their coins, it is plain that shekels and half shekels were greatly cherished by that people, and I have loved to think of a Saint Paul, in his long and perilous wanderings, carrying in a concealed place one of these shekels upon which he might look with the patriotic longing of his nature, and recall the lily days of his youth and his visits to the temple, whose brazen sea was so conspicuous. When he met one of his own race, this shekel served as a token of friendship to draw them more nearly together. Together they talked of "the cup of salvation" and "the lily of the field;" they compared their hard lots, symbolized by "the cup of bitterness" with that of the Nazarine who had trod even a more thorny way for their sakes. They anticipated the time when they might again walk over the lily-planted highways of Judea and drink of the sacramental cup with their co religionists at Jerusalem.

It is necessary I should caution the readers of this journal that the large medal styled the shekel gold and worn by many under the belief of its genuineness, is but a poor fraud—the shape of the Hebrew letters on it proves that. The square Hebrew letter was not employed on coins, in fact it was not invented for three centuries after the Jewish nation had ceased to strike coins as a sovereign power.

The Money of Antiochus VI. King of Syria.

BY ROBERT MORRIS, LL.D. SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN HOLY LAND EXPLORATION.

At the request of my esteemed friend, Mr. Andrus, I take pleasure in furnishing for the columns of *Our Home*, a first-class cut of a coin struck by the renowned king of Syria, born, about B. C., 156. His father, Alexander Balas, was murdered B. C., 146, and the next year Antiochus was brought forward by Tryphon, his father's chief general, to the throne. References to the young ruler are found in *I. Maccabees, XI., 54:* "After which returned Tryphon, and with him the young child Antiochus, who reigned and was crowned."

The name usually given to this prince was Epbanes signifies the Illustrious. He also took the sir-name of Theos (God) or claiming descent from Antiochus Theos of that name.

The unhappy youth was but a tool in the hands of his ambitious general, who put him to death after two years reign, and assumed the throne in his stead.

The history of this is sufficiently stat-

ed in *I. Maccabees, XIII.*, 31-32: "Now Tryphon dealt deceitfully with the young King Antiochus and slew him, and he reigned in his stead and crowned himself King of Asia; and brought a great calamity upon the land of Judea." Josephus gives the same history in *Antiquities XIII.*, 1: "Tryphon was no longer firm to Antiochus, but contrived by subtility to kill him and then take possession of his kingdom."

Look then upon the head of this young king adorned with a radiant crown, facing to the right, as it appears stamped upon a stater, or 60 cent silver piece. The coin is a perfect one in every respect, even to date, and displays the first class talent of the Greek artist who made it. How beautiful the beading in the border; what an ingenious expression upon the face of the youth! No moneyer of the present day can make such a piece of work.

On the reverse or tail side of our tetradrachm, we have first the date in Greek letters under the border TH. E. R. As our friend Mr. Andrus has no ancient form Greek in his cases, we will give the names: *Theta, Eta, Rho.* That stands for 169, as everybody knows this means the 169th year of the *Seleucidan* Era, which began October 1, B. C. 312 the establishment of the Syrian Empire by Seleucus Nicanor. This makes our coin to be dated B. C. 143; the same year the poor prince was murdered. Its present age, therefore, is 2016 years, a venerable piece of money.

The name of the king is seen in the four remaining lines—I give it in Roman letters: Basileos, Antiochou, Epiphanous, Dionysus; that is to say: The money of the King Antiochous, Epiphanes, Dionysius.

The letters of Tryph(on) show that his aspiring general, Tryphon, was preparing even then to dispossess him.

The two horsemen represent the Dioscuri, or the twins Castor and Pollux, seen very frequently upon Roman money, and always denoted by a star over the horsemen.

The sign Castor and Pollux, it will be remembered was that of the vessel on which St. Paul embarked from Malta to Rome. "And after three months we departed in a ship of Alexandria, which had wintered in the isle (of Malta) whose sign was Castor and Pollux—*Acts' XXVIII., 1.* In the margin it reads—from the Greek *Diosuri*—that is Jupiter's sons. As this was A. D. 63, or 206 years after our coin was struck, it will be seen how common was the use of that emblem.

Did time and space permit, it would be easy to enlarge our remarks upon this beautiful coin.

The Persian Daric.

By ROBERT MORRIS, LL.D., Numismatist.

Either in silver or gold, almost every Museum in Europe has specimens of the Persian coin, styled *Daric* if made of gold, *Siglos* if made of silver. The emblems upon both are the same. Only one side is impressed, and the figure is invariably that of a crowned archer, a royal personage kneeling to the right, wearing a crown upon his head, bearing a bow in his left hand, and a javelin in his right. The other side of the coin exhibits only the mark of the excrescence placed on the outside to hold the piece of metal down firmly while it undergoes the strokes of the hammer. The human figure upon these coins gave them their popular name "Archers" (*sagittarii*).

Writers agree that the first reference to coins in the scriptures is found in the first chapter of Ezra, which refers to the beginning of the reign of Cyrus, king of Persia, corresponding in our chronology to B. C. 536. It is known that the oldest coinage struck was Greek. The island of Aegina has the credit of it, and it antidates our specimen figured above by about 364 years. That the Jews must have seen and possibly handled these is not disputed, but there is no evidence of the fact in the Bible. But when the Jews prepared to return from Babylon under their leader Ezra, among other ample preparations made for their expenses upon the way, and for re-establishing their homes in Palestine and particularly for the rebuilding of the Temple, was a money-supply of 61,000 "drams of gold." In Hebrew, the word is *darkemonium*; in the Latin vulgate *solidos*; in the Greek septuagint *krusion Attharon monas*; in the Alexandrian code *krusion drachmas* ("drams of gold.") These are the coins more commonly known among numismatists as *darics*, the word being perhaps derived from the name of King Darius who first coined them. It is a thick piece of pure gold, most rudely shaped and impressed, weighing usually 129 grains troy.

The silver piece, styled *siglos*, was reckoned at 20 to the *daric*, making the ratio of silver to gold as 1 to 13. The historian Herodotus, who wrote about the period referred to above, says (book III., sec. 95,) "gold is estimated at 13 times the value of silver." The weight of the silver Daric is 84 to 85 grains.

It must be carefully borne in mind by the student, that while "money" was used in traffic long before the period above named and is again and again mentioned in the scriptures, yet the Jews never struck "coins" until the period of Simon the Maccabee, B. C. 139, nor did any other nations strike coins until about B. C. 900. Before the date last named, "money" was *metal given out by weight.* Gold and silver were weighed as in the early days of California, when all transactions were performed by gold dust tested by scales, with this understanding the following passages in the Bible are lucid: Abimelech gave Abraham 1,000 pieces of silver. (Genesis 20:16.) Abraham paid for the burial place of his wife Sarah 400 shekels of silver "current with the merchant." (Genesis 23:16.) The Philistines gave Delilah 1,100 pieces of silver. (Judges 16:5.) Abimelech hired soldiers with 70 pieces of silver. (Judges 9:4.) Micah stole 1,100 shekels of silver. (Judges 17:2-4.) The traders paid 20 pieces of silver for Joseph. (Genesis 37:25-28.) By all these quotations it would seem that silver was the first metal used for money, as it certainly was the first used for coined money, (viz. at Aegina, B. C. 900). Gold was in use at the same time for ornaments, but not for money.

The Annals of Nations Preserved Upon Coins.

BY ROBERT MORRIS, LL.D., NUMISMATIST.

Antiochus the Hawk.

I have selected this specimen for our present paper, under the desire to show up one of the "world-destroyers," with whom history abounds. Here is a royal naval who in his day—B. C. 246 to 247—ravaged, burnt, cut and plundered poor humanity until the world took its revenge upon him by giving him the nickname Hierax, "the Hawk." It was said of him as of Alaric, seven centuries later, that "the trees near his tent were always black with ravenous birds waiting for him to march," and that if he tarried too long at one place they raised such a scream of hungry impatience that he was obliged, for his own comfort, to move on! A pleasant reputation had Hierax! Look in that crafty eye, that shifty face; it has witnessed unmoved the destruction of a thousand towns and villages. The fillet is the earliest form of the diadem, the oriental mark of royalty. A circle of dots surrounds the head, turned, as is usual upon ancient coins, to the right. The beat is bare.

This Antiochus was of true royal blood, and so came by his royalty in the legitimate way. His father, Antiochus II. king of Syria, who reigned at Antioch B. C. 261 to 246, was murdered by his wife Laodice, whose four children were Seleucus II. (Callinicus) afterwards king of Syria, two daughters, and our own Hierax. At his father's death the Hawk flies at the crown of the kingdom, and failing in this, endeavored to secure Asia Minor, at least, for himself. The argument lasted for 19 years, and so enterprising and valorous was our savage bird, that but for the aid of Attalus, king of Pergamus, Seleucus might have been beaten. As it was, the allies drove him to refuge in Egypt, where he was murdered by robbers, and so the hawk lost his feathers and his life.

Turning the coin over, the reverse presents a number of attributes worthy of our attention. The figure, though poorly drawn, is that of Apollo, god of music, one of the most frequent and varied and elegant types found upon Greek and Roman coins. He is seated to the left, upon an object styled *cortina*, a tripod, in form of a caldron, such as the priestess of Apollo used from which to pronounce the oracles at Delphi. Upon the silver pennies of Brutus and his family this emblem was much used. It is seen on the money of the Emperor Vitellius (A. D. 69) who was a devout worshipper of Apollo. In some coins of Hierax a serpent is seen wound about the *cortina*. In some there is a lyre (emblem of Apollo) and the head of an ox figured with it. It was a favorite attribution upon the coins of the Syrian kings, for which reason the Hawk wanted it.

In his right hand Apollo holds a wand, or short straight rod, emblem of his divinity, as the son of Jupiter and Latona. In many "Apollo coins" his right hand contains a lyre or ancient harp, reminding us that he was the inventor of harmony, "the father of all such as handle the harp and organ" (Genesis, iv:21). In others he holds a branch, an arrow, a *patera* (sacred dish), a crown of laurel, and other objects. In his left hand he has his bow, resting upon the ground. In others a branch, a plectrum, a harp, etc. The manner in which his legs are crossed denotes *security*, that is, the confidence felt by Antiochus Hierax in the strength of his cause and his assurance of victory. The figure, as usual in coin pictures of Apollo, is nude.

The legend or epigraph is, of course, in Greek, and reads thus: "The coin of King Antiochus." Behind the figure is a monogram showing what city the coin was made in, but I cannot explain it. Some of these monograms, as of Tyre, etc., are familiar enough, others are dark to me. The name of this coin is the *stater* or *tetradrachm*; weight about 220 grains of pure silver; intrinsic value, 60 cents, nearly. To Bible readers this kind of money has the interest of corresponding with the account of Peter, sent to the sea of Galilee to secure a coin from the fish's mouth, and taking out "a piece of money" (a *stater* like this), with which he paid the tax-money, both for himself and his master.

In examining the reverse side of this stater, we may be reminded that many of the most noted princes of antiquity made Apollo their tutelary god. The great secular poem by Horace, written B. C. 19, is dedicated to Apollo and his sister Diana, who are called "illustrious ornaments of the heavens." The hymn petitions Apollo that "he may never be able to look down upon anything more glorious than the city of Rome!" The great Constantine dedicated millions of his coins, particularly bronze coins, to Apollo. The type is that of a young man, nude, his head radiated, having a cloak hanging from his left arm, a globe in his left hand and his right hand pointing with extended forefinger up towards the place of the meridian sun. The legend is *Sole invicti Comiti*, "to my ally, the unconquerable Apollo." Here the word *Sol* (or Phoebus) is used for Apollo.

As every nation was in the habit of selecting a particular deity for patron or ally (*comes*) coins with the popular genius, Apollo, upon them were very popular, and were often used by his votaries for amulets, pocket pieces, &c., as a certain class of Christians are accustomed to do with their patron saints at the present day. This explains why we often find "Apollo coins" worn smooth, so as to be illegible but for some of the attributions named above, any one of which betrays the deity.

The variety in the ancient coinage is most extraordinary. Compared with modern money the contrast will strike the dullest mind. A handful of American specie affords less variety and less of national history than any five Roman coppers picked up at random. It has been said, though not with rigid truth, that out of hundreds of thousands of ancient Greek and Roman coins, no two of them were struck from the same pair of dies. While this in strictness is erroneous, yet, as already remarked, the variety found in them is extraordinary, and it is this that affords the chief pleasure in their study. Just now I found a coin of Scatilia, mother of the Emperor Vitellius, with these abbreviations: "*Mat. Aug. Mat. Sen. Mat. Patr.*" That is, "The mother of the emperor, the mother of the senate, the mother of the country." Of all the thousands of specimens that have passed my hands, I have never before seen anything like this.

But the coin now before us, shadowed in the picture is that of the Empress Plotina, whose face, turned to the right, is seen upon the silver money of her period. This excellent lady was the wife of the Emperor Trajan, (reign from A. D. 98 to 117), and according to the concurrent testimony of all the writers who mention her, a woman of extraordinary merits and virtue. Various anecdotes are related of her that place her in a most pleasing light. After her husband's accession to the empire (A. D. 98), as she ascended the steps of the palace in the sight of all the people, she turned to them and in a firm and dignified voice, said—look at her pleasant face and imagine it—: "As I enter this place uncorrupted by the vices of high station, so may I ever act and walk." She had no children. She survived her husband a number of years, and dying, she was honored with a public mourning of nine days, the building of temples at Rome and Nemansus, to her memory, and the composition of various hymns in her praise. The historian Pliny, A. D. 100, pronounced a panegyric upon Plotina, which may be found in his works.

The reader will observe the modest drapery of the bust, a characteristic upon the coins of Roman matrons. The draping of the hair is extremely elaborate and graceful. The inscription is:

PLOTINA AUG IMP TRAIANI.

For Plotina Augusta Imperatoris Trajani.

"Plotina, the Empress of the Emperor Trajan.

Turning to the reverse of this beautiful coin, we find a very remarkable type, viz: the Altar of Modesty. This grace of Modesty (*Pudicitia,*) was worshiped by the Romans as a goddess. There were two temples dedicated to Modesty in Rome, one for the people and one for the aristocracy. No lady could enter either save a matron married to but one husband; and the figure of the altar upon this coin represents the temple itself. Plotina, for her eminent modesty was styled by Pliny, "that most sacred lady." The letters below are:

ARA PVDIC

For Ara Pudicitiae, "the Altar dedicated to Modesty." No higher compliment could be paid a woman, living or dead, than this. The legend is a little complicated, but we will disentangle it:

CAES AVG GERMA DAC COS VI PP

For Caesar Augustus Germanicus Dacius Consul 6 Pater Patriæ. That is, "Caesar, Augustus Germanicus Dacius, Consul for the 6th time; the Father of the Country." This long sentence comprises the titles of her husband, Trajan. For his victories in Germany he was styled Germanicus; for his victories in Dacia, Dacius.

One point in reference to this beautiful coin must not be lost sight of, viz: it was struck not by order of the Senate, as the bronze coinage was; but by order of the Emperor Trajan himself, for this was the prerogative of the emperors. They kept the issue of the precious metals in their own hands. In examining this specimen, then, we must consider it designed as a husband's testimony to the virtue and chastity of the wife!

Another honor was paid this excellent lady, which has equally extended her name through subsequent ages, viz: a city was founded and named after her (*Plotinopolis*), in the Æmimontana province of Thrace. It was not far from Hadrianopolis, now styled Adrianople. A similar honor was conferred upon Marciana, Helena and other imperial ladies.

Other coins of this lady of precious memory are extant, both in silver and gold. In one the legend is, *Clementia Augusti*, "the goddess Clemency, tutelar deity of the emperor;" and she is seen upon the reverse, seated as the representation of that goddess. In another the legend is "The light-bearing Diana." In others, Fides Augusta; Fides Publico; Veneri Genetrici; Vesta, etc., etc. After her death, the emperor Hadrian, who owed his selection to the imperial succession to her friendship, struck coins in her honor with the legend "*Consecratio.*" These are of the class styled "Consecration coins," a sort of metallic gravestones, very highly prized by collectors. The type is that of an eagle with extended wings; though upon many consecration coins we see such types as the flaming altar, a thunderbolt over an altar, a peacock and couch, the moon among the seven stars, the phœnix, the vogus or funeral altar several stories in height, a chariot with two or four horses, a group of children weeping, a crown above an empty chair, a star, and other appropriate objects.

Alexander the Great.

Who is there has not read of the Macedonian hero, conqueror of Persia and the eastern world, who at the close of his brief and marvelous career "sighed that there were no more worlds to conquer." Here is his face as he appeared at the head of his troops upon a hundred battle-fields, as his portrait was impressed upon millions and millions of coins not only while he was living, but for a considerable period after his death. So numerous are existing specimens of Alexander's coinage that they are called by the natives of the east "Scandaroons." I purchased hundreds of them all the way from Smyrna to Egypt, and the last batch that came into my hands was sold me by a Nubian who had gathered them a thousand miles up the Nile, and sold them to me as I sat on the cool and shady northern side of the Pyramid of Cheops, near Cairo, in June, 1868, surrounded by a whole tribe of screaming and covetous Arabs. It is safe to say there are a thousand tons of Alexander's coinage now lying in the earth, waiting the explorer's hand.

That the specimen now before us is an exact representation of the Macedonian conqueror there is no reason to doubt. So many monuments exist in countries far apart, all giving the same strongly marked features that no numismatist or historical student doubts that he is studying the lineaments of Alexander. The veterans of his army saw in his coins the flashing eye of their general and cherished them as tokens of good fortune.

The one before us is faced to the right. It has no inscription. The hair is profuse and only the lips are peculiarly prominent. Who has not seen just such a face. The head is marked with a pair of ram's horns, one of which is seen in the picture. This marks his claim as a descendant of Jupiter Ammon, of whom these horns are attributes. A small band or fillet confines the hair, and is the distinguishing badge of a king.

Upon the reverse of this coin is a fine representation of the goddess Pallas, (the same as Minerva), equally the tutelar god of the Romans, and always a favorite deity of conquerors. The reader of Homer will note how often that poet calls Pallas upon the stage in his wonderful tragedy of "the Wrath of Achilles." She sits upon the coin to the left, leaning with her left arm upon her vast shield, her spear held transversely before her. In her right hand is the figure styled the *gloriola* or *victoriola*, a small winged figure of victory standing, usually upon a globe and holding out a laurel wreath.

The coin is a silver piece of four pennies styled the tetradrachm or stater, of which I have already spoken in this series. They weigh about 200 grains each, are of pure silver, and are worth about 60 cents, intrinsically considered. The legend is of course in Greek and reads, "money of Lysimachus the King." These are all mint marks in the form of a monogram and of the fresh letter S.

This Lysimachus was a man greatly esteemed and confided in by his imperial master, and in the division of the provinces after Alexander's death, he received Thrau and the neighboring countries as his share. He founded the city of Lysimachia on the Hellespont, named after himself and B. C. 500, assumed the title and insignia of a king. In the great victory of B. C. 301, on the plains of Upper Phrygia at Ipsius, where the lieutenants of Alexander matched swords, he gained the western portion of Asia Minor as the result of the contest.

The coinage of Lysimachus in gold and silver is abundant, for he had possession of the rich and productive mines of Thrau and could procure the precious metals with uncommon ease. By way of surname he was styled *Gazophylax* or the Treasurer in allusion to his good fortune in this line; his treasuries were at Tirizis on the coast of Thrau, and Pergamus in Mysia. He founded Nicaea, long famous in the history of Numismatics. Finally he fell in battle B. C. 281, the last two survivors of the great captains of Alexander coming into collision in the plain of Corus; and his body was interred at Lysimachia.

Most of the coins of Lysimachus have the portrait of Alexander the Great upon the obverse. Among the types seen upon their reverses I have noticed the ivy leaf, a trident, the type of Neptune, an official chair (*sella*), dolphus, bunch of grapes, the head of Jupiter, the figure Jupiter seated, having near him an eagle and a laurel crown, a caduceus and a fly, an altar in form of a tripod, a bee, the emblem of Ephesus, in which city Lysimachus made very great improvements; an acrostotium, the figure of the labyrinth, emblem of the island of Crete, the head of a horse, a sword, a burning lamp, a burning torch, the club of Hercules, bow and arrow, the star, head of a lion, a running lion, wheat-head, Phrygian sheld, a trophy and two stars, a crown made of wheat-ears, and many others.

This variety of coin-types are not merely interesting as exhibiting the ingenuity of Grecian artists but because every mark, however insignificant it may appear to the superficial reader, had an important meaning to the orient. Every device was a species of hieroglyphics well understood by the people, by means of which the mint-monster was able to impress, some times a whole page of religious and national history upon the small area of a coin.

Four Egyptian Characters.

I am enabled to-day to present, for your columns a remarkable coin having upon each side a pair of faces "jugated," as the numismatic term is. This specimen is in every way extraordinary, being an octodrachm of silver, or 8 dram piece. Upon the reverse (the side of the coin to the right,) the faces are those of Ptolemy I., king of Egypt from B. C. 323 to 285, a period of 40 years, jugated with that of Berenice, his second wife, both looking to the right. The manner in which the likenesses are brought out is artistic and pleasing. The head of the king is bound about with the fillet or diadem which, among the Egyptian and Syrian royalties was the sure badge of a king. Above their heads is seen in gilt letters the word "Theone" of the gods.

This Ptolemy I, the beginning of a long illustrious line of that name, is often surnamed in history, Lagus, from his father, and Soter, "the preserver," from a circumstance connected with one of his campaigns, in which he preserved a city from its captors. In their gratitude for this, they styled him "Soter." He was in many respects one of the best princes that Egypt ever enjoyed. At the death of the great Alexander, he selected Egypt in the division of territory, and held it against every attempt to dispossess him, for forty years, when he abdicated in favor of his son, Ptolemy II. He was even more famous for his devotion to arts than arms; for he founded the famous museum and library of Alexandria, the largest ever known up to his period; gathered around him a coterie of mathematicians and scholars in various departments of learning, among whom we may record the great Euclid whose name is known to every school-boy; and he founded a school of learning that long existed.

The lady Berenice was celebrated for her beauty and virtue, so that after her death she was deified by command of her son. She possessed such influence over her husband, being his second wife, as to secure the succession for her own son, to the exclusion of the older children.

Looking now upon the other side, we have that son, very much resembling his father, the hair of both thick and curly, and equally bound around with the chaplet, badge of royalty. This is Ptolemy II., surnamed Philadelphus. Having received the best education possible at the period,—thanks to the rich men who thronged his father's court,—he made himself conspicuous as the friend of learning. He enlarged the library and museum founded by his father, increased the number of philosophers, poets, and mathematicians, already making Egypt famous above all other nations, and is particularly to be remembered for setting on foot that work of greatest utility, the translation of the Hebrew Scriptures into Greek. It was due, therefore, to his enlightened intelligence, that scholars of all nations had the opportunity to read, in a language acceptable to all, and understood by every scholar, "the lively oracles of God," in the version styled the *Septuagint*.

The lady whose countenance is jugated with his, is his wife, Arsinoe, daughter of King Lysimachus, and mother of Ptolemy III. She makes but a trifling mark in history. Engaged in a plot against her husband, she was banished to Coptos in Upper Egypt, and died in exile. The word in Greek above their heads, is *Adelphone*, of the brotherhood.

It has long been an interesting subject of inquiry, from whence came the enormous supplies of gold, silver and copper consumed in early coinage? At those early periods there were no bank notes, bills of exchange, or other commercial appliances by which the handling of coin is so thoroughly obviated in these later days, that millions of money change hands daily without the count of specie or the jingle of metal. Metallic currency, and that alone served the wants of the thronging millions of the Nile and other countries, during periods extending over 2,000 years. Whence the metallic supplies for this? So far as copper was concerned, (and much the largest weight of that metal was demanded), the island of Cyprus supplied immense quantities, while the mountain regions of the Upper Nile, the Sinaitic range, etc., were also copper-bearing. The gold was procured along the African coasts, Lydia, in Asia Minor, portions of Greece, etc. Silver mines were numerous. To harden copper money so as to render it durable, tin was employed, and this was brought from Cornwall, in Britain, by Phœnician vessels. It was an immense undertaking, at that early period, for a mariner, without compass or chronometer, to navigate one of his little vessels the length of the Mediterranean, through the Straits of Gibraltar, up the precipitous coasts of Spain, through stormy Biscay, and so on to the Cornwall shores. But the demand for tin was imperative. The honor was great, the profit was large, and those skillful mariners made as light of the voyage B. C. 800, as a tight-built schooner would at the present day. Every reader of these articles, who takes an ancient bronze coin in his hand, has a monument of the commercial enterprise of that wonderful city of Tyre, through which nearly all this material was secured. A proper proportion of tin with copper, forms the hardest metal (bronze) known to the ancients before the discovery of steel.

The Lepton, or Widow's Mite.

The present of my series for OUR HOME is the ancient coin so interesting to Bible students, so impressive in Sunday-school work, popularly entitled the *Widow's Mite*. I was the first person in the United States to call attention to this instructive little coin. Amongst a mass of small coinage procured at Jerusalem, I accidentally detected one that agreed upon obverse and reverse with the description of the Septon, found in "Madden's Jewish Coinage." This set me upon further search and as my eyes became sharpened in the pursuit, I was able to distinguish and to describe more than one hundred of them that correspond with the authority just named. Nothing in all my numismatic researches has given me more pleasure than this, and the use of these specimens in Bible teaching has reached millions of hearers in various parts of the nation, and served as valued testimony in establishing the verity of Holy Writ.

The specimen depicted above is of bronze, as all of this class are, and is very small. The workmanship is usually execrable, the engravings being far humbler than the original. The flans or planchets were usually made flat on one side, and convex on the other, and being "the money of the poor," they are ordinarily worn smooth and are so nearly illegible as to demand much comparison with others of the same name to afford accurate readings.

The language is Hebrew, but not the *square* Hebrew with which all persons are familiar in modern printed books and the advertisements of the Jews. That form of Hebrew letters is but 1500 years old, while the most recent Jewish coinage can not be less than 1700, and the one I am now describing much older. This shape of letters is styled *Samaritan-Hebrew*, and is always found in coins and inscriptions of old date. Doubtless the Hebrew of Ezra, David, Moses, and Abram had this appearance.

Upon the obverse of this coin is an inscription in five lines, which, turned into English letters, reads, "Jehonathan Hak Kohen Haggadol Vecheber Hajehudim;" that is, "Jehonathan, the High Priest, and the Confederation of the Jews," the whole inclosed within a wreath of olive. Upon the reverse we see two horns of plenty fastened at the stems, with a poppy-head between —emblem of the abundance of Palestine.

The inscription gives with accuracy the origin of the coin. This "Jehonathan, the High Priest," it is well known was no other than Alexander Jannæus, the ruler of the Jews from B. C. 105 to 78. He was the eldest of the three surviving brothers of Aristobulus, and during his long reign he struck many coins of this class, bronze, small, of trifling value, and poor mintage. No silver or gold, of Jewish origin is extant, of this period. Why this is so we vainly seek to know. The only silver money struck by that people, of which any specimens remain, are of the period of Simon Maccabeus, a sample of which I gave in my fifth paper. After that bronze coins of a very low order of metal were issued, for the making of small change and the daily uses of the poorer classes:

while for gold and silver money the nation was dependent upon the neighbors.

And now we shall be able better to appreciate the affecting passage in which "the certain poor widow" and her "two mites" play so interesting a part. The land, in the time of the Jews, was afflicted with poverty, owing mainly to the extortions of the rulers and the necessity of paying heavy taxes to their conquerors, the Romans. "The poor ye have always with you," said the great Master. "The poor have the gospel preached unto them," was his declaration. These statements I could appreciate during my travels there, when I saw how the money of the country was struck in pieces called Asses, as small as ten for a cent, and how the larger class of the population lived on the scantiest food, purchased with those diminutive coins, in the smallest quantities. The "poor widow" in the Scriptures had probably these two trifles by a day's work. It was her living, her daily bread. To give them up was to go to rest without the supper which is the one daily meal of the poor. Yet moved by the high-est sense of duty, she donated to the God of "all this whole gift," and the Lord of all marked her for a blessing which has come sounding down the aisles of eternity!

I have pursued my self-imposed and most pleasant task, and OUR HOME now possesses the fruits of many thoughtful visits to my cabinets and books. My purpose has been to divest the subject of the stiffness and technicalities which are offensive to many readers, and throw about it an air of attraction calculated to win new devotees to this delightful science of Numismatics. Unlimited in space, I have condensed; yet I hope without shyness. Commencing with the silver penny (Muarins) of Tiberius, I then brought the great Cæsar upon the stage. He was followed by a coin of Hadrian and his injured wife; this by Alexander Balas, king of Syria. The Jewish half shekel of silver next afforded food for contemplation, followed by a description of one of the world's devastators, Artaxerxes Hirnes. A Daric or gold coin of Persia took us back to the earlier period of the world's coinage. From this the step was a natural one to the first Ptolemies of Egypt and their wives. Plotina, wife of Hadrian, follows in this procession of Hadrians, and then Alexander the Great presents his strongly marked features before us. Antiochus VI., of Syria, the boy-king, next joins the procession, and the whole is closed by Alexander Jannæus, ruler of the Jews.

Is there not something in all this to win favor to our noble science, and to OUR HOME, so worthy an exponent of it?

The 1804 U. S. Dollar.

Important Numismatic Information Imparted to "Our Home and Science Gossip"
By E. Mason, Jr., Numismatist, No. 32, 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

SECOND PAPER.

The most important and most valuable coin known to the collection of the American coinage, is the silver dollar of 1804. We have other coins quite as rare, and a few *unique* pieces that might vie with the dollar in fictitious value; but as the 1804 dollar has been tested by actual sales, and stands at the head of all American coins in point of value, we must acknowledge its supremacy. The cause of the excessive rarity of the 1804 dollar is not fully known. By some writer it is stated that the dies were made in 1803 but were not used until some years later, and then but a few specimens were coined. In 1858 or 9 the dies of the 1804 were found, cleaned up, and a few pieces struck, differing from the original only on the scrighers. The original dollar having a lettered edge, the re-strikes a plain edge. This difference was due to the fact that the dies to the originals were accompanied by a collar which produced the lettered edge, while the absence of a collar (lost or destroyed) in making the re-strikes accounts for the latter having plain edges. There are but a dozen examples of the 1804 dollar known, and of these, at least six are re-strikes. J. J. Mickly, recently deceased, had an original 1804 U. S. dollar, which was sold by W. E. Woodward in 1867 at public auction, realizing *seven hundred and fifty dollars!* The same coin, if offered for public competition, would fetch from *one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars!* There was but one obverse die used for the 1804 dollar and so that die differed slightly from all others of the same type, it is readily distinguished from counterfeits or alterations. The most important portion of this article is the question, "How are we to detect counterfeit or altered 1804 dollars?" The dollars of 1801 and 1803 are selected as the best adapted to alteration—the 1801 because the last numeral is readily altered to a 4—the 1803 because one obverse variety of this date bears a close resemblance to the obverse of 1804. The latter is the most dangerous counterfeit and frequently deceives well-known experts. The obverse of the genuine 1804 U. S. dollar has sharp pointed, large, well-defined stars, and the point of the upper star to the right of the bust touches the right angle of the upper portion of the Y in LIBERTY—in fact, so close in proximity as to leave but a hair's breath between them. One variety of the 1803 dollar nearly answers this description, but the space is wider between the star and Y, and the stars are not in the same relative position as in the case of the 1804 dollar. There are other minute differences in the designs or obverses of the 1803 and 1804 dollars, but these serve to confuse the examiner and are not as important as those above quoted.

There is another dangerous counterfeit 1804 dollar, viz:—the electrotype copy, or rather the "cast copy" covered with a thin coating of copper. Although there is a severe law against the production of these "cast copies," we frequently see them in public sale catalogues and on sale at the second class or small dealers stands. By balancing the cast copy on the ball of the forefinger and striking it with some solid metallic substance, the absence of a ringing sound will at once show its fraudulent nature. All genuine coins, save those of extraordinary thickness, or those having a flaw in the metal, will give out, when struck, a clear, ringing sound. "Struck copies" of rare coins (meaning those pieces for which dies have been made to imitate the original, will also ring similar to the originals, but can be readily detected by their freshness and viole designs.

(To be continued.)

Frossard's Monograph

Of United States coins and half cents, issued between the years 1793 and 1857, illustrated by nine pages of magnificent heliotype plates from the original, is the best work of the kind for collectors of American coins we have seen, and is of great value. There are now less than 150 copies of this excellent work to be procured, the rest of the edition being exhausted. To this monograph there is added a table of the principal coins, tokens, prizes, medallettes, patterns of coinage, and Washington pieces generally classified under the head of colonial coins. We can furnish this excellent work in cloth at $3.00, and in paper at $2.00. Address,

ANDREW C. ZELLWORKETH,
Rockford, Ill.

U. S. Pattern Pieces.

BY E. MASON, JR., NUMISMATIST, NORTH 13TH ST., PHILADELPHIA.

Fourth Paper.

The mints of all nations make their pattern, experimental, or trial pieces, preliminary to each change of coinage. Revolutionary and other changes in the form of governments, render it necessary to change the designs on the coinage of said governments. Hence are derived the multiplicity of pattern and experimental pieces. The pattern piece proper is held by distinguished numismatists to be the coin adopted for issue, differing from the regular coinage only in date; that is, dating the pattern coin the year preceding the year of issue. All national mints strike off a quantity of patterns for exchange and the use of collectors, charging simply a slight advance over the cost of material and labor. The U. S. commenced experiments in designs for coins soon after the constitution and laws were adopted. The most noted patterns were the 1792 and 1792 copper cents having the bust of Washington on obverse, and large and small spread eagles on reverse. These cents were of various sizes, ranging from the then existing English penny to the English farthing. Experiments preceding the issues of 1791 and 1792, had been made by different states and committees. A silver dollar, half dollar, and quarter-dollar patterns appeared about the close of the revolutionary war, and the Fugio, or Franklin cent, 1787 (the first coin adopted for the United States by convention, prior to the act establishing the U. S. mint); but the first experimental pieces for a regular coinage were made after the act had been passed to organize the mint and establish a regular coinage for the states. Friends of Washington caused to be made in Birmingham, England, the 1791 and 1792 large and small eagle Washington cents, and soon afterwards these really pretty copper coins appeared in America, and obtained some considerable circulation. Washington objected to the nation's coinage bearing the bust of any living man, and particularly protested against the use of his image on the coins in question. This led to their withdrawal from circulation, and the pieces became valuable thereafter as mementoes of the great and good man. About this time appeared the "Disme," or dime, and the "Half-Disme," or half dime, in silver, bearing, as generally believed, the bust of Martha Washington, and said to have been made by Washington's order in France, from old silver plate in the family possession. These pretty and artistic pieces were dated 1792. In the same year appeared a "trial," or "experimental" piece, designed for a copper cent, having on obverse an eagle on a rock. Then came the various 1793 cents, viz: Chain or Link cent, Wreath cent, and Half-cent, the Ameri. cent, and Liberty-cap cent; all of which pieces were adopted, and passed into general circulation. The next pattern, or rather experimental coin, subsequent to the regular issues of gold coins in 1795, silver coins in 1794, and the copper cents of 1793-4, was the so called "Jefferson cent" of 1795. This piece is said to have been designed by Thomas Jefferson; hence its name. It is a very beautiful piece, and highly valued by collectors.

We pass now a period of a number of years, during which time the coins appeared exactly as designed, with no intervening patterns or experiments, and come down to the year 1836, when the first experimental gold dollars were made. There were several varieties of these pieces; one called the "Ring Dollar," and another termed the "Liberty-cap Dollar,"—the former pierced in the center and the latter unpierced. At this time that magnificent artist, Gobrecht, was the engraver at the mint, and to him we owe many of the beautiful designs on our coinage. The handsome "Flying Eagle Dollar" appeared in 1836, as an experimental coin; but was not adopted, although many hundreds of one variety (Gobrecht on the base of the goddess Liberty,) were put into circulation. Hence many collectors adopt this piece as a regular issue. Another and much rarer variety of this dollar was struck, having the name of Gobrecht in the field.

(To be continued.)

Numismatic Notes.

BY E. MASON, JR., NUMISMATIST, 32 NORTH 13TH ST. PHILADELPHIA.

Fifth Paper.

Many enquiries are made to the press concerning the dates when coins were not issued by the U. S. Mint. Thinking a brief article might be acceptable to the Numismatic reader, having reference to this subject, we subjoin the years when silver and copper coins were issued and not issued.

U. S. SILVER DOLLARS.

These coins were first issued in 1794 and but few were struck; hence all of this date are very valuable. Then came successively 1795-96-97-98-99, 1800-1-2-3-4—the latter of excessive rarity and value. From the year 1805 to 1835 inclusive, there were no issues of the silver dollars. In 1836 came the "Flying Eagle" or "Pattern Dollar," a few of which were circulated. From 1837 to 1839 inclusive, there were no regular issues of the dollars, but pattern dollars of 1838 and 1839 were struck, both extremely rare and valuable. From 1840 to 1881 there has been a continuous series of dollars in silver, the rarest of which are 1851, 1852, 1858.

U. S. HALF DOLLARS.

These pieces were first issued in 1794, and were continued in an unbroken series with one exception (1816) until 1831. Of these coins the rarest are 1796, 1797, 1801, 1802, 1804, 1815, 1836, 1838, (Reeded Edge) (Orleans mint) 1852 and 1853 no arrows at date.

U. S. QUARTER DOLLARS.

The first quarter dollar was issued 1796, and a break occurs from this date to 1804, when the issue was resumed until 1807, and including which year up to and including 1814, no issues of quarters occured. Commencing 1815, a limited number of quarters were coined, none in 1816 and 1817, commencing again to coin in 1818, including which year to 1825 inclusive, quarters were regularly issued; the 1823, however, in small numbers, making this date one of the most valuable of the series. 1826 was skipped; there being no coinage of quarters that year, then came a few 1827's; (many writers claim that 1827 quarters were only struck as proofs, and were issued at a much later period than 1827; besides a number of re-strikes that were surreptitiously coined about 1858-9, the next quarter appeared 1828, none in 1829, or 1830. From and including 1831, an unbroken series appears to 1881, the latter being proofs, as up to the present month there has been no regular coinage of halves, quarters or dimes for 1881.

U. S. DIMES.

The dimes were inaugurated 1796, and continued 1797-98—none coined in 1799. In 1800 a few dimes were coined; also in 1801, 1802, 1803, 1804, 1805; none in 1806; but again coined 1807; none in 1808; again appeared 1809; none in 1810; again struck 1811—from this date to 1813, inclusive, none coined. The next coinage was 1814; none coined 1815; to 1819, both inclusive. Again coined 1820, from which date to 1881, there is an unbroken series.

U. S. HALF DIMES.

A pattern half dime appeared in 1792, but the regular coinage commenced in 1794, and continued to 1797, inclusive; none coined 1798, and 1799. In 1800 these pieces appeared again; a few in 1802, and up to and including 1803; none in 1804; coined in 1805, from which date to 1828, inclusive, none were coined. In 1829 the half dimes appeared again, and continued each year to 1881.

SILVER 3 CENT PIECES.

A pattern three cent piece appeared in 1850, but the regular coinage commenced 1851, and continued each year to 1863, inclusive; when these pieces were discontinued.

U. S. COPPER CENTS.

First coined 1793, and continued each year, excepting 1815 to 1857, inclusive, when the copper cents were discontinued.

U. S. COPPER HALF CENTS.

Commenced 1793, continued until 1857, inclusive; skipped 1798, 1799, appeared again 1800, skipped 1801, coined 1802 to 1811, both inclusive, not coined 1812 to 1824, both inclusive; appeared again 1825, 1826; not coined 1827; coined 1828, 1829; not coined in 1830; few patterns 1831, regular coinage 1832 to 1835, both inclusive; few patterns 1836, not coined 1837, 1838, 1839; appeared again 1840 as patterns, and the latter were confined to collectors as well as the following year 1841 to 1849, (small date,) both inclusive; appeared again 1850 and continued to 1857, inclusive; there being one pattern of which a few were issued 1857.

(To be Continued.)

Cleaning Coins.

BY E. MASON, JR., NUMISMATIST, 32 NORTH 13TH ST., PHILADELPHIA.

Sixth Paper.

When to clean coins, and *when not to clean them*, are two problems that afflict all classes of coin collectors, as well as the non professional coin gatherers. The general public, outside of the numismatic circle are more interested in the first problem, from the fact that nine tenths of this class, upon securing a few old silver or copper coins proceed at once to scour and brighten their pieces before offering them for sale at the dealers stores. One person will use vinegar or other acids, another person will try sand, soap, and not a few will heat copper coins red hot and plunge them into cold water, while many others will use *sweet* oil, coal oil, etc. Now all these plans will clean coins, after a fashion, that is quite unfashionable with the expert collector or dealer. Some of the cleaning recipes will not only make the coins clean but will clean off the designs as well. Silver coins are more

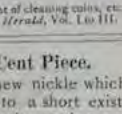
readily cleaned than copper, and gold coins more readily cleaned than either silver or copper. Coins should not be cleaned when possessing a good fair color, as all scrubbing and cleaning injures a coin, as far as fictitious value is concerned. A silver coin should be simply washed in hot suds (use white castile soap), rinsed off in clean hot water, and wrapped in linen towel or handkerchief. A proof silver coin that has become tarnished, can be quickly restored with muriatic acid, if immediately rinsed in hot water and thrown into a box of boxwood sawdust. Gold coins can be cleaned in the same manner. Copper coins when black or rusty, can be improved by a bath of crude coal oil, or by boiling them in oil. A copper coin should never be rubbed, scrubbed, scoured, or abraded in any way. If a coin is corroded there is no process known that can restore the injured parts or better its condition without depreciating its fictitious valne.

In conclusion, I would caution the beginner, or amateur collector in regard to cleaning coins, with the preceding exceptions. The best color for a gold or silver coin is its own beautiful mint lustre, while the most desirable color for a copper coin is a light olive, which can only be made to perfection by natural laws. No living artist can successfully imitate the color on a copper coin produced by nature, and though many attempts at bronzing copper coins and medals are made by expert bronzers to deceive the eye; never yet has there been produced the color that changes a copper coin years of age from bright red to a handsome light olive; nature's bronze beats the best efforts of man's handiwork.*

*For a more detailed account of cleaning coins, etc., see Mason's *Coin Collector's Herald*, Vol. I to III.

The New Five Cent Piece.

We illustrate the new nickle which it is said is doomed to a short existance on account of the word cents being omitted and the coins being gold plated and passed upon the ignorant classes for $5.00 pieces.



A representation of the new five-cent piece, the coinage of which was begun on February 1st at the Philadelphia Mint. The Treasury Department not being satisfied with the old five-cent piece, Congress, in its last session, voted a new design, which was approved of, and authority given to the Department for the coining of a new piece.

After the consent of Congress was obtained, Col. A. L. Snowden, Superintendent of the Mint, set to work for a new design, the result being made apparent in the above illustrations of both reverse and reverse, and in a more tangible form mayhap, ere this reaches our readers, by the jingling of the same in their pockets. By the illustrations it will be seen that the new piece is an improvement over the old, as the latter was so near the three-cent piece in size as to be taken for the same when one had to rely on the sense of touch alone, but the one illustrated above is between that of the large three cent and twenty-cent piece. The new piece is of the same weight as the old, and of the same alloy—the proportion being twenty five of nickle and seventy-five of copper, in that respect having a Vanderbilt scent about it. The coining of the old piece was stopped the day the new was begun—on February 1st.

Obverse:—A Roman numeral indicating the denomination of the coin in the centre of a wreath composed of cotton, wheat and corn, the principal products of the country. This is surrounded with the motto, "E Pluribus Unum," and "United States of America."

Reverse:—A classical head of the Goddess of Liberty, with the inscription of "Liberty" on the rim, and surrounded by thirteen stars, with the date "1883" beneath. It has a plain edge. Has already formed the stock for a brisk trade by our curb-stone merchants, and sell like hot cakes at an advance of from 25 to 100 per cent.; and, lastly, will pass very well for a quarter—in the contribution box.

CHICAGO, Feb. 3.—At the last session of Congress a bill was passed authorizing the coinage and issue of a new five cent piece. The design was adopted last fall, and since then the Mint at Philadelphia has been busy manufacturing the dies and making the coins. The first of the new coins will be issued in a few days.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 1. — To-day 102,400 new 5-cent pieces were put in circulation. The new coin will be struck at the rate of 100,000 pieces a day.

Counterfeit Coin Making.

The arrest of a large gang of counterfeiters in New York has already been chronicled. Their process of making false money is thus described by the detectives: "A genuine coin is laid upon a piece of glass and over it is poured a mixture of plaster of Paris. This hardens and forms one side of the mould. The coin is then reversed, and the other side is made in a like manner. When the cast has been made then the spurious metal is removed from the coin by tools made for that purpose, and it is then burnished with emery paper. It is then treated in a bath of plating solution, and finally wrapped in a fine tissue paper, which is said to be made expressly for the counterfeiters, each piece separate, and finally laid away for disposal to the wholesale dealer."

The 1799 and 1804 U. S. Cents.

Important Numismatic Information Imparted to Our Home and Science Gossip

BY E. MASON, JR., NUMISMATIST. NO. 1.

There are many secrets of the coin business known only to the regular dealers and expert collectors, which if published would save the amateur much annoyance and expense. I propose discussing two of the most valuable U. S. copper cents, viz: 1797 and 1804, presenting for the first time in print infallible rules for discovering counterfeits, or copies and alterations. It is generally known that electrotypes (so called) are lead casts covered with a copper surface by the use of an electric battery. All these copies or casts can readily be detected by carefully balancing the coin on the tip of the forefinger, and striking the metal with the edge of a copper or other coin. The absence of a good ringing sound is sufficient reason on most cases (very thick coins do not ring readily,) to doubt the genuineness of any coin. The most difficult counterfeits to detect are the altered dates, particularly 1799 and 1804 cents, and here is where our information comes in to protect the buyer. There are three varieties of the 1799 cents, two of which differ but slightly, and are termed the "clear-knobbed 99's," while the other and more distinct variety is termed the "98 die," the latter being from a 1798 die altered to a '99. These alterations are of common occurrence in the gold, silver and copper coinage of the U. S. As there was but one reverse die used with the three obverse dies in the coinage of the 1799's, there is *but one reverse to all the '99 cents*, and this reverse has a peculiar mark, being caused by a flaw in the die, viz: a period-like raised spot between the words ONE and CENT, resembling a "mint mark," and located to the right between the N in cent and E in one. The 1804 cent also possesses an important feature on its reverse side, and any U. S. cent of this date not having it can be pronounced fraudulent. The stems of the wreath of a genuine 1804 cent are almost horizontal with the bottom of the wreath, while in other dates with which alterations are made the stems of the wreath are at a lower angle. This is also an infallible test, as there was *but one reverse die used in coining the 1804 cents*. Let all collectors look well at the reverses of their 1799 and 1804 cents, and remember the rules herein given for detecting altered dates. Our next article will refer to the 1804 dollar and other valuable coins.

No. 32,13 street, Philadelphia, Pa.

(To be continued.)

"THE SORROWS OF GENIUS.

"Homer was a beggar.

Spencer died in want.

Cervantes died of hunger.

Terrence, the dramatist, was a slave.

Dryden lived in poverty and distress.

Sir Walter Raleigh died on the scaffold.

Butler lived a life of penury, and died poor.

Bacon lived a life of meanness and distress.

Plautus, the Roman comic poet, turned a mill.

Paul Borghese had fourteen trades, and yet starved with all.

Tasso, the Italian poet, was often distressed for five shillings.

Steele, the humorist, lived a life of perfect war with bailiffs.

Otway, the English dramatist, died prematurely, and through hunger.

Chatterton, the child of genius and misfortune, destroyed himself at 18.

Bentivoglio was refused admittance into a hospital he had himself erected.

The death of Collins was through neglect, first causing mental derangement.

Savage died in prison at Bristol, where he was confined for the debt of $40.

Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" was sold for a trifle to save him from the grip of the law.

Fielding lies in the burying-ground of the English factory at Lisbon, without a stone to mark the spot.

Milton sold his copyright of "Paradise Lost" for $75, at three payments, and finished his life in obscurity."

Value of Foreign Coins.

The circular of the Secretary of the Treasury of Jan 1, 1881, proclaiming the estimation made by the Director of the Mint of the values of the standard coins in circulation in the various nations of the world, changes the value of the following coins from those proclaimed by the circular of 1880, as follows: The florin of Austria is reduced from 41.3 cents to 40.7 cents; the boliviau, of Bolivia, from 83.6 to 82.3; the milreis, of Brazil, increased from 54.5 to 54.6; the peso, of Ecuador, reduced from 83.6 to 82.3; the rupee, of India, from 39.7 to 39. Japan having adopted the free coinage system for silver, the yen, which was formerly given as 99.7 in gold, is now 88.8 in silver; the Mexican dollar from 90.9 to 89.4; the sol, of Peru, from 83.6 to 82.3; the rouble, of Russia, from 66.9 to 65.8; the mahbule, of Tripoli, from 74.8 to 74.3; the peso, of Columbia, from 83.6 to 82.3; the peso, of Cuba, is given at 93.2; and the bolivar, of Venezuela, at 16.3. The monetary unit of Egypt, which formerly was stated as the pound, at 4.97.4, is now fixed as the piastet, 64.9.

Origin of "E Pluribus Unum."

Col. A. Louden Snowden in a letter to the "Editor of the Press," in this city, in 1879, has ascribed the origin of the motto, "*E Pluribus Unum*" to Colonel Reed, of Uxbridge, Mass., and states that it first appeared on a copper coin struck at Newburg, N. Y., where there was a private mint, and that the pieces struck are dated 1780. Col. Snowden also states that the motto appeared on several types of the New Jersey coppers of 1787. We believe there are several examples of New Jersey coppers in the U. S. Mint Cabinet of 1786, upon the reverse of which appears the motto "*E Pluribus Unum*," and nearly all the varieties of New Jersey coppers of 1786 bear this motto. The question is, did not the motto appear at a much earlier period than 1786, and if not, upon what coins from a private mint in Newburg in 1780 does this motto appear? We do not know of any of this character unless it is the Excelsior copper of 1776, bearing the arms of New York State; but this we have always considered a New York State piece. Will any of our readers furnish us with the earliest known use, in any connection, of the motto, "*E Pluribus Unum*."—*Coin Collector's Herald, Utica*.

Pennies that Sell High.

A good story is told by numismatists regarding the big pennies of the year 1799, and was originated by the late M. W. Dickeson, who had a sly method of creating a market for his goods. The tale was to the effect that many years ago a firm of Salem, Mass., conceived an idea that it would be a good thing to send all the pennies they could get to Africa; so a ship was loaded up after the coin had been secured, and in due course of time it arrived in that very warm country.

Here the work of trading began, and the bright and shining coppers were traded off with the female natives for oils and other merchantable articles. The Africans bored holes in the coins and used them for necklaces, ear rings, nose rings and other ornaments. The result of this was that the pennies were very scarce. The story is generally believed by coin collectors, and as a result a good penny of the year 1799 commands all the way from $15 to $25, according to the degree of perfection.

Mr. E. Mason, Jr., the numismatist, has another version to give regarding the scarcity of this coin. He says that the records of the Mint for the years 1798-99 show that over 700,000 pennies were coined, but that on account of the method of keeping the accounts it was impossible to tell just how many there were to each year.

"The cause of the scarcity," said Mr. Mason to a reporter, "lies in the fact that the coins were imperfectly struck off. The date at the bottom seemed to be very soft, and it readily wore off. I have had some three or four thousand of these pennies, and believe I have seen as many more, with the date completely obliterated. There are pennies of other years that are more difficult to obtain than those of 1799, and if there were so many of them in Africa it would pay to send an agent there to hunt them up, and we would have had a man there long ago. Some time ago it was said that the pennies of 1812 were commanding large figures, and that only a few were in existence. They can be had readily for 3 or 4 cents apiece."—*Philadelphia Record*.

There is a widespread opinion in the country that the 1 cent piece of 1851 is worth a good deal. A report has been current for the past five years, and has spread throughout the Union, that in coining that date of the 1 cent piece a lot of gold was by mistake melted into the copper. No such mistake was made, and the cent of 1851 is worth no more than any other date; but day after day the Treasury Department is in receipt of letters asking how much they are worth, and what the Government will pay for them.

Counterfeit Coins.

An impression prevails with some that the majority of ancient coins offered in America are counterfeit. This is absurd. The proportion of counterfeit antiques to the genuine is less than that of greenbacks. The only coins counterfeited are the rare and costly gold and silver specimens, which do not cross the sea. Our patrons need not be alarmed as to counterfeits. Their chance of handling one is less than that of a thunder-stroke.

Comparison of Values.

Comparing the value of specie in the 14th century with its present estimate, multiply by twenty (in the 15th century by 16). That is, an ounce of silver would purchase twenty times more wheat A. D. 1350 than it will now.

By our term *denarii aerei*, is meant copper pennies silver washed, for purposes of fraud. Billon *denarii* are sometimes called by that name. The compound styled patin is represented to us as a mixture of tin copper and a little silver.

The denarii and other silver coins of Diocletian are extremely scarce. So terrible had been the struggle among rival claimants for the Empire that the possessors of silver and coin had concealed it in the earth, and there was an actual "famine of silver."

Gems and Precious Stones.

BY J. M. CARTER.

The term *gem*, which is given to jewels and other valuable stones, means in archæology, engraved stones of the precious kinds, and even small engraved portions of hard and natural rocks which have been worn as jewels.

As a general rule the ancients did not engrave such stones as the diamond, ruby and sapphire, being satisfied with those of less hardness and value. The sardonyx, a variety of the onyx, having different colors, reddish yellow or orange, predominating, was much prized by them, and was in particular use for cameos. Another stone used by them was the agate, the variegations of which are sometimes beautifully disposed, representing plants, trees, rivers, clouds, etc. The agate was the second stone in the third row of the breastplate of the Jewish high priest.

Several varieties of the emerald are mentioned by the ancients, as the Bactrian, or Scythian, supposed to be a green ruby. Many remarkable stories are told of this gem, which has been found only with engravings of a later period. One, sent by a king of Babylon to a king of Egypt, was said to be four cubits long and three in width; and an obelisk, forty cubits in height, in the length of Jupiter, is reported to have been made out of four emeralds, while Theophrastus mentions an emerald column of great size in the temple of Hercules at Tyre. It was also used by gem-engravers to "refresh" the sight, or inlaid in the eyes of statues, as in the Lions at Cypress, erected to Hermias.

Besides these there were many others, some of which are described under the same name. In the selection of stones for engraving, the gem-engravers adapted the material to the subject, Bacchanalian subjects being often engraved on Amethysts, marine on beryls, martial on carnelian sards and red jasper, rural on green jasper, and celestial on chalcedony. Superstitious virtues were also attributed to different varieties of gems; thus, Amethyst was said to protect from the influence of wine, and Jasper was particularly recommended for amulets, being considered a charm against scorpions and spiders.

The art of engraving precious stones was comparatively unknown till the time of the Ptolemies. An exception is a signet of yellow Jasper, engraved with the name and titles of Amenophis II., who reigned about 1450 years before Christ. This signet is now in the British Museum. In design the oldest gems are of cylindrical shape from one to two inches long and half an inch thick, with a hole bored through for a cord to tie around the wrist. Among the Greeks the earliest instance of an engraved gem is the emerald ring of Polycrates, who lived 740 years before Christ. At a later period Ptolemy V., presented his portrait engraved on an emerald to Lucullus, and Cleopatra had a gem on which was engraved a picture of Bacchus. The style of engraving at this period is fine and noble; the subjects are generally heroic, but busts and portraits of divine, regal, and historical persons appear.

Cameo, the Italian for cameo are gems cut in relief, and appear first during the Roman Empire. This term is applied only to engravings on stone of two or more layers, as the onyx, etc., and is different from the relief-gems cut out of stones of one color. Ancient *cameo* are of the greatest rarity; the most remarkable known are those in the Vienna collection, supposed to represent the apotheosis of Augustus, on which are Augustus, Jupiter and Rome enthroned—the earth, ocean, abundance, Germanicus, victory, a triumphal car, and German captives. Another in St. Petersburg measures a foot long, and another in the Marlborough collection is eight and a half inches wide and six high.

In the sixteenth century Matteo del Nassaro, who worked for Francis I., engraved the crucifixion on heliotrope or the blood-stone, so that the red spots seemed drops of blood flowing from the wounds of Christ. Jacomodo Trezzo is said to have been the first to engrave on the diamond in 1564—an honor which is disputed, however, by Borago, both artists having been in the service of Philip II. of Spain, and Borago having engraved a portrait of Don Carlos, and the arms of Spain on this gem.

The passion for collecting gems as works of art began with Lorenzo de Medici, who formed the Florentine collection, and had his name cut on his gems. The large *cameo* of the European collections appear to have been brought by the crusaders from the east. The French collection dates from Charles IX., and is very rich in gems of all kinds. That of Berlin, containing the united cabinets of the Elector of Brandenburg, and the Morgraf of Anspoch, consists of nearly five thousand stones. The Vienna collection, though much smaller, is renowned for its large *cameo*. The British Museum contains some fine stones, and the private collection of the Duke of Devonshire comprises more than five thousand gems and *cameo* including some of the finest known.

Let us return now to some precious stones not strictly classed with the above. The sapphire, excelled only by the diamond is regarded as a variety of corundum, and is transparent and brilliant, sometimes white, but more frequently exhibiting exquisite color. The blue variety is true sapphire, the red being the Oriental Ruby of lapidaries, and is supposed to be the carbuncle mentioned by Pliny. The sapphire was another of the stones in the breastplate of the high priest, while among the Greeks it was sacred to Jupiter. One variety has a pinkish or bluish opalescense, and a peculiar play of light. Another has in the center a star of six bright rays.

Another beautiful stone is the opal, the finest kinds of which are known as Oriental opals, and exhibit a beautiful play of brilliant colors, owing to minute fissures which refract the rays of light. It is much prized for setting in rings, brooches, etc. The imperial cabinet of Vienna contains the finest opal now known. It is five inches by two and a half. The finest opals are found in Hungary, and also in some parts of South America and Mexico.

Red Sea Eggs.

Laura J. F. Hecox of Santa Cruz, Cal., writes, in answer to a recent query:

I can tell you what red sea eggs are. They are sea-urchins—in zoological language, Echinus, with the spines taken off. You may tell Mrs. D. A. L. that the "Ocean World" by Louis Figuier, revised by E. Perceval Wright, M. D., gives a very good description of them. I have two different kinds to exchange and will send you a specimen of each.

We extract from the above named valuable work (which we now have for sale), as follows:

ECHINIDÆ.

The singular shape of the echinidæ or sea-urchins and the spiny armature with which their bodies are covered, have in all ages attracted the attention of naturalists. The body of the sea-urchin is globular in form, slightly egg-shaped, but consists essentially of an exterior shell, or solid corona covered with spines and invested in a delicate membrane furnished with vibratile ilia. This corona is formed of an assemblage of contiguous polygonous plates, adhering together by their edges. Their arrangements is such that the test or shell may be divided into vertical zones, each springing from a central point on the summit, and terminating at a point of the spheroid diametrically opposite, namely: the circumference of the buccal orifice. These vertical zones are of two kinds, some larger and others straighter, each zone consisting of a double row of plates, the first charged with movable spines, the second pierced with holes disposed in regular longitudinal series, from which emerge the ambulacral feet, which serve as organs of locomotion to the animal. When armed with these bristling spines, the sea-urchins resemble hedge-hogs; but when the spines are rubbed off they look very much like a melon or an egg, to which their shape and calcareous nature have sometimes led to their being compared by the vulgar as well as by the learned. It has been calculated that more than ten thousand pieces, each admirably arranged and united, enter into the composition of the shell of the sea urchin. To abbreviate slightly Gosse's description of the sea-urchin, a globular hollow box has to be made of some three inches in diameter, the walls of which shall be scarcely thicker than a wafer, formed of unyielding limestone, yet fitted to hold the soft, tender parts of an animal which quite fills the cavity at all ages. But in infancy the animal is not so big as a pea, and it has to attain the adult dimensions. The box is never cast off or renewed; the same box must hold the infant and the veteran urchin. The limestone can only increase in size by being deposited. Now the vascular tissues are within, and the articles they deposit must be on the interior walls. To thicken the walls from within leaves less room in the cavity; but what is wanted is more room, ever more and more. The growing animal feels its tissues swelling day by day, by the administration of food. Its cry is, give me space! a larger house, or I die. How is this problem solved? Ah! there is no difficulty. The inexhaustible wisdom of the Creator has a beautiful contrivance for the emergency. The box is not made in one piece, nor in ten, nor a hundred. Six hundred distinct pieces go to make up the hollow case, all accurately fitted together, so that the perfect symmetry of the outline remains unbroken; and yet, thin as their substance is, they retain their relative positions with unchanging exactness, and the slight brittle box retains all requisite strength and firmness, for each of these pieces is enveloped by a layer of living flesh; a vascular tissue passes up between the joints where one meets another, and spreads itself over the whole exterior surface. This being so, the glands of the investing tissue secrete lime from the sea water, and deposit it after a determinate and orderly pattern on every part of the surface. Thus the inner face, the outer face, and each side and angle of the polyhedron, grow together, and preserve the form characteristic of the individual, with immutable mathematical precision.

[If our space permitted we should like to continue this extract, but as it is can only refer you to the valuable work from which it is taken. If you are collecting marine specimens you want this book.—ED.]

A Glass Mountain.

Another marvel recently brought to light in Yellowstone Park of North America is nothing less than a mountain of obsidian or volcanic glass. Near the foot of the Beaver Lake a band of explorers came upon the remarkable mountain, which rises in columnar cliffs and rounded bosses to many hundreds of feet in altitude from hissing hot springs at the margin of the lake. As it was desirable to pass that way the party had to cut a road through the steep glassy barricade. This they effected by making huge fires on the glass to thoroughly heat and expand it, and then dashing the cold water of the lake against the heated surface, so as to suddenly cool and break it up by shrinkage. Large fragments were in this way detached from the solid side of the mountain, then broken up small by sledge hammers and picks, not, however, without severe lacerations of the hands and face of the men from flying splinters. In the Grand Canon of the Gilson River, the explorers also found precipices of yellow, black, and banded obsidian, hundreds of feet high. The natural glass of those localities has from time immemorial been dressed by the Indians to tip their spears and arrows.

Chitons.

NOTES OF SHELL GATHERING AT SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

I will begin with the multivalve shells. They are composed of eight pieces, or separate valves, placed in a longitudinal series, being joined to each other by inserted lamina, and named Articulata, by De Blainville, on that account. The genus Chiton is the only example of multivalves that is a true mollusca. The animals are somewhat like a limpet in shape, and like them cling to the rock by a broad, flat foot. Take and separate the valves of some of the species, and they look very much like a butterfly. We have here, according to Dr. J. G. Cooper, sixteen species, but I have only ten in my cabinet.

Cryptochiton Stelleri, *Midd.* is the largest. It is sometimes a foot long when it is alive, but as it dries it shrinks up shorter. Its white valves are concealed beneath the reddish brown mantle, which covers the whole back of the animal. C. Stelleri is the only species that the mantle covers the whole back. It lives on the rocks in deep water.

Tonicia Lineata, *Wood.* is a small species about an inch in length. It is the most beautiful one we have here. Its polished valves are beautifully striped and painted. The color is orange, with marking of white and reddish brown. Within, the valves are white, shaded with orange. They can sometimes be found at very low tide, but not often, but single valves are often washed ashore.

Mopalia muscosa, *Gld.* is common all along the west coast of the United States. It is found quite plentiful here. A person would walk over them time after time, and would never think to look for them where they live. They live in little depressions in the rocks and the sea-anemones cover them over so they cannot be seen. Outside its color is dark, and it is sometimes covered with seaweed, but within the valves are a beautiful light green. Length, two inches.

Mopalia Kennerleyi var. Swanii, *Cpr.* lives under the rocks. They can only be found at very low tide by turning over the rocks. The valves of this species are different colored. In some of the specimens two or three of the valves are red, and the rest are brown, and in some they are yellow and brown. Within, they are a very light green, shaded with pink. Length about an inch.

Ischnochiton Magdalenæ *Hds.* is not common here, but may be found by turning over stones at low tide. It is long and lean. The valves are light-colored, spotted without and white within, and its grayish mantle is set with little scales. Its length is from one to three inches.

Katherina Tunicata, *Shp.* is not common here; it is more plentiful farther north, on the Oregon coast and about Sitka. Its form is long and oval. The manthe is black and heavy, nearly covering the white valves. Length, two to three inches.

LAURA J. F. HECOX.

Grammar in Rhyme.

Three little words you often see,
The articles, a, an, and the.

A noun is the name of anything.
As school, or garden, hoop, or swing

An adjective describes the noun.
As great, small, pretty, white or brown.

In place of nouns the pronouns stand
As he, or she, your arm, my hand.

Verbs tell or something to be done,
To read, count, sing, jump, or run.

How things are done the adverbs tell,
As slowly, quickly, ill or well.

Conjunctions join the words together,
As men and women, wind or weather.

The preposition stands before
A noun as in or through a door,

An interjection shows surprise,
As O! how pretty—Ah! how wise!

St. Nicholas.

How Long has the Mastodon been Extinct?

Prof. John Collett, Ph. D., State geologist of Indiana, gives some statistics in relation to the Mastodon that dispels the notion that these animals did not live in recent times. Archeologists who argue the great antiquity of man upon this planet, based upon the fact that his remains have been found with those of the Mastodon, will be compelled to seek other lines of proof for their theory. We quote from page 385, geological report for 1880, Prof. Collett says:

Of the thirty individual specimens of the remains of the Mastodon (Mastodon giganteus) found in this State, in almost every case a very considerable part of the skeleton of each animal proved to be in a greater or less condition of decay. The remains have always been discovered in marshes, ponds, or other miry places, indicating at once the cause of the death of the animal and the reason of the preservation of the bones from decay. Spots of ground in this condition are found at the summit of the glacial drift or in "old beds" of rivers which have adopted a shorter route and lower level, consequently their date does not reach beyond the most recent changes of the earth's surface; in fact, their existence was so late that the only query is why did they become extinct?

A skeleton was discovered in excavating the bed of the canal a few miles north of Covington, Fountain County, bedded in wet peat. The teeth were in good preservation, and Mr. Perrin Kent states that when the larger bones were cut open the marrow, still preserved, was utilized by the bog cutters to "grease" their boots, and that chunks of sperm like substance 2½ to 3 inches in diameter (adipocere) occupied the place of the kidney fat of the monster. During the past summer of 1880, an almost complete skeleton of a mastodon was found six miles northwest from Hoopston, Iroquois County, Ill., which goes far to settle definitely that it was not only a recent animal, but that it survived until the life and vegetation of to-day prevailed. The tusks formed each, a full quarter of a circle, were nine feet long, twenty-two inches in circumference at the base, and in their water-soaked condition weighed 175 pounds. The lower jaw was well preserved with a full set of magnificent teeth, and is nearly three feet long. The teeth, as usual, were thickly enameled, and weighed each from four to five pounds. The leg bones, when joined at the knee, made a total length of five and a half feet, indicating that the animal was not less than eleven feet high and from fifteen to sixteen feet from brow to rump. On inspecting the remains closely, a mass of fibrous bark-like material was found between the ribs, filling the place of the animal's stomach; when carefully separated it proved to be a crushed mass of herbs and grasses, similar to those which still grow in the vicinity. In the same bed of miry clay a multitude of small fresh water and land shells were observed and collected, which were kindly determined by Dr. F. Stein, as follows:

1. Pisidium, closely resembling P. abditum. Haldeman. 2. Valvata tricarnata. Say. 3. Valvata, resembling V. striata. Say. 4. Planorbis parvus Say.

The shell bearing animals prevail all over the States of Illinois, Indiana and parts of Michigan, and show conclusively that however other conditions may differ, that the animal and vegetable life, and consequently climate, are the same now as when this mastodon sunk in his grave of mire and clay.—*Clinton (Wis.) Herald.*

Trilobites.

BY E. V. SHEEKAR.

Trilobite, the name given to an order of fossil crustacea entirely confined to the Paleozoic rocks, and so-called from the three lobes into which the body is divided; they are especially abundant in the Silurian period, disappearing in the lower coal measures. The eyes are large and compound. The senses (consisting of from 400 to 6,000 facets) are frequently well preserved, and, in some species, can be easily distinguished with the naked eye. They do not correspond exactly to any living group of crustaceans, but come nearest to the phyllopoda in the double large eyes, undeveloped antennae, and soft membranous feet. They also bear marked resemblance to the common King or Horseshoe crab of our coast. Traces of a mouth have been discovered in a few; no traces of antennae have been found, and if there are any they must have been short, and not developed. The sexes are believed to be distinguished by the variations in the length of their aphalic and caudal spines. They vary in length from a minute species to the 18 inch *Asaphus gigas*. Burmister considers that trilobites moved only by swimming near the surface and could not move on the bottom; that they swam in an inverted position with the back downward, rolling into a ball when danger threatened, living in shallow water near the coast, moving in great numbers chiefly of the same species; that they lived on smaller animals and their spawn. None are found above the carboniferous rock, and only two or three in it. The geographical range of trilobites is very extensive. They are found all over northern Europe, and in many localities in North America, in the Andes in Bolivia. Trenton Falls in New York furnishes some fine specimens of the Calymene Blumenbachii, and Lebanon, Ohio, furnishes the finest found in America.

About 400 species have been discovered, and grouped into about 50 genera. Of these, 46 are Silurian, 22 Devonian and 4 Carboniferous.

Prehistoric Man in Southern Illinois.

F. M. FARRELL.

The Mississippi valley has long been noted for its abundance of aboriginal remains, for everywhere it abounds with mounds, earth-works, shell-heaps, cave and cliff-dwellings, masonry, sculptured slabs, carved images, inscriptions, rock-paintings, graves, cemeteries, aboriginal quarries, salt-works, caches or deposits of objects in large quantities, workshops, or places of ancient aboriginal industry, ancient roads and trails.

Southern Illinois being a part of this great region shared largely in the wild scenes of this ancient theatre, when these wild men of the past were but little above the brute in habits and intellect.

MOUNDS.

Ancient mounds and earth-works are found here in many places. They vary in height from a few inches to many feet, and from a few feet to several rods in extent, sometimes isolated and often in groups.

Some of the mounds contain nothing but a few stones, others have afforded human skeletons, pottery, axes, hoes, pipes, arrow-heads, spear-heads, etc. A very fine carved stone image of a human figure was exhumed a few miles south of Jonesboro some years ago which is one of the finest specimens of the kind yet found in this part of the state.

CAVE AND CLIFF DWELLINGS.

Under all rock shelters or cliffs and in caves of any size we have found abundant evidence of aboriginal habitation.

Buried in the loose porous earth from the surface to the depth of three feet or more in the floors of these dwellings we find large quantities of ashes, charcoal, charred bones, flint chippings, arrow-heads of rude workmanship, bones of deer and smaller animals, mussel shells and broken pottery. The shells were used probably in the manufacture of pottery and the animals used for food.

The cranium of one of these skeletons was quite well preserved especially the teeth which were 37 in number.

This cranium indicated small intellect, animal and domestic faculties largely developed, and it being found with the child we suppose it to be that of a female.

With these skeletons were also found a kind of woven fabric, quantities of parched corn, broken pottery, flint chips, rude arrow-heads, deers, bones, and skeletons of various kinds, including those of the deer, fox, opossum, hare, and land turtle, mussel shells, and several very fine bone awls, etc.

The pottery of the cave dweller is made of red clay, small gravel and pounded mussel shells taken from the creek near by.

The mixture was moulded in some kind of net or basket made of threads of grass or other vegetable matter and sometimes interwoven with small twigs or willows. During the process of burning, of course this basket work was all burned away and left the impression of the material in the outer surface of the vessel and that is all they left to tell us the story. None of the pottery has been found entire but some of the vessels must have been large.

MASONRY.

About three miles east of Cobden, situated on a high cliff and overlooking a most beautiful valley has been an ancient fort. The remains of a stone wall is still there, but time has reduced it to the ground. It was built across one side of a triangular spot having the other two sides well protected from below by nearly perpendicular cliffs. When this wall was standing but one point of access could be had to this fort, which is a narrow defile in the rocks only approached from below and easily defended. Good springs are near by and all sorts of relics abound peculiar to the cave dweller.

Near Makanda is another ancient fortification known to the people as "Stone Fort." It consists of an opening in the bluff, which, till it was torn down by the white settlers, was protected by a high stone wall. Various flint implements have been found near the place.

CEMETERIES.

On a hill sloping to the southeast toward Clear Creek and situated about ten miles east of the Mississippi River, is an ancient burying ground. Each grave was made by placing flat stone beneath, at each side and end of the body which was put in the smallest possible space, and covered with stone of the same kind.

The bones were the only relics found and they were almost totally decayed except the teeth which were sometimes good. The stone was probably brought from a quarry about three fourths of a mile distant, this being the nearest point where similar stone can be found.

The graves were probably arranged according to some plan, but the plow of the white man has so nearly destroyed them that we were unable to determine with certainty the real position, but they were probably arranged in something resembling a star or circle.

A few miles below this place on the banks of Clear Creek is another cemetery where the skeletons are washing out into the creek. We have not had the opportunity to examine any farther into the matter.

WORKSHOPS.

At certain seasons of the year some of our western tribes encamp in the neighborhood of deposits of jasper, chalcedony and other minerals valuable for arrow-making, and manufacture a sufficient quantity of points, knives, hoes and other implements to last them a long time. The ground around such places for several acres is covered with splinters, chips, cones, flaking tools, spoiled points, etc.

In Southern Illinois these workshops are always situated near some large spring and the material used was chart, flint and jasper. These are very universal throughout this part of the state, being the most common indication of aboriginal industry.

The Wonders of the World.

The seven wonders of the world are among the traditions of childhood, and yet ninety-nine persons out of a hundred who might be asked the question could not name them. They are pyramids—the mystery of the past—the enigma of the present—and the enduring for the future age of this world. The temple, the walls and hanging gardens of Babylon, the most celebrated city of Assyria, and the residence of the kings of that country after the destruction of Nineveh. The Chryselephantine statue of Jupiter Olympius, the most renowned work of Phidias, the illustrious artist of Greece. The statue was formed of gold, and was sitting on a throne almost touching the summit of the temple, which was almost 70 feet high. The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, which was 220 years in building, and which was 425 feet in length, and 220 feet in breadth, and supported by 127 marble columns of the Ionic order 60 feet high. The Mausoleum at Halicarnassus, erected in the memory of Mausolus, the king of Caria, by his wife, Artemesia, B. C. 353. The Pharos at Alexandria, a lighthouse erected by Ptolemy Soter at the entrance of the harbour of Alexandria. It was 450 feet high, and could be seen at a distance of 300 miles, and upon which was inscribed, "King Ptolemy, and the gods, the saviours, for the benefit of sailors." Lastly, the Colossus at Rhodes, a brazen image of Apollo, 150 Grecian feet in height, and which was to be located at the entrance of one of the harbors of the city of Rhodes.—*Ex.*

A Greeting. *

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I spread a scanty board for you:
The old-time guests for whom I wait
Come few and slow, methinks, to-day.
Alas! who could bear my messages
Across the dim unsounded sea
On which so many have sailed away!

Come, then, old friends, who linger yet,
And let us meet as we have met,
Once more beneath this low ceiling;
And grateful for the good we've known
The riddles solved, the ills outgrown,
Shake hands upon the border line.

The favor, asked too oft before
From your indulgent ears, once more
I crave, and if belief lays
To slower, feebler measures move,
The silent sympathy of love
To me is dearer now than praise.

And ye, O younger friends for whom
My hearth and heart keep open room,
Come smiling through the shadows long;
Be with me while the sun goes down,
And with your cheerful voices drown
The minor of my even-song.

For, equal through the day and night,
The wise Eternal oversight
And love and power and righteous will
Remain: the law of destiny
The best for each and all must be,
And life its promise shall fulfill.

Chronology of Some Important Inventions, &c.

Maps, globes and dials were first invented by Anaximander, in the sixth century before the Christian era. They were first brought into England by Bartholomew Columbus, in 1489.

Comedy and tragedy were first exhibited at Athens, 562 B. C.

Plays were first acted at Rome, 239 B. C.

The first public library founded at Athens, 562 B. C.

The first public library founded at Rome, 167 B. C.

The first public library founded at Alexandria, 284 A. D.

Paper was invented in China, 170 B. C.

The calendar was reformed by Julius Cæsar, 45 B. C.

Insurance on ships and merchandize was first made in A. D. 43.

Saddles came into use in the fourth century.

Horse-shoes made of iron were first used in A. D. 481.

Stirrups were not made till a century later.

Manufacture of silk brought from India into Europe, 551 A. D.

Stone buildings and glass were introduced into England, 674 A. D.

Pens were first made of quills, A. D. 635.

Pleadings in Courts of Judicature were introduced A. D. 788.

The figures of arithmetic were brought into Europe by the Saracens, A. D. 991.

Paper of cotton rags invented towards the close of the tenth century.

Paper was made of linen in 1300.

The degree of Doctor was first conferred in Europe, at Bologna, in 1130; in England, 1408.

The first regular bank was established at Venice, in 1157; the bank of Genoa was established in 1407; that of Amsterdam in 1609; and that of England in 1694.

Astronomy and geometry brought into England 1220.

Linen first made in England, 1253.

Spectacles invented, 1280.

The art of weaving introduced into England, 1330.

Musical notes, as used, invented, 1380.

Gun-powder invented at the city of Cologne, by Schwartz, 1320-40.

Cannon first used at the seige of Algeziras, 1342.

Muskets in use, 1370.

Pistols in use, 1544.

Printing invented at Mentz, by Gutrenburg, 1450.

Printing introduced into England, 1471.

Post-offices established in France, 1464; in England, 1581; and in Germany, 1615.

Turkeys and chocolate introduced into England, from America, 1529.

Tobacco introduced into France, by Nicot, 1560.

First coach made in England, 1564.

Clocks first made in England, 1568.

Potatoes first introduced into Ireland, 1586.

The circulation of the blood discovered by Harvey, 1619.

A Fine Collection.

A Rare Repository of Fossils, Shells, Minerals, Molluscs &c.

We had the pleasure lately of examining the extensive scientific library and collection of shells, minerals, mammals, etc., of Dr. L. G. Yates, of Centerville, Alameda co., Cal., which proves to be exceedingly instructive and interesting. The Doctor's collection not only consists of what he has gathered himself, but also what he has secured by exchange from other lands and waters. He is one of the most persevering of the practical scientists of this State, and his office at Centerville is a complete repository of scientific works, specimen, etc. He was one of the most valuable aids to Professor Whitney in his various geological surveys of the State. The Doctor's explorations in Alameda and adjoining counties have made him familiar to the people of many localities, who wonder at his zeal and perseverance. His name figures largely in the transactions of the various scientific institutions of the United States. He is the discoverer of bones of some unknown large animals formerly existing on this coast. His collection consists of minerals of California, Eastern States, and foreign countries, having some even from the waters of the Tigris; fossils of California, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Germany and England. Among these is a large collection of ammonites and Eocene fossils, from the celebrated locality, Isle of Sheppy. Fossil vertebrates of California, etc., including elephant, mastadon, horse, llama, etc. Indian relics—spears, arrow heads, mortars, pestles, knives, implements of bone and shell, and crania. Of Molusca, his collection is very large, consisting of land, fresh water, and marine shells, belonging to California and Western Coast; a fine collection of British marine shells; a very large collection of unios (fresh water), from all parts of the world; the land and fresh water shells of Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, and other Eastern States. His scientific library consists of many rare and valuable books. Altogether, we feel proud of Dr. Yates' labors on behalf of science, and the successful efforts he has made to enlighten us on the fossiliferous relics of this and adjoining counties, and the light he has thrown on our Indian remains.

It will surprise many, no doubt, to learn that there have been found imbedded in solid rocks the remains of the most renowned of extinct animals, such as the mastodon, elephant, horse, llama, etc. Even bones of whales and marine animals, oyster shells, etc., of immense size, have been discovered in the most unexpected places. W. H.

Rambles of a Naturalist.

On the Extinct Species of Fossil Vertebrates Found in Alameda County, California.

BY LORENZO G. YATES.

The Southern and Eastern portions of Alameda county, have furnished many interesting evidences of its having (at a very recent period of geological history,) been inhabited by huge monsters now extinct, which formerly, roamed and fed in forests and marshes, the localities of which are now occupied by mountains and valleys, whose present forest growth and vegetation would be entirely inadequate to furnish food for the animals which formerly existed here in large numbers. The fact that these animals abounded in this part of the State has been demonstrated by the discovery, by the writer and others, of the fossil remains of the animals below specified:

Elephants larger than those now existing in the tropical regions of the Old World; the *Mastodon* which became extinct before man commenced to write history, and even so long ago, that tradition (which carries history almost back to the time when man himself was a wild animal, but little in advance of many other genera of vertebrates,) has not preserved a memento of its existence; the *Llama*, which stood about eighteen feet high, and beside which, its modern representative now living in South America is but a baby. The *Tiger* equalling in size, or even larger than the largest "Royal Tiger" of Bengal; the *Horse*; the *Fossil Ox*, or *Buffalo*; the *Elk*; and others of the deer family, and other ruminants and carnivores.

One Post Pliocene Gravel deposit in the southern part of the county extending over an area of several miles, contains numberless bones and teeth of the above named animals, and many others will, in all probability, be found there, as the only opportunity to find them is when the winter rains wash out portions of the deposit along the channels of streams running through the locality, or, where gravel is taken out for the purpose of macadamizing the roads in the vicinity, consequently but a very small portion of the deposit has been exposed for examination, while many specimens of bones and teeth imbedded in the gravel thus removed have been thrown aside, or broken up by the workmen engaged, as of no special interest, or washed out by freshets, and carried off by the water of the streams and reburied, to be again exposed perhaps after a lapse of centuries.

That portion of the San Jose valley not covered by the deposit above described, has been found to contain large numbers of the remains of coniferous trees at depths varying from fifty to two hundred and twenty-five feet below the surface, in blue clay; these trees are not silicified, but have the appearance of charcoal, and fall to pieces upon being exposed to the air; fossil freshwater shells have been found in the same deposit, and occasionally fossil bones or teeth. This would indicate either, that at the time these trees were growing the valley was covered by a forest, which was afterwards submerged, or, they grew upon higher ground, and were washed down by streams and deposited in a body of fresh water, then occupying the present salt-water bays, and the valleys; the latter being the most plausible theory, fossil bones and teeth of the same character as those above mentioned having been found in many of the interior valleys of the State, some of them having been deposited in large bodies of fresh water.

The facts above stated, taken together with the finding of large quantities of silicified wood in the eastern part of this county and throughout the State, show conclusively, that since the Pliocene Period, not only has the entire topography of the country changed, but also that where we now have extensive valleys almost destitute of timber in their natural condition, and mountains with but a small proportion of their surface covered with forests, of coniferous and deciduous trees, which furnished food and shelter for large numbers of the animals enumerated, and among them, *man* in his primitive state (if he was in existence?) was an insignificant animal.

The gravel deposit above named, forms the rolling hills lying between Washington Corners and Mission, San Jose, some three miles in width and extending for several miles along the foot-hills of Mission Peak towards San Jose. It is one vast bone bed, or burial place of these extinct animals, where the writer has found bones, teeth and tusks of the fossil elephant (*Elephas Americanus*) one molar of which in the writer's collection weighs twenty-five pounds; a lower jaw with teeth of mastodon; jaws with teeth, vertebrae and other bones of a new species of Llama (*Auchenia hesterna*;) lower jaw of new species of *tiger*, and of wolf (*Canis indica*,) the last three species named and described by Prof. Leidy from the specimens found in this county; bones of an immense sloth-like animal, not yet named; teeth and bones of two or more species of fossil ox (*Bos*) among them a fine skull; teeth of a large extinct spieces of horse (*Equus*,) &c.

A similar deposit exists in the eastern portion of the county, less extensive, but which has furnished specimens of the same character, while the *Miocene* Marine deposits a few miles distant have furnished interesting fossil remains of extinct amphibious animals, which will be the subject of a subsequent article.

Centerville, Alameda, Co., Cal., Oct. 10, 1881.

Ancient Shuttles.

There is found in this section a great variety of the shuttle form perforated stones, which are generally ascribed to the Mound Builders, they are of fine material, graceful proportions, and the workmanship of many of them would do credit to the best sculptors of the present day. The Mound Builders being a pastoral and agricultural people had many uses for these implements, which our savage Indians had not, and it is believed that they never loved labor enough to fashion some of these elaborate instruments, if they even had the ingenuity to do so.

They are so perfectly and beautifully formed, that I found it impossible to do justice to them in the little sketch that I have made of some of them at the head of this article—they must be seen to be appreciated.

No. 1 is a very unique specimen of these stones, the finish of which is perfection; it was found in one of the Taylor Creek Mounds in Hardin County, Ohio and it has some peculiarities about it, that is not found in the usual forms of the shuttle stones. Its length is five inches, its width on the under side at the middle is one and three tenths inches, from the middle it tapers to the ends which are one inch wide. The whole under surface is slightly concave, but a portion between the holes and for an inch outside of them is deeper, being three tenths of an inch deep, the drilled holes are one half inch in diameter, and one and three tenths of an inch apart, as they pass through the stone they gradually taper until they reach the upper side where the perforation is quite small.

The height of the stone is equal to its width and is circular at the middle, gracefully tapering toward the ends, these ends have each three notches in them which may have been made to carry two or three threads at a time.

This beautiful shuttle is made from a hard dark colored slate with black stripes, this slate is not natural in Hardin County, and has been found only in a few scattered boulders.

No 2 was found on my place it is of a plain grey slate, sharp at each end, seven inches in length one and three quarter inches wide at the middle and three fourths of an inch thick, it is flat on the under side and rounding on the top.

No 3 is nearly of the same form as No 2 only it has but one hole and one sharp point.

No 4 is a very beautiful specimen five inches in length and one and three-fourths inches in width, it has notches at the ends and sides, and the surface is decorated with net work, which indicates that its use was the manufacture of fish nets.

No 5 is of such a form that it could be used as a shuttle, a thread twister or a button for their robes. That the Mound Builders made cloth we have a proof in the rather course fabrics that are occasionally found in their burial mounds. They certainly had plenty of material for making thread in the fibre of such plants as Mous Rubra, Asclepias incarnata and Apocynum androsae folifolium.

W. C. Hampton,
Mt. Victory, Ohio.

Enemies of Spiders.

The well-known naturalist, Rev. H. E. McCook, of Philadelphia, has been talking to the academy of that city on spiders, which he designated as the most benevolent of insects. Among the principal enemies of the spider he enumerated many of those hymenopterous or four-winged flies, the bees, wasps, etc., which produce flesh eating grubs. Large numbers of spiders are used by these species as food. The nest of one of these forms was exhibited, built of clay in such a manner as to resemble the pipes of Pan. When opened these nests were found filled with spiders of different species. They were also paralyzed by the fly, but not killed, and in this state of a spended animation they remain until the hatching out of the grubs, which eagerly devour them one after another. The unfortunate captives lie limp in the jaws of the grub, showing no sign of sensation and making no resistance. Other flies, and among these may be included the common black horse fly, prey upon spiders by destroying the cocoons or by sucking the contents of their eggs when they happen to be uncovered or only slightly protected. The eggs are also devoured in large numbers by birds. Some species of birds assist in preventing the spread of spiders by making use of the webs, especially the thicker portion used in the construction of cocoons, to build their nests. A bird's nest was exhibited composed of this material in such quantity as to indicate the destruction of a great many webs. Those hymenopterous insects which deposit their eggs in the cocoons of the spiders are, however, their most destructive enemies. When the grubs are hatched they attack the eggs and young of their hosts and consume them as food, until sufficiently developed to obtain their nourishment.

Notes on the Occurrence of some species of Cerambicidæ.

BY F. M. WEBSTER.

Although not one of the best localities for this family of beetles, a few notes upon such as do occur will not be devoid of interest.

Prionus imbricornis, Linn, is abundant during the warm evenings of the latter part of June and during July; is nocturnal in habits.

Orthosoma brunneum, Forst, rather rare; have taken only a single specimen.

Smodicum cucujiforme, Say, found under the bark of oak trees.

Chion garganicus, Fab, rather common.

Eburia quadrigeminata, Say, also common.

Elaphidion atomarium, Drury, rather rare; have only taken a single specimen in ten years.

Emueronatum, Fab, rather common.

Batyle luturalis, Say, not rare.

Cyllene pictus, Drury, and *C robiniæ*, Forst, the locust and hickory borers, are as common as desired.

Ahopalus fulminans, Fab, not common.

X ylotrechus colonus, Fab, very common.

X convergens, Lec, rare in this locality.

Neoclytus erythrocephalus, Fab, common.

Mycroclytus gazellula, Hald, rare.

Enderces picipes, Fab, and *Leptura vittata*, Germ, have taken both in abundance in woods, on low plants.

Typotus vittiger, Rand, and *Acmaeops bivittata*, Say, neither of which are common. The latter is extremely variable in size and markings.

Strangalia luticornis, Fab, although not a rare insect, I have never met it but once.

Typocerus velutinus, Olin. I took this in quite large numbers, near Ottawa, Ill.

S Linnatus, Newm, common on *Rudbeckia hirta*, L.

Leptura ruficollis, Say, found on herbage in woods, June. *L. proxima*, Say; I have taken only one specimen in woods.

Pionocerus supernotatus, Say, found on basswood last of June.

Dorcaschema alternatum and *D nigrum*, found on Osage orange.

Goes debilis, Lec, rare in Ill.; have taken only a single example on Rock maple.

Plectuodera scalator, Fab, common on *Salix discolor*, July.

This year I have taken the following species on basswood: *Acanthoderes decipiens*, Hald; *Leptostylus aculifer*, Say; *Sternidius alpha*, Say; *Liopus zignatus*, Lec; *L facetus*, Say; *Leptur ges angulatus*, Lec; *L symme-*

trieus, Hald.; *Hyperplatus aspersus*, Say, and *Saperda vertita*, Say; *L macula*, Say.

Dectus spinosus is found in abundance on ragweed late in June.

Saperda mutica, Say, found in small numbers on *gracialis*, Andrus, while *S lateralis*, *S discolor*, seems to favor Salix discolor. *S candida*, Fab, the notorious apple-tree borer, is for the present rare.

Oberia basalis, Lee, and *O Schaumii*, Lee, are found on cottonwood.

Tetraopes tetraophthalmus, Fort, and *I temoralis*, Lee, are found abundant on milkweed.

Some Studies on the Food of the Silphidæ (Carron Beetle).

As the name indicates, the species of this family of beetles are supposed to feed exclusively upon decaying animal matter. But careful investigations prove that this, as with many other beetles, is only a matter of supposition.

Mr. S. S. Rathron, in report, department of agriculture, 1861, speaks of *Silpha surinamensis*, Fab, and our large carron beetle *Necrophorus Americanus* feeding upon fungi. And I recollect finding numbers of *Catops simplex*, Say, feeding upon decaying pumpkins. Some years ago I took a number of *Silpha Americana*, Linn, under an old brush which had been used in grooming horses.

Curtis, in "Farm Insects," page 388, accuses *Silpha opaca*, Linn, of feeding upon the leaves of mangel-wurzel, in the larval state; but my esteemed friend, Dr. F. Pipitz, of Graz, Austria, has sent me a record of some observations of Herr Dr. Kessler, published in the *Landwirthschaftl, Ztg.* 14 November, 1880, as follows:

"The larvæ of this species had two years in succession destroyed the fields of red beet, and numbers were sent him for identification. He carried on his investigations by providing food for them, and found that they avoided animal food altogether, and supported themselves from plants, and especially those of the rape. Not only this, but the perfect beetle discarded meat food, and also ate with great relish of the young rape plants."

The Doctor also cites an instance where the larvæ had sought out some "sugar-sticks" which had been accidentally left in an observatory, and devoured them. Dr. K. expresses the opinion that it might be the sweet properties of the beet that causes them to devour it so extensively.

Linnæus speaks of species being found under the loose bark of trees. Turton's Linneus, vol. 1, page 99. But I have only noticed a single instance of this habit, if indeed my observation might be deemed such, when the species was a single *Silpha surinamensis*, found in a small circular cavity in the soil under the side of a small log partly imbedded in the ground, but devoid of bark. As this was during October of last year, and winter set in soon after, I am not sure but it was preparing to hibernate. F. M. W.

Selected Miscellany.

A NAME.

I wrote a name upon the shining sands,
But see the word despisèd was, a wave
Swept up and wrapped it out for evermore.
Upon my frosted window pane I traced,
In a thoughtless mood, a name, and lingered there,
Watching the letters glitter in the sun,
Sparkling like many diamonds in the light;
But while I watched the letters faded quite,
Nor left a sign upon the window pane.
Again a name is written firm and clear,
This time my heart the impress bears for-ever!
But whence or how 'twas traced I cannot say—
I only know I cannot blot it out.
For every heart-throb sets it deeper still.

Eloquence is the best speech of the best soul.

Genius and virtue, like diamonds, are best plain set.

The next dreadful thing to a battle lost is a battle won.—Wellington.

A hundred men make an encampment and one woman makes a home.—From the Hindu.

Love is never lost. If not reciprocated, it will flow back and soften and purify the heart.—Irving.

The greater part of what women write about women is mere sycophancy to man.—Madame de Staël.

It is possible, thank heaven! to have very erroneous theories and very sublime feelings.—George Eliot.

Tie down a hero and he feels the puncture of a pin; throw him into battle and he is almost insensible to pain.—J. C. Calhoun.

We cannot conquer fate and necessity but we can yield to them in such a way as to be greater than if we could.—Hannah Moore.

A woman preacher is like a dog walking on its hind legs; it is not well done, but you are surprised to find it done at all.—Johnson.

What a woman should demand of a man in courtship, after it, is *first*—respect for her as she is a woman; and next to that—to be respected by him above all other women.—Chas. Lamb.

Try to repress thought, and it is like trying to fasten down steam—an explosion is sure to follow. Let thought be free to work in its own appropriate way and it turns the machine, drives the wheels, does the work.—James Freeman Clarke.

Our Home.

Home is the sweetest, dearest word,
Lips have uttered or ears have heard.
Rev. C. D. Nobb.

The Baby.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light of them sparkle and shine?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
Something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get that pearly ear?
God spoke and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought of you, and so I am here.

Dear Old Mother.

Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snow-flakes on her brow, plowed deep furrows on her cheeks, but is she not sweet and beautiful now? The lips are thin and sunken, but those are the lips that have kissed many a hot tear from childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest lips in all the world. The eye is dim, yet it ever glows with the soft radience of holy love which can never fade. Ah, yes, she is dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is, she will go further and reach down lower for you than any other on earth. You cannot walk into a midnight where she cannot see you; you cannot enter a prison whose bars will keep her out; you cannot mount a scaffold too high for her to reach, that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world shall despise and forsake, when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you in her feeble arms and carry you home and tell you all your virtues, until you almost forget your soul is disfigured by vices. Love her tenderly and cheer her declining years.—*Albany Argus.*

The True Wife.

Oftentimes I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide as if drawn by some invisible bowline, with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails were muffled, her streamers were drooping, she had neither side wheel nor stern wheel; still she moved on stately, in serene triumph as with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great hulk that swam so majestically, there was a little toiling steaming, with a heart of fire and arms of iron, that was tugging it bravely on; and I knew that if the little steam-tug unwound her arm and left the ship, it would wallow and roll about and drift hither and thither, and go off with the refluent tide, no man knows whither. And so I have known more than one genius, highdecked, full-freighted, idle-sailed, gay-pennoned, but for the bare arms and warm, beating heart of the faithful little wife that nestles close to him, so that no wind or wave could part them, would have gone down with the stream, and have been heard of no more.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Beautiful Homes.

What is a more beautiful scene than this, a household where the father, tired with business, and the vexations of the day, reposes in his favorite armchair at the fireside, and listens to the sweet strains of music as they fall sweetly and harmoniously on his ear, to calm his troubled heart or to the gentle words of a loving companion, full charged full of fresh cares and complaints, but receptive and sympathetic to lighten his burdens; and on the other hand, the cool, businesslike man inquiring about and helping to bear the home burden, not imperiously as a lord, but tenderly as a companion.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

The time draws near the birth of Christ:
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round,
From far and near, on mead and moor,
Swell out and fall as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound.

Each voice four changes on the wind,
That now dilate, and now decease,
Peace and good will, good will and peace,
Peace and good will, to all mankind.

This year I slept and woke with pain,
I almost wished no more to wake,
And that my hold on life would break
Before I heard those bells again.

But they my troubled spirit rule,
For they controlled me when a boy;
They bring me sorrow touched with joy,
The merry, merry bells of Yule.

—TENNYSON.

JEST 'FORE CHRISTMAS.

Father calls me William, sister calls me Will,
Mother calls me Willie, but the fellers call me Bill!
Mighty glad I ain't a girl—rather be a boy,
Without them sashes, curls and things that's worn by Fauntleroy!
Love to chawnk green apples an' go swimmin' in the lake—
Hate to take the castor-ile they give for belly-ache!
Most all the time, the whole year round, there ain't no flies on me,
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Got a yeller dog named Sport, sick him on the cat;
First thing she knows she don't know where she's at!
Got a cripple sled, an' when the kids goes out to slide,
'Long comes the grocery cart, and we all hook a ride!
But sometimes when the grocery man is worrited an' cross,
He reaches at us with his whip, an' lazy-outs us like hoss,
An' then I laff an' holler, "Ho, you never ketched me!"
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Gran'ma says she hopes that when I get to be a man,
I'll be a missionarer like her oldest brother, Dan,
As was at sin by the cannibals that lives in Ceylon's Isle,
Where every prospect pleases, an' only man is vile!
But gran'ma she has never been to see a Wild West show,
Nor read the life of Daniel Boone or else I guess she'd know,
That Buffalo Bill an' cowboys is good enough for me!
Excep' jest 'fore Christmas, when I'm good as I kin be!

And then old Sport he hangs around, so solemn-like an' still,
His eyes they seem a-sayin': "What's the matter, little Bill?"
The old cat sneaks down off her perch an' wonders what's become
Of them two chunks of raw meat that used to make things hum!
But I am so perlite an' kind so earnestly to biz,
That mother says to father: "How improved our Willie is!"
But father, sayin' he's been a boy hisself, suspicions me
When jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

For Christmas, with its lots an' lots of candies, cakes and toys,
Was made, they say, for proper kids and not for naughty boys:
So wash yer face an' brush yer hair, an' mind yer p's and q's,
And don't burst out yer pantaloons, and don't wear out yer shoes;
Say "Yessum" to the ladies, and "Yessir" to the men,
An' when they's company, don't pass yer plate for pie again;
But, thinkin' of the things ye'd like to see upon that tree,
Jest 'fore Christmas be as good as yer kin be!

—EUGENE FIELD.

THE LETTER CARRIERS.

1897

THEY ARE GIVEN THE GLAD HAND OF WELCOME.

A Barbecue Enjoyed by the Visitors From the East—They Carry Away Souvenirs.

Miss Carrie Swank, Dan Bidledell, W. Richardson and Frank Ennor went to San Jose Sunday morning to give the letter carriers the glad hand of welcome, and to escort them to Santa Cruz, where Postmaster Kearney, Chief Clerk Dickinson and a score of citizens were in waiting to give the visitors a gentle of true Santa Cruz hospitality.

ELIJAH ANTHONY, SON FIRST POSTMASTER OF SANTA CRUZ.

The visitors stopped at the Big Trees, where they obtained redwood souvenirs, and only regretted that they could not take along the forest giants. They were astonished with what they saw, looking up in amazement at the gigantic trees.

The train reached Santa Cruz shortly before noon. It stopped at Locust St., where the visitors alighted to form in procession. The local letter carriers with Miss Swank, who fell proud and happy to be with so many representatives of the mail service, and Dan Hallahan of Oakland, led the way followed by the San Francisco Letter Carriers' Band, in natty uniforms, and the visitors numbering about 800. They marched down Locust St. to Pacific Av. and to the beach.

The sidewalks were filled with spectators, who admired the happy letter carriers.

At the beach many took a dip in the surf, while others lounged on the sand.

At 1:30 P. M. the barbecue was ready. In an arbor on the ground in the rear of the bath-houses the tables were quickly surrounded. Then the visitors enjoyed their fine barbecue. Postmaster Kearney, who was here, there and everywhere looking after the comfort of the guests, was ably assisted by Chief Deputy Dickinson, the local letter carriers and others. The beef was done to a turn, while the coffee, prepared by J. W. Cowling, was delicious.

W. T. KEARNEY, THE PRESENT POSTMASTER OF SANTA CRUZ.

For the barbecue there were 800 pounds of beef, 100 pounds of pork, 14 bulls' heads, two sheep, besides large quantities of bread and fruit. C. D. Alarcon superintended the preparation of the meat, and made a good job of it.

After the barbecue the visitors again went to the beach. Some went driving, others boarded the street cars and many were content to remain on the beach. As souvenirs they carried away the paper plates. They were unanimous in their appreciative expressions of the hospitality shown them, saying it was the most enjoyable feature of their visit to California.

At 4:16 P. M. they reluctantly left Santa Cruz for San Francisco, saying they would never forget their delightful visit to this city.

The Mutton Birds of Trefoil Island.

Edible Sea Fowls That Are Packed in Barrels for Shipment Like Pork.

TASTES differ in different latitudes, even among English-speaking people. Imagine Caucasians dining on salted petrels, and with a relish, too, as though that fish-eating sea bird were a luxury. Of all the fowl that haunt the barren islands on the California coast none are considered quite so worthless as the sooty petrel. Even the seagull has his usefulness as a scavenger on the bays along the coast, but the petrel is truly a despised bird in these waters. Seagulls' eggs bring a price in the market that make it worth while to gather them at a considerable expense, but no one thinks it worth while to rob the petrels' nests on the rookeries at the Farallone islands.

It is different in Australia. Is it the cold winds that blow up from the Antarctic regions or the hot air that sweeps down from the equator? No matter what the cause, the fact is that the appetites of our Australian cousins are radically different. The sooty petrel is there an edible fowl with a decided market value, and a number of men and small craft are employed each year in catching, salting, packing and carrying it in great quantities from the rookeries on Trefoil island and other adjoining islands on the north coast of Tasmania to Stanley and Melbourne.

Mutton birds is the general name given the petrel there, and the men and ships engaged in the business are known as "mutton birders." To Americans this is quite a novel industry, and the fact that such common sea birds as the petrel are packed and salted down like so much pork is always a matter of wonderment to strangers who go there. But the test of the pudding is in the eating of it, and those who have dined off mutton birds instead of land mutton pronounce the one every bit as good as the other.

If you leave San Francisco in August sailing westward and southward you will pass many great flocks of birds that will be pointed out to you as sooty petrels—or they will pass you, for they are traveling about three times faster than you are. And when you reach Melbourne and have become acclimated enough to venture a trip across to Tasmania, you may dine off the young of those very birds that passed you on the California coast, only now they will be served to you as mutton birds.

These fowls leave the Farallones every few months, and once every year they visit Australia. Trefoil island is their chief roosting place in the Southern hemisphere, so far as is known. Here they scratch and dig in the barren soil until they have burrowed a hole perhaps two feet deep. Into these holes each hen in the immense flock deposits her one egg. The mutton birder inserts his arm full stretch for his game. He does not take the egg, but waits a week or ten days after the egg has been hatched. Then he finds the young bird almost as big as its parent, but much more tender and fat. On land the petrel is quite unable to escape from the catchers. It cannot mount into the air from off the land though its wings are enormously long in proportion to its black body, and it rises quite gracefully from the water. On shore, however, the strange bird must hop along at a slow pace, and can only fly from the top of a ledge. Certain points of Trefoil island are littered with thousands of these nests, and it is no difficult task to gather the yearly harvest of young mutton birds. The mutton birding season on Trefoil island lasts from a month to six weeks, and this includes the catching, salting, packing and shipping. They are packed in casks, and these are loaded on coasting schooners that come after them from Tasmania and Melbourne.

By the time the fresh crop of mutton

A Conchologist's Paradise in San Fran

FAR OUT beyond Fort Winfield Scott at sunrise, when the tide is out and the moss-covered rocks are exposed, two sturdy young men may often be seen, equipped with cloth bag, knife, small glass bottles and other implements of the scientific shell gatherer, delving into queer little nooks and crannies among the rocks. They are searching for sea shells, and in the harvest which crowns their laborious efforts are some of the most beautiful, interesting and rare shells which the picturesque Bay of San Francisco yields. These two experienced shell collectors at first undertook these early morning jaunts to the rocks, known as the "conchologists' paradise," solely for the purpose of obtaining specimens of the mollusean fauna of the Bay of San Francisco for their individual collections, but the harvest was so satisfactory that they began in a small way to sell duplicated specimens to other shell collectors and curio seekers.

Their little industry grew until now they have many orders from all over the United States and Canada, and the income thus derived makes no mean addition to their purse. At present they are engaged in preparing a collection of the handsomest shells for one of the museums in Sweden.

The tyro may think that the bleached and imperfect shells left on the sands by the tide are all that these waters will yield, but our scientific friends will tell him that those which the stroller on the sandy beach sees, perhaps casually picks up, admires for the oddity of their shapes and carries home, are bereft of their beauty, for the waves have dashed and chipped them and the hot rays of the sun have faded their dainty hues. Their little dwellers have gone. They are "dead" shells. But far out among the dark, shining and slippery rocks may be found the living shell in its quaint home. From the shore the rocks themselves appear barren and unprepossessing enough, but the venturesome student will be surprised to find them incrusted with living things of peculiar beauty. Besides starfishes and barnacles, which cling to the rocks, there are hundreds of sea shells, chitons and rock crabs crawl in and out of the meshes of the green and brown seaweeds which grow there.

Entering a beautifully formed grotto one finds a pool of the clearest sea water, and in it many kinds of the lower forms of animal sea life, and everywhere shells in red, yellow, green and delicate shades of every conceivable color, attached to the rocks.

Some of the living shells may be taken quite easily from the rocks, while others cling so closely that they can be removed only with great effort. Some shells, like the saucer-shaped limpets, remain clinging in the same place for years without moving, and they have been known to make deep impressions on the rocks where they live. Other species, such as the litorines and purpuras, are roving in their habits, and move with considerable rapidity.

When gathering shells containing the diminutive living animal one need have no fear, for there is not one of them known to be either poisonous or harmful. A little "hermit crab," which has taken possession of an empty shell, if disturbed will at first put out his tiny sharp-forked claw, but he is exceedingly cowardly, and will be only too glad to run away as quickly as possible when he is approached with knife or stick.

The range in size of the specimens found in San Francisco is quite remarkable. Some of them are as small as a pinhead; others are nearly a foot in length, and not altogether graceful. They lack, too, the delicate coloring of the smaller shells. The largest shell found in this county land, in fact, on the Pacific Coast, is of the clam order—an edible, and is known scientifically as "schizothaerus nuttalli."

The children of the soldiers quartered at the Presidio amuse themselves with gathering at low tide and bringing home for dinner these huge clams.

San Francisco beaches are particularly rich in molluscan fauna. There have been collected no less than ninety species.

During the past few years many uncommon and extremely rare shells have been picked up quite by accident. One specimen found recently in a living state and most beautifully marked recalls to mind that this species was for some forty years previously supposed to be extinct and to be found only in a fossilized state. Owing to its rarity the shell is considered almost priceless by its owner.

The San Francisco peninsula possesses eleven species of edible mollusks. Five of these may be found for sale on the counters of the market stalls during almost the entire year. Two other species may be had occasionally in the Chinese fish markets. These are seldom eaten by others than the Chinese, as the flavor is far too strong for any other than the Oriental palate. The four remaining species are more difficult to obtain, and are seldom seen in the markets. These edible species belong to the mussel and clam families.

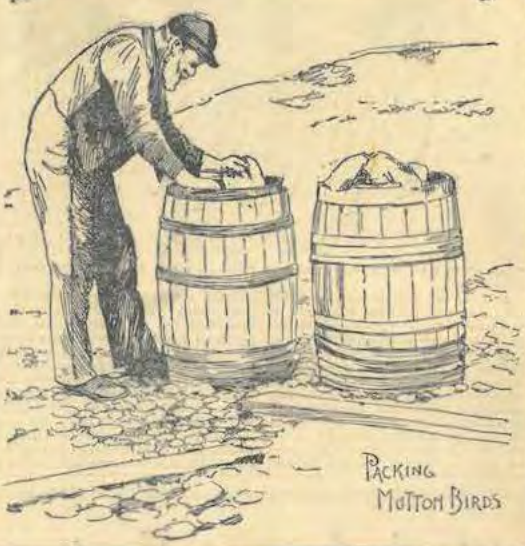
One of the handsomest shells is called purpura crispata, meaning the "wrinkled purple." This is about one and a half inches in length and is fantastically ornamented with numerous frills. The coloring in different specimens of the "purple" varies considerably. Some are white, while others are pale lemon. One variety is of greenish brown with a broad band of chocolate around the middle. These shells, although thick and heavy, are very beautiful.

There is a smaller shell resembling the purpura crispata, but it has a pronounced spine-like appearance. It is peculiar because it possesses near the base of the outer lip a small sharp pointed tooth or horn resembling delicate porcelain.

Purpura saxicola is another variety of the "purple." The coloring of these shells also varies very much. Some are banded with black and white, others are almost white, while the majority are slate color.

One particularly striking variety is scarlet. The interior of the ordinary purpura saxicola is usually purple. It is believed that the Indians who formerly inhabited this section obtained a purple dye from the soft body of this shell by gently pressing upon the operculum—the little hard substance sometimes called a "door," wherein the animal locks itself in the shell when disturbed by any enemy. Large quantities of these shells have been found in local Indian shell heaps.

A very accurate shell is sometimes



birds is being eaten at Melbourne the adult parents, with perhaps a certain percentage of the young ones that have escaped the catchers, are returning to their old haunts, occupying the old and scratching new nests on the Faraulone islands. Here the birds are practically unmolested, and it may thus be said, with some basis in reason, that the California coast is supplying the Australian coasters with their edible seafowl. It is true, of course, that the petrel finds other quiet nesting places besides the islands off the California coast, but it is also true that Catalina, the Santa Barbara channel islands, and the Farallones are their chief rookeries on this Coast, and that at certain seasons these islands are entirely deserted by them, while the islands off Tasmania and the southern coast of Australia then swarm with them.

Old Veterans.

The following soldiers, members of the 84th Regiment of Illinois Volunteers, answered to the roll call at the reunion at Table Grove last Wednesday, the list being received too late for publication last week:

L. H. Waters	G. W. Robinson
Thos. Hamer	Frank Hall
J. H. Leighty	J. H. Morgan
E. F. Porter	A. S. McDowell
Geo. Seaborn	Sam'l Kain
Cap. V. M. Orcutt	J. S. Clark
E. Bennet	H. E. Kinney
J. A. Shaffer	Amos Evans
D. L. Easley	Sam'l Knock
C. B. Gibson	J. H. Provine
John Toll	John McCabe
J. Beers	Alex. Robison
J. J. Nehergall	H. M. Miller
J. F. Rees	Mrs. J. V. Hammond
E. S. Wisdom	J. W. Hutton
W. A. Kinsey	W. L. Alexander
Alex. Adams	J. B. Hingtne
Jas. Sexton	Ed. Davis
J. H. Baker	Sam'l Pond
C. Zell	J. A. Walther
Patrick Hannon	T. J. Cashi
C. Wetzel	Henry Spatts
J. A. Morrison	S. A. Mahonn
Mark Easley	F. Cantaline
D. B. Green	J. H. Wasele
E. Hammond	L. L. Seaid
L. Griffin	David Hopkins
H. H. Nanes	I. S. Walker
Albert Markus	Geo. Fenton
Wm. Hooper	A. J. Koons
Martin Andrews	S. Boone
L. Chipman	John Clark

Cisco Bay.

picked up here which is much prized by the Chinese as an article of personal ornament, and may be seen in the Chinese shops set in earrings, pins, etc., for the adornment of the Chinese women. This shell is of purest white and in length not quite an inch. The whorls are quite distinct and gracefully rounded, each one being crossed by a number of thin sharp ridges.

The limpets are about the most common shells here. The rocks are covered with them. Only five kinds are known, however, to inhabit the rocks of San Francisco. The interior and exterior of these saucer-like shells are quite beautiful. The acmaea pelta, one of the species of this family, generally has within it the perfect representation of an owl.

The chitons or sea cradles so numerous in these waters are odd little creatures. The shell consists of eight plates or sections, overlapping one another like a shingled roof and held together by a contractile, leathern-like mantle. The interior of the valves in most specimens is a pea green color, while the exterior is generally grayish brown. The outside of one beautiful example of this family—tonicella lineata, the red-lined chiton—possesses all the colors of the rainbow. The largest of the chitons is an intensely black variety called "Katherine" (the now scientific generic name), in honor of Lady Katherine Douglas, who presented the first known specimen to the British Museum years ago.

The durability of the colors of shells, if taken from the rocks when the animal is alive, is remarkable. The soft body should be removed immediately by the use of moderately warm fresh water. The specimens will then retain their natural hues through centuries, as is evidenced by the fresh appearance of the shells in the collections of various European museums.

WILLIARD M. WOOD.

CUBAN SPANISH.

WHAT THE WORDS IN THE WAR NEWS DISPATCHES MEAN.

A Dictionary That Will Help to Unravel Some of the Complicated Nomenclature.

The war has introduced to the newspaper readers of the land a host of unfamiliar words—the names of Cuban towns and Spanish naval vessels. The meaning and pronunciation of some of these is easy enough and many of them are already familiar, but in order that the casual reader may better understand that which he reads the Kansas City Star presents the meaning of a number of the Spanish words oftenest found in the dispatches. As to the pronunciation of Spanish words the following general rules apply:

Every letter in the Spanish language is given its full value. There are no silent letters.

The double l is given a liquid, slurring sound. For instance, the word Cullao is pronounced Kah-yah-o. Castellar is pronounced Cas-tay-yar.

The latter a takes the broad pronunciation, as in far; e takes the sound of the English long a; i is pronounced like the English e, as is, also y; o is long; u is pronounced oo as in tooth. Ch is sounded as in the English word Church.

Following is a short dictionary of Spanish words and phrases for newspaper readers:

ABAJO LOS AMERICANOS—Down with the Americans.
ALAMEDA—A grove of trees.
ALMIRANTE—Admiral.
ARIETE—A battering ram.
ARMADA—Fleet.
ARROYO—A small river.
AUDAZ—Bold, audacious.
AZOR—Goshawk, a bird.
BAHIA HONDA—Deep bay.
BANCO—Bank.
BANDO—Proclamation.
BENITA—A Benedictine nun.
BLANCO—White.
BOCACHICO—Little mouth.
BOCO DEL TORO—Mouth of the bull.
BOCA DEL RIO—Mouth of the river.
BUENA—Good.
BUENA AYRES—Good air.
BUENA VENTURA—Good luck.
CABANAS—Cabins or huts.
CARDENAS—Of a purple color.
CAMPOS—Fields.
CAPE VERDE—Green cape.
CASTELLAR—Fortified by a castle.
CASA—House.
CALLE—Street.
CASTILLO—Castle.
CATALINA—Catherine.
CEBOLLOS—Onions.
CIENFUEGOS—A hundred fires.
CIUDAD—City.
CONTRA COSTA—Opposite the coast.
COSTA RICO—Rich coast.
CORTES—Parliament.
CUBA—A cask, such as is used for wine or oil.
DEL (M)—Of the.
DE LA (F)—of the.
DON—Gentleman, equivalent to the English Mr.
DOS RIOS—Two rivers.
EL (M)—The.
ENGRACIA—Grace.
ENSENADA—Learned.
ESMERALDA—Emerald.
ESTRECHOS—Straits.
FARO—Lighthouse.
FOSOS—Ditches.
FUERTE—Fort.
FUROR—Rage.
FUERTECICO—Block house.
IMPARCIAL—Impartial.
ISLA—Island.
JUNTA—Congress.
La (F)—The
LA LUCHA—The light or torch.
LAS PALMAS—The palms.
LEGUA—League.
MANILA—Little hand, bracelet.
MANZANILLO—A little apple tree.
MATANZAS—Slaughter.
MONTSERRAT—A serrated mountain.
MORO—Moorish.
MORRO—Anything that is round.
NEGRILLO—A little negro.
NUEVA—New.
PINZON—Finch.
PLAZA DES ARMAS—The place of arms.
PINTO—Colored.
PUERTO PRINCIPE—First port.
PUNTA—Point.
POLO—Pole.
PALMERITO—Little palm tree.
PUNTA ARENAS—Sandy point.
PUNTA GORDA—Fat point.
PUNTA COLORADO—Red point.
PUERTO RICO—Rich port.
REY—King.
RECONCENTRADO—The concentrated.
RIENA—Queen.
RIO—River.
RAYO—Thunderbolt.
SALA—Hall.
SANTIAGO DE CUBA—St. James of Cuba.
TEMERARIO—Daring.
TORTUGA—Turtle.
TROCHA—A narrow path across a high road.
SANTA (F)—Saint.
SOLEDAD—Solitude.
VUELTA ABAJO—Turned down.

THRICE WELCOME.

Now thrice welcome, Christmas,
Which brings us good cheer,
Minced pies and plum porridge,
Good ale and strong beer;
With pig, goose and capon,
The best that may be,
So well doth the weather
And our stomachs agree.

Observe how the chimneys
Do smoke all about,
The cooks are providing
For dinner, no doubt;
But those on whose tables
No victuals appear,
O, may they keep Lent
All the rest of the year.

With holly and ivy
So green and so gay,
We deck up our houses
As fresh as the day;
With bay and rosemary
And laurel complete;
And everyone now
Is a king in conceit.

—Poor Robin's Almanac.

IF WE ONLY UNDERSTOOD.

Could we but draw back the curtains
That surround each others' lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives,
Often we should find it better,
Purer than we judge we should;
We should love each other better,
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,
See the good and not the ill,
Often we could love the sinner
All the while we loathe the sin;
Could we know the powers working
To or thrive interiorly,
We should judge each other's errors
With more patient charity.

If we knew the cares and trials,
Knew the efforts, all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment,
Understood the loss and pain—
Would the grim, external toughness
Seem—I wonder—just the same?
Should we help where now we hinder,
Should we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force;
Knowing not the secret of action,
Its less turbid or its source;
Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden grain of good;
Ah! we'd love each other better,
If we only understood.

—Sel.

WHEREABOUTS OF SOME PEOPLE ONCE PROMINENT IN SAN FRANCISCO.

A LOCAL writer of long residence and large correspondence supplies some interesting information concerning the whereabouts and occupation of many prominent persons once identified with San Francisco.

Juan C. Alvarado, son of the last Governor of California under Mexican rule, 1840-42, is residing in London.

The address of Gertrude Atherton, who was born on Rincon Hill, and whose mother still lives in San Francisco, is at Bushey Heris, England.

Texas Angell, who is a prominent Populist of Idaho and contested for a seat in the United States Senate a few months ago, practiced law in San Francisco from 1878 to 1881.

William M. Aiken, a Grand Army man, who followed a lucrative pension business for many years, is living near Wrights, owning a prune orchard.

Alonzo P. Bacon, an old and well-known citizen, president of the California Gaslight and Fuel Co., returned to Boston a few months ago intending to pass the closing years of life quietly among kindred, but changed his mind and is now a mining broker with offices in Boston and New York city.

Hubert Howe Bancroft, the historian, is living at Cambridge, Mass.

A. Barbier, a well-known citizen, for a long while special policeman, is passing the sunset of life on a farm in Contra Costa county.

G. W. Beeks, a most familiar name here in the long ago, County Recorder for two terms—1857-1860—acquired a large fortune by real estate speculations and is enjoying it in France.

Rev. E. O. Beckwith, who removed to Honolulu in 1857, is pastor of the strongest church there (Congregational).

C. J. Berentscher, who was one of the elect of the Workingmen's party as delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1878, and Railroad Commissioner 1880-82, is practicing law at Napa.

David P. Belknap, a veteran of thirty-five years' law practice, who brought to the front Belknap on probate procedure and legal forms, is living in retirement at Asmalito.

William Lane Booker, for so many years British Consul at this port, is Consul-General for the United States at New York city, the change and promotion having occurred in the spring of 1893.

Eugene Beauharnais Burdick, a famous mining prospector, who has discovered several mining districts, left here in August last for Northeastern Washington, to be on hand when a part of the great Government reservation should be thrown open to settlers. It is a rich mineral region, and Burdick is said to be on top again.

Wellington C. Burnett, an early-day lawyer of Marysville, and who afterward had a long and active career at the San Francisco bar, who was State Senator from Yuba and Sutter in 1856-57, and City and County Attorney of San Francisco for four terms, 1871-78, removed to New York city in 1895.

Alexander Campbell, the first of that name to become distinguished as a lawyer in this city, and who was County Judge in 1851-52, is in Los Angeles, still in harness at the age of 77.

Clark Churchill, who enjoyed a good law practice here in the seventies, has become rich in Arizona, where he has been Attorney-General. He lives in Prescott.

Cornelius Cole, United States Senator 1867-73, and his son Willoughby Cole, are in Los Angeles, where the son has been Assistant United States Attorney.

Josiah Cook, a distinguished uncle of Judge Carroll Cook, is in Buffalo, N. Y.

Dighton Corson, under whom Judge Coffey studied law, is nothing less than a Judge of the Supreme Court in South Dakota.

J. F. Curtis, Chief of Police in 1856-57, during Vigilance Committee days, is a rich man in Idaho, residing at Boise. He is a Major-General in the National Guard.

Joseph C. Duncan, famous founder of the defunct Pioneer Bank, who—well, he went to Los Angeles.

Calvin Edgerton, brother of the departed orator, Henry Edgerton, is in Los Angeles.

Alfred J. Evans, brother-in-law of Dan Burns and Register of Voters in 1893-95, removed to Mexico last fall.

Thomas Fitch, lawyer, politician and unchallenged orator, removed to Arizona in 1878 and settled finally in New York city in 1885. He is at 58 Broadway.

Rev. O. P. Fitzgerald, State Superintendent of Public Schools in 1868-71 and thereafter twice defeated for the same office, is now a Bishop of the Methodist Church South at Nashville, Tenn.

Mrs. Clara Shortridge Foltz, the widely known attorney, sister of Samuel M. and Charles M. Shortridge and at whose suit the Supreme Court compelled the Hastings Law College to open its doors to female students, removed to New York city in 1895.

Henry George, the single tax and free trade philosopher, who founded the Evening Post, has been a resident of New York city for very many years, and ran for Mayor there on the Workingmen's ticket in 1886. His address is Ninety-ninth street and Shore road, Fort Hamilton, New York.

E. M. Gibson and W. E. Greene reside in Oakland, where the first has been and the last still is Superior Judge.

Commander Henry Glass, who used to reside at 734 Post street and who commanded the training ship Jamestown, is Captain of the battle-ship Texas, the date of his present commission being January 25, 1894.

John F. Godoy, once State Translator, whose father was Consul for Mexico in the sixties, returned to our sister republic years ago to prosecute cable railway projects.

Clarence R. Greathouse, ex-law partner of Senator William M. Stewart and once editor of the Examiner, is at Seoul, Corea. He is principal adviser of the powers that be there, and went thither from Japan, where he was United States Consul-General during Cleveland's first term.

James B. Haggin, the multi-millionaire miner and turfman, may be addressed at New York city.

John Hays Hammond is in London, and seems to have settled down there.

E. F. Hallenger Harston, "of the English and New Zealand law courts," who published a valuable edition of the Civil Procedure Code, went to London.

Horace Hawes, third of that name, law writer but no relative of the rich lawmaker whose will was no good, removed to Fresno.

M. M. Harkness lives at Grant's Pass, Or.

Ira G. Hoitt, principal of the Lincoln Grammar School in the sixties, founder of the "Lincoln medal," afterward State Superintendent of Public Schools, is master of Hoitt's School for Boys at Burlingame.

Francis Johnson, a man of fine legal mind, cousin of the late James A. Johnson, ex-Lieutenant-Governor and Register of Voters, is at Little Rock, Ark., which State his father represented in the Federal Senate in ante-bellum days.

James R. Keene, the New York capitalist, left San Francisco in 1882, taking along $200,000 acquired by dealing in mining stocks.

Parish B. Ladd, Justice of the Peace in 1853-55, and who made a $10,000 fee in the divorce case of Jessie Wilson and W. I. Wilson (the defendant swore he had no means and Ladd had him arrested and found $50,000 on him), is living in elegant retirement in Alameda and writing an anti-orthodox book.

Albert J. Le Breton, Blackstonian brother of the banker, lives in Paris.

Felix A. Mathews is still Consul-General of the United States at Tangier, Morocco, where he has held serious sway through repeated changes of administration at Washington.

John A. McQuaid, who made a small pile in White Pine at the bar and came here in 1878, buying an $8000 residence at North Beach, is at Eureka, in this State.

Paul Neumann is a leading lawyer at Honolulu.

General George A. Nourse is prominent at the bar of Fresno.

Thaxter C. Owens, a health inspector in the early seventies, and who failed to secure the Democratic nomination for Chief of Police in 1875, is living in Chicago. He hailed Bryan's nomination.

Charles H. Phelps, once well known at the San Francisco bar, and who edited the Californian in 1881, has been practicing in New York city for a decade or more.

Joseph D. Redding, lawyer and virtuoso, who gave up a large business here in 1895 for still better prospects in the East, has become a prominent figure in law and art circles in Greater New York.

R. A. Redman, a lawyer of excellent ability and a strong speaker, Senator from Santa Clara and Alameda in 1859-60, and who practiced in San Francisco through the seventies, is in Los Angeles.

John Reynolds, brother of Samuel P. Reynolds, District Judge in 1862-63, and uncle of Ben Reynolds, Public Administrator in 1895-96, is living at San Jose, and has served a term there as Superior Judge.

Richard C. Rust, who studied law in this city, and practiced law in the early eighties, with an office in Montgomery block, is now Superior Judge of Amador county.

Edgar F. Swertfiguer, lawyer, who left the city in 1882, is now in practice in Chile.

Frank H. Sawyer, who was city editor of the Alta, Bulletin and Chronicle, and who was Secretary of the Fair Commission, is living in Washington, D. C.

Frank M. Pixley, who was editor of the Argonaut, is living in Washington, D. C.

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THOUGHTS FROM CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

GOD'S WILL.

His will be done, as done it surely will be, whether we humble ourselves to resignation or not. The impulse of creation forwards it; the strength of powers, seen and unseen, has its fulfillment in charge. Proof of a life to come must be given. In fire and in blood, if needful, must that proof be written. In fire and in blood do we trace that record throughout nature. In fire and in blood does it cross our experience. Sufferer, faint not through terror of this burning evidence.

MORAL STRUGGLES.

These struggles with the natural character, the strong native bent of heart, may seem futile and fruitless, but in the end they do good. They tend, however slightly, to give the actions, the conduct, that turn which Reason approves, and which Feeling, perhaps, too often opposes; they certainly make a difference in the general tenor of a life, enable it to be better regulated, more equable, quieter on the surface, and it is on the surface only the common gaze will fall.

GOD'S TIME AND METHOD.

Certainly, at some hour, though perhaps not at your hour, the waiting waters will stir, in some shape, though perhaps not the shape you dreamed, which your heart loved and for which it bled, the healing herald will descend, the cripple and the blind and the dumb and the possessed will be led to bathe. * * * Long are the "times" of heaven: the orbits of angel messengers seem wide to mortal vision! They may enring ages; the cycle of one departure and return may clasp unnumbered generations; and dust kindling to brief suffering life, and, through pain, passing back to dust, may meanwhile perish out of memory again, and yet again. To how many maimed and mourning millions is the first and sole angel visitant, whom Easterns call Azrael.

INSPIRATION MAY BE DERIVED FROM KNOWING THE WORST.

I always, through my whole life, liked to penetrate to the real truth; I like seeking the goddess in her temple, and handling the veil, and daring the dread glance. O Titaness among deities! the covered outline of fine aspect sickens often through its uncertainty, but define to us one trait, show us one lineament, clear in awful sincerity; we may gasp in untold terror, but with that gasp we drink in a breath of thy divinity; our heart shakes, and its currents sway like rivers lifted by earthquake, but we have swallowed strength. To see and know the worst is to take from fear her main advantage.—*Sunday Reading.*

"FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS."

In 1819 Reginald Heber, then a young man and rector of a Shropshire church, went to pay a visit to his father-in-law, Dr. Shepley, the vicar of Wrexham. On Sabbath, Dr. Shepley was to deliver a discourse on behalf of Foreign Missions, and on the previous afternoon he sat chatting upon the theme with a few friends. He knew Mr. Heber's gift in rapid composition, and suddenly said to him:

"Write something for us to sing at the service to-morrow morning."

The young man retired to another part of the room, and soon appeared again with three verses, beginning with that familiar line, "From Greenland's icy mountains." He had made no change in them except to alter "savage" in the seventh line of the second verse to "heathen."

"There, there," remarked Dr. Shepley, on hearing them, "that will do very well."

Mr. Heber was not satisfied. "No, no," said he, "the sense is not complete."

In spite of his father-in-law's earnest protest he withdrew again, and then returned to read the triumphant stanza—

> Waft, waft, ye winds, the story,
> And you, ye waters, roll,
> Till like a sea of glory
> It spreads from pole to pole;
> Till o'er our ransomed nature
> The Lamb for sinners slain,
> Redeemer, King, Creator,
> In bliss returns to reign.

"What shall we sing it to?" said Dr. Shepley.

Mr. Heber, who had a fine musical ear, suggested a popular air, called, "'Twas when the seas were roaring."

The others agreed in liking his choice, and next morning the people of Wrexham sang or the first time the words so familiar to our ears. The air has given place in our churches to a tune composed by Dr. Lowell Mason. Tune and words are worthy of each other, and will probably never be separated.

As for Reginald Heber, he sailed for India in 1823, and died there after three years of patient and loving toil among the heathen.—*The Presbyterian Review.*

Motherhood.

By Mary Clemmer Ames.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the footsteps, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.

If I could find a little muddy boot,
A cap or jacket on my chamber floor,
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my home once more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.

But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest has flown!
The little boy I used to love is dead.

But now it seems surpassing strange to me
That while I bore the badge of motherhood
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
My little child, who brought me only good.

for of the Bulletin for some years down to the change of ownership of that paper, is in Washington, D. C., the private secretary of Senator Perkins.

Henry D. Scripture, once law partner of John T. Doyle, and pleasantly remembered by a multitude of friends here, is farming in Santa Clara county.

Colonel David L. Smoot, District Attorney in 1860-61, elected by the Workingmen's party, has retired, and is living in his own comfortable home in East Oakland.

Reuben M. Swain is in Santa Rosa. He went from here to Napa.

The family of Daniel Sealey, the wealthy colored man, have had their residence in Cleveland, O., for very many years. Mr. Sealey, who acquired his fortune by speculations in real estate here at an early date, and who gave his children a superior education in Ohio, pays them extended visits several times every year. Their elegant home is at 345 Woodland avenue, Cleveland.

John H. Shankland, Mr. Kirk's predecessor as attorney for the Board of Trade, has been living at Los Angeles many years.

George Venable Smith, who, after coming to the bar, removed to Kern county, became District Attorney and was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1878, is living at Port Angeles, Washington.

Charles J. Swift, member of the Non-Partisan Convention of 1892, a lawyer of some literary claims, who married the daughter of Governor Alcorn of Mississippi, and whose sister is the wife of Banker Murphy, left the State a happy man in the fall of 1895. He is in Georgia enjoying his moiety of an estate of $800,000 left by his father.

Axel Teisen, a lawyer with Danish clientage and having an office with Cormac & Donohoe, removed to Philadelphia in 1895.

Judge H. J. Tilden, chairman of the Republican State Committee in 1867, retired from practice many years ago, and lives in comfort on a beautiful place of his own at Niles.

John Trehane, choir-singer and lawyer, who made a fee of $10,000 as his share of the compromise of the several suits brought by Squire P. Dewey, in the name of John H. Burke, against the Bonanza firm of J. C. Flood and others in 1881, took his little pile to his native heath and opened a law office on the Strand, London.

Walter Van Dyke, one of the fathers of the Union party of war times, is serving his second term as Superior Judge at Los Angeles.

Henry F. Williams, a pioneer of February, 1848, a prominent contractor here for forty years, and a School Director in 1865-70, is in business at Bakersfield, in this State, but maintains the family residence in San Francisco. (Mr. Williams was the first Mason initiated in California—in California Lodge, No. 1, in 1850.)

F. S. Wensinger, capitalist, is living at Freestone, Sonoma county.

S. D. Woods, a well-known lawyer here in the seventies, son of a prominent Presbyterian clergyman, is living at Stockton, in partnership with ex-Congressman Loutitt.

W. M. York, once law partner of John M. Whitworth, is Superior Judge at Los Angeles.

A Communication.

TO THE EDITOR.—Over fifty years ago Leonard F. Ross, then young and full of patriotism, residing with his estimable wife in the village of Vermont, assisted his brother Lewis in raising a company of volunteers for the Mexican war. He was then, as was his brother, a democrat. Lewis was made Captain and Leonard Lieutenant of the Company. The Company was mustered into the service and attached to Col. Edward Baker's Regiment. The history of that Regiment stands high and Ross' Company th peer of the best. In 1847, at the close of the war, Lieut. Ross returned to his humble home in the village of Vermont. His stay there was of short duration. His fine record as an officer and soldier soon called him into the service of the people of his county—Fulton. He was in 1848 elected County Clerk and served in that capacity as long as he had desire to do so. His services were well performed and to the full satisfaction of the people of the county. In 1861, when Ft. Sumpter was fired into, young Lieutenant Ross, filled with loyalty to his country and possessed of the same patriotism that prompted him in 1845, speedily commenced raising a Company to meet the call of President Lincoln for 75,000 volunteers to preserve the Union of the States and preserve our Government—as handed down to us by our forefathers. He raised a company, was made Captain by a unanimous vote of the Company, went into camp at Peoria, and when the 17th Regiment was fully organized he was chosen Colonel and the Regiment was soon ordered forward and into active service. Col. Leonard F. Ross' Regiment was the first one to enter the service in command of a democrat. The history of the 17th Regt. and that of the Brigade, Division and Department in command of the now Major General Ross is familiar to all readers of history. In all the services rendered by Gen'l Ross he has never before asked for any preferment or appointment from the general government. He would now like to be appointed Consul General to the City of Mexico, and the friends in his county, and in fact throughout the state where he is known, would hail his appointment with gladness. He is and has been a staunch Republican ever since he left the service of his country at the close of the war of 1861-5, and has done good service to his country and party from that time to the present. His desire for this appointment is that he may see some of the country through which he traveled during the Mexican war, and at the same time render service to his country. We hope the incoming administration may find it convenient and proper to send Gen'l Ross to the City of Mexico as Consul General.

THOS. HAMER.

DAY BY DAY.

BY MARY C. SEWARD.

Walking with patience where the way is rough,
Resting in quiet when the storm is nigh,
Knowing that love Divine is strong enough
To bear me up, as weary days go by;
Trusting that sorrow is but love's disguise,
And all withholding, yet another way
Of making richer by what love denies—
So grows the soul a little, day by day.

—*The Independent.*

EAST ORANGE, N. J.

At the late election Ray Hamer, who went from Vermont to St. Anthony, Idaho, a few years ago, was elected member of the General Assembly of that state. A letter to his father, Col. Thos. Hamer, also conveys the information that he was the only Republican elected in his district. This certainly speaks well for our former townsman and his many friends here will be pleased to learn of his success in the political arena. During his canvass he spoke in nearly every voting precinct in his district and the result indicates that his speeches had the desired effect. To be elected to such a responsible position so soon after locating there is an honor of which he may well feel proud. THE EYE joins with his many Vermont friends in extending heartiest congratulations.

CHRISTMAS AT SEA.

A Fragment.

Oh, well I saw the pleasant room, the pleasant faces there,
My mother's silver spectacles, my father's silver hair;
And well I saw the firelight, like a flight of homely elves,
Go dancing round the china plates that stand upon the shelves.

And well I knew the talk they had, the talk that was of me,
Of the shadows on the household, and the son that went to sea;
And, oh, the wicked fool I seemed, in every kind of way,
To be here and hearing frozen ropes on blessed Christmas day.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

ing command of the Idaho company.

HAMER'S COMPANY.

Eighty-One Gallant Soldiers from Fremont and Bingham.

We clip the following from the Idaho Daily Statesman of Boise, Idaho, under date of May 6, 1898:

An immense crowd of people headed by Governor Steunenberg, Mayor Alexander and members of the city council, together with the soldiers from Camp Stevenson and two brass bands, were at the Boise station yesterday at noon to greet Captain Thomas R. Hamer and his company of volunteers from Fremont and Bingham counties.

One band was playing "The Star Spangled Banner" as the train steamed in, and the ununiformed men wearing the national colors alighted from the cars while the crowd cheered. Captain Hamer and his company were warmly greeted by a number of personal friends, and, after a general handshaking, the procession, which daily increases in length, was formed and marched to the capitol building.

The streets along the line were lined with enthusiastic patriots who gave vent to their loyalty by repeated cheering. Captain Hamer was frequently recognized by salutations of personal friends.

The usual pause was made at the capitol building where Captain Hamer received orders from the adjutant general, temporarily designating his detachment as company A of the Second battalion. The procession then moved on to the camp.

The men from St. Anthony carried two banners, one an American flag with the inscription "Remember the Maine" and the other, a beautiful standard of the Fremont county volunteers.

Upon breaking ranks at the camp there was one grand rush for dinner, which was already prepared. The commissary wagon with supplies for the Fremont and Bingham boys was promptly on hand and the rations were immediately passed out.

TRIP FROM ST. ANTHONY.

The triumphal trip of Hamer's company from St. Anthony to Boise was not without fatigue, though it did not detract from the bearing of the men as they marched through the streets of the city yesterday. From St. Anthony the company came in wagons to the railroad at Market Lake, where two cars had been provided for their transportation to Boise. The good people of St. Anthony had provided ample rations for the trip and the boys left home with well filled haversacks. The company was enthusiastically cheered all along the line.

HAMER'S UNUNIFORMED COMPANY.

Captain Hamer's men are ununiformed, but they are no less zealous in the camp duties or patriotic for that reason. They pitched in with a will upon their arrival and soon had their tents up. Hamer's command is composed of sturdy men, many of them from the farm, inured to hard work and privation, and when uniformed and drilled will be a highly creditable organization. Captain Hamer is justly proud of his boys and they will want for nothing that he can supply them. Mr. Hamer was a member of the last legislature, but he looks vastly different now than when he sat in the halls of wisdom and aided in framing Idaho's laws and electing a United States senator. Since his arrival he has skirmished a portion of a uniform, to-wit, a pair of trousers, which contrasts strangely with the civilian remainder of his attire. But when togged out in his regimentals he is expected to win the sobriquet of the pride of the regiment. His face is already bronzed and he is scheduled to strike terror to the stoutest Spanish heart.

To The Front.

The following telegram was received by Col. Thos. Hamer this morning, dated Market Lake, Idaho, May 4:

I start for the front to-night, commanding company Idaho volunteers.

THOS. R. HAMER.

The company will go to San Francisco and from there will sail for the Phillipine islands. Every body in this vicinity is acquainted with Ray and will be pleased to learn of his success in receiv-

MAY 20, 1898.

AMONG HIS FRIENDS.

Captain Thomas R. Hamer, of Idaho, Has Many Relatives on the Coast.

Captain Thomas R. Hamer of Company E, Idaho Volunteers, holds a daily reception at his headquarters at the encampment at Bay District track, ten o'clock in the morning being the hour when he has most leisure. This is his first visit to California and a host of relatives vie with each other in their attentions to the young captain. Among them are: Mr. and Mrs. O. K. Stampley, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Organ and Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Tilden of Oakland, Mrs. Tilden Brown and her daughter Miss Nellie Tilden and her son Bert Brown, all of San Francisco.

Captain Hamer, who has just served a term as representative from Fremont county in the Idaho Legislature, comes of a military family, his father, Thomas Hamer, for sixteen years a State Senator representing Fulton county in the Illinois Legislature, served as colonel of the Fifty-fourth Illinois under General Palmer of that State during the war of the rebellion, while his grandfather was a veteran of the revolutionary war. General Thomas L. Hamer Congressman from Ohio, who died while encamped with his regiment before Monterey during the war with Mexico, was of the same family. It will be remembered that Captain Hamer's father visited Oakland two years ago, after spending the winter with his sister, Mrs. Margaret M. Hecox and her daughter Miss Laura of the United States lighthouse and other relatives of Santa Cruz, among whom are Adna H. Hecox and Mrs. M. A. Longley and her family; two of Mrs. Longley's sons are members of the Santa Cruz naval reserves.

MAY 2, 1898.

A WOMAN PREACHER.

Mrs. Organ at the Pilgrim Advent Christian Church.

The little lady who so ably conducted the services at Pilgrim Advent Christian Church yesterday is the wife and assistant in pastoral work of the pastor, Elder T. H. Organ, who is in attendance on the Southern district conference of that denomination, now in session at Los Angeles. Mrs. Organ, who is at home in the pulpit, is a rapid and earnest speaker, holding the attention of her audience from beginning to end of her sermon. There are few, if any, more thorough Bible students than she. For several years prior to taking charge of California pastorates, Elder and Mrs. Organ had been engaged in evangelistic work in Oregon and Washington. Since returning to California they have had charge of the church at Tustin in Orange county, taking charge of the Oakland pastorate on the 1st of last November. Mrs. Organ is herself a native Californian, and is the daughter of that very aged lady, Mrs. Margaret M. Hecox of the Point Bonita light house at Santa Cruz, and who is one of the three survivors of the twelve who organized the first Methodist Episcopal Church class at Santa Cruz in January, 1848, which has just celebrated its golden jubilee.

Her father, the late Adna A. Hecox, who crossed the plains in 1846, bringing his wife and four children with him, had been for several years previous to that journey, engaged in evangelistic work in Illinois, being what was termed a circuit preacher. Mr. Hecox conducted the first Methodist Church funeral service held in California, that of Miss Hitchcock, who died at Santa Clara on December 15, 1846. He was also a pioneer local preacher of the Methodist Church at Santa Cruz, and organized the pioneer temperance society of the State, each member subscribing their names to what was termed the "Washingtonian Pledge."

The men of E company, First Idaho, presented Captain Thomas R. Hamer Tuesday night with a very handsome sword, the presentation speech was made by Colonel Jones. The sword and scabbard are heavily mounted in gold. They are duplicates of the sword and scabbard presented to General Shafter before he left this city. On the scabbard is the inscription: "Presented to Captain Thomas R. Hamer by Company E, Third Idaho Volunteers, 1898." The Captain's monogram is on the sword guard. Major McConville presented the Captain with a leather case for the sword. Captain Hamer is from St. Anthony, Idaho. Some of his men are from that city and some from Silver City.

ROCK OF AGES

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sang,
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, gleeful tongue;
Sang as little children sing—
Sang as sing the birds in June,
Fell the words like light leaves down
On the current of the tune—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

"Let me hide myself in thee"—
Felt her soul no need to hide,
Sweet the song as song could be,
And she had no thought beside;
All the words unheedingly
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not they each might be
On some other lips a prayer—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me
Let me hide myself in thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me."
'Twas a woman sang them now,
Pleadingly and prayerfully
Every word her heart did know.
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air;
Every note with sorrow stirred,
Every syllable a prayer—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
Lips grown aged sang the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly—
Voice grows weak and eyes grow dim.
"Let me hide myself in thee,"
Trembling, though, the voice, and low,
Ran the sweet strain peacefully,
Like a river in its flow,
Sang as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me."
Sung above the coffin lid;
Underneath, all restfully,
All life's joys and sorrows hid;
Never more, O, storm-tossed soul,
Never more from wind or tide,
Never more from billows' roll,
Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the the soft, grey hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye, still the words would be
"Let me hide myself in thee"

Sel.

Autobiographical Sketch of the Life of Eld T H Organ

I was born in Sangamon Co., Ill., Dec. 11, 1834. Was converted in my 22nd year and joined the Baptist church, and enjoyed much of the blessing of God, and often felt that I was called to preach, but would not yield to the call, and in this way I went on till the spring of '74, when I came to California. That summer I attended a series of meetings in Sacramento conducted by Evangelist Hammond, when I again felt and refused the call. In 1876 I joined the M. E. church in West Oakland, and on the night of the 20th day of October, 1878 I was sanctified wholly, under the preaching of Bro G. W. Newton, who was my pastor, and joined the Pacific Coast Holiness Association. The call came again, and I began leading prayer meetings and taking an active part in Christian work, but did not think of preaching. I was then working for the C. P. R. R. Co. in the car shops at Oakland.

About two years after I was sanctified I went with Bro. T. J. Arnold to Santa Cruz to assist in a tent meeting, with the thought that I was to take care of the tent and books, and help sing. While there Bro. Arnold's voice gave out, and one afternoon he told me that I must take the meeting, which I reluctantly consented to do, and there, that afternoon, *God ordained* me a preacher, and for about three months I traveled with Bro. A. holding meetings in many places, after which I was made leader of Evangelistic Band No. 5, and continued the work as before, the Lord always giving us the victory.

ELD. T. H. ORGAN, TUSTIN, CAL.

I was ordained in the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, in Nevada City, Cal., Oct. 25th 1885, and in November of the same year went to Oregon with a band of three faithful, Spirit-baptized workers, who remained with me until the next fall, when we all returned to California to attend the annual camp meeting of the P. C. H. A., where the Lord gave me a helpmeet indeed in my present wife, who returned with me to Oregon. For two years we traveled in that State and Washington as holiness evangelists, and the Lord was with us supplying *all our needs*, and blessing every meeting with success. Then for about six years our work was more of a local character, caring for the lambs brought into the fold through our labors.

During my first visit to Santa Cruz, my attention was drawn, for the first time, to the doctrines which we, as a people, hold so dear, and an impression was made on my mind, of which I could never rid myself. At first I utterly refused to believe, and began to study my Bible to refute what I considered an error, but careful study only convinced me that I was the one in error, and after quite a struggle I yielded and began to preach what I had once condemned, finding in these once rejected truths the key to many a passage that before had been a mystery.

Two years ago the pillar of cloud drifted southward. We came to California, attended the A. C. Conference of N. California at San Jose, united with that Conference, and, through the recommendation of Bro. Young, soon received a call from the church at this place (Tustin), which we accepted, arriving here Nov. 1, 1894, and the Lord came with us, and has never left us, praise His name. The pillar of cloud rests here, and we are peaceful and happy, in preaching and *living* the gospel of the kingdom.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

As shadows rest by cloud and sun
Flit o'er the summer grass,
So, in thy sight, Almighty One!
Earth's generations pass.

And while the years, an endless host,
Come pressing swiftly on
The brightest names that earth can boast
Just glisten, and are gone.

Yet doth the Star of Bethlehem shed
A luster pure and sweet,
And still it looks, as sure it led,
To the Messiah's feet.

And deeply at this later day
Our hearts rejoice to see
How children, girded by its ray,
Come to the Savior's knee.

O, Father, may that holy star,
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beam afar,
To fill the world with light.

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Dreaming of Home.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

It comes to me often in silence,
When the fire-light spatters low—
When the black, uncertain shadows
Seem wraiths of long ago;
Always with a throb of heartache
That thrills each pulsive vein,
Comes the old, unquiet longing
For the peace of home again.

I'm sick of the roar of cities,
And of the faces cold and strange;
I know where there's warmth and welcome,
And my yearning fancies range
Back to the dear old homestead,
With an aching sense of pain;
But there'll be joy in the coming
When I go home again.

When I go home again! There's music
That never may die away.
And it seems the hands of angels
On a mystic harp at play,
Have touched with a yearning sadness
On a beautiful broken strain,
To which is my fond heart wording—
When I go home again.

Outside of my darkened window
Is the great world's crash and din,
And slowly the autumn shadows
Come drifting, drifting in.
Sobbing, the night wind murmurs
To the splash of the autumn rain;
But I dream of the glorious greeting
When I come home again.

—[Ex.

The largest quartz crystal known is that found by Mr. E. J. Burton last December in a mine of Calaveras county, Cal. It is reported to be 11 feet 7 inches in circumference, 4 feet 2 inches long, 3 feet 2 inches high, and to weigh over 2,200 pounds. It is thought that a large point in the center would cut a pure ball of crystal from 12 to 14 inches in diameter.

Transferring Pictures.

Take an empty mustard or baking powder tin and half fill it with boiling water. Add to this six thin slices from a cake of soap and a teaspoonful of turpentine. When cold it will be a jelly. Now, get some papers with pictures; paint a very little of this jelly over the picture, spread a clean sheet of paper over it, and then press it hard. Separate the piece of paper from the picture and you will find you have two pictures instead of one. It is well, if possible, to use a camel's hair brush, and the bowl of a tablespoon is about the best thing to gently rub all over the paper, so as to be sure the impression will be even.—*Ex.*

GROWING A GRANDMOTHER.

He was a wee little man, only three years old, but very brave, courageous and uncomplaining—more courageous and uncomplaining than any one knew, for though he was only a baby, he had trials to bear, says the New York *Times*. The family had gone to a new country in the far west, the mama, little man, and the sister, a little older.

It was a very new country, very different from the city in the East, where they had left many friends, relatives, and, nearest of all, a dear old grandmother. The mama was so busy in her new home that she had little time to devote to the babies except to see that they were kept clean and well fed. So the little ones were lonesome sometimes, as mama found out one day in a way that brought the tears to her eyes.

The little three-year-old had been very busy and very quiet, making a big hole in the ground with such earnestness of purpose that, fearing the little fellow was planning some mischief, she went to see what was being done. The hole was completed when she reached the spot, and in it had been placed something that she took out and examined with wondering curiosity. It was the strangest thing to go into a hole in the ground—an old daguerrotype, a picture of the dear grandmama at home.

"Why, baby," exclaimed mama, "what are you doing with this?"

"I fought," said the little man, with a quivering lip and all the pent-up loneliness of homesickness in his voice as he tried to explain—"I fought, maybe, if I planted it, another grandma would grow."—[Sel.

Vermont Boy Honored.

Interesting Letter From Thomas R. Hamer

CAMP MERRITT, SAN FRANCISCO, June 15, 1898.

Dear Father: Brig. Gen Shafter of the U. S. army for many years commanded the department of the Pacific with headquarters here. Some time ago he was ordered to take command of our forces to Cuba with a brigade or division of troops. Upon leaving San Francisco the business men presented him with a very fine gold mounted $85 sword.

Last night I was ordered to parade with my company at retreat on the company parade grounds. This, as you know, is a very unusual order, and I imagined all sorts of unfortunate things were about to happen, and when I observed the presence of the entire field staff, and all the line officers of the regiment, I did not know what was about to happen. When the drill was finished and the company at "parade rest" I stepped to my position in line to order a present arms, when Col. Jones commenced to speak to me. But a few words were said before I discovered that I was not being reprimanded or censured, but rather praised. At the conclusion of his remarks he, in behalf of Co. "E," presented me with a sword which is an exact duplicate of that presented Gen. Shafter, except that it bears my monogram instead of his, and the following inscription: "Presented to Capt. Thomas R. Hamer by Co. "E," 1st Idaho U. S. Vol., 1898." The sword is a beauty, pure gold mountings, torquois handle, and with the inscription cost $90. The gift came without solicitation or suggestion from any one but the men, and was a genuine surprise to me. This is the first event of the kind to occur in Camp Merritt, and it is putting it rather mild to say that I am to-day the proudest man in camp, or San Francisco for that matter. All day I have been receiving the congratulations of the officers of the regiment. I shall take the sword with me through the campaign, and it is my intention that it shall remain in the family until it ceases to be a military or patriotic one.

We expected to have started for Manilla on the Morgan City Tuesday last, but our embarkation was delayed on account of some much needed repairs on the boat. I am just in receipt of an order to detail two men to go down to and form part of a detachment to take possession of the Morgan City to-day. This means that we will sail in a very short time, probably in a day or two. I don't wan't you quit writing letters after I sail, as I shall be very anxious to receive a large mail on my arrival at the Islands. Address me "Co. 'E,' 1st Idaho U. S. Vol. Inf., 2nd Brigade, Independent Div. Phillipine Island Expedition army forces," and the mail will be forwarded as steamers leave this port. The voyage will be a long, tedious one, and we will all wish for a smell of solid ground before it is over. General, formerly Captain, Chas. A. King of the U. S. army, is our new Brigade commander, which is still the 2nd Brigade of the invading army. Our new linen uniforms will not be issued until too late for me to get a photograph here, but will try and send you one from the Phillipine Islands.

Yours,
RAY.

OLD TIMES.

There are no days like the old days—
The days when we were youthful,
When humankind were pure of mind
And speech and deeds were truthful;
Before a love for sordid gold
Became man's ruling passion,
And before each dame and maid became
Slaves to the tyrant Fashion!

There are no girls like the good old girls—
Against the world I'd stake 'em!
As buxom and smart and clean of heart
As the Lord knew how to make 'em!
They were rich in spirit and common sense
A piety all supportin';
They could bake and brew, and had taught school, too,
And they made the likeliest courtin'!

There are no boys like the good old boys—
When we were boys together,
When the grass was sweet to the brown bare feet
That dimpled the laughing heather;
When the pewee sung to the summer dawn
Of the bee in the willowy clover,
Or down by the mill the whip-poor-will
Echoed his night song over.

There is no love like the good old love—
The love that mother gave us!
We are old, old men, yet we pine again
For that precious grace—God gave us!
So we dream and dream of the good old times,
And our hearts grow tenderer, fonder,
As those dear old dreams bring soothing gleams
Of heaven away off yonder.
—Eugene Field.

HOFFMANN—BERN—In San Francisco, at the residence of Mrs. Kate Schleicher, sister of the groom, November 14, by Rev. I. Fuendelling, Mrs. Caroline E. Bern and Christian Hoffmann, both of Santa Cruz.

WATSON—GUILD—In Santa Cruz, November 14, by Rev. E. H. Hayden, Charles M. Watson and Miss Maggie L. Guild, both of this city.

SCHILLING—COVE—In Santa Cruz, November 14, by Rev. E. H. Hayden, Lorenie Schilling and Elsie Cove, both of Aptos. 1900

WATSON—GUILD.

At the residence of the bride, 153 Locust St., Miss Maggie L. Guild and Chas. M. Watson were united in the bonds of matrimony at 10:30 A. M. Wednesday. Rev. E. H. Hayden officiated. The bride was becomingly attired in a tailor suit of navy blue cloth, and carried a bridal bouquet of white sweet peas and ferns. The groom wore the conventional suit of black. Only the immediate relatives and a few intimate friends witnessed the ceremony, which proved to be a very pretty home wedding. The house was beautifully decorated for the occasion. Delicious refreshments were served, after which the happy couple left on the 11:40 train for an extended trip to San Francisco, Santa Rosa and Pacific Grove. They will be at home to their friends after Dec. 1st.

RETURNED TO VERMONT.

Aug 28 1900.

Col. T. R. Hamer Arrives in Vermont After An Absence of Two Years in Phillipine Islands. —His Promotions.

Col. T. R. Hamer, who has been for the past two years in the Phillippine Islands doing service in different capacities for Uncle Sam, returned to his old home Sunday night. He arrived in San Francisco about two weeks ago, but on account of business interests was delayed several days at his home in Idaho.

Mr. Hamer during his stay in the Philippine Islands had much honor bestowed upon him.

He sailed from San Francisco in May, 1898, as captain of the 1st Idaho regiment and arrived at Camp Dewey in June. He participated in the campaign of Manila and at its close Gen. Merritt appointed him on a staff to establish a Provost court of Manila, which was accomplished, being the first American court in the Philippine Islands. Of this court Mr. Hamer acted as judge until February, 1899, when hostilities broke out and he asked to be relieved so as to return to the command of his company. His request was granted and he participated in all the battles until the 11th of February, which was the last of the two days' fight at Caloocan, where he was wounded in the right thigh. Upon the recommendation of Gens. Otis and Hughes he was promoted to colonel of the 1st Idaho Vols. As soon as he recovered from his wound Gen. Otis sent him to the island of Cebu as military governor.

In September, '99, when the 1st Idaho Vols. were mustered out, Gen. Otis tendered and urged him to accept the commission as colonel of the 37th Infantry, which, together with the 36th Infantry and 11th cavalry, was organized from the old volunteer regiments at Manila.

In January, 1900, Gen. Otis had a scheme on foot to organize a supreme court of the Philippine Islands, with a view of taking some of Augunaldo's supporters away from him. Mr. Hamer, together with two other American officers, was detailed to assist in the organization of this court, which was composed of three Americans and four Filipinos. The court was organized and Mr. Hamer is at present an associate justice of same.

On July 1st he was granted a leave of absence to come home.

Dec. 1st. Many beautiful and useful presents were received and congratulatory letters from different parts of the State were read to the interested guests.

TEXT GIBSON SEAL.

Collection of Birds.

March 29 1901

The children in the public schools have been studying of late about birds, and to assist them in this line Miss Laura Hecox's collection has been secured and is on exhibition in the Free Library. It is an excellent one and consists of over sixty pair of Santa Cruz birds. Chas. Bixby also has his collection of stuffed birds on exhibit. The collection will be there for ten days.

Miss Mary Gilson and Ernest Lee McKenzie were united in matrimony, Rev. C. E. Freeman of Ipava pronouncing the brief and impressive ceremony, which occurred at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Gilson on West Third street. Probably half a hundred guests, all young people, excepting relatives of the bride, were present.

The double parlor of the home was beautifully decorated for the occasion and the contracting parties stood in the connecting doorway, under a bell of sweet peas. The wedding march was played by Miss Nina Fellon.

The bride wore a gown of white Persian lawn trimmed in valenciennes lace, and she looked especially pretty. She carried a shower boquet of swainsonas. The groom wore the conventional garb.

After the observance of the marriage rites the guests took to the spacious lawns around the house, and in the light of numerous paper lanterns lunch was eaten.

Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie start together in life with the kindly wishes of everybody. The bride was born in Vermont and is a graduate of the South High school. Mr. McKenzie is a painter by trade and has made his home here for nearly four years. His home was previously at Macomb.

The young people will for a short time at least reside with Mr. and Mrs. Gilson. June 29, 1900

June 29, 1900 Number 45.

An Increase of Sixty.

The First Correct Figures of the Census—The Population of Vermont is 1,195.

From sources which are not to be questioned, THE EYE this week is enabled to present to its readers a synopsis of the result of the work of the census enumerator in the corporation of Vermont.

The total number of inhabitants is 1,195, which is an increase of 60 souls during the last decade, according to the census of 1890.

In the corporation there are 21 farms or "patches," and 88 persons own live stock, including "cows, cows and pigs."

During the year ending June 1, 1900, there were only 11 deaths recorded in the village.

Only four persons admit defective sight and hearing.

One interesting fact in connection with the local census is the number of people of extreme advanced age found in the town. The are nineteen above 80 years of age, the combined ages making a grand total of 1,501 years. The list is here tabulated:

NAME.	AGE.
Rhodes D. Mercer	80
Susannah Farr	82
Samuel Scott	83
Godfrey Sheeler	80
William Provins	84
Alfred Hart	82
John Derry	82
Mary Ann Brissey	80
Matilda France	80
Glorina Kimball	85
Paulina Provine	84
Jane Ayres	81
Joseph Hamer	80
John A. Webster	86
Thomas Hamer	81
James Vaughn	80
Samuel M. Deobler	81
Edward Hamer	83
I. B. Witchell	81

At least two of the above—Thomas Hamer and I. B. Witchell—have passed their 83d birthday since June 1.

This easily proves what is not generally appreciated or commented upon. Vermont has all the necessary physical qualifications to become a popular health resort.

POPULAR HEROES.

Up to date, here are our popular heroes, made so by their own glorious work and by the unanimous consent of the American people. The list might properly be extended, but in the main the names given will always be the familiar and popular ones in the American mind and affections:

Rear Admiral George Dewey, of Vermont.

Lieut. Richmond Pearson Hobson, of Alabama.

Col. Theodore Roosevelt, of New York.

Rear Admiral Winfield S. Schley, of Maryland.

Capt. Robley D. Evans, of Virginia.

Gen. Joseph Wheeler, of Alabama.

Gen. Wm. R. Shafter, of California, the hero of the Pacific Coast and the foremost leader of the land forces of the Nation.

Capt. Charles Edgar Clark, of Vermont.

Lieut. Commander Richard Wainwright, of the District of Columbia.

Commodore John W. Philip, of New York.

Ensign Worth Bagley, of North Carolina.

Lieut. Victor Blue, of South Carolina.

Cadet Joseph W. Powell, of New York.

Private Anthony, of the Maine, who made the cool report to Captain Sigsbee.

CHRISTMAS TREASURES.

I count my treasures o'er with care—
The little toy my darling knew,
A little sock of faded hue,
A little lock of golden hair.

Long years ago this holy time,
My little one—my all to me—
Sat robed in white upon my knee
And heard the merry Christmas chime.

"Tell me, my little golden head,
If Santa Claus should come to-night,
What shall he bring my baby bright—
What treasures for my boy?" I said

And then he named this little toy,
While in his round and mournful eyes
There came a look of sweet surprise,
That spoke his quiet, trustful joy.

And as he bared his evening prayer
He asked the boon with childish grace,
Then, toddling to the chimney-place,
He hung his little stocking there.

That night while lengthening shadows crept,
I saw the white-winged angels come
With singing to our lowly home
And bless my darling as he slept.

They must have heard his little prayer,
For in the room, with exultorous face,
He toddled to the chimney-place
And found his little treasure there.

They came again one Christmastide—
That angel host, so fair and white!
And silence all that glorious night,
They bared my darling from my side.

A little sock, a little toy;
A little lock of golden hair,
The Christmas music in the air,
A watching for my baby boy!

But it awaits that angel train
And golden head come back for me,
To bear me to eternity,
My watching will not be in vain.

—EUGENE FIELD.

BALLADE OF CHRISTMAS GHOSTS.

Between the moonlight and the fire
In winter twilights long ago,
What ghosts we raised for your desire,
To make your merry blood run slow!
How old, how grave, how wise we grew!
No Cheltenham ghost can make us chill.
Save those that troop in mournful row,
The ghosts we all can raise at will!

The insects can talk in larn and byre
On Christmas Eve, old legends know.
As year by year the years retire,
We men fall silent then I trow.
Such sights hath memory to show,
Such voices from the silence thrill,
Such shapes return with Christmas snow,
The ghosts we all can raise at will.

Oh, children of the village choir,
Your carols on the midnight throw,
Oh, bright across the mist and mire,
Ye ruddy hearths of Christmas glow!
Bear back the dread, beat down the woe,
Lure sweetly descend the hill,
Be welcome all, to come or go,
The ghosts we all can raise at will!

ENVOY.

Friend, auream cordi, soon or slow
We part, like guests who've joyed their fill.
Forget them not, nor mourn them so,
The ghosts we all can raise at will.

A. LANG.

CAPTAIN "JACK" PHILIP, commander of the battle-ship Texas will, in the natural course of promotion, shortly become a Commodore, and as a result he will hand over the command of the Texas to Captain Sigsbee and be given shore duty—probably the command of the Mare Island Navy Yard, as Rear-Admiral Kirkland, the present Commandant, has already passed the retirement age.

There is no more popular officer in the Navy than Captain Philip. He is idolized by his men. In the present war his handling of the Texas has won him unstinted praise. Touching as well as a fine sample of the American sailor is Captain Philip's remark to his crew when an American shell exploded the magazine of the Oquendo and the boys began to cheer tremendously: "Don't cheer, boys, when so many a brave fellow has been blown into eternity!"

Immediately after the battle this brave officer did a characteristic thing. Before the smoke of the last guns had cleared away he called his entire crew and said to them: "I want to make public acknowledgment that I believe in God, the Father Almighty. I want all of you, officers and men, to lift your hats and from your hearts offer silent thanks to the Almighty."

In a day Captain Philip's fame was international.

AS a nation, we ought to be proud of Captain Philip of the *Texas*, who restrained his men from cheering when the Spanish flag was pulled down on the *Almirante Oquendo*. The following lines by Charles W. Thompson, credited by the *Christian Advocate* to the *Sun*, are not unworthy of the theme:

"The victor looks over the shot-churned wave
At the riven ship of his foeman brave,
And the men in their life blood lying;
And the joy of conquest leaves his eyes,
The lust of fame and of battle dies,
And he says: 'Don't cheer; they're dying.'

"Cycles have passed since Bayard the brave—
Passed since Sydney the water gave,
On Zutphen's red sod lying;
But the knightly echo has lingered far—
It rang in the words of the Yankee tar
When he said: 'Don't cheer; they're dying.'

"Why leap our hearts at our Hobson's name,
Or at his who battled his way to fame,
Our flag in the far East flying?
The nation's spirit these deeds reveal—
But none the less does that spirit peal
In the words: 'Don't cheer; they're dying.'"

"Don't Cheer."

When down the gallant Texas steered
Abreast her Spanish prey,
Three hundred voices would have cheered:
But Philip said them, Nay!

"Don't cheer!" for on those scorching decks
Convulsed with dying throes,
Lie scores of quivering human wrecks—
Once proud, now conquered, foes.

No knightlier deed was ever done
Than that they did not do;
No braver triumph e'er was won
By wearers of the blue.

Then when, fired, flushed with victory,
Our jackstars hold their breath,
And paid, on distant Cuban sea,
The honors due to death.

The bold are the compassionate,
And clement are the brave,
E'er quick to offer love for hate
And yielding foes to save.

True courage listens to relieve
A wounded captive's care
And for a dying foe will breathe
A tender, pitying prayer.

—*C. A. Dwight in the New York Ledger.*

THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

"What means this glory round our feet?"
The Magi mused, "more bright than morn?"
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"

"What means that star?" the shepherds said,
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"
And angels answering overhead,
Sang, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

'Tis nineteen hundred years and more
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for Him, like them of yore;
Alas! He seems so slow to come!

But it was said, in words of gold,
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold,
In perfect trust to come to Him.

All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And, clasping kindly hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

And they who do their souls no wrong,
But keep at eve the faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angel song,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"

—LOWELL.

HOW DOES IT SEEM TO YOU

It seems to me I'd like to go
Where belle don't ring, nor whistles blow,
Nor clocks don't strike, nor gongs don't sound,
And I'd have stillness all around—
Not real still stillness, but just the trees'
Low whisperings, or the hum of bees,
Or brooks' faint babbling over stones
In strangely, softly tangled tones,
Or maybe a cricket or katydid,
Or the songs of birds in the hedges hid,
Or just some such sweet sounds as these
To fill a tired heart with ease.
If 'tweren't for sight and sound and smell,
I'd like a city pretty well,
But when it comes to getting rest
I like the country lots the best.
Sometimes it seems to me I must
Just quit the city's din and dust,
And get out where the sky is blue.
And say, now, how does it seem to you?

—Eugene Field.

Written for the "Sentinel"

GREETING

I will therefore that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands, without wrath and doubting.—I Timothy II, 8.

Captain Philip of the Texas,
A greeting here to you,
As an able, brave commander,
And a Christian, tried, and true.

You have earned for our brave sammen,
Ready homage of the world,
In that God and kindliness prevail
Where Old Glory is unfurled.

Your words of deep compassion,
Rang above the exultant cry,
"Don't cheer when so many a brave fellow,
Has been blown into eternity."

"I want to make acknowledgement,"
Came the ringing voice again,
"That I believe in God Almighty
All lift your hats, my men.

"And I ask you all to offer thanks
To God in silent supplication,
For His gracious favor to our cause
In this victory for the nation."

So did our noble sires of old,
Eternalized in story,
In God they trusted all their lives,
To God gave all the glory.

Captain Philip of the Texas,
The nation honors you,
As an able, brave commander,
And a Christian, tried, and true.

ZENA A. MAHER.

Feb. 10—1900

A Novel Way.

Miss Laura Hescox of the Light House has a novel way to display her large collection of coins and medals. She takes a piece of cardboard in which she cuts out a portion the size of the coin. She inserts the coin in this space and then places the cardboard between two pieces of transparent celluloid and binds it. In this way one can see both sides of the coin or medal.

THE TEXAS IN BATTLE

CAPTAIN PHILIP'S GALLANT SHIP IN THE ORDEAL AT SANTIAGO.

A Blockading Duel With Spanish Batteries—Narrow Escapes Which Proved the Texas a Lucky Ship. Good Execution of Her Guns.

(Copyright, 1898, by G. L. Kilmer.)

ABUNDANTLY able to take care of herself was the United States battleship Texas at Santiago. It is immaterial for the interest of a story of this gallant ship in that battle whether the famous remark of Commodore Schley is credited or not. The Texas was in the thick of it, and she came out in first class fighting trim with the other winners.

The Texas, it will be remembered, went to the seat of war with a bad reputation. She had had accidents without number in and out of dock and one night sank as she lay in moorings. When she put to sea, the last civilian, a Brooklyn woman, to shake hands with Captain Philip had the ill sense to remark to him that she had also been the last to shake hands with the captain of the ill fated Huron, which went on the rocks in North Carolina. Captain Philip said that this incident recurred to him only once in the war, and that was at a trying moment in the Santiago fight.

But the Texas had no ill luck. She had extraordinarily good luck. For instance, in her duel with the batteries at the mouth of the harbor some days before the great fight she was fairly struck by a shot which, by all the rules about projectiles, should have finished her, yet she came out chuckling over her escape. It was a 6 inch shell which struck her at the end of her duel with the Socapa battery, the last Spanish shot fired and the only one that struck the ship. The shell burst through plating, 1¼ inches thick, tearing a jagged hole, passed through the compartment and struck a heavy steel stanchion, cutting a piece a foot in length entirely out of it. At this stage the shell burst. Two of the larger fragments struck the starboard side, bulging the stout plating to the depth of several inches, then swept along the side of the ship, cutting entirely through one of the heavy irons which form the frame and are as solid as a railroad rail. A shower of smaller fragments landed all over the starboard side of the compartment, cutting off rivet heads, plowing the deck and plating and distributing some wounds. One man was blown to pieces, and eight were more or less hurt.

A dense smoke caused by the explosion of the shell paralyzed a four gun battery for a time, and if the damage had come in a battle crisis it might have had fatal results.

The first striking incident of the battle to those on the deck of the Texas was the picturesque procession of Cervera's ships. Said an officer to Captain Philip, "They certainly mean us to think they have started out to do business," referring to the huge Spanish battleflags flying defiantly aloft.

A lieutenant on the Texas looked at her bare masts and exclaimed, "Where are our battleflags?"

"They won't have any misconception about our being in battle," said the captain dryly.

"Yet what is a battle without battleflags?" persisted the lieutenant and gave orders to have them run up.

It transpired that the flags were locked in a locker and the quartermaster who had the key was just then out of reach. "Smash the locker, then," shouted the lieutenant to the messenger who brought the information on deck. The locker was smashed and the battleflags hoisted aloft to stay.

It was the Teresa, the bold Teresa, with the largest and most defiant battleflags, which first felt the weight of the Texas metal. At first the Texas steered to meet the Spanish flagship at the mouth of the harbor, but the Spaniards turned rapidly westward, compelling Captain Philip to change his course. At that moment the Brooklyn was steaming northeast, making the famous loop, and it was then for a moment that the captain of the Texas felt more alarm than at any other stage of the battle and recalled the ominous words of his injudicious caller at the navy yard dock. All the ships were firing, and the smoke was so dense that nothing could be seen beyond the ship's sides. Suddenly there was a lull. The Brooklyn had fired all her guns on one side and was waiting to bring the other side to bear—the same with the Texas, and a breeze lifted the clouds hanging over the scene. Then Captain Philip saw, bearing toward the Texas and plunging on at a tremendous speed, the Brooklyn. The apparition took his breath away. "Back both engines hard!" was the quick order, and the mammoth Brooklyn swung and glided past before half a dozen of the ship's company on either vessel knew what had seemed imminent.

Captain Philip said that he wanted to fool that woman if possible, but he had felt for a second that he'd have to give in. She was a Brooklyn woman and spoke the hoodoo words in Brooklyn. It was the cruiser Brooklyn which seemed fated to make the hoodoo terribly potent, but the hoodoo on the Texas was off.

Although early and heavily engaged, the Texas fired less than one-half the number of shots expended by some of the ships. Captain Philip says that the orders he gave that no shots be fired except on a good target were carried out to the letter. The gunners waited for the smoke to lift before firing and took care to place their shots well. The Texas could have fired a 12 inch shell every minute and a half, but she fired only a few and landed two of them with terrible effect in the enemy's sides.

The first close fighting of the Texas was with the Oquendo. One of the shells of the latter burst over the Texas, doing little serious damage beyond setting fire to the woodwork of the superstructure. But the next shot was better aimed and only narrowly missed making good the reputation of the ship for ill luck. It was a 5.5 inch shell and pierced the starboard bulkhead underneath the bridge. The first obstacle met with was that part of the deck structure called the hammock netting, which surrounds the smokestack. This is of steel. Turning over, the shell went through the hammock batting sidewise, then struck a heavy steel door, tearing off the upper half. This last obstacle exploded the shell, and it hurled all its fragments into the ash hoist and through a fourth wall of steel plating around the smokestack. The larger fragments went through the stack and the smaller dropped in showers below. Smoke, steam and ashes in volumes, clouds and showers followed in the wake of this agile missile, and for a time the men on the Texas thought their hour had come. Those forward believed the after gun had exploded, and those aft and amidships supposed that the boilers had been pierced. The fire and smoke forced up from below led the other ships of the fleet to suppose the Texas had met with disaster.

One credit the sailors of the Texas claim for their gallant ship, and that is that it was a 6 inch shell from her guns which blew up the destroyer Furor. After the confusion which followed the visit of the inflammable shell and its rambling companion Captain Philip saw that the battle lay between the Vizcaya and Colon and the American ships. The Teresa and Oquendo were seeking the beach, plainly out of the fight, and the Vizcaya was leading the chase westward, with the swift Colon on the inside. When the Texas finally passed abreast of the Oquendo, the Spaniard ran up the white flag to escape further punishment. Captain Philip gave the order to cease firing and with the best speed of the Texas followed the Oregon in her chase after the two remaining Spaniards. At this time and until the end the Texas closed the line on the east, and if the enemy had turned about to regain Santiago they would have had to settle with Captain Philip and his gunners first. When the Vizcaya veered toward shore, the Brooklyn and Oregon left her to her fate, but kept on after the Colon. The Texas did not fire upon the unfortunate Vizcaya, for she was in flames, and it was only a question of time for her surprising activity to cease. She was pluckily firing all the time. Finally the Texas drew up on the Spaniard, and her stern flag was quickly hauled down. Then two fearful explosions seemed to tear her to pieces. This was the time when the gallant Philip said to his men: "Don't cheer, boys. The poor fellows are dying." Some of the unfortunates had been hurled into the water, while others had leaped overboard in despair.

The chase of the Colon closed the drama of the day, and the part of the Texas in that affair has not been clearly understood. Again she closed the line and was ready to dispute with the powerful Spaniard the road back to Santiago in case the latter should turn to evade the Brooklyn and Oregon. All depended ultimately upon the Oregon. She alone was a match in speed and strength for the Colon. If she met with accident, the Brooklyn was no match for her antagonist, although she would have fought to the death.

Captain Philip says that the old Texas actually gained on the Colon. There was but little firing on either side. For fully two hours the struggle was a test of speed and determination. The Colon was making for jutting headlands, and the Brooklyn lay off her bow, ready to attack should she attempt to get to sea. Next came the Oregon, closing another gap to the sea, and lastly the Texas, to prevent a retreat. When the Colon surrendered and ran on the beach, the three American ships steamed alongside of her quite simultaneously.

CAPTAIN J. W. PHILIP.
(Battleship Texas.)

The Texas was handicapped in the fighting by the smoke of her own guns. This was rolled back by the light breeze prevailing. The blasts of gas from the 12 inch guns was powerful enough to force down the deck and bend the supporting stanchions beneath them. There were two 12 inch guns on the ship, and several of their shots landed on the Spaniards. In the fight with the destroyers the Texas poured in shots from 18 guns 2,700 yards. She fired during the day 895 projectiles.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

A WORKER'S HYMN.

If there be good in that I wrought,
Thy hand compelled it, Master thine;
Where I have failed to meet thy thought
I knew, thou thee, the blame is mine.
One instant's toll to thee denied
Stands all eternity's offense,
Of that I did with thee to guide,
To thee, through thee, be excellence,
Who, lest all thought of Eden fade,
Bring'st Eden to the craftsman's brain,
Godlike to muse o'er his own trade
And manlike stand with God again.
The depth and dream of my desire,
The bitter paths wherein I stray,
Thou knowest who has made the fire,
Thou knowest who has made the clay.
One stone the more swings to her place
In that dread temple of thy worth.
It is enough that through thy grace
I saw naught common on the earth.
Take not that vision from my ken;
O, whatsoe'er may spoil or speed,
Help me to need no aid from men
That I may help such men as need.

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

Attentive to Duty.

"Are you not afraid to live here?" said a visitor to a light-house keeper. "It is a dreadful place to be constantly in."

"No," replied the man, "I am not afraid; we never think of ourselves here."

"Never think of yourself! How is that?"

"We know that we are perfectly safe, and only think of having our lamps brightly burning, and keeping their reflectors clear, so that those in danger may be saved.

That is what Christians ought to do. They are safe in a house built on a rock which cannot be moved by the wildest storm; and in a spirit of holy unselfishness, they should let their light gleam across the dark waters of sin that they who are imperiled may be guided into the harbor of eternal safety.

THE BATTLE SHIP TEXAS.

A SWORD AND A BIBLE.

BY MRS. FRANCES M'KINNON MORTON.

My! wasn't it cold the middle of last February! I fancy I can see you shivering now just in remembering how it felt. We had ice away down here on Galveston Bay, and yet do you know we didn't find it so very cold? Do you wonder why? I will tell you: We had the battle ship Texas lying in our harbor, and Commodore Philip and Capt. Sigsbee were here; and our hearts were warm with welcome and patriotism and love, so that we could forget the unpleasant weather.

You know, children, you sometimes do wrong, and have to be punished for it, and it is altogether a very unpleasant affair—nothing at all nice about it; and yet sometimes your learn a very useful lesson in that way that you couldn't learn in any other way. Well, so it is with war. It is a very unpleasant affair—nothing at all nice about it. Yet nations have to learn lessons just as little children do.

One of the sweetest little lessons that we learned in our war with Spain is the lesson that Commodore Philip taught us. I am sure you all know what that lesson is. He taught us that men have not forgotten that to be kind is to be great, that even in war a man may be Christlike. Everybody in the world who hears how Commodore Philip was humble and kind in the hour of victory will feel that he has a noble heart.

When the Sunday school children of Texas heard how their battle ship had behaved in battle, and how Commodore Philip, who was then her captain, had done the very thing they would have wished him to do, they brought their pennies and nickels and piled them up to buy for him a Bible and a sword, in token of their love and appreciation. In the Sunday school army of Texas there are more than fifteen thousand children, and the pennies and nickels piled up so fast and so high that it was not long before the committee cried enough.

Then, when the Bible and sword were finished and ready, our good Uncle Sam said that Commodore Philip and the battle ship Texas might come to Galveston to see the children and hear what they had to say. Isn't that grand? Just to think of a great nation like ours joining hands with fifteen thousand children to honor a good man—not a man noted for his learning or wealth or power, but for his goodness! Those gloomy souls who say the world is growing worse ought to stop and think about this.

COMMODORE J. W. PHILIP.

I wish every child who reads the VISITOR could have been here. It was delightful; and, as you could not come, I am going to send you a picture of the little boy and the little girl who were chosen to present the gifts and tell you exactly what they said. It was a fine sight, children—the hall decorated with flags, the throng of people, the thousands of children, and on the platform for all to see was the big, brave commodore in his bright uniform and confronted by a tiny little man and maiden, bearing to him the children's gifts, the emblems of might and right.

Little Willie Embrey, of Brenham, Tex., a little fellow of ten years, presented the sword, and this is what he said, and said it out so well that everybody far and near could hear each word distinctly: "Commodore Philip, when the Spanish fleet went down under the fire of the United States at the battle of Santiago the grown people of our grand State were not the only people who rejoiced and felt proud of our brave sailors and seamen. We boys cheered, too, and threw up our hats over the brilliant achievements in that great naval battle. We felt proud of you, Commodore Philip, and proud also that our own battle ship Texas had proved itself to be a hero instead of a 'hoodoo;' and now that the war is over, Cuba free, our victory complete, and our own navy immortalized, we Texas boys will not allow the big folks to pay all the honor to our great heroes. So the Sunday school children of the Lone Star State have invited you to visit us, that we might present you, Commodore Philip, with some token of our admiration and love for your heroism and humanity, your bravery in battle, and mercy in victory. Take this sword as an offering from the Sunday school children of this State. Use it in defense of freedom's cause, American altars, and American homes. All hail, our naval hero! all hail to your gallant crew! all hail to your splendid battle ship! and in coming years we beg you never to forget that the latchstring to the door of Texas not only hangs on the outside, but that the door to our State, to our homes and hearts, stands wide open to you and your gallant crew. May Heaven's richest blessings be yours through life and in the life to come!"

Wasn't that good for Willie? and he had only a few days in which to prepare it, too!

Little Louise Jordan, the seven-year-old daughter of W. W. Jordan, of Victoria, Tex., presented the beautiful Bible, with these few sweet words: "Commodore Philip, the Sunday school children of Texas honor you for your pity for a helpless foe and your thanksgiving to God in the hour of victory at Santiago. Another has given you a jeweled sword to honor your heroism in battle, but I present you this Bible, 'the sword of the Spirit,' to honor you as the Christian soldier; and we all pray God to bless and keep you for his service in the battle for the rescue of perishing men."

Dear little Louise! She is a little Christian flower sent to make the world better and more beautiful.

Do you know, children, what I noted with most pleasure about Willie and Louise? It was this: They were so modest and natural and sweet; and I think it speaks well for our Sunday school work, don't you?

I am sure that Commodore Philip is proud of his Bible and sword, and that every child who gave a penny toward its purchase is the better for this expression of patriotism.

MUSIC.

From reed and rill and turning sphere,
From the unfathomed past,
The future's
The future's darker vast,
One harmony thy heart may hear;

The vale, the hill, the sea, the stars,
Great Nature and the soul,
I teach them, and out roll
Forever my immortal bars.

The voices else fast-fettered, dumb,
Beyond the poet's word,
But ever by him heard,
I free them, and they singing come.

In their bright zones the heights to be
Gleam like the hills at morn;
Black where thy soul was born,
Thither thou goest, following me.

I rule the future and the past;
What shines His face before
I show thee, and once more
The loveliness that could not last.

I call, I cease, yet am not gone;
Although my voice speak not,
Thou hearest me in thought;
In deep of dreams I murmur on.

I speak for all that live and love,
That sorrow and rejoice;
Mine is the only voice
All know on earth, all know above.
—John Vance Cheney in the Century Magazine.

WILLIAM EMBREY, BRENHAM, TEX.

LOUISE JORDAN, VICTORIA, TEX.

THE DINKEY-BIRD.

In an ocean, way out yonder
(As all sapient people know),
Is the land of Wonder-Wonder,
Whither children love to go;
It's their playing, romping, swinging,
That give great joy to me
While the Dinkey-Bird goes singing
In the amfalula tree.

There the gum drops grow like cherries,
And taffy's thick as pean—
Caramels you can pick like berries
When, and where, and how you please;
Big red sugar-plums are clinging
To the cliff beside that sea
Where the Dinkey-Bird is singing
In the amfalula tree.

So, when children shout and scamper,
And make merry all the day,
Where there's naught to put a damper
To the ardor of their play;
When I hear their laughter ringing,
Then I'm sure as sure can be
That the Dinkey-Bird is singing
In the amfalula tree.

For the Dinkey-Bird's bravuras
And staccatos are so sweet—
His rondades, apoggiaturas,
And robustos so complete,
That the youth of every nation—
No they near or far away—
Have especial delectation
In that gladsome roundelay.

Their eyes grow bright and brighter,
Their lungs begin to crow,
Their hearts get light and lighter,
And their cheeks are all aglow;
For an echo cometh, bringing
The new to all and me
That the Dinkey-Bird is singing
In the amfalula tree.

I'm sure you'd like to go there
To see your feathered friend—
And so many goodies grow there
You would like to comprehend!
Speed, little dreams, your winging,
To that land across the sea
Where the Dinkey-Bird is singing
In the amfalula tree.
—EUGENE FIELD.

Antiquity of Paper.

Paper was made in Egypt of the papyrus or paper plant many centuries before the Christian era. Papyri have been found in Egyptian sarcophagi dating from 2,000 before Christ. The Chinese claim to have made paper 4,000 years ago by a process not greatly dissimilar from that now in use. In A. D. 600 paper was made of cotton by Italian and Spanish paper makers; in A. D. 1200 linen rags were employed in France, Spain and England.

SHUBRICK, First Lighthouse Tender

The Story of Bonita Light.

Looking from the San Francisco shore, one cannot form the slightest idea of the busy life of this lighthouse settlement. There is not an idle waking hour in the twenty-four for the keeper or any one of his three assistants. Besides the all-the-day-through watching seaward for the fog which might mean doom for the craft almost home, and the trimming and tending of the lamp which burns all night—a welcome and a warning—there is a large plant to be kept shipshape. And this station, like all Uncle Sam's households on land or sea, is cared for so systematically that the woman with the "white cambric handkerchief" would not be a bogy were she to make a visit here.

For the past twenty-eight years John B. Brown has answered for the good keeping of the Point Bonita Lighthouse and all its appurtenances. Government records all praise him for his faithfulness and efficiency, but many a fisherman who has during the past quarter of a century sailed his cockleshell of a boat out through the straits to the edge of the ocean could attest that he is as brave as faithful. They recall the stormy seas that would have buried them but for the timely aid of John Brown. He did not wait for the Government to equip a life-saving station there, as it is doing now, for, being a man of expedients, he made up in strength and fearlessness what he lacked in up-to-date apparatus.

When John Brown went to Point Bonita, or, as the seafaring men call it, the "North Head Light," there was not so much to take care of as now, when he has three assistants to help him—Charles A. Paulson, George D. Cobb and John W. Astrom. In the hours when these men are not on watch there are roads to be repaired, painting and whitewashing to be done and supplies to be looked after, besides what must be done in their individual households.

A quarter of a mile on the edge of the bluff above the present light is a picturesque old tower, just such a one as housed old Captain January and the golden-haired "Star Bright." It is bereft of its lamp aloft, but, like everything else around the place, is spick and span. Close by is an old cannon, in which, in very truth, the birds have built their nests. One may easily guess that its mission was one of peace and good will and feel absolutely sure that it never sounded war's alarm. The men at Point Bonita know all about the old cannon and the white tower, but the real custodian of facts and figures is

Charles H. Thompson, for twenty-five years chief clerk of Department 12, of which Commander Oriel Solger, U. S. N., is inspector.

Despite the fact that steamers and sailing vessels were scurrying to California from the very instant that the discovery of gold was made public in 1848, there was not a lighthouse, a beacon, a buoy, or any kind of an aid to navigation on the Pacific Coast of the United States, or, for that matter, on the entire western coasts of North or South America. Neither by day nor night, in rainy weather, nor when groping through the fogs, had the mariner any guide to warn him of the dangers which were known to exist. Disasters were numerous, and the wonder is that there were not more. There must have been a particular Providence for the passengers and crew constituted the pioneer community of this State.

Congress was earnestly petitioned to take action in lighting the way to the principal harbors, and, early in 1850, the officers of the Coast and Geodetic Survey in California were detailed to examine various sites for the proposed lighthouses. In September of that year $150,000 was appropriated for the erection of eight towers. In 1852 Congress let contracts, but they lapsed, as the men who secured them were not able to give the necessary bonds. The Lighthouse Board was organized that year, the coasts of the United States divided into districts and ways made as the Pacific Coast was concerned, commenced anew.

By the progress made and the plans seemingly perfected, the light on the Farallon should have been the first, but, by a series of misfortunes, it bears the same relation to the first light that the territorial pioneers do to the forty-niners. As it turned out, the beacon on Alcatraz, the same we now see twinkling, has the distinction of being the first to send a warning steam across Pacific waters.

The tower for the Farallon light was constructed under well-nigh insurmountable difficulties, and after two years of vexatious delay, when the lantern and illuminating apparatus arrived from Paris, it was found that the tower was altogether too small and that in constructing the lanterns not the slightest attention had been paid to the dimensions of the towers. This was true of all but two of the original towers built. They had to be torn down and rebuilt. At Battery, or Fort Point, after completing the tower, and before the light was exhibited, it was found necessary to remove the whole structure to make room for the fortifications authorized by law. That is how the light happens to be on the northwest bastion of the old fort.

Some idea of what these delays meant and how disheartening the labor was can be gained by knowing the difficulties experienced in constructing some of the early towers. The Farallon was built from stone quarried on the island, with a facing of brick the thickness of one eye. The bricks were carried on mules' backs by twos and fives at a time for a portion of the least dexterity. A landing was impossible at times, then the supplies of the people

Point Bonita light was the fourth shown on this Coast and the third in this harbor, following Alcatraz and Fort Point, the original light being put in place April 30, 1855. This was on top of the old pleistocene terrace, which is doomed, they say, to fall into the sea some day, any day. The location was unsurpassed in clear weather, but when the fog rolled in—and Point Bonita is conceded to be the foggiest spot on the whole coast of California—it was quickly seen that a great mistake had been made in elevating the light. It seemed to accentuate the fog, as the sounds does the mute. Sometimes, when the light was completely obscured by a fog bank, the hull below would be quite clear. For this and the dangerous proximity to the edge of the bluff, which was gradually caving down, the lighthouse was removed in 1877 to its present location, on the bold spur which nature seems to have cut for a lighthouse.

When the first lighthouse was completed it was given a companion—the old gun—to keep away its warning and keen sounds of the rocks. It was the custom for signal guns fired by the Government on the Pacific Coast, and was placed in position August 1, 1855. Back in '49, when mail steamers stopped at Monterey, a gun was fired off the point to guide the steamer to her mooring, and in early days a fog trumpet was maintained by private subscription at Point Lobos for the guidance of mail steamers, but for all that, the gun at Point Bonita was an innovation. It was a twenty-four-pounder, and during rides and fogs, weather was fired every hour and half hour, day and night. The first year, with the exception of eighty-eight foggy days omitted for want of powder, 1,500 rounds were fired, consuming 500 pounds of powder, at a cost of $1487, besides incidentals and the gunners' pay. This signal was useful, and many a vessel came in during the night guided by its warning, which was heard far out at sea. But because of the danger attending its use and the length of intervals between the explosions and the brief duration of the sound, it was replaced in March, 1858, by a large bell, struck by machinery, which, in turn, gave way to the steam siren in 1872.

The Point Bonita light has only second-class rating, but it is so advantageously situated that its rays extend in a semi-circle from Tigers point on the southward around the Farallon and to Point Reyes to the north. Its glare is so brilliant and its lens so well kept that it might readily be taken by the uninitiated for a light of the first magnitude. It is placed on a spur with so narrow a neck that pipe railings have been placed as guards for the keepers who go out from the mainland. Hugging the ground in-shore the fogs, its compass range of visibility is 360 degrees, commanding every possible approach to the harbor, and it is now a wonder that there ever could have been such a bitter fight about placing it there. When the time came to move the light the steamship companies made a persistent effort to have it placed at Fort Point, but the Light Inspector won at last.

The new tower for the Point Bonita light is a square brick structure twenty-one feet in height. Almost directly back of it is the fog-signal house, containing duplicate steam sirens. Here one of two great engines is always snorting, ready to serve one of the trumpets the moment a fog drifts in. Nothing can go amiss in this department, as everything is in duplicate. Some of the force behind the cry of these sirens, which can be heard from ten to fifteen miles at sea, is understood when the records show that a new assistant keeper who had not been warned to go by the regular stairway, thought to make a short cut to the lighthouse in front of the trumpets, and was blown over the cliff, to be picked up at daylight on the rocks below.

There are 250 steam fog sirens in the United States, but of that number only eighteen are sirens. This is owing to the great expense and to the fact that but one firm in the world makes them. Two stations in California are equipped with sirens—one at Point Bonita and the other at the Farallon. Steam whistles are found more effective at Point Reyes.

Formerly the lighthouse and fog-station at Point Bonita were reached by a perilous walk around a bluff, but the danger to the men and a landslide induced the Government to cut a tunnel through a peak of solid rock.

Below all this is a dizzy depth where snuggles the derrick wharf for the lighthouse tender. In the early days it was the famed old Shubrick, named for the Admiral, which did long and honorable service. Comparatively few years ago she was broken up near California City for the old iron in her. The roster of the steamer shows that when she came around the Horn, Henry George, afterward the author of "Progress and Poverty," was in the steward's department.

The Manzanita succeeded the Shubrick, and now it is the twin tender Madrono which calls at the front door of Point Bonita station. Even the lighthouse tenders, which learn to thread between rocks where other vessels could not live, do not come too close here. They anchor off and send their oil and supplies to the wharf in lifeboats and then the engine is called into requisition and the necessaries are hauled up the bluff on a spur as vertical as the railroad on Mount Tamalpais.

Just beside the lighthouse wharf another has been built for the life-saving station which is soon to be added to the Point Bonita settlement. In anticipation of this, a commodious, handsome house has been built on the bluff to the east of the lighthouse for the crew which is to man the station. The new surfmen are imminent. Every department of the Government has to stand ready for the Army, and Point Bonita activities will have to conform to the rules which will place a number of heavy disappearing guns there. The handsome life-saving station is within the range of one gun and must be removed. Because there's money as well as war these occupied by the surfmen will have to be placed so as to clear of the great guns, but in this case the oil will be a sure guard. The quarters are inadequate and with the changes will cover some much-needed improvements.

The Government now rents and runs the business. It sets aside some of the storage heights, and it pays model and remodel lighthouses, the Point Bonita, with its alluring outlook, and its great visible seaward, will ever be a coveted thing. Its any one of its fortunate

Olive Schreiner never knew and written her definition of prayer

ANNA E. IRATT.

LARGEST CRAB IN THE WORLD.

Eleven-Foot Crab Compared With a Man.

THE largest crab in the world is now on exhibition at Rutgers College Museum, New Brunswick, N. J. It is known as a Japanese spider crab and measures eleven feet from tip to tip.

The crab was presented to the college by the late Robert H. Pruyn, who was United States Consul to Japan. Its value was appreciated upon its discovery, but not until some time afterward did this peculiar thing begin to receive any great amount of attention.

A short time ago W. A. Roebling, an alumnus of Rutgers College, offered to defray the expenses of having the crab mounted. The offer was immediately accepted and the giant shellfish turned over to the care of Mr. Roebling.

The shell of the crab containing the body measures 12x14 inches. The pinchers are armed with teeth that resemble human molars and the jaws at the ends of the tremendously long fangs or legs are six inches long. The ten legs resemble greatly bamboo fishing poles. They are five feet long and vary from three to eight inches in circumference.

It is said that there are only five of this species of crab in existence. The next largest is in Germany. That one is six feet from tip to tip. All of these five crabs were secured in Japan or vicinity.

The crab is being daily viewed by people from all parts of the country.

Poison Ivy.

It has been determined that the active principle of the poison of ivy and all the family *Rhus* is an essential oil, which is not affected by water. When conscious of having been in contact with any poisonous plant, washing with water is useless. Alcohol should be used, and a flask of it should be a portion of every outing outfit. This simple precaution may prevent the spoiling of a whole vacation.

FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST AMERICAN PAPER MONEY

SONG OF THE WHITE MEN.

Now, this is the cup the white men drink
When they go to fight a wrong;
And that is the cup of the old world's hate—
Cross and strained and strong.

We have drunk that cup—and a bitter, bitter cup—
And tossed the dregs away;
But well for the world when the White Men drink
To the dawn of the White Man's day.

Now, this is the road the White Men tread
When they go to clean a land—
Iron under foot and levin overhead,
And the deep on either hand.

We have trod that road—and a wet and windy road—
Our chosen star for guide;
O, well for the world when the White Men tread
Its highways side by side.

Now, this is the faith that the White Men hold
When they build their homes afar:
"Freedom for ourselves and freedom for our sons,
And, failing freedom, War."

We have proved our faith—bear witness to our faith—
And ours has been the pain,
Dear souls, for the world, when the White Men join
To prove their faith sane.

—Rudyard Kipling.

HEROISM.

Not on the battlefield, I deem,
Are deeds the most heroic done;
Not where the sword and bayonet gleam
Are victories the grandest won.

Not in the plague-infested town,
Where stay the few the sick to save,
And for their lives their own lay down,
Shall thou behold the world's most brave.

In acts of great self-sacrifice,
Of which all men with wonder hear,
A secret inspiration lies
That stirs the soul and conquers fear.

To do the duty few shall know,
And knowing scorn, that God requires
The mental duty far below
The task to which the heart aspires.—

To do such service, out of love,
Unmoved by either praise or blame,
And with a steadfast soul above
The reach of either pride or shame,—

Displays a courage that alone
In one such act doth far outshine
All other earth has ever known,
A common Christ-like thing to do.

—Edna Dean Proctor.

CALIFORNIA'S POPULATION.

Census Returns Show an Increase in the Population of Santa Cruz County.

WASHINGTON.—The population of the State of California was announced by the Census Bureau Thursday. The population of the State in 1900 is 1,485,053, as against 1,208,130 in 1890, representing an increase since 1890 of 276,923, or 22.9 per cent. A small portion of this increase is due to the fact that there were 5,107 Indians and 161 other persons, or a total of 5,268 persons, on Indian reservations, etc., in California, who were specially enumerated in 1890 under the provisions of the census act, but were not included in the general population of the State.

The population of the State in 1850 was 92,597, and from 1850 to 1860 it increased 287,402, or 310.3 per cent, showing a total population in 1860 of 379,994. During the decade from 1860 to 1870 the increase was only 180,353, or 47.4 per cent, but for each of the three succeeding decades the numerical increase has been much greater, though the percentages of increase for the last two decades has declined. The population of California in 1900 is more than sixteen times as large as that given for 1850, the first census in which the population of the tate appears.

The total land surface of California is approximately 155,980 square miles, the average number of persons to the square mile at the census of 1890 and 1900 being as follows: 1890, 7.7; 1900, 9.5.

Of the fifty-seven counties in the State, all but eleven have increased in population during the decade, the counties showing more than 50 per cent of increase being Tuolumne, 83.5 per cent; Kern, 68 per cent, and Los Angeles, 67.8 per cent. Los Angeles county shows the largest numerical increase, 68,844, but more than three-fourths of this increase is due to the increase in the population of the city of Los Angeles. The eleven counties showing a decrease in population are Alpine, Butte, Colusa, Del Norte, El Dorado, Lake, Plumas, Sierra, Stanislaus, Tulare and Yuba.

The population of Santa Cruz Co. in 1890 was 19,270, and in 1900 it is 21,512, an increase of 2,242. The population of the city of Santa Cruz shows an increase of 63.

There are 116 incorporated towns and cities in California, for which the population in 1900 is separately returned. Of these forty-six have a population in 1900 of more than 2,000, and of these nineteen have a population of over 5,000, ten over 10,000 and four over 25,000; namely, San Francisco with 342,742, Los Angeles with 102,479, Oakland with 66,960 and Sacramento with 29,282 inhabitants. The incorporated cities and towns whose population is over 2,000 are as follows, the first figure in each case being the 1900 and the second the 1890:

Alameda	16,464	11,165
Auburn	2,050	1,195
Bakersfield	4,836	2,626
Benicia	2,561	2,567
Berkeley	13,214	5,101
Chico	3,540	3,894
Eureka	7,327	4,858
Fresno	12,470	10,818
Grass Valley	4,719	.....
Hanford	3,323	942
Long Beach	2,252	564
Los Angeles	102,479	50,395
Marysville	8,387	3,221
Modesto	2,024	2,402
Napa	4,036	4,296
Nevada City	3,259	2,524
Oakland	66,960	48,682
Pasadena	9,117	4,882
Petaluma	3,471	2,897
Pomona	5,528	2,634
Red Bluff	2,759	2,698
Redding	2,940	1,821
Redlands	4,797	1,904
Riverside	7,973	4,683
Sacramento	29,282	26,386
Salinas	3,304	2,395
San Bernardino	6,150	4,012
San Diego	17,700	16,159
San Francisco	342,742	298,997
San Jose	21,500	10,000
San Leandro	3,558	.....
San Luis Obispo	3,021	2,995
San Rafael	2,873	2,296
Santa Ana	4,933	3,628
Santa Barbara	6,587	6,854
Santa Clara	3,470	2,951
Santa Cruz	5,659	5,596
Santa Monica	3,057	1,586
Santa Rosa	6,673	5,220
Stockton	17,506	14,424
Tulare	2,214	2,607
Vallejo	7,965	6,343
Ventura	3,479	2,962
Visalia	3,084	2,855
Watsonville	3,528	2,149
Woodland	3,886	3,069

LONG AGO.

I once knew all the birds that came
And nestled in our orchard trees;
My friends were woodchucks, toads and bees.
For every flower I had a name—
I know where thrived in yonder glen
What plants would soothe a stone-bruised toe—
Oh, I was very learned then,
But that was very long ago.

I knew the spot upon the hill
Where checkerberries could be found;
I knew the rushes near the mill
Where pickerel lay that weighed a pound.
I knew the wood, the very tree,
Where lived the poaching, saucy crow;
And all the woods and crows knew me,
But that was very long ago.

And, pining for the joys of youth,
I tread the old familiar spot,
Only to learn this solemn truth—
I have forgotten, am forgot.
Yet here's this youngest at my knee,
Knows all the things I used to know;
To think I once was wise as he—
But that was very long ago.

I know it's folly to complain
Of whatsoe'r the fates decree;
Yet were not wishes all in vain,
I tell you what my wish should be—
I'd wish to be a boy again,
Back to the friends I used to know;
For I was, oh, so happy then—
But that was very long ago.

—Eugene Field.

Nov. 25 1899

A Church Wedding.

Last Sunday evening after the close of services at the Christian church, Eld. G. W. Ross performed the ceremony uniting in marriage Mr. Andrew Hamm and Miss Maggie Hamer, both of this city. As only a few of the relatives had been acquainted of the fact, the marriage was a general surprise.

After the close of services the audience was asked to be seated and the organist began playing a wedding march. The couple entered the west door and marched down the aisle and took their position in front of the pulpit where the words were pronounced which made them man and wife.

The bride and groom are both well and favorably known in this vicinity, and all join THE UNION in wishing them a pleasant voyage through life.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Between the dark and daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

A whisper, and then a silence;
Yet I now by their merry eyes,
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle-wall.

They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the bishop of Bingen
In his mouse-tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not enough for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down in the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there I will keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away.

—LONGFELLOW.

LAUNCHED IN SANTA CRUZ.

Sept 21, 1899.

The First Vessel Built in California Constructed on the Beach.

It may be interesting to our readers to know that at least one vessel or schooner was built in California, where Santa Cruz now stands, before the occupation of the country by the United States. In January, 1846, Carlos Rasoleon, a Frenchman, then owning property on the San Lorenzo river now owned by the Powder Co., having previously entered into a contract with Pedro Sansvalne to build him a schooner, commenced sawing out the timbers at his sawmill on the premises. After getting out all the timber, Rasso-

leod left Santa Cruz to search for shipbuilders, carpenters and mechanics to perform the work. He engaged workmen at Yerba Buena, Santa Clara and Monterey. When they arrived the hauling of the timbers to the beach with carts and oxen was commenced.

Twenty-five men were engaged in building the vessel. Some of the articles required were obtained from vessels trading on the coast for hides and tallow, and still others, which these ships did not have, from the Sandwich islands. The spikes, blocks, bolts, sails, rigging, etc., were manufactured on the spot by the men engaged in building the ships. The pitch for the bottom was made from asphaltum obtained about thirty miles from Santa Cruz.

The vessel was launched on June 25th, 1846. The ways were nearly 250 yards long, some parts being twenty feet from the ground, requiring a great deal of timber to build them truly. The ends in the water were made secure with triangular cribs filled with stone. Following were the dimensions: Length of keel, 55 feet; breadth of beam, 17 feet; tonnage, 45 tons.

When the launch took place a large number of people from the surrounding country were aboard. The French flag was flying from the fore-peak, and as she slid down into the bay Don Pedro broke a bottle of wine on the bow and named her Santa Cruz.

So much interest was taken in the event that the priest from Yerba Buena and a large number of others from Monterey and Santa Clara came the entire distance to witness it. In January, 1847, the vessel sailed for the Sandwich Islands to be coppered, that being the nearest point then at which it could be done. Some time after she returned she was sold to Manuel Dias for $7,000, to move his family and personal property down to Cape San Lucas. After discharging her passengers and freight the vessel went ashore in a gale and became a total wreck. Among those who helped to build the ship were Dabadie, J. Baptiste, Patrice J. Sims, Wm. Hardy and Robinson.

In 1848-49 another schooner, the Creole, of 25 tons, was built on the beach by Dabadie. For a long time she was engaged in the produce trade between San Francisco and Sacramento.

THE OPEN DOOR.

O, little child that rest asleep,
A drowsy wish thy head half crushed,
To thy white nest I gently creep
To kiss thy cheek rose-blushed.

For now there is no other thing
That makes me strong to work and will;
That makes me in my frenzy fling
Myself against the gate.

That shuts me from the golden fame
I crave but for thy sake alone;
Ah, God for thee, dear sleeping name
Were one small wrinkle stone!

Then art indeed the very core
Of my heart's life; a secret bear
Even to close this open door,
Since thou art sleeping there.

And now, I never dare to read
Of little children that have died;
So sharp the pang that warms my heart
My eyes must turn aside.

And so I leave these lines unbreed
And stealing through the open door
I bend me gently at thy side,
And kiss thee o'er and o'er.

—*Howard Glyndon in Progress.*

AT THE LIGHTHOUSE.

It is surprising the number of people who have lived in Santa Cruz, probably all their lives, and have never yet been in the Lighthouse, which is open to visitors on Tuesdays and Fridays, holidays excepted. The reflector, which is seemingly a simple affair, was made in France at a cost to our Government of $5,000. The polish on the glass is so perfect that if one was to touch it with the finger it would take two or three rubbings to remove the mark, and then only with the finest quality of polishing powder. The whole affair is not more than three feet high. Its light can be seen by mariners for about eight miles out at sea. Oil is used in it and it has to be filled twice a night during the dark winter months. Its magnifying power is so great that it is kept concealed from the light during the day or it would absorb too much of the heat of the sun.

A number of years ago some one neglected to put down the blinds in the Monterey Lighthouse and the result was that the tower took afire. The Lighthouse here is of the fifth order, the one across the bay, which is more powerful, is of the third order, and the one at Pigeon Point is of the first order.

The present Lighthouse Keeper here is Mrs. Laura Hecox, who has held her position for some time, and who has performed her constant duty in a most satisfactory manner.

CROWDS WATCH UNVEILING OF THE DONAHUE FOUNTAIN

Appropriate Ceremonies Mark the Novel Event.

A LARGE CROWD assembled at Battery and Market streets yesterday morning to witness the unveiling of the Donahue fountain erected under the will of the late J. Mervyn Donahue. The occasion was a distinct success, despite the natural disappointment resulting from the unavoidable absence of the President. Mayor Phelan made formal announcement of the conditions which detained the President at his home. He said in this connection:

I regret very much to announce that on account of the illness of Mrs. McKinley, the President will be unable to accept any engagements for to-day. He requested me to state that inasmuch as this fountain is given to the city in honor of the late Peter Donahue, the founder of the Union Iron Works, which has given such splendid ships to the Nation, and because it is dedicated to the mechanics of San Francisco, he was especially regretful that he was unable to participate in its unveiling. I am sure his absence this morning is no less disappointing to him than to the people assembled here. On account of the sad circumstances which compel the President's absence, we will make the ceremony as brief as possible.

The fountain was formally presented to the city by J. F. Burgin, one of the executors of the Donahue estate. The Mayor accepted the gift with a few words of formal thanks, and then added:

The filial and generous act of James Mervyn Donahue, the donor, shall be remembered and appreciated by our people, and the work of the sculptor, Douglas Tilden, a native of California, will indicate the position which we have attained in artistic excellence; and the casting, done under the supervision of Louis de Rome, exhibits the capacity of our artisans and craftsmen.

It would be interesting to the mechanics of San Francisco to recall that Peter Donahue, whose memory was the inspiration of this gift, was a mechanist by trade, who came to San Francisco a pioneer in 1849 and established the Union Iron Works in the year of 1850 almost within a stone's throw of this spot, at the corner of First and Mission streets, where now stands the Union block, erected by him.

The first war ship constructed in this city, the monitor Camanche, was built by him, and considering the perfection which naval architecture and shipbuilding has attained in this city, that beginning is an historic event which this monument will serve to perpetuate. Let the mechanics of San Francisco regard it as their own.

I now have the pleasure of calling upon Mr. Scott.

When the applause which greeted the Mayor's speech had subsided Mr. Scott responded as follows:

This work of art dedicated to the mechanics of our city I unveil with feelings of gratification and profound appreciation of the honor. Within a few feet of this spot Peter Donahue established the institution now known as the Union Iron Works. In the small foundry then erected at First and Mission streets was successfully accomplished the first casting made on the Pacific Coast. It is appropriate that this monument should stand so near to the scene of Peter Donahue's first business success. He was the pioneer who accomplished most for mechanical arts. To him the city was indebted for its first street railway, its first gas works, its first steam railway and for the first steamship that plowed the waters of our great bay. From the small beginning which he made has developed the great establishment which turns out our famous war ships. All honor to the memory of Peter Donahue and peace and good will to all who participate in this ceremony.

Following these words Mr. Scott unveiled the fountain. At the sight of the splendid sculpture the audience broke into applause. Then an American flag was hoisted by the side of the fountain. A band played the "Star-Spangled Banner," and the applause deepened into cheers. Douglas Tilden, the sculptor, was on the platform and received a personal ovation.

BYRNE—DRENNAN.

A Pretty Home Wedding That Took Place on Church Street.

On Tuesday morning a pretty home wedding took place at the residence of Mrs. Louisa Drennan on Church St., when Walter C. Byrne and Miss Mabel Drennan were united in marriage by Rev. J. B. Orr. The rooms were decorated with wax lilies, smilax and ferns. While the ceremony was being performed the wedding party stood among the ferns and lilies in the bay window. Thos. G. McCreary acted as best man and Miss Dora Drennan was the bridesmaid.

The bride wore her mother's wedding dress and veil. Just thirty-one years ago this week Mrs. Drennan was herself a bride. The bride's gown was of old blue silk, the skirt being made with train. A deep yoke of lace was added. Leaves of silk formed the garniture. A rosette in the back caught the sash with the fringe of silk.

Miss Dora Drennan wore a frock of white organdie with a ruffled overskirt.

Breakfast was served on the lawn, which had been screened and canvassed. The table decorations were of sweet peas. Miss Jean Graham caught the bride's bouquet of white carnations, which was thrown among the guests.

In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Byrne left for San Francisco. On their return they will reside in one of the Pope House cottages.

The bride is among the sweetest and most popular young ladies of our city. She is a graduate of the High School and State Normal School. Mr. Byrne is one of our young business men, well liked and possessed of sterling qualities.

The good wishes of hosts of friends go with Mr. and Mrs. Byrne for a happy and prosperous tour along the matrimonial highway.

LONGLEY.—Mrs. Harriot L. Longley was born in Boston, Mass., August 30, 1811, and died at Santa Cruz, Cal., March 10, 1894. She was converted at the age of six years, and never ceased her devotion to Christ nor her membership in his Church. She often bore testimony to the value of an early and satisfactory conversion, and loved to magnify the love and grace of God. Among the most prominent features of her life were her great love for the Church in all its ordinances, her continued and active interest in the Sunday-school as a teacher, her devoted and patient study of the Word of God, and her activity in all the most spiritual movements of the Church. For a quarter of a century she occupied almost every Sabbath the same seat in the church in this place, until failing strength no longer permitted her to attend. She early enlisted as a teacher in the Sunday-school, and never relinquished this honorable and useful post of duty until nearly eighty years had bowed her down, and loss of hearing rendered her incapable of further service. Her Bible and "New Testament and Psalms" were literally worn out by much use. Collections of precious texts, marked and tear-dropped, are numerous. Here, as nowhere else, may be found the history of her inner life, and the source of her purity and strength of character. Prayer, testimony (backed by a consistent life), and zealous labors for the conversion of souls, were features of her constant and ever faithful services. Four children were given her, three of whom survive, and were present at her funeral. Her golden wedding was celebrated a couple of years ago; but now she has gone to be present at the marriage feast of the Lamb. Mother Longley did not seem to have been sick, but gradually the weary wheels of life moved on until, as quietly as though falling asleep for the night, she fell asleep in Jesus. Her aged husband lingers in feebleness, tarrying for the call to go over the river. Her son has been about a quarter of a century librarian of the Sunday-school here, and her daughter and grandchildren are walking in her footsteps. A large concourse of people were present at her funeral services in the church last Monday afternoon. She will be much missed from her place and among us, while her influence will be as ointment poured forth. H. B. HEACOCK.

SANTA CRUZ, Cal., March 14th.

1894 DIED.

LONGLEY—In Santa Cruz, March 10th, Harriot L, wife of A. C. Longley, a native of Boston, Mass., aged 83 years and 6 months.

[The funeral will take place at 2 P. M. TO-MORROW (Monday), from the Methodist Church, and to which friends and acquaintances are invited.]

San Francisco papers please copy. 94

1894 DIED.

LONGLEY—In this city, May 8th, Otis A. Longley, a native of Massachusetts, aged 50 years, 2 months and 26 days.

[The funeral of the deceased will take place from the family residence on Ocean St. TO-DAY (Thursday) at 2 P. M. Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend.]

CALLED HENCE.

Sudden Death of Otis A. Longley—Heart Disease the Cause.

"Boys, you'll have to do the heavy lifting, as I can't go up. I've got a sensation in my side that I don't like," were the last words uttered by Otis A. Longley a few minutes after one o'clock Tuesday afternoon, and then he fell back into the platform at the entrance to the Pavilion. It was thought he had fainted so Dr. Anderson was immediately summoned. Efforts were made to revive him, but in vain, for he was beyond the power of all things earthly. Heart disease was the cause of his death.

Mr. Longley had been engaged in whitewashing the Pavilion, and a ladder had been placed against the building ready for him to ascend, when he gave utterance to the words quoted above. With him were his brother, Geo. W. Longley, and Caleb Peart. He had been complaining before of pain in his side, but did not think anything of it, hoping it would soon pass away.

The remains were conveyed to his home on Ocean St.

The deceased was a native of Massachusetts, and aged fifty years. For over thirty years he had been a resident of Santa Cruz, being engaged in the painting business. He was a member of Branciforte Lodge, I. O. O. F., Avalon Lodge, No. 80, K. of P., and for twenty-seven years had been the librarian of the Methodist Sunday School. He leaves a widow, a daughter and three sons.

The deceased was well known in this city, having a large circle of acquaintances. He was a man of upright character and a good citizen.

DROPPED DEAD.

Otis A. Longley an Old and Esteemed Citizen Dies of Heart Failure.

Shortly after 1 o'clock today Otis A. Longley, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of the city of Santa Cruz dropped dead on the platform of the entrance to the Pavilion on Soquel avenue, heart failure is given as the cause. Deceased had just come down from a swinging scaffold and he stood erect for about a second then fell over dead.

His brother, George W. Longley, who was at his side in a few seconds after he fell, left him to convey the sad intelligence to his wife at the family residence on Ocean street.

Mrs. Longley was prostrated on hearing the news and Dr. Plant was called in attendance. Mr. Longley was one of the oldest residents of this city having lived here for about thirty years, deceased was fifty years of age and leaves a wife and five children. The children being Miss Daisy Longley, Adna H. Longley, Otis A. Longley, Jr., Louis F. Longley, the youngest a boy of 12 years.

Mr. Longley's father still survives him and his mother died but a few weeks ago. He leaves also a brother Geo. W. Longley and a sister Mrs. Sophia H. Miller.

Mr. Longley was a member of the I. O. O. F. and to the Knights of Pythias. It is understood that the Odd Fellows will have charge of the burial which will probably take place tomorrow.

Otis A. Longley.

That name was borne by a good man, who for half a century honored it with an upright life, and then departed for the land of spirits as suddenly as a bird might take its flight.

At 1 o'clock yesterday his kindly eye, his cheerful smile and his pleasant words betokened the individuality of a man in full possession of all the faculties of life—a moment later and his body sank to the ground as inanimate clay, and Otis Longley had passed away from earth.

Few men were as conspicuously identified with Santa Cruz for thirty years; none more deservedly esteemed and respected. Not a man of exceptional force, but one of the noblest types of the average American citizen and modest Christian gentleman. For more than twenty years he had been librarian of the M. E. Sunday school, and never missed a Sunday in attendance except on one or two occasions when absent in San Francisco. That sentence tells the story of a straightforward, methodical life, which has been like an open book in this community to be believed in by everyone who knew him.

Otis A. Longley was born in Massachusetts fifty years and not care to California in the sixties. He married a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Heaps, one of the earliest pioneers of Santa Cruz, and Mrs. Longley was one of the first crop of native daughters of California. Death has divided their family of children, four remaining with them, the youngest being a lad of twelve years.

Mr. Longley had taken a contract to whitewash the Fair Pavilion, and with his brother, George W. Longley, and W. E. Peart, was engaged in this work yesterday afternoon, when, without a moment's warning, he fell lifeless to the ground.

His mother, a venerable mother in Israel, died but a few weeks since. His father, A. C. Longley, a brother George W. Longley, and a sister, Mrs. Sophia H. Miller, comprise the other members of the family.

Mr. Longley was a prominent Odd Fellow and a member of the Knights of Pythias.

M. E. Sunday School, Attention!

ALL MEMBERS OF THE M. E. SUNDAY School are requested to meet at the parlors of the church TO-DAY (Thursday) at 1 P. M. to attend the funeral services of their late Librarian, Brother Otis A. Longley. By order of the Superintendent. my10-1t

FUNERAL NOTICE.

THE OFFICERS and members of Avalon Lodge, No. 80, Knights of Pythias, are requested to meet at their Castle Hall at 1:30 P. M. sharp TO-DAY (May 10th), to attend the funeral of our late brother, Otis A. Longley.

By order of

R. F. BOOTH, Chancellor Commander.

E. H. PRINGLE, K. of R. and S. my10-1t

Encampment Funeral Notice.

MEMBERS OF SANTA Cruz Encampment, No. 36, I. O. O. F., and sojourning Patriarchs are requested to meet in Odd Fellows Hall at 1 o'clock TO-DAY (Thursday) to attend the funeral of our late brother, Patriarch Otis A. Longley.

B. DICKINSON, Chief Patriarch.

my10-1t

I. O. O. F. FUNERAL NOTICE.

THE OFFICERS AND MEMbers of Branciforte Lodge, No. 86, I. O. O. F., are requested to meet their Hall TO-DAY (Thursday) at 12:30 P. M., for the purpose of attending the funeral of our late brother, Otis A. Longley. Others and members of San Lorenzo Lodge, No. 17, and all sojourning brethren are invited to attend.

By order of J. F. PARKER, N. G.

my10-1t

Rebekah Funeral Notice.

THE MEMBERS OF ISABELLA REbekah Lodge, No. 12, I. O. O. F., are requested to meet at their hall in the I. O. O. F. building, TO-DAY (Thursday) at one o'clock P. M. sharp, to attend the funeral of Brother Otis A. Longley, deceased. By order of

MRS. LOTTIE ANTRIM, N. G.

my10-1t

LONGLEY. — Without a moment's warning, on the 8th inst., Brother Otis A. Longley was called from earth, ceasing at once to work and live. He was born in Massachusetts, 1844, and came to Santa Cruz nearly a third of a century ago. His mother had been a Methodist since girlhood, and her godly example impressed her son so that in early life he sought the Saviour, and joined the M. E. Church. Like his mother, he loved the Sunday-school, and for twenty-seven years he had been a faithful officer. The Sunday before his departure from earth he was at his post, with sparkling eye, genial face and manly bearing. One of the daily papers, speaking of him, says: "Few men were as conspicuously identified with Santa Cruz for thirty years; none more deservedly esteemed and respected. One of the noblest types of the average American citizen, and modest Christian gentleman! As librarian of the Sunday-school twenty-seven years, he was never absent a Sunday, except on one or two occasions when in San Francisco. That sentence tells the story of a straightforward, methodical life, which has been like an open book in this community, to be believed in by every one who knew him." Those sentences are echoed by all who knew him as true. A very large concourse of people followed his body to the grave, while numerous and beautiful were the floral designs. He leaves a widow and four children such a legacy in a name as will stimulate each to nobler deeds. A truly good man and kind friend is missing from our streets and church.

H. B. HEACOCK.

SANTA CRUZ, May 18th.

DEATH OF E. J. COX.

Career of a Citizen Who Assisted to Organize Banking Institutions.

He Had Served as School Trustee and as Chairman of the Republican County Central Committee.

Jan. 29th 1895.

E. J. Cox died at seven o'clock Tuesday morning at his home on Church St. of congestion of the lungs. His death was a shock to his friends, for his taking-off was almost sudden in its nature. Many of his acquaintances were not aware of his illness until they read Tuesday's SENTINEL, for the deceased was attending to business Saturday and was in apparently good health. It was three o'clock Sunday morning that he was seized with a congestive chill, and from that time he rapidly became worse, and all chances for his recovery were given up Sunday.

Mr. Cox was born in Sydney, Australia, in 1837. In 1868 he arrived in San Francisco, and subsequently located in San Jose, where he was a searcher of records. In 1875 he came to Santa Cruz to become the cashier of the second Santa Cruz bank, which he assisted in organizing, the late Lucien Heath being its president. The bank began business in the room in the Ocean House now occupied for shaving parlors. Afterwards the bank was consolidated with the present Santa Cruz Co. Bank, Mr. Cox acting as cashier, which position he held until within a few years ago.

After he retired from the bank he was admitted to practice law by the late Judge McCann, and then went to Los Angeles. Later he located in Tulare, where he organized the Bank of Tulare, becoming its cashier. About a year ago he resigned his position, returning to Santa Cruz for which he always had a fondness, as here he had raised his family and taken a prominent part in the city's commercial and political life. On his return to Santa Cruz he engaged in the real estate and insurance business, occupying an office in the Leonard building which was destroyed in the big fire of April last. Latterly he had occupied a room in the Steen-Bowman building.

The deceased was among the organizers with Chas. Silent of the Felton Flume and Transportation Co., which was really the beginning of the Felton narrow-gauge railroad, serving as secretary. For a number of years he was a school trustee. He also served as Chairman of the Republican County Central Committee of Santa Cruz. Mr. Cox took much interest in the Congregational Sunday school, having been the teacher of the Bible class.

In the death of E. J. Cox Santa Cruz loses an energetic citizen, one who took an interest in its religious and educational welfare. As an accountant and searcher of records he was thorough and competent. In all matters he was conservative, and aimed to deal squarely and honestly with all with whom he did business.

Mr. Cox was a member of Santa Cruz Lodge, A. O. U. W., the only fraternal organization to which he belonged, and in which his life was insured for $2,000.

He leaves a widow and six children, viz, H. E. Cox, Fred S. Cox, who represents Michaelitschke Bros., wholesale cigar dealers of San Francisco, A. W. Cox, with the Ford Co., Watsonville, Mrs. Bessie Vickery of Los Angeles, Miss Millie Cox, a teacher in the Santa Cruz public schools, and Miss Emma Cox.

DIED. 1895.

RODRIGUEZ—In Santa Cruz, June 16th, Manuel S. Rodrigues, a native of California, aged 77 years, 4 months and 15 days.

[The funeral of deceased will take place TO-MORROW (Wednesday) at 9 A. M. from the Catholic Church. Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend.]

—Manuel S. Rodrigues died Sunday at East Santa Cruz. He was born in Monterey in 1817. In 1841 he was elected Alcalde of Santa Santa Cruz, which office he held for two terms. In 1859 he located near where what is now Twin Lakes, residing there ever since. Seven children survive him.

GONE OVER THE RANGE.

GOV. F. F. LOW.

Ex-Governor F. F. Low died at his home in San Francisco July 21st at the age of sixty-six years.

Frederick Ferdinand Low was born on the 28th of June 1828, near the town of Frankfort, Waldo county, Maine.

His ancestors were amongst the earliest settlers in the State, and all his boyhood life was spent at the quiet ancestral homestead on the banks of the Penobscot.

The rudiments of his education he obtained in the public schools of Frankfort. He subsequently completed an academical course, but he seems to have been born with natural commercial instincts. Before he had yet attained his majority he sought for himself and obtained a situation in a mercantile house in Boston, where he was still employed at the out-break of the California gold fever in 1848.

He was among the first of the California pioneers, having arrived at San Francisco on the steamer Panama in June 1849. He celebrated the anniversary of his birthday in San Francisco, and almost immediately thereafter struck out for the gold diggings of El Dorado county with only a few dollars in his pocket. This was at the very height of the gold excitement in California. His strong commercial instincts, however, soon came back to him, and he returned from the mines to engage again in mercantile pursuits in San Francisco, which he continued until 1854.

During the year 1854 Mr Low established himself in the banking business at Marysville, where he succeeded in building up a large and profitable banking business. About this time he began to take an active part in State and national politics. In politics as in business he was outspoken and direct. At the outbreak of the Rebellion he became one of the most uncompromising Union men in the State. In the autumn of 1861 he was nominated for Congress by the Republicans of the Marysville district and triumphantly elected.

His term of office, during the Thirty-seventh Congress, was the most exciting period of the war. His genial nature, his sound, sober judgment and his unquestioned integrity and patriotism secured for him the admiration and respect of all his associates in Congress. He enjoyed in a singular degree the confidence of President Lincoln and Secretary Seward.

Soon after his Congressional term had expired, he was appointed by Mr. Lincoln, collector of the port of San Francisco. While this office was well suited to the business capacity of the incumbent, and was at that time invested with extraordinary interest on account of the condition of the country, he was soon called to a still more important position. The Union men of California wanted a man for Governor whose loyalty to the Union was beyond a question. Mr. Low had already been tried. His record in Congress was a good one. He had received the highest indorsement from President Lincoln.

Governor Low was elected over the popular Democratic candidate by a majority of about 20,000. Entering upon office in a time of great public anxiety, he quickly mastered the situation. His opportunity was great, but the services which he rendered to the State as Governor was even greater. His practical business-like ability immediately found opportunity to conserve the most important interests of the State, and particularly of San Francisco. He "pocketed" when a veto would not have killed, the bill to give away 8,000 acres of the outside land of San Francisco to parties who had sought to acquire title by running ribbon fences around it. That was the first decisive step taken to secure land for Golden Gate Park, whose value to that city even now can hardly be estimated. He signed the bill providing for the issue of $1,200,000 State bonds by way of subsidy to aid the construction of the Central Pacific Railroad. Without that aid, and the additional subsidies by cities and counties, the company could not have been able to so advance work as to secure the Federal aid which provided ample means for the completion of the work; and in all probability the Union Pacific Company would at some later period have built through to the Pacific Coast. This act of the Governor met general public approval. At the same time he vetoed the proposed subsidy of $1,000,000 to the Western Pacific Railroad Company, which would have entailed a State tax of $60,000 a year for twenty years—so much pure subsidy to a railroad company that needed no aid. History fully vindicates the wisdom of this veto, for the railroad was duly completed without State aid.

No private lobbery in legislation is remembered as having found favor in the Executive Department while Low was Governor. He was firm as a rock against influences that would have coerced a weak man. It was only necessary to point out to him that a bill was without merit, or worse, to secure his disapproval. His clear business head and independence made him just the man for the times. He took a great interest in the cause of public education. He signed the bill for the charter of the State University, and was largely instrumental in the establishment of that great institution.

In 1867 Mr. Low declined a renomination for Governor which was tendered him. Three years later (1870) he, however, in deference to the wishes of the business men of the State, accepted the appointment offered him by General Grant of the office of United States Minister to China.

After holding the office for about two years he returned to San Francisco, and became associate manager of the Anglo-Californian Bank, retaining the position until his death. He also for many years was President of the Sutter-street Railway Company and was a heavy stockholder. He was also interested in the California Steam Navigation Company and the Bensley Water Company, in the Hawaiian sugar plantation, lumber and milling properties in Humboldt county, and other enterprises of varied character Mr. Low was, at various times, directly interested.

Governor Low married Miss Mollie Creed, neice of J. C. Fall, a well-known pioneer and business man of Marysville. His wife and unmarried daughter survive him.

A correspondent gives some interesting information regarding Governor Low, as follows:

"Early in his administration he was confronted by the facts that all of the important military posts in the State were commanded by men of Southern birth, one having a brother a General in the rebel army. No charges of disloyalty to the United States could be brought against the officers, but public sentiment demanded that no risks should be taken. How to make the changes in commands without implications upon the loyalty of these officers was a difficult and delicate measure. Governor Low solved it by raising regiments of volunteers where colonels were captains taken from the regular army. These outranking the then incumbents legitimately took command of the military posts without offense being given.

While in China, two notable events occurred in which Minister Low had to act without authority from Washington, the results of which he subsequently stated had given him more pleasure than any other incidents in his public life. The massacre of the French Consul and other persons of his nationality in Tien-Tsin by a mob produced intense excitement among the representatives of foreign nations in Pekin. The French Embassador demanded the destruction of Tien-Tsin by the joint naval powers and several of his colleagues were favorably inclined.

The city of Tien-Tsin had a population of over 400,000 people but few of which were parties to the massacre. Minister Low urged that to bombard the city would destroy many thousands of innocent persons. He recommended the demand of a large money indemnification and the summary punishment of not only the leaders of the mob, but of the local mandarins whose duty it was to have suppressed the same. This plan was accepted and carried out by the Chinese Government.

Subsequently the Chinese Government notified representatives of foreign powers that all foreigners living in China outside the treaty limits should either withdraw at once or they would be subject to the laws and regulations, and punishment for offenses against the same by the local authorities. Minister Low at once informed the Chinese Government that the United States would not permit such action, and was subsequently sustained at Washington. The other foreign representatives referred the matter to their respective governments at home.

The French Minister sent a copy of Minister Low's communications to his Government, and was instructed to cooperate in the same. The British Government sent to Paris for a copy of the communication, and instructed its Minister to China on substantially the same terms.

Had the Chinese Government's proposed measure been carried out, all foreign missionaries, as well as other foreigners would have been restricted to the treaty limits, or else run the almost certainty of losing their lives by living at other places in China.

18 DIED. 94.

WELLS—In this city, Aug. 23th, Miss Anna M. Wells, a native of London, England, aged 70 years and 2 months.

[Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral this day (TUESDAY), at 220 o'clock P. M., from her late residence, Church St. No flowers.]

San Francisco papers please copy.

Miss Anna Wells died Monday evening at her home on Church St. The deceased taught music and painting for many years in this city. She possessed much talent as an artist, and was a woman of culture and refinement. Miss Wells was an aunt of F. L. Williams.

GONE OVER THE RANGE.

ANNA MARIA BASCOM.

Anna Maria Bascom, the pioneer lady known to every early settler in the Santa Clara valley as "Grandma" Bascom, has passed from earth, to join the majority, and her death will bring profound sadness to the hearts of all who ever had the good fortune to enjoy her acquaintance.

Her death took place May 6th, 1894, at the Sanitarium, on Race street, near San Jose, where she has been cared for by kind nurses during the past two years.

About three years ago she was stricken down by paralysis, and recovery for a long time was considered doubtful. Her mind was temporarily clouded by the disease, but in the course of a few months she became much improved in body and her intellect became as active as ever. She did not, however, gain strength enough to move about, and that she might have constant care and attention she was taken to the Sanitarium about two years ago. Though an invalid, her last years were crowned with happiness. About a month ago she began failing, and death was expected at most any time. During the past few days her daughters, Mrs. Henrietta B. Swasey and Mrs. Eudora V. Smith, were at her bedside from time to time, and Saturday night Mrs. Swasey sat up with her. Until within ten hours of the time of her death she remained conscious, but then went into a peaceful sleep. At 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon Mrs. Smith went to lunch, leaving Mrs. Swasey at the bedside. Without a moment's warning, or the least evidence of pain or suffering Grandma Bascom passed from her peaceful slumber on earth into eternal sleep. Such was the end of a life, as pure and untarnished as can be conceived.

Mrs. Bascom was born at Louisville, Kentucky, on January 21, 1816. She was therefore, at the time of death, aged 78 years, 3 months and 15 days. For the most part during her childhood she lived with her grandparents, both of whom were prominent soldiers of the Revolutionary war. Her grandfather on her father's side was Major Rucker, a member of Lafayette's staff, and her grandfather on her mother's side was Colonel Vawter.

On April 9, 1832, when she was 16 years of age she was married to Dr. L. H. Bascom, a very prominent young man in Kentucky. They enjoyed a nice home near Bardstown. In 1848 Dr. Bascom was one of the Presidential Electors in Kentucky, and while at Washington he decided to take his little wife and six children to California. This was before the discovery of gold, but there was a fast spreading fever, impelling people to go West. While there the remarks were passed between prominent men, and they in earnest, "I'll meet you next year in California," and it came true. Accordingly the Bascom party was formed to cross the plains.

They left on their long journey, on April 9, 1849, mule teams having been provided for the family and ox teams for the equipment and provisions. During the entire journey dread hung over the party, both in the way of Indian scare and cholera. This was doubly hard on Mrs. Bascom, for her mother heart ached for her little ones, fearing that something might befall them. Fortunately they made the trip without any serious calamities, and were on the road nearly nine months.

Dr. Bascom had anticipated the need of a dwelling in California, so the house was shipped to California by the way of Cape Horn. It was then placed on the lot now occupies by the Palace Hotel, but the family did not live in it, being convinced that the climate was not conducive to health.

They arrived in San Jose on November 1, 1849, and soon after the cholera broke out. Dr. Bascom, assisted by his wife, stepped into a lucrative business, but their experiences were trying.

Grandma Bascom was noted for her spicy sayings, always being ready to reply to everything addressed to her with a remark which would last forever because of its brand of originality.

Fremont said to her one day in speaking of his expedition, "Yes, I have been a pathfinder."

"You were more fortunate than me," she laughingly replied, "there was no path for me to find; we had to make one."

When they came to San Jose, however, improved property was above boom prices. They paid $2000 for a lot on San Fernando street near Second on which was a little shell of a house. Of this transaction she often remarked that their "fireplace and a floor cost $8000."

"I was one of the members of the first Legislature," she often said. This explained gives an insight into her standing and disposition. San Jose was the Capital, and when the Legislature met Mrs. Bascom's home was always headquarters for the Legislature when they were not transacting business. There was always much and good victuals for all who cared to enjoy them, and it was a treat for them to enjoy her welcome and sparkling conversations. Then she always went to the Legislature to watch her friends transacting business.

Grandma Bascom claimed, and rightfully, to have helped build the first school house in San Jose, and she fed the first preacher. The school house consisted of a tent, and in this she did more than her share of sewing. Her home was open to all, ministers as well, she being a devoted Methodist. In social circles she was at the center, and many times was money coined for church and school purposes by means of her tact.

For illustration, she was always ready with a pleasing, quaint, spicy story to tell on anybody within her acquaintance. At social gatherings she would relate them if the person honored would pay the necessary amount to the fund for schools or churches, whatever it might chance to be.

In 1853 Dr. and Mrs. Bascom purchased 160 acres of land near Santa Clara from the Government and there made their home. The portion of the property now remaining as the Bascom estate was never owned by any other white man than he. Dr. Bascom died in 1881 and Mrs. Bascom continued to live at the old homestead, where for years she reveled in her garden and with her poultry. One-half of the property was left to her by her husband.

The little home has been the scene of many happy gatherings where pioneers assembled to wish her well and listen with pleasure to her remarks. In fact there is not a person who has enjoyed her acquaintance but cherishing some one of her bright, personal speeches.

Professor Burnham when at Lick Observatory, became a devoted friend of hers, and in fact his last visit made in California was to bid her good bye before going to Chicago. A few days before he moved his photographic instruments, the same used by him in his observations at the equator, to her house that he might get her picture. His purpose accomplished, the photograph of her being taken as she sat under a large fig tree in her own yard. These pictures are cherished by him and members of the family.

At the Sanitarium her strong personality commanded not only the admiration of those associated with her, but the deepest love of sisters and nurses, all of whom testify to her noble character. Sister Severina said last evening, "Laying aside all thought of religion, Grandma Bascom was the most high minded, pure minded woman I ever met."

While at the Sanitarium she was so well cared for that she loved the place as her own home and often expressed the wish that the fact of such kind care might be made known to those who cannot care for themselves. Not many months ago she expressed a desire to visit her cottage, and in response to her request she was gathered up in the arms of sisters, who held her in their laps while they were driven to the cottage, that her desire might be met.

Surviving her are three sons and three daughters—Mrs. Henry B. Swasey of San Francisco, Mrs. Eudora V. Smith of San Francisco, Al Bascom of San Jose, Mrs. R. A. Redman of Los Angeles, Ray Bascom of San Francisco and Frank A. Bascom of San Jose. The eldest, Mrs. Swasey, is 58 years of age and the youngest, Frank Bascom, is 30 years. She had five other children—three boys and two girls—now deceased.

TANNER—In this city, March 24th, Jane T., wife of J. G. Tanner, a native of California, aged 28 years.

[The funeral of deceased will take place from the Congregational Church TO-MORROW (Sunday) at 2 o'clock P. M. Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend.]

1895

DEATH OF MRS. J. G. TANNER.

She Peacefully Passed Away on Friday Evening at the Home of Her Mother.

At eight o'clock Friday evening Mrs. John G. Tanner passed away at the residence of her mother, Mrs. R. Bowan, on Church St., surrounded by her family. Death came to her as peacefully as sleep to a child. It was not unexpected, for hope had been abandoned for some time past. She knew that the end was at hand, and was prepared to meet it with fortitude and bravery.

For several days she had been gradually failing, and death came as a relief to her.

Mrs. Tanner, who was born in Pescadero, came to Santa Cruz when a child. Here she went to school, and here she grew to lovely womanhood. She was a woman of unusually sweet disposition and character. She was always happy and contented.

Mrs. Tanner leaves a husband, two children, mother, two sisters and a brother to mourn her untimely taking off. They have the sympathy of the entire community, for with her death closes the life of a loving wife, dutiful daughter and affectionate sister.

GONE OVER THE RANGE.

JONATHAN DRAKE STEVENSON.

Jonathan Drake Stevenson died at his residence, 2109 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco, February 14th, 1894. He was ninety-four years of age.

Colonel Stevenson has been one of the main figures of the history of California since the year 1847. He was then forty-seven years of age, having been born on January 1, 1800. On the breaking out of the Mexican war he was given a Colonel's commission, and in 1846 started for California in command of the First Regiment of New York Volunteers. With that organization he arrived here on March 7, 1847, and joined General Kearney at Monterey, where he was made Post Commander.

While in that command he did much towards putting the Spanish population of the south on pleasant terms with the American conquerors, but shortly afterwards he and his men were mustered out, and he turned to trade for a living.

Then he went to Mokelumne Hill, where he founded a town and was made Alcalde. This position he subsequently resigned, and with $10,000 in gold dust which he had saved started for Sacramento, via Sutter's Fort and thence to San Francisco—an eight-day journey by water in those days. The channel was then unknown, and it was owing to Colonel Stevenson's efforts that a survey was subsequently made, he himself footing many of the incidental expenses. When he was removed from the office of Shipping Commissioner some years ago the Government refunded some $2,600 which he had expended in that work.

He has for years been a prominent figure among local celebrities not only as the oldest pioneer in the city, but as a genial and sturdy old gentleman, who, though long past the span of years that are generally allotted to man, was nevertheless as active and intelligent and interested in public affairs as any individual not half his age in San Francisco. He came down town to his office in the Mills Building every day and attended to his legal and other business as assiduously as ever until he was ill with the grippe a few months ago.

The Colonel was a New Yorker by birth, though he has seldom been East since his arrival in California.

Colonel Stevenson was always a man of extremely temperate habits and one of his few peculiarities was his objection to taking a bath. This fact, however, was not due to any aversion for water. He believed in scrubbing himself daily with a brush rather than in total immersion, and to this habit of scrubbing, coupled with his regular and abstemious mode of living, he ascribed his mental and bodily healthfulness when he had already passed the extraordinary time limit of four-score years and ten.

On his birthday, two years ago, he wrote for publication the following brief sketch of his life:

"I was born January 1, 1800.

"My birthday therefore comes every year among the holidays. I am not certain what birthday is first in my recollection.

"The events of my early life are entirely associated with the Vanderbilts. Cornelius and I were playmates as boys, for there was but two years difference in our ages. My mother was at the marriage of Cornelius Vanderbilt's parents and the families were very intimate. I am the only man who knows from personal experience the early life of the millionaire who was subsequently called 'Commodore.' My father's birthday was on January 1st. He was born in 1775, and on his twenty-fifth birthday I was born. My influence, I believe, led to the nomination of James K. Polk for President of the United States. I was opposed to the nomination of Buchanan because it was he who induced our political god, De Witt Clinton, to be a candidate against Madison at the time he was a candidate for re-election. A Colonel's commission was given me at the breaking out of the Mexican war, and in 1846 I started for California in command of the First Regiment of New York volunteers. We arrived March 6, 1847. I went to General Kearney, then in command at Monterey, and was made post commander.

"The General wanted me to go to Los Angeles, where some trouble was reported. With two companies I made the trip.

"To the rancheros thereabouts I offered in terms that if they acknowledged my authority I would give them protection and pay them for anything my men destroyed or made use of. If not, I would treat them as a conquered nation. They were glad to be assured protection, for frequent depredations had been made by licentious sailors.

"While I was at Los Angeles the holidays came, and my first Christmas in California was under the suns of the southern portion. We celebrated that day by a grand feast.

"After the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, myself and men were mustered out.

"I accumulated a little money by selling articles I possessed. A rifle brought $500, a pair of dueling pistols sold for $250. The tarred and greased suit I had worn on shipboard sold for $20. I went to Mokelumne Hill, founded a town there and was the first Alcalde. I resigned, and with $10,000 in gold dust walked to Sutter's Fort, and thence to Sacramento. I was eight days making the trip by water from Sacramento to San Francisco. The channel was entirely unknown. I procured a survey to be made, having for that purpose William Tecumseh Sherman, then a lieutenant, the late R. P. Hammond and Lieutenant Blair. I expended $2,675 for the survey. When I was turned out of the office of Shipping Commissioner, not long ago, I applied to the State for payment of the amount I spent for this survey. Within a few weeks the Supreme Court has decided that the appropriation, passed by unanimous vote of the Legislature to pay me, was valid.

"I have been East since I came to California. Once I went to Vanderbilt's office and said I wanted to see Mr. Vanderbilt.

"A boy said he would take any message I might have. I said I had no message; I wanted to see Mr. Vanderbilt.

"He took my name and in a short time returned and asked me on what business I desired to see the Commodore.

"I turned and left the office and never again sought to see Cornelius Vanderbilt."

Colonel Stevenson was born on January 1, 1800. At 12 he headed a band of his school fellows and worked in the trenches on Long Island designed for the defense of New York against the British. There he attracted the attention of Governor Daniel D. Tompkins, rescuing him from under the heels of the horse which he had been riding, and which had fallen and become unmanageable. A few years later Tompkins was elected to the Vice-Presidency, and he made young Stevenson, then 18 or 19 years of age, his private secretary. Thus at a precocious age Stevenson formed the acquaintance of some of the greatest men of the republic.

When war was declared by the United States against Mexico he offered his services to President Polk, and suggested the sending of a hostile expedition to the Pacific Coast. The volunteer force, which history will always recognize as "Stevenson's regiment," was speedily formed and accepted by the Government. A plot was devised by Thomas Jefferson Sullivan, an adventurer who had been refused a commission under Colonel Stevenson, to prevent Stevenson's departure with his regiment. Sullivan stirred up some of the recruits to obtain warrants of arrests in civil suits against Colonel Stevenson for false imprisonment. The Colonel frustrated this plot by boarding his flotilla in advance of the day of sailing and refusing to allow the Deputy Sheriffs to come aboard his flagship.

The regiment, which was mustered in on August 1, 1846, was composed of ten companies, comprising 769 men, the most of whom were of splendid physique.

The fleet was towed to sea on Saturday, September 26, 1846, and on March 6, 1847 arrived at Yerba Buena, where Colonel Stevenson reported to General Kearney, then in command of the United States forces on the Coast. Colonel Stevenson was stationed at Monterey and Los Angeles and took charge of the southern military district of California until he and his volunteers were mustered out of the United States service at the close of the war. He settled in California and never left the State until forty years afterward, when he made a brief visit to New York.

Just before Col. Stevenson left New York to come around "The Horn" to San Francisco with his regiment he was short of money. In the press of his needs he borrowed $325 from David Dudley Field, elder brother of Stephen J. Field, the present Justice of the Supreme Court, giving his note for the sum. This was in 1847. In the latter part of 1849, nearly three years later, Stephen J. Field arrived in San Francisco. He was in the vernacular of those days and of the present, "flat broke."

While wandering over the town Field met Stevenson and was introduced to him. The Colonel gave the new arrival a cordial welcome and told him that it was just the place for a young lawyer. All he would have to do was to put out a sign and business would roll in upon him. The Colonel by way of encouragement remarked that during the three years he had been here he had made a large fortune for himself.

Young Field congratulated Stevenson upon his good luck, and drawing the note which the Colonel had given his brother from his pocket, asked Stevenson if the signature to the promise to pay was his. The latter somewhat reluctantly admitted that it was.

Field then suggested that if Stevenson would pay the face of the note he would not charge him California interest. The Colonel, who was always a thrifty soul and adverse to parting with his coin, did not respond with alacrity.

Finally Field told him that he had not yet eaten his breakfast, by reason of his not having the where-withal to purchase it. As to the shingle that he desired to put out, he never would be able to obtain that unless Stevenson honored the note with a portion of the large fortune he had made so quickly.

The Colonel drew forth a sack of gold-dust, paid the $325, and young Field got his breakfast, although it was somewhat late in the day for that meal. The next day he started out for Marysville, where he put out his sign. In three weeks he was making money, and in a year he was rich. He became the first mayor of Marysville, and from there climbed the ladder to the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States. This story was told by Judge Field at a private banquet years ago.

The funeral, the date for which has not been set, will be under the direction of the Masons.

The funeral took place under the auspices of the Masonic order, at Masonic Temple, on the 18th of February.

Up in the organ loft, while the people were gathering, Samuel Mayer played Chopin's Funeral March.

Just at 1 o'clock the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge began to read the impressive ritual of the Masonic order. Although the crush was great and people could scarcely breathe so tightly were they packed together in the hall, they made no noise, and the low toned voice of the reader reached to every corner.

Then the choir sang "Lead, Kindly Light," Grand Master Orme read a further portion of the service. The quartet sang "There Is Rest for the Weary."

After that all the assembled Masons went through the ceremony of rendering the last honors to the deceased, the quartet sang "Good Night, I Am Going Home," Grand Chaplain Rev. Alfred Perkins, said a brief prayer, the choir sang "The Lord's Prayer," and then Grand Orator W. H. L. Barnes, delivered the eulogy.

General Barnes grew eloquent as he spoke of the early life and later services of the dead pioneer who lay before him. He told of the many things that had happened during his long life and of the various projects in which he had been engaged, of his birth ninety-four years ago, and finally of his death.

MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT.

"When Johnathan Drake Stevenson was born there were but 5,000,000 people in this entire country," said the orator. "He lived until there were 65,000,000. He has seen the country grow and develop. He has beheld the progress of many inventions and the revolutionizing of many methods. On the day of his birth there were no railroads in the country. Now there are 170,000 miles of them. The telegraph was unknown then, and to-day millions of miles of wire stretch everywhere. General Barnes then told of the various incidents in Stevenson's long career which are matters of history.

After the oration the choir sang "Shall We Meet Beyond the River?" there was another prayer, the hymn "Nearer My God to Thee," and then the slow procession of those who wished to take a last look at the body began.

The procession started from the temple about 3 o'clock. It was composed of members of the Masonic order, of the Pioneers, of Veterans of the Mexican War and other organizations to which the deceased belonged.

The pall bearers were Past Grand Master M. Greene Curtis, W. C. Belcher, Alva R. Conklin, W. A. Davies, M. M. Estee, Hiram Rueker and S. C. Denson of the Grand Lodge; A. A. Booth and Washington Ayer of the Masonic Veterans' Association; A. F. Knorp and Joseph Patterson of the Past Masters' Association; G. L. Speer and Edward Peabody of the California Lodge, No. 1, and W. L. Duncan and W. C. Barnett of the Veterans of the Mexican War.

At the grave a battery from the Presidio, under command of Colonel Kinsey, fired a funeral salute.

EX-GOV. JOHN C. DOWNEY.

Ex-Governor John C. Downey died at Los Angeles, March 1st, 1894, after a brief illness of three days. He was taken with a cold, which resulted in pneumonia. He was sixty-seven years of age.

Governor Downey was a figure in the politics of the State over thirty years ago, but in later times has taken no part in the public affairs of California.

When Latham was elected Governor in 1859, Downey was elected Lieutenant Governor on the same (Democratic) ticket, and when Latham subsequently was returned to the United States Senate Downey succeeded him as executive.

That was during the days of dispute and turbulence preceding the war and shortly after the killing of Broderick by Terry.

Previous to his election there were doubts as to Governor Downey's true sentiments on the two gravest political questions of the times; but, though a thorough Democrat, he was a staunch upholder of the Union and a strong opponent of slavery.

He was not a talented nor yet a highly educated man, but according to his conscientious views he was just and upright in all his dealings with his constituents, and one act of his during his tenure of office saved more to San Francisco than any amount of legislation could ever have profitably recovered had the Bulkhead bill not been vetoed. This measure provided for the virtual giving away of the city's water front rights to a private corporation of speculators, and was easily pushed through a Legislature that was corrupt to the core. Downey vetoed the bill, however, and saved millions to the people.

He was succeeded in the gubernatorial chair by the late Senator Leland Stanford, and since he retired from the Governorship has not subsequently figured in the active politics of the State. His interests in and about Los Angeles, where he owns the Warner ranch and other valuable properties, are large, and his wealth is estimated at considerably over a million dollars. He was twice married, his first wife being killed in the frightful Tehachipi disaster of 1883, wherein his own life was very nearly lost also. In May 1888, he married Miss Rosa V. Kelly, who now survives as his widow. Ex-Governor Downey was the brother of Mrs. Edward Martin and the uncle of J. Downey Harvey.

Governor John G. Downey was born in County Boscommon, Ireland, and came to California in 1849 with but $10 in his pocket, and after a varied experience opened at Los Angeles in 1850 a drug store, which was the only establishment of the kind in the State south of San Francisco. He accumulated $30,000 and then engaged in real estate speculations and stock raising and thereby acquired his fortune. Among his possessions was the Santa Gertrudo Rancho, famed for its beauty and its mineral springs.

GONE OVER THE RANGE.

GOVERNOR PIO PICO.

Pio Pico the last Mexican Governor of California, died at his residence in Los Angeles, September 11, 1894, in his ninety-fourth year. He was born in what county at the Mission San Gabriel, and notwithstanding his great age he was, up to the time of his last illness a hearty, vigorous man, with full capacity to enjoy the pleasures of life. With perfectly white hair and beard and sturdy frame, he was a picturesque character on the streets.

He was the son of Jose M. Pico, Sergeant of the artillery company stationed at San Diego, and Dona Maria Eustaquia Gutierrez. The family first resided at San Gabriel but removed to San Diego after the death of Jose Pico in 1819.

Pio Pico was declared Governor of Alta California on February 15, 1845, in consequence of a revolution inaugurated against Micheltoreno. After he was made Governor an army was raised here against Micheltoreno, and in the Cahuenago Pass after a bloodless battle, the latter surrendered, and Pico returned the recognized ruler of Baja and Alta California. In 1846 Governor Pico made an attempt to stand against the Americans after Commodore Sloat had raised the American flag at Monterey.

A decisive battle was fought with Commodore Stockton at San Gabriel river crossing, south of Los Angeles, and General Flores, the Commandite, and Pico fled the country. His brother, Gen. Andreas Pico, made a stand against Col. Fremont at San Fernando, but had to succumb and surrender to the Colonel the Pueblo of Los Angeles.

Meanwhile Stockton had demanded the surrender of the city and had turned over its command to General Kearny, which led to the celebrated arrest and court martial of Fremont, which was embittered by the part Senator Benton took against the disposition of his son-in-law by the military authorities. After the treaty of Guadelupe Hidalgo, Governor Pico continued to reside in Los Angeles, where he had immense holdings of lands. But he seems to suddenly develop a violent litigious disposition and had constantly been in the courts.

His great property was gradually dissipated by the enormous costs of his incessant litigation, and his late years were embittered by poverty, brought upon him by his contentious disposition, which impelled him to carry most of his lawsuits to the United States Supreme Court. He seldom if ever gained a decision.

Since he was ejected from the San Bartolo rancho, where he had lived for many years, he had been given a home by Colonel J. J. Warner, in the south-western part of the city. Colonel Warner is one of the oldest pioneers of the State, and knew Pico when he was the autocrat of the Californians. At Warner's, with only a Mexican boy cook as his retinue, the old Gobernador has resided for the past few years. Colonel Warner and his wife were the godchildren of the old Don, according to Spanish custom he having stood up with them at their marriage many years ago. Although living among Americans for forty years he never learned English. He was a kind, generous, joyful man, a true friend to the needy, many early settlers on the Coast owing much to his helping hand.

AT REST.

EMMOR DILWORTH.

The remains of Mr. Emmor Dilworth, of Beloit, Kansas, whose sudden and unexpected death occurred at Beloit, Kansas, last Thursday, arrived here Saturday in charge of his son, Hamer Dilworth and nephew Willis Dilworth, and were immediately taken to the residence of Ezra Dilworth, brother of the deceased. Relatives, comrades and friends, of kind, happy and genial Emmor Dilworth flocked from Saturday noon to the funeral hour to view the body of one whom in life commanded the respect and honor of all who knew him. Always in robust health and happy, joyous disposition, Emmor Dilworth was one the thought of or presence of whom was pleasurable, a character much beloved. Deceased was born at Union town, Ohio, Feb'y 22nd, 1828; he came to Illinois with his parents, William and Mary Dilworth, in 1837, locating at Vermont, Ill., in 1838; here he resided during the early period of his life. In 1854 he joined his brother Ezra in the hardware and implement business under the firm name of E. & E. Dilworth, which has been conceded to have been the most successful firm in that line of business ever established in this section of the state. In 1858 he was married to Miss Catharine B. Hamer, of Vermont, and to them one son, Hamer, was born. In 1862 Mr. Dilworth being of that sturdy quaker stock that believed oppression as exemplified by human slavery, a crime and secession, as attempted by the south, treason, left home and kindred and fought for freedom and Union. He enlisted in Co. B. 84th Ill. Vol. and after two years service was honorably discharged as a lieutenant. Returning to Vermont he resumed his place as a member of the firm of E. & E. Dilworth. In 1878 he sold his interest in the hardware business to his brother Ezra and went east, remaining a year at Baltimore, Md., returning to the west he bought a large ranch in Colorado and followed the sheep and cattle business for a number of years with varying success. This occupation not being to his liking he disposed of the ranch and business and with his son, Hamer engaged in the hardware and implement business, at Beloit, Kansas, in which line he had no superiors and few equals in the United States. As said his death was sudden and unexpected; he had complained of a stomach trouble the previous night and summoned a physician who apparently had no difficulty in relieving him. The physician and Mr. Dilworth's son, Hamer, was with him the morning of April 5th, while he was feeling badly, no thought of a change for the worse was surmised. The doctor had left but a few moments when he spoke to his son of a severe pain in his side, and immediately died. The funeral cortege left the residence of Ezra Dilworth at 2.30 p. m. Sunday, Apr. 8th. Preceding the hearse was the Vermont band, followed by Geo. Yocum Post G. A. R. which society had charge of the services. At the Vermont cemetery with beautiful and impressive ceremonies the remains of Lieut. Emmor Dilworth were laid away. The surviving immediate relatives of Emmor Dilworth are his son Hamer Dilworth, of Beloit, Kansas; his sister M.rs. Mattie Durell, of Chicago, and his brothers James & Ezra, of Vermont Ill., all of whom were at his burial.

WILLIAM F. COOPER.

William F. Cooper died at Santa Cruz December 6th, 1894. His death was not unexpected, for he had been in ill health for some time. Death has removed the last of four brothers who played prominent parts in the early history of this county. They were, John, Thomas, James and William. They were among the pioneer merchants, having places of business in Watsonville and Front streets, Santa Cruz. William arrived in Santa Cruz in 1851. At that time the Cooper Brothers had the principal store in Santa Cruz, and as late as 1857 the three leading stores were those of Cooper Bros., F. A. Hihn and John Elden. The Coopers had their establishment on the lot where M. Leonard's new building now stands. It was not then a corner, the Coopers opening Cooper street. They then owned about an acre of land in what is now the heart of the city. It included the lots now owned by M. Leonard, Geo. Stadler, Jackson Sylvar, W. A. Hihn, the Pilots, Bank of Santa Cruz Company and the city and county. The land fronted on Front street and Pacific Avenue.

The Coopers deeded the land to the county on which the burnt Courthouse stood and the Hall of Records now stands, with the agreement that if ever the Courthouse was moved the land would revert to them.

When the deceased built his home on Front street it was considered one of the finest residents in town. He occupied it for over thirty years.

Wm. F. Cooper was one of the organizers of the Republican party in Santa Cruz. He gave his time towards the success of the party. For years the Cooper Bros.' store was the headquarters for Republicans. They had so many business transactions with the people that it was said that they knew nearly everybody in the county, and on election day their influence counted for much.

Wm. F. Cooper was the first Mayor of Santa Cruz. During his administration the City Hall was built and the fire department organized. He only served one term. Subsequently he was appointed Postmaster. In his later years Mr. Cooper, although always interested in the success of the Republican party, did not play the prominent part he had when a young man.

In all his official dealings the deceased was strictly honest. The deceased was born in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, seventy-one years ago. He leaves a widow and four children, Frank P. Cooper, Harry C. Cooper, Wm. A. Cooper and Mrs. B. Phillips, who have the sympathy of the entire community.

GEN. GEORGE STONEMAN.

General George Stoneman, ex-Governor of California, died September 5th, 1895, at the residence of his sister; Mrs. Benj. H. Williams, at Buffalo, N. Y.

General George Stoneman was born in the town of Bush, Chatauqua county, New York in 1824. At eighteen years of age he applied to the Secretary of war to be admitted to West Point. After some time had elapsed he was appointed and he graduated from the institution with high honors. After his graduation he was appointed a lieutenant in the cavalry service. He arrived in California in 1843 in command of a detachment U. S. Cavalry. When the war of the rebellion arose he entered and did service for his country.

After the war he was vice-president of the Sacramento Valley railroad. In 1876 he was appointed railroad commissioner and served until 1879. When elected raiload commissioner he had more than 20,000 majority. President Hayes made him one of the Board of Indian Commissioners.

His military record was a splendid one. He was appointed a cadet in July 1842. In 1846 he was breveted second lieutenant of the First Dragoons. In 1847 he received his regular commission as lieutenant. His advancement was then rapid and his promotions in nearly every instance were for "gallant and meritorious service on the field of battle." On March 13th, 1865, he was made brigadier-general for gallant services in the capture of Charlotte, North Carolina. In August, 1881, he was retired because of his disability, resulting from disease contracted in the time of duty.

General Stoneman's latter life is better known to the public. In 1882 he was nominated by the Democrats for Governor and after a memorable campaign was triumphantly elected by 23,000 majority. Hon. M. M. Estee the present Republican nominee for Governor, was the Republican standard bearer. After his term of office as Governor expired he rather retired from public life and spent some time in the east, traveling and visiting scenes of earlier years.

OBITUARY. 1894

JAMES DILWORTH. Oct. 19.

Our citizens were shocked Friday morning, to hear that James Dilworth was dead. For, almost the day before he was seen on our streets without any indication of being ill. Thursday afternoon and evening he began to complain of not feeling well. Along after midnight he complained of a severe pain in the breast and arose and went to a stand near by, took some medicine and returned to bed. In about ten minutes he began to breathe hard, and before Mrs Dilworth could summon assistance he was dead. A sudden and fatal appoplexy of the heart had caused almost instantaneous death. Telegrams were at once sent to his relatives in Chicago and the west announcing his decease. His brother, Ezra Dilworth, and wife had but a few days gone to the west and south to spend the winter, and could not get here. Mrs. E. P. Durell, of Chicago, (Mr. Dilworth's sister,) was present for the funeral, as was also W. W. Dilworth, of Beloit, Kansas.

Sunday at one o'clock, the sad procession left the home for the cemetery, followed by an unusually large concourse of people who came to pay their regret at the loss of a good neighbor and friend. At the cemetery the casket was lowered and the pall-bearers, each in his turn, lovingly filled the new grave. Col. Kinney, on behalf of the family, in a few words thanked the people for their expressions of sympathy. That was all the service. It was simple and beautiful—a fit ceremony for the ending of a beautiful and generous life.

James Dilworth was born Oct., 29, 1825 in Uniontown, Belmont county, Ohio and came to this state in 1837. On May 14, 1851 he was married to Elizabeth Harris, who died the 19th of January 1867. His second marriage was to Mary Chicken, Sept., 15, 1869. The children by his first wife are Mrs. Clara D. Hall and William H. Dilworth both of Table Grove. Eliza, the youngest, is the son by the present Mrs. Dilworth. These four constitute Mr. Dilworth's immediate family. But there is a long line of family connection all of whom are well known here and other places where they live. In religious belief and training Mr. Dilworth was a Quaker, though from the lack of opportunity he did not closely affiliate with the church. At the time of his death he did not belong to any lodge or order, although at one time was an Odd Fellow. Since coming to this state he has resided in and near Vermont, where for over forty years he devoted himself to merchandizing. A large part of this time he was in the hardware trade. In the recent years he gave himself to farming. For twenty-six consecutive years he was township school treasurer. And not one cent in error or discrepency was ever connected with his accounts. Public office with James Dilworth was a sacred trust. The people delighted to honor him because of his fidelity. He was the friend of the widow and orphans. The cause of those entitled to pensions from the government he made his. For years and years James Dilworth, with his keen insight and good business sense, discerned at once the trouble and straightway it was rectified. All these services he gave freely out of a boundless nature.

By intelligence and industry he leaves an estate valued at $30,000. In his later years took life easily and serenely. His great legacy to his children and the community is the record of an unblemished life. And many, very many, will hold him in grateful remembrance, now that he has gone forever.

CAPT. J. C. AINSWORTH.

Captain J. C. Ainsworth, a pioneer of 1849, died at his home in Oakland December 30th, 1894. Deceased was a capitalist well known the whole length of the Pacific Coast, having large shipping interests on the Columbia and Willamette rivers and being prominent in banking circles of Portland, San Francisco and Oakland.

He was also largely interested at Redondo. Captain Ainsworth's fortune has been estimated at $3,000,000.

JAMES WILLIAMSON.—Nearly every session of the laymen's conventions and lay electoral conferences has enrolled among its members the above name. His voice was heard in favor of whatever he deemed for the advancement of the cause of Christ, through his beloved Methodism. He was born in Scotland in 1820. At the age of 29 he left his native land for America, and in December of the same year reached San Francisco. The Southern California mines attracted his attention, and in June, 1850, he was on the Yuba river searching for gold. In 1856 he settled in Marysville, and went into business. Here he remained several years, giving little attention to religious matters until the visit of Rev. A. B. Earle, under whose labors he was soundly converted, and joined the Methodist Episcopal church, of which he has been a faithful and honored member. In Powell-street church, San Francisco, he spent a few years of active service for the Master. For the past eighteen years his home has been in Santa Cruz. He has been superintendent of the Sunday-school most of that time, holding that position at the time of his call from earth. As trustee, steward, class-leader and representative at the electoral and lay gatherings, he won the approval of his brethren. He was especially the friend and counselor of the young, and to them his name is as ointment poured forth. Brother Williamson was also a successful business man, being at the head of the firm of Williamson & Garrett for nearly a score of years, and engaged in its active conduct until within a couple of weeks of his departure. His last illness was only of about three weeks' duration, and was of such a nature as to give great pain, allowing him but little sleep. Up to the last hour, he possessed his rationality, and triumphed in the Lord. He died on Monday morning. His funeral took place from the church in Santa Cruz, October 25th. The whole city was moved. The papers, without exception, gave high eulogy to his exemplary life. The house would not hold half the people who wished to pay tribute to his memory. Many touching expressions of love were found in floral offerings, and the "Pioneers" and Sunday-school were present en masse. Last Sunday an appropriate memorial service was held by the Sunday-school, in which suitable resolutions were passed by those with whom he had labored, and whose lives had been shaped much by his example. In the evening the Christian Endeavor Society, of which he was an active member, expressed their sense of loss and appreciation in appropriate resolutions. He leaves a wife, two sons and three daughters, with grandchildren, and other relatives, to mourn, but not without hope. A deep sense of loneliness fills the community. The church feels most keenly its loss, and can only retrieve itself by renewing its consecration to God. The whole of our Coast Methodism has been blessed by his life, and will sympathize with his family and home church in this hour of sorrow. Thank God, we have a brighter home beyond, and there the weary are at rest.

H. B. HEACOCK.

SANTA CRUZ, Cal, Oct. 31, 1894.

DR. HOLMES IS DEAD.

Last of Boston's Literary Giants.

A Sudden Attack of Heart Disease.

Eighty-five Years of a Busy Life Sat Lightly on Body and Soul.

Special Dispatch to the Chronicle.

BOSTON, October 7.—Oliver Wendell Holmes, the venerable poet and writer, almost the last of the circle of great men of letters of New England of the generation past, died at his home at 296 Beacon street, Boston, at 1:45 this afternoon. The immediate cause of his death was heart disease. Dr. Holmes had been in his usual good health all summer, which he spent at his country house at Beverly Farms. As was his custom, he came back to his winter residence in Boston about ten days ago. He seemed then as well and strong as at any time in the last few years. Since his wife's death some years ago he had been troubled with heart disease, and, while his physicians told him that he must use great care, it was not considered necessarily a severe case. On Wednesday last he was not well and did not rise.

Indeed, yesterday Dr. Holmes was comparatively well and cheerful, and talked with his son of some literary work he had in mind. This morning he did not feel so well as he had been, and Dr. Putnam was quickly summoned. The physician did not consider him seriously ill, but about noon Dr. Holmes became more feeble and very nearly lapsed into unconsciousness. It was thought he would rally, however, and, as a consequence, when the end came at 1:45 o'clock there were present only his son, Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr. of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and the latter's wife.

Dr. Holmes leaves, besides Judge Holmes, another son, Edward, and a daughter, Mrs. J. C. Sargent of Beverly Farms.

The funeral arrangements have not yet been made.

Although the poet's death occurred shortly after midday, it did not become known until a late hour to-night. The house was darkened and police guarded the entrance to prevent the household from being disturbed.

Dr. Holmes celebrated his 85th birthday on August 29th of this year. On that birthday morning Dr. Holmes sat in his pleasant little library in his summer home at Beverly Farms, Mass. which overlooks the sea in front and is furnished, so to speak, in the rear by a rocky enclosure. He was chatting with friends and receiving congratulations.

To a reporter he said: "I am gradually regaining my health, after the longest illness I have ever had, attended with much prostration of mind and body. It began in the latter part of the winter with influenza or the grip, and continued through the spring, the first attack having been followed by a relapse.

"I have not attempted any literary work in that time with the exception of a certain amount of dictation. The burden of my years sits lightly upon me, compared with the weight it seems to lay upon many less advanced in age than myself. But after four score years the encroachments of time make themselves felt with increasing progress. One who has lived to complete his eighty-fourth year has had his full share, even of an old man's selfishness. Whatever is granted over that is practical indulgence on the part of nature."

A LITERARY GIANT GONE.

The Last to Pass of a Famous Circle of Bostonians.

With the death of Dr. Holmes there has passed the last of Boston's famous coterie of literary giants, in which sat and wrote such men as Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell and the others of that fruitful literary epoch. Among the congratulations to which the American of moderate means likes to give a conspicuous place either in his parlor or library, one of the most familiar is that of "Washington Irving and his friends at Sunnyside." It contains the calm face of Prescott, the striking features of Nathaniel Hawthorne, the dandyish head of N. P. Willis, the English merchant-like look of Longfellow, the grizzled hair of Emerson, while, comparatively in the background, are seen the clean-shaven cheeks, round head, slick locks, prominent nose and sharp eyes of a small man looking out of the picture with a quiet smile. Underneath appears a name just beginning to be heard of when the plate was issued as that of a humorist, poet and lecturer—Oliver Wendell Holmes. In a few years that name was known far and wide on both sides of the Atlantic. Cambridge and Boston were both well acquainted with the personnel and cheery manners of Dr. Holmes but the publication of a single work lifted him into a fame that was world-wide. "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" is a compendium of philosophy, a treasure of sparkling wit and a display of delightful individuality unique in American and English literature. Had Dr. Holmes written nothing else, he would not be forgotten so long as library shelves are in fashion and a taste for mental cheer and stimulus exists. But his reputation does not rest upon one thing. His "Professor of the Breakfast Table" is almost a radiant in those qualities which made the "Autocrat" so delightful. His poems are by turns richly humorous and touchingly pathetic, his detached pieces are far above the average magazine articles, and his novels, "Elsie Venner" and "Guardian Angels" are marked by a keen insight into human nature, great cleverness and much epigrammatic force of statement.

In one of the chapters of the "Autocrat" there may be found the description of a typical "man of family." In writing that description Holmes was largely autobiographical. For many years the doctor lived in Boston on Beacon street, and the parlors are filled with "claw-footed chairs and black mahogany tables, and bevelled-edged mirrors and stately upright sarcenets," while the hall is lined with family portraits.

Dr. Holmes belonged to the colonial aristocracy of America and was the descendant of a family, every male member of which was a man of note. His grandfather, Dr. David Holmes, served in the colonial days during three campaigns in Canada, and was four years in the army of the Revolution as surgeon. His father was Dr. Abiel Holmes, who graduated at Yale in 1785 and was transferred to the first church in Cambridge, Mass., in 1792.

Besides old furniture and portraits there is an old house in the family. Standing in Cambridge, facing south and looking out on the Common—the parade ground in the Continental days—is a large yellow, gambrel-roofed structure of the Revolutionary period, with immense chimneys, high gables and glaring white cornices and trimmings. Its honest dormer windows are the big-teamed, heavy-roofed affairs of the early days, when men raised their roofs high and wanted "light under the rafters." The Old Colony turnpike ran between the house and the Common, and in the April afternoon when the British soldiers came pushing down the road, they fired a scattering volley into the house. That it looked out on the Yankee musterfield, and that its owner, old Uncle Quincy (Dr. Holmes' maternal grandfather), was friendly to the provincials, is the probable cause. This same volley brought down three men who were standing on the tavern steps close by, the first Cambridge men to fall.

Inside the house has all the accompaniments of the larger hospitality of the period in which it was built, and the great log fireplaces with wide seats in the chimney corners, the heavy shelving and antique carving in the library, and the powderous beams of the ceilings, finished off in open sight, indicate that the old house is honest in every joint and is of that plain, solid and ample character which belongs to the dwellings of the period.

When he that sold his house or land
showed leak in roof or flaw in sight.
When legislators kept the law,
When banks dispensed with bolts and locks,
When trade was honest, work and straw
Were bigger downward through the box.

Noble elms throw their shade over it and in front of the library stands the linden from whose naked branches fluttered the original suggestion of the exquisite poem, "The Last Leaf" and in the roof above the author of that poem was born on the 29th of August, 1809. It was in the natural order of things that he should become a Harvard man, and in 1829 he graduated from that college. He at once commenced the study of law, but soon found it distasteful and abandoned it for medicine. In 1832 he went to Europe, attending the hospitals of Paris and other large cities, and, returning to America, commenced practice in Boston in 1835. Three years afterward he was elected professor of anatomy and physiology in Dartmouth College, and in 1847 was appointed to a similar professorship in Harvard, giving up his general practice.

His literary career began contemporaneously with that of a student, his first contributions being verses for the *Collegian*, conducted by the Harvard undergraduates. Among his other early efforts were poems sent to "Illustrations of the Athenæum Gallery of Paintings," in 1827, and to "The Rectsinger, a May Gift," in 1833. These, with other contributions to various periodicals, attracted some attention, but his reputation as a poet was established by the delivery of a metrical essay entitled, "Poetry," read in 1836 before the Phi Beta Kappa Society. It was published in the first edition of his collected poems in the same year. Many of his best verses were written for festal occasions, when his felicity at versification was generally admired, and when he often sang or recited these efforts himself.

Of such poems "Terpsichore" was read by him at a dinner of the Phi Beta Kappa Society in 1843. "Urania" was published in 1846 and "Astrea" in 1850. All these were well-hewn, well-set stones in the rapidly growing area of fame, and then in 1857 the keystone was set in place. In that year there appeared in the *Atlantic* a series of articles entitled, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," followed later on by "The Professor at the Breakfast Table," the series being rounded off by "The Poet at the Breakfast Table," which appeared in 1872.

In the meantime his two novels had appeared, "Elsie Venner, a Romance of Destiny," given to the public in 1861, and the "Guardian Angel," published seven years later. In 1838 he published three "Prose Dissertations"; in 1842, "Lectures on Homœopathy and Its Kindred Delusions"; in 1848, "A Report on Medical Literature," "A Pamphlet on Puerperal Fever," and in connection with Dr. Jacob Bigelow, an edition of Hale's "Theory and Practice of Medicine." In 1869 Dr. Holmes delivered a course of lectures on the "English Poets of the Nineteenth Century"; in 1861 he published "Currents and Counter-Currents in Medical Science"; in 1867, "Border Lines in some Provinces of Medical Science"; and lastly, "Mechanism in Thought and Morals," in 1871.

In addition to these proofs of well-spent hours must be mentioned frequent contributions to medical journals, as well as to the *North American Review*, the *Knickerbocker* and other literary magazines. Then, too, he has distinguished himself by his researches in auscultation and microscopy, by his college lectures, and on the platform as a public and popular lecturer.

Dr. Holmes' domestic relations were of the happiest order. When young he married a daughter of Charles Jackson of Boston. Both had property, so that his essays in literature were not the struggles of a penniless writer. He had several children, the eldest of whom was named after his father. He filled a chair at Harvard, and served with distinction and was severely wounded during the Civil War as an officer of a Massachusetts regiment.

Save for his "frosty pow," Dr. Holmes showed his age but little, and when over 70 years of age his step was as brisk, his attention to duties as close and exact, and his mentality as fresh and sparkling as at any time in his life. He was, however, a good deal of a valetudinarian, and regulated his movements by hygienic notions and contrivances, keeping barometers, aerometers, thermometers and many other instruments in his study and consulting them incessantly.

Nominally a Unitarian, he was virtually a rationalist and sometimes gave offense to the very orthodox by the presentation in his writings of conspicuously liberal views. In person he was small of stature and slight of physique. He had a queer, quizzical, wrinkled face and gray eyes usually coming with the consciousness of an unspoken jest. His heart was full of kindness and sympathy, and when Oliver Wendell Holmes died there passed away a scientist, philosopher and poet whose loss will be felt by America and the English-speaking world.

MASTER OF LAWS.

Death of David Dudley Field.

ONE OF THE GREAT MEN.

Not the Least Remarkable of a Remarkable Family.

POLITICIAN, PLEADER, JURIST.

His Code Has Been Adopted and His Work Approved in Several States.

1894.

NEW YORK, April 13.—David Dudley Field died here to-day. He was born in 1805.

Mr. Field arrived from Italy Wednesday. His only child, the widow of Sir Antony Musgrove, who was Governor of Queenstown, Australia, was with him when he died.

David Dudley Field, eldest son of David Dudley Field, was born in Haddam, Conn., on the 13th day of February, 1805, and was consequently not far from 89 years of age. He was one, and not the least remarkable one, of a most remarkable family—a family that has left and is still leaving its imprint upon the history of the western continent. David Dudley Field was easily the Nestor of the New York bar, though all his life was bracketed with—well, he was a Field and he did much good after all. The whole history of this remarkable band of brothers, the Fields, is an interweaving of good to mankind with other things which perhaps would not be called good, whatever else they might be termed. That is the family history, at least, except so far as it concerns the youngest brother and the sister, Mrs. Brewer, wife of a missionary to the Turks in Asia Minor. The youngest of the Fields, Henry Martyn, was a clergyman like his father before him and a writer of books of travel which obtained some vogue. His balance of good and evil must be struck elsewhere than there. The sister was a good woman, in that she was a woman never mentioned outside her own family circle, and the mother of Mr. Justice Brewer of the Supreme Court of the United States. There stands the balance, for the moral history of Mr. Justice Brewer and his peculiar ideas of his duty and his discretion are known of all men.

Cyrus W. Field, the third brother, now dead, laid the first Atlantic cable, a work of superb daring, wedding two hemispheres, was decorated by European princes and received the freedom of the city of New York and a gold snuff-box. Then he went into Wall street, walked the street in the approved fashion of speculators, accumulated million upon million, served the problem of rapid transit in the American metropolis by the construction of the first "L" road and, at last, ran counter to Jay Gould and was himself cinched, disgrace being added to ruin by the crimes of his son, Edward, who was acquestered as an asylum for the insane at Buffalo for a time after his father's death, but who was recently brought out to stand trial for swindling.

Stephen J. Field, a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and on the bench yet, though past the retiring age, is the second brother. His balances are not yet made up. They cannot be until the curtain is rung down.

David Dudley Field was in Congress for three months in 1876, serving out the unexpired term of Smith Ely of New York, and he was a member of the Peace Convention, but with these exceptions he held no public office during his long life, although taking an active interest in politics. His fame rests upon the codification and reform of the practice of the law, civil and criminal, and to bring about this reform he did more than any jurist who ever lived, ancient or modern.

In politics he had the broad catholicism characteristic of large-brained men, being no sticker for party. He called himself for the most part a Democrat, yet he supported John C. Fremont for the Presidency, and during the dark days the administration of Abraham Lincoln had no firmer ally with brain and pen than David Dudley Field. Possibly it was in some measure due to this fact that President Lincoln appointed his brother to the Supreme Bench. Politics presents strange necessities sometimes to the best of men.

Again, in 1876, Mr. Field arrayed himself on the side of Samuel Tilden as against Rutherford B. Hayes for the Presidency, and before the Electoral Commission was the ablest advocate of the Democratic claimant.

He has not appeared so prominently before the public since that time. The disasters of Cyrus W. Field and the career of the Justice have kept the family in view, one way or another, all the time, while David Dudley Field has been allowed to devote himself to a lucrative practice and to his favorite studies of law reform. What he has accomplished will be seen in the fact that his codes, civil and criminal, have been enacted into law in a number of States, including California, and partially adopted in his own State, New York, where he resided nearly all his life.

DAVID A. DRYDEN.

David A. Dryden, who was widely known in this State as an early day missionary of the Methodist persuasion, died at Gilroy July 7th, 1894. He was one of the leading Methodist clergymen of the State until 1876, when his faith in the old doctrines was undermined. Of late he was a convert to a new faith, and in fact the pastor of the New Church in Gilroy at the time of death.

Deceased was born in Adams county, Ohio, May 13, 1824. When about 15 years old he removed to Miami county, where he received his primary education. At 16 years of age he was apprenticed to the cabinetmaking business in the city of Piqua, and served four years.

In 1846 he entered as a student the Miami University at Oxford, Ohio, and remained there three years, but was compelled to leave before graduating on account of failing health. In 1849 he joined the Ohio Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in 1851 was transferred by Bishop Morris as a missionary to California.

He was present at the first session of the California Conference, and continued regularly in the work of the ministry until 1876. During this long period of service he was stationed at many of the prominent cities and towns of the State and traveled extensively.

In 1855 he was appointed Principal of the Female Institute, then located at Santa Clara, and in 1862 was stationed pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at San Jose. He was stationed two years at Nevada City.

In 1869 he organized the First Methodist Church in San Diego, and in 1872 built the Church in Gilroy, where he was stationed three years.

During the last few years of Mr. Dryden's labors in the conference the relations between him and the powers that became very much disturbed and embarrassed, on account of real or supposed changes in theological teaching, which resulted in his retirement from the conference in 1876. Later he located at Gilroy, and in order to support his family was compelled to go into secular labor, and at the age of 57 returned to the cabinet and furniture business after a lapse of over thirty years.

Mr. Dryden was married in the city of Piqua, Ohio, to Miss E. H. Raynor, June 6, 1850. There were six children issue of their marriage, of whom three are living.

DAVID A. DRYDEN.

Death of a Veteran Methodist Missionary at Gilroy.

The death is announced of David A. Dryden, the veteran Methodist missionary who was quite well known in Santa Cruz and who, at one time, regularly filled a pulpit here.

The San Jose Mercury, speaking of Mr. Dryden's death at Gilroy says:

He was widely known in this State as an early day missionary of the Methodist persuasion. He was one of the leading Methodist clergyman of the State until 1876, when his faith in the old doctrines was undermined. Of late he was a convert to a new faith, and in fact the pastor of the New church in Gilroy at the time of death.

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Mr. Dryden was married in the city of Piqua, Ohio, to Miss E. H. Raynor, June 6, 1850. There were six children issue of their marriage, of whom three are living.

18 DIED. 94.

KARNER—In Santa Cruz, July 13th, Xavier Karner, a native of Massachusetts, aged 83 years and 2 months.

[The funeral of deceased will take place from his late residence on Mission St., opposite Bay View School-house, to-morrow (MONDAY), at 2:30 o'clock p. m. Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend.]

TERRILL.—In Santa Cruz, July 12th, Ada A. Terrill, a native of Vermont, aged 61 years, 4 months and 5 days.

[The funeral of deceased will take place from her late residence on Ocean View Av., MONDAY, July 16th, at 2 o'clock p. m. Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend.

C, JULY 16, 1894.

Mrs. Ada A. Terrill.

The funeral of Mrs. Terrill will take place this afternoon at 2 o'clock from her late residence on Ocean View avenue. Her death, after a long and painful illness, occurred on the 13th inst.

Mrs. Terrill came to Santa Cruz many years ago and made her home with the family of her uncle, the late Dr. F. E. Bailey. She had taught for some time in Vallejo, with Mrs. Gamble and Mrs. Woods, who afterward established Quincy Hall Seminary here. On her arrival in this city she took a position in the public schools and was for a number of years a beloved and respected teacher, relinquishing her work on her marriage with Mr. Terrill. The greater part of her married life was spent in Davisville where her husband had a large and productive ranch. An estate which now passes to her children Blanche and Bailey Terrill.

Shortly before Mr. Terrill's death, which occurred in Davisville, he purchased the home on Ocean View avenue and the family have passed their time since then between Santa Cruz and San Francisco where Miss Blanche and Master Bailey have been at school. Mrs. Terrill's relatives here are a sister and Dr. Alex. H. Bailey, his mother and sisters. A few years ago a very serious cold developed into pulmonary trouble which, despite the best treatment and the most courageous struggle on Mrs. Terrill's part, at last proved fatal.

Mrs. Terrill was a valued member of the First Congregational Church of this city and was a generous donor toward the present handsome structure.

Zadock Karner.

In the death of Zadock Karner, which occurred on Friday evening last, Santa Cruz loses an old and highly esteemed citizen, and one whose thorough integrity of character was as well known as his kind heart and cordial friendliness. He was a man of positive opinions, which he freely expressed, but he possessed also the generosity which recognizes and respects the right of others to hold and express entirely different ones. He was public-spirited, and although he had reached an advanced age, being past 80 years old, he kept up until the close of his life a vivid interest in public affairs.

Mr. Karner was born in Egremont, Mass., October 19, 1811. He came to California in 1855 and had lived in Santa Cruz twenty-three years. For some time previous to coming here he was engaged in dairying in Marin county, then a very profitable business. Mr. Karner afterward purchased a large ranch near Castroville, and also the pleasant home on Mission street, near Bay, which has been for many years the residence of himself and wife.

Mr. Karner, although not a member of any church, was a liberal supporter of church work. His strongest interest was in the Universalist Church, Rev. Edgar Leavitt being his pastor. He leaves a widow, but no children.

The funeral will take place this afternoon at 1:30, from the family residence on Mission street.

GONE OVER THE RANGE

JAMES ENRIGHT.

On last Monday morning, January 29, 1894 James Enright, the well-known millionaire of Santa Clara Valley, breathed his last after an illness which had been sapping away his vitality for the past six months, and from which he had actually been dying for three weeks. His death, though not unexpected, was a great shock to his family, for he had always been a strong, hearty man of a robust constitution. Up to six mos he ago he enjoyed most excellent health, but on Aug. 1st., he was taken with a spell and was obliged to take to his bed. Then for the first time it was discovered that he had Bright's disease of the kidneys.

He was advised to go to San Francisco as soon as he was stronger, both for change of climate and better medical attendance. It was not until Dec. 5 that it was considered at all safe to remove him, and on that day he was taken up there. The old Shatter residence at 1710 Lombard street was leased by the family, and here the invalid could get a change of scene at any minute of the day. The change seemed to do him good. The marine view especially pleased him, and he delighted to watch the ships coming into the harbor and the busy life on the bay. Wherever he looked he saw the result of civilization, the seeds of which had been sown by him and his hardy companions, who had braved the perils of the plains and crossed to California when it was yet a portion of Mexico. He seemed to grow better there, and one day was able to go out for a ride. After that, though, he began to fail rapidly. Three weeks ago the doctors broke the sad news to the family that the case was a hopeless one and that death was liable to occur at any moment.

The dying man's entire family, consisting of his wife and nine children were gathered about him, and from that time up to the time of his death there were always one or two members of the household at his side. On Saturday the turn for the worst came, and at 8 o'clock on Sunday afternoon the sufferer sank into a state of unconsciousness, from which he never emerged.

James Enright was born in Ireland, but left there for Canada when he was only 4 years of age. At the age of 14 his parents emigrated to Missouri, locating in Atchison county. In 1843 his parents died, and in the following year, in company with his brother Thomas and sister Mary, he started from St. Jo to cross the plains to California. They formed a part of the famous Donner party. The latter it will be remembered, divided into two parties. The Enrights were among those who arrived here safely. When they reached Sacramento it was learned that the others had been snowed in the mountains. Young Enright was among the first to volunteer to go after the party, and, accompanied by the late D. J. Murphy and others, he started on a trip which seemed to be certain death. The rescuers were successful in their search, and they returned with the Breens, and Donners and the others who had been lost where what is now known as Donner Lake.

Young Enright came of a good old stock and he himself was possessed of a good business head. In 1847 he engaged in farming at Mission San Jose and also carried on a teaming business, in which line he secured many important Government contracts. He purchased 600 acres of land at Lawrence Station, in the beautiful valley of Santa Clara, and the family home still stands there. When the gold fever broke out Mr. Enright went to the mines and worked with his pan. He followed the American river and was over in Tuolumne and Calaveras counties. He was one of the few successful miners that went to the diggings. He was a good prospector, for his patience was equal to his pluck. He came back with over $10,000 in gold.

He saw that there was a great agricultural future for California, and he turned his pick and spade from the rocks into the soil. He was among the first, if not the first, to ship wheat from San Francisco to Liverpool, and finally chartered ships for himself. He invested in real estate and speculated wisely. Everything he touched seemed to turn to gold, and he went on accumulating wealth, but he never changed in manner or disposition.

In 1850 he married Miss Margaret Duncan. Her family had come from Scotland, a few miles across the border from where he was born, but since then had been in Australia, New Zealand, Chile and Peru, finally locating in California. The estate of Mr. Enright is estimated at something over a million dollars. Besides the great ranch in Santa Clara, he had a dairy ranch of 1500 acres in Santa Cruz county, on which have been discovered valuable bituminous deposits, the products of which are being used for pavements in this and other cities. He had several other pieces of property in Santa Cruz and Santa Clara counties, and in San Francisco he owned the Hawley Block, on Market street, and unimproved property on Folsom and Harrison streets. He also had a handsome summer residence at Santa Cruz.

The deceased left a widow and nine children to mourn his loss. The latter are: Mrs. J. G. Robinson of Santa Clara, Mrs. Francis Murphy (widow of the late Dr. James Murphy, James E. Enright, the mining man of Calaveras county, Dr. Charles M. Enright the well known physician of San Francisco, Marguerite, Joseph D., Nellie, Louise and J. B. Enright. The large family often gathered at the family residence at Lawrence and the big hearth in the old-fashioned sitting room is historic. The home of the Enrights is known throughout the State as one of the most hospitable in the world, and many a jolly party has made merry within its big wide walls. Mr. Enright himself was the soul of honor, jollity and hospitality, and was a man that could be ill spared from any community.

1894 DIED.

STAFFLER—In Santa Cruz, Oct. 5th, Grace Viola Staffler, a native of California, aged 8 years and 3 months.

[Interment private.]

JOHN C. FALL.

John C. Fall, a pioneer, who for forty-five years was a conspicuous figure in the mining and mercantile circles of the Pacific Coast, died peacefully at his home in San Francisco, on Tuesday, December 12, 1894 at the age of eighty-four years.

John C. Fall was born near Staunton, the county seat of Augusta county, Virginia, in 1810. He was of German parentage, a large number of the settlers of the valley of Virginia being of German origin. At the age of eight the family of Mr. Fall emigrated to Ohio, and young Fall, made the journey from Staunton to Southern Ohio on horseback. At an early age he began life as a clerk in a store. He soon developed great talent for commerce, so much so that before he had reached his majority he was a partner in the largest mercantile house in the county of Lancaster. While living in that county he formed acquaintances and friendships with its most prominent residents, among them the Ewings, the Shermans and the Hunters, all of whom have furnished distinguished members to the service of their country.

In the panic of 1848 Mr. Fall, with many others, was reduced to poverty, owing a large amount of indebtedness. The discovery of gold in California, attracted him to the Pacific Coast. He first went into business in a small way in Sacramento but before long established himself in Marysville. The house of John C. Fall & Co., from 1849 to 1852, was the largest and most prominent mercantile concern in that section of the country. After several years of unexampled prosperity he returned to Ohio on a visit and paid his debts in full with interest, amounting to more than $50,000. He returned to California and fortune seemed to smile upon him for many years, until he was again ruined by the great flood of 1861, which nearly destroyed the town of Marysville.

He determined to begin the world again in Nevada, and settled himself at Unionville, in the county of Humboldt. He there began a mercantile business in a small way, which led to investing in mines, one of which, called the Arizona, subsequently became quite celebrated and produced, between 1864 and 1884, some $4,000,000 or $5,000,000. At one time Mr. Fall had accumulated quite a large fortune but the decline of mining and the depreciation of the value of silver, amounting to 40 per cent of the gross product of his mine, caused his ruin.

At the age of 76 he again started to accumulate another fortune. He established himself at Wilcox, Arizona, where he met with moderate success.

Mr. Fall was married three times, his last wife being a sister of Colonel H. L. Thornton of San Francisco. He leaves four children, the wife of John H. Kinkead, ex-Governor of Nevada, and of the territory of Alaska. He was a member of the Society of Pioneers, in good standing.

THE LAST RITES. Dec 17 1894

Funeral of Reuben Bernheim Largely Attended—Rabbi Nieto's Remarks.

Out of respect to the memory of the late Reuben Bernheim many of the business houses were closed during Tuesday afternoon. The funeral was one of the largest ever seen in this city. At the family residence on Riverside Av. there was a wealth of floral offerings. After the Arion Singing Society, of which deceased was a member, had rendered a selection Rabbi Nieto, of San Francisco, made an eloquent address. He said that life is but the road to death. Life is perilous and the end there is rest. The deceased had lived in Santa Cruz for thirty years, coming at a time when it required much courage and determination to locate here, for then the town was not as attractive as now. Mr. Bernheim arrived in California in early days, and braved hard ships and danger. The Rabbi then paid a tribute to the Pioneers, who had prepared the way for the State to reach its present advancement.

"All honor to those noble men I say," remarked the Rabbi. "Their courageous lives and examples are an example for us. We, at this late day, in looking around us, can not fully appreciate what they endured."

The Rabbi said that there was something in the life of a man beyond riches, and that is an honorable name such as the deceased bore.

The funeral procession, after Rabbi Nieto had finished his consoling address, was formed and wended its way to the Hebrew Cemetery, where the remains were interred. After a selection by the Arions the Rabbi offered a prayer. The pall-bearers were Senator Bart Burke, Prof. J. A. Chesnutwood, S. Barnet, M. Sinsley, J. Steen and E. Kreiseller.

DIED.

GRAVES—In Santa Cruz, May 19th, Mrs. Lydia M. Graves, beloved wife of R. C. Graves, a native of [illegible]

DIED. 1894

MATTISON—Near Soquel, Nov. 18th, Mrs. Delilah M. Mattison, mother of Frank and Ralph J. Mattison, a native of Pennsylvania, aged 84 years.

[Funeral of deceased will take place from her late residence, Rodeo Gulch, Sunday, Nov. 18th, at 1:15 P. M. Service at the Congregational Church, Soquel, at 1 P. M. Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend.]

SOME SANTA CRUZ PIONEERS.

Santa Cruz boasts of some of her early pioneers, through the *Sentinel*, as follows:

Hon. W. W. Stow, deceased, was elected to the Assembly from Santa Cruz county in 1853 and again in 1854, being made Speaker of that body the last session, but to us he never came back, he never came back. Judge Garber was elected justice of the peace of this city before he went to the State of Nevada, settling in San Francisco subsequently, where he is now looked upon as one of the oldest attorneys of this State, but he never came back to Santa Cruz, he never came back. Cornelius Cole came to Santa Cruz, was elected to the U. S. House of Representatives, then to the National Senate, but to us he never came back, he never came back. Farmer Hallsdell, owner in 1850 of the Ingerson property, left this place to engage in the commission business in San Francisco, where he failed, but paid every dollar after he made his "pile" in the mines and became Governor of Nevada, but he never came back to Santa Cruz, he never came back. J. A. Barham practiced law in Watsonville and Santa Cruz, laying the foundation for his law practice; moved to Santa Rosa, and from there was elected to Congress, where his soul will be, but he never came back, he never came back. Judge Maguire was a Watsonville blacksmith, shoeing his mule he forged iron; moved to San Francisco and was elected Judge, and is now in Congress serving his second term, but he never came back to Dear county, he never came back. S. M. White grew up in the Pajaro Valley, studied law in this city with C. F. Younger; moved to Los Angeles, and was elected to the U. S. Senate two years ago, but we never came back to us, he never came back. J. K. Luttrell resided in Watsonville, taught school in the neighborhood round about, went to Alaska, settled in Stockton and was elected to Congress, but he never came back to Santa Cruz county, he never came back. This record might be interpreted to mean that these men, after they achieved greatness, looked upon Santa Cruz as a back number.

Santa Cruz is a good place to move away from, if we read the above correctly. But is is not so. Santa Cruz is hard to beat.

Death of Mrs. McCusker. 1895

Mrs. Catharine McCusker, who was stricken with paralysis at her home in Salinas recently, died Monday, aged 72 years. The deceased was an early pioneer of the Pacific coast. She was born in Georgia in 1824, and crossed the plains with her parents at the age of 18, settling in 1842 at Willamette Falls, Oregon. In 1843 they moved to San Francisco, where they lived till 1852. In that year Mrs. McCusker moved to Monterey Co., where she resided for 43 years. She was the mother of Mrs. D. Rice of Aptos, Mrs. Josephine T. Dorn of this city, Mrs. J. L. Fredendall of Cheyenne, Albert McCusker of Kern Co., James A. McCusker of Los Angeles, and Miguta McCusker of Salinas; also of Frank McCusker and Mrs. Alice Long, both now deceased. The remains were conveyed to Watsonville and laid away to rest in a grave by the side of her mother.—*Salinas Index.*

If we mistake not the deceased at one time lived in the San Lorenzo valley and later to the Pajaro valley.

JOHN HAMES.

John Hames died at the residence of his son R. F. Hames at Peach Tree, December 6th, in the 84th year of his age. The deceased was born in New York, and came to California before the days of gold. The son, at whose place he died, is the oldest native of the State born of white parents.

Hames was one of the pioneers of Santa Cruz county. In 1847 he and John Daribenbles erected a flour mill in Santa Cruz county. Two years previously they constructed a flour mill for General Vallejo near the San Jose Mission. He resided at Soquel until 1880, when he moved to Monterey county.

MRS. JOHANNA PETRY.

Mrs. Johanna Petry, wife of ex-Councilman William Petry, died at her home in this city March 29th, at the age of 65 years. She was a native of Bavaria and came here with her husband in 1854. Her surviving children are Charles and Edward Petry and Mrs. Carrie Scott.

WILLIAM M'CUTCHEON.

William McCutcheon died at the Sanitarium, near this city, last month, at the age of 78 years. In early times, Mr. McCutcheon was one of the leading characters in life's drama in this county. He was born in Tennessee, and came to California with the ill-fated Donner party in 1846. He succeeded in making his way from the camp, and after suffering untold hardship, arrived at Sutter's Fort, and making up a party, returned and rescued his suffering companions. The horrors that these poor unfortunates suffered in the snow-bound mountains can scarcely be pictured by pen or tongue. Mr. McCutcheon was Sheriff of this county in 1853, and was jailer under Nick. Harris' administration. He was his own worst enemy.

Jacob Bacon a pioneer printer of San Francisco was asphyxiated by gas at his home, April 15th.

MRS. HELEN WEBER.

Mrs. Helen Weber, widow of Captain C. M. Weber, the founder of Stockton, died at her home in that city April 11th, 1895, at the age of 73 years. Mrs. Weber, whose maiden name was Murphy, was an aunt of R. D. Murphy of San Jose and General P. W. Murphy of San Luis Obispo. She is also connected with the Miller family of San Rafael.

Mrs. Weber arrived in this State in 1844 with the Murphy party, which consisted of her father, Martin Murphy, several brothers and sisters and others. She and Mrs. Dr. Townsend, who died at San Jose in 1848, were the first white women to set eyes on Lake Tahoe. Mrs. Weber was a great favorite in Stockton and elsewhere, owing to her hospitality and quiet philanthropy.

She leaves a son, C. M. Weber of San Jose, and one daughter; also a sister, Mrs. Johanna Fitzgerald of Los Gatos.

THOMAS GORDON.

Thomas Gordon, an old Sierra county miner, died at San Francisco, April 24, 1895, at the age of eighty-nine years.

MRS. H. O. BILES.

Mrs. Caroline E. Biles, a pioneer, died at Santa Cruz April 11th, aged 73 years. She was a talented lady, and spoke several languages; was generous to the poor, and in every way aided to alleviate the sufferings of the unfortunate. The deceased was a woman of sunny disposition, having a kind word and cheerful smile for all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.

DIED. 1895

BLISS—In Santa Cruz, April 11th, Mrs. Caroline E., beloved wife of O. H. Bliss, a native of New York, aged 73 years.

KELLY—In Santa Cruz, April 10th, Mary Kelly, sister of Mrs. Catherine Crown, a native of Ireland, aged 78 years.

[The funeral of deceased will take place from her late residence, No. 39 Maple St., TODAY (Friday) at 2 o'clock P. M. Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend.]

DEATH OF MRS. O. H. BLISS. 1895

She Was Called Away Thursday Morning—A Long Married Life.

Mrs. Caroline E. Bliss died at 4 A. M. Thursday at her home corner of Sylvar and High Sts., after an illness of some weeks. She was born in New York, and was aged 73 years at the time of her death. Fifty years ago, in Kentucky, she and O. H. Bliss were united in marriage. In 1856 they came to California. For fifteen years they resided in Fresno Co., and for fourteen years were residents of Los Angeles Co. Seven years ago Mr. and Mrs. Bliss came to Santa Cruz, where they have since resided.

Mrs. Bliss was a talented lady, and spoke several languages. She was very generous to the poor, and in every way aided to alleviate the sufferings of the unfortunate. The deceased was a woman of sunny disposition, having a kind word and cheerful smile for all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.

Mr. Bliss has the sympathy of a large circle of friends in his hour of sad bereavement. It is not often that a couple live together in wedded happiness for over half a century. Such a long life of matrimony covers more than the life existence of the majority of men and women. During the last fifty-three years the world has made marked changes.

When the Blisses were married California had not known the tread of the pioneer; the civil war remained to be fought, and inventions which have revolutionized art and science were yet to be evolutionized.

DEACON LAWRENCE POLLARD.

The *Sun* records the death of a patriarch, a man well loved and highly respected throughout Santa Cruz and vicinity—Deacon Lawrence Pollard.

His death occurred at his home in East Santa Cruz August 20th 9:30 o'clock. He was a native of England and his age was 80 years, one month and four days.

Deacon Pollard had been in California forty years, and was an old resident of this place. He was the founder of the Baptist Church here and had ever been a staunch supporter of and earnest worker for the church of his faith.

The deceased leaves one son and five daughters. He has been a widower for many years. His daughters are Mrs. S. A. Dyer, Mrs. M. E. Whidden, Mrs. A. H. Fitch and Mrs. R. Williams of Santa Cruz, Mrs. Thomas Walsh of Lowell, Mass., and his son is Lawrence Pollard of Santa Cruz.

JOSEPH ROBERTS.

Joseph Roberts was discovered cold in death, in his bed at his home on Beach Hill, Santa Cruz, March 6th. The day before he was in unusually cheerful spirits, and chatted with friends whom he met up town. When he retired at 11 P. M. he remarked to Miss Mabel Pettis, who gave him a glass of water, that he had not felt better in years. At 7 A. M. he was not up, and this alarmed Mrs. Call, his housekeeper. Mrs. F. K. Roberts, who resides across the street from the house, was notified, and she sent for her husband. When they went to the room they saw that the old pioneer had made his last journey.

Death came to him painlessly, for he lay in the same position as when he retired. Heart trouble was the cause. For many years he was a sufferer from rheumatism.

Mr. Roberts in early days here was engaged in unloading ships. Subsequently he was in the house-moving business, but in late years he retired from active employment. No one was better posted than he of the vessels that ran to this port in pioneer days. He was an encyclopedia of knowledge regarding the vessels which were wreck on the beach when Santa Cruz was in its infancy.

The deceased was of genial nature. He was a man of integrity. When a young man he was as strong as a lion. The house he died in had been his home for many years. It is among the oldest houses in Santa Cruz. To him it was fraught with pleasant memories, for in it his children were born. He leaves four children, viz: Councilman Frank K. Roberts, Mrs. H. B. George, William and Henry Roberts. Deceased was a member of the Santa Cruz Pioneers.

Below is a biographical sketch:

The life of Joseph Roberts was full of hardship and thrilling experiences. Born in a seafaring family, himself a sailor and an adventurer almost from birth, he has passed through many scenes whose narrative reads more like fiction than history.

His native place was Falkirk, Scotland, where he was born in 1820. At the age of fourteen his knowledge of the sea was sufficient to secure his appointment as second mate of a vessel. At fifteen he left home for a long cruise. For six years he made long voyages, visiting almost every country of note except the United States. These six years were full of events that would make good reading, but in this brief sketch there is room for but two of the most striking.

In the year 1848 Mr. Roberts was on board of an English merchant ship, cruising among the South Sea Islands. The vessel had been at sea a long time, and the captain concluded to go ashore at the first land sighted and obtain fresh water, wild fruits and vegetables, and, possibly some game. It was not long before an island was discovered, which was not shown on the charts, and which was evidently very fertile. Mr. Roberts and five sailors accompanied the captain but Mr. Roberts was compelled to return to the ship, as he had come away without his shoes, and therefore, could not walk across the jagged coral reef that lay between the landing place and the mainland of the island. The lack of his shoes was doubtless the means of saving his life, for the men who did go ashore were eaten by a tribe of cannibals by whom the island was inhabited. The next year Mr. Roberts went ashore by himself on another of the South Sea islands, whose natives he knew to be a peaceful tribe. The ship sailed away and left him, and for eight months he lived among the untutored children of nature. His residence there was quite a comfortable one. The natives evidently regarded him as a deity, for they showed him the greatest reverence, and spared no pains to enhance his comfort or to do him honor. The savage king shared his palace with the white man. Five Malay girls anointed his head and shoulders with palm oil, served him with food, crowned him with wreaths, and in other ways administered to his comfort. The young men of the tribe kept him constantly supplied with the daintiest game, tropical fruits and shellfish; and wherever he went, admiring and reverent throngs followed him.

All this was pleasant for a time, but ere long the object of such adoration began to long for the society of his own race, even though he might not command from them the reverence and devotion shown him on the island. So, after an eight month's stay, he was very glad to see the white sail of an American ship in the little bay that dented the island's coast. He asked the natives to take him out to the vessel, to trade with those on board of her. When they took him out he climbed on board the ship and asked the captain to consider him a passenger, or a sailor, or anything that would entitle him to remain on board until the vessel visited some civilized country. Thus it was that our adventurer came to make his first landing on the American soil at the port of San Francisco. There was weeping and wailing when Mr. Roberts' dark-skinned worshipers saw the vessel put to sea with their deity on board. They called to him to jump overboard, and followed the ship as far as they could, shrieking and wringing their hands. It would not be at all surprising if a visitor to that island at this day should find in the heathen temple an idol in image of the subject of this story. And woe betide the scoffer who would venture to speak irreverently of old Jos. Roberts.

It was in the year 1850 that Mr. Roberts landed in San Francisco and consented to again become a human being and work for a living. The course of a few months found him in Santa Cruz. In 1857, while living there, he married Miss Annie McKee, a native of Antrim, Scotland. He worked along the beach, saving his earnings and investing them, and finally went into business as a contractor.

GOV. PETER H. BURNETT.

Peter H. Burnett, the first Governor of California, died at his home May 17th, at 1713 Larkin street, San Francisco.

Mr. Burnett was eighty-eight years of age. He had led an active and eventful life and his death will be regretted by a large circle of friends. He was born in Nashville, Tennessee, on the 15th of November, 1807. His father was a farmer, and he was trained to that calling, but finding it distasteful, he fitted himself for the bar.

In 1843 he went to Oregon where he took a prominent part in the organization of the territorial government. He was a member of the Legislature in 1844 and 1848, and became a Judge of the territorial Supreme Court.

Attracted by the wonderful gold discoveries, Judge Burnett came to California in 1848. Here he worked a short time in the mines, when he became the agent in managing the complicated affairs of the Sutter family and estate at New Helvetia.

In 1849 he was one of the most active persons in urging the rights and necessities of the people of California as sufficient warrant for the formation of a State government in advance of Congressional authority. During the agitation of that summer he was an outspoken opponent of the United States military government of the territory, but he cheerfully joined in accepting at length Governor Riley's action, whereby a constitutional convention was called.

Under the new Constitution he was at once elected Governor, and assumed the office, although the State was not admitted by Congress until September 1850.

In 1851 he resigned the Governorship and resumed the practice of law as a member of the firm of Burnett, Ryland, Van Voorhies and Hester, the first law firm established in San Jose. His resignation from the Governorship followed closely after the big fire in Sacramento in 1851. Governor Burnett lost a large amount of property in the Sacramento fire and the event caused him to throw aside the cares of State that he might give closer attention to his personal affairs.

In 1857 he was appointed to a vacancy on the Supreme bench, and at the next election was elected to serve out the unexpired term. That was the last public office he held.

Ex-Governor Burnett for many years lived in San Jose, and it was a most peculiar circumstance that caused him to change his place of residence to San Francisco. He had been agent for John A. Sutter at Sacramento for many years, and when the Sutter heirs got to wrangling over the estate he was called as a witness. That was in 1863. He was suffering severely from neuralgia at the time, and he was afraid to brave the cold fogs of San Francisco.

He went down to San Francisco, however, to attend court, and found to his surprise that the neuralgia had left him as soon as he reached the city. There was a succession of continuances in the case and Mr. Burnett was kept running back and forth between San Jose and San Francisco. He found that the neuralgia returned every time he returned to San Jose and left him every time he arrived in San Francisco. He accordingly made up his mind to take up his residence in San Francisco. He went there in 1863 and founded the Pacific Bank, filling the position of President for seventeen years. He had made the bank a prosperous institution and left it in good condition. His excuse for retiring was that he feared his forgetfulness would result in some difficulty if he remained. He sold all his stock to the McDonalds.

After his retirement from the Pacific Bank ex-Governor Burnett spent two or

three books, but never again worried over business or political affairs.

Although born in Tennessee and raised in Missouri, his sympathies were with the Union when the war broke out, and he prepared and published some strong articles on the subject during the exciting times of the rebellion.

Ex-Governor Burnett was the author of several books. He published "The Path Which Led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church" in 1860; "The American Theory of Government, Considered With Reference to the Present Crisis" in 1861; "Recollections of an Old Pioneer" in 1878, which is especially valuable in connection with the early political and constitutional history of the Pacific Coast; and in 1884 he published "Reasons Why We Should Believe in God, Love God and Obey God."

Ex-Governor Burnett, though nearly 88 years of age, enjoyed wonderfully good health. He delighted to tell how well and strong he was, and how he succeeded in retaining to so remarkable a degree his mental and physical faculties.

Judge Burnett has two sons, Dwight and John Burnett, and two daughters, Mrs. C. T. Ryland of San Jose and Mrs. William T. Wallace, the wife of the well known San Francisco jurist. He also leaves several grand children and great grand children. Mrs. John F. Sheehan, the wife of General Sheehan, the well known National Guardsman and journalist, is a grand daughter of Judge Burnett.

The remains of Governor Burnett arrived at Santa Clara from San Francisco by special train May 17th. The flags on the College buildings and the one on the Higgins signal service pole were at half-mast. The following accompanied the remains: Honorary pallbearers—Judge McKinstry, Senator George C. Perkins, Captain James M. McDonald, Dr. C. C. Cleveland, James R. Kelley, W. A. Piper, Alexander Boyd and Christian Reis. Casket Bearers—M. H. Kelly, Patrick and Peter Lynch and Martin Fennell. Among the others were: Judge and Mrs. Dwight Burnett, Mr. and Mrs. John M. Burnett, Hon. and Mrs. C. T. Ryland, Judge and Mrs. W. T. Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Burnett, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Burnett, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Ryland, Dr. and Mrs. Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. Spragin, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Mahoney, Mrs. Musgrave, Mrs. Smith, Misses Ada and Norma Ryland, Mrs. J. O'Keefe, Miss Roma Wallace, Miss Harriet Burnett, Mrs. W. D. C. Nesfield, Miss M. Mahoney, Messrs. C. T. Ryland Jr., Ryland Wallace, David M. Burnett, Richard Wallace, Peter and O. Burnett and David J. Mahoney.

The remains were inclosed in a handsome casket, bearing a plate inscribed with the name and chronology of the deceased. The hearse was followed to the Catholic cemetery by a long line of carriages. At the grave the rites were performed by Rev. Robert E. Kenna, S. J., ex-President of the Santa Clara College, assisted by Rev. Fathers Raggio, Collins and Mahoney of Santa Clara and Fathers Norri, Prelato, Cottle, Ryan and Pinasco of San Francisco. The remains were buried in the family plot, beside those of his wife. The floral tributes were beautiful. Before starting for Santa Clara requiem mass was celebrated at St. Ignatius Church, San Francisco.

THE AUTHOR OF "AMERICA" DEAD.

Rev. S. F. Smith Expires in Boston.

HIS LIFE ENDS IN A DEPOT.

HE WAS A CLASSMATE OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

How He Came to Write the National Hymn Which Made Him Famous.

1895.

Special Dispatch to the Chronicle.

BOSTON, November 16.—Dr. S. F. Smith of Newton, the venerable author of "America," died in this city at 4:50 o'clock this afternoon from heart failure.

He was in the corridor of the New England depot and was awaiting the departure of a train when he was seized with a fit. He sank to the floor in a semi-conscious condition and only spoke a few words afterward. He was dead when the ambulance, which was called, arrived at the hospital. He had evidently expired within five minutes after the attack. He had been very feeble for some time, but was able to appear out as usual.

Dr. S. F. Smith was born in Boston, October 21, 1808. He entered Harvard at the age of 17, and, with his companions, formed what was afterward known as the famous class of "29," which included Oliver Wendell Holmes, the late Judges Benjamin R. Curtis of the United States Supreme Court, and George T. Bigelow, Chief Justice of Massachusetts.

He began public life as pastor of the village church at Waterville, Me., and at the same time became professor of modern languages in Waterville College, now known as Colby University. This was in 1834. Eight years later he closed his services there and removed to Newton Center.

For seven years he was editor of the Christian Review, and until July, 1854, was pastor of the Baptist Church at Newton Center. He then became connected with the foreign missionary work of the church and served in the secretary's department for fifteen years.

His knowledge of the languages of the world, having at his command no less than fifteen, proved a valuable help to his missionary work, and to his labors in translation the church is indebted for many advances in the domain of intelligent investigation.

He is, however, best known as the author of the national hymn, "America." It was written while he was still a theological student under the age of 24 and was first sung at a children's celebration in Boston, July 4, 1832. Its patriotism appealed strongly to its hearers and its success was instantaneous. The following account of how it was written was prepared by himself, to be used at a celebration in Boston on the occasion of his 87th birthday, April 3, 1895:

"Lowell Mason, a noted composer, organist and choir leader, but having himself no knowledge of the German language, brought several books of German songs for children to me at Andover, where I was then studying theology, requesting me, as I should find time, to furnish him translations of the German words, or to write new hymns and songs adapted to the German music.

"On a dismal day in February, 1832, looking over one of these books, my attention was drawn to a tune which attracted me by its simple and natural movement and its fitness for children's choirs. Glancing at the German words at the foot of the page, I saw that they were patriotic, and I was instantly inspired to write a patriotic hymn of my own.

"Seizing a scrap of waste paper, I began to write, and in half an hour I think the words stood upon it substantially as they are sung to-day. I did not know at the time that the tune was the British 'God Save the King.'

"The class of 1829—the author's college friends—for fifty years at their annual dinners invariably made this the first song that was sung.

Nov. 2, Ora Kirby. 1895

Ora Kirby, one of the most notable women who ever lived in this city, is dead. The dread disease, consumption, that has carried off so many of her family, claimed her for a victim last Saturday. The lung trouble began to develope last December, just as she had completed her arrangements for going to England to be married to Mr. Watson, the well known artist and Royal Academician.

Of her life and work in this city I am not qualified to speak, but, having been admitted into the privileged circle of those who knew her intimately, I am able to testify to her remarkable mental gifts—and they were truly remarkable, and an object lesson on the influence of heredity. From her famous mother she had a quick insight into the innermost meanings of things, and leaping intuitions that left logic halting behind her and were invariably correct. From her father she had a singularly free and courageous outspokenness, and by both of them she was dowered with "the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn" for all things mean, and cowardly, and ignoble; and from both of them she inherited a heart that was full of charity for the poor and suffering.

Her friendship was of the active, aggressive, kind; she was always doing something for her friends—that was her conception of friendship. She was good enough, and brave enough, to admonish both friends and enemies when they had done wrong.

Ora Kirby was a brilliant conversationalist; her talk abounded with wit and satire and epigram, apt quotation and keen repartee, and her thoughts were often so nimble that she was forced to acquire the art of using two words, where most people would use twelve, to enable her to keep pace with them. She had, for the same reason, literary gifts of a high order, though she seldom exercised them. Her letters to intimate friends were perfectly delightful, judging from those that have been shown to me. Had she devoted herself to literary criticism she would have won a great reputation.

The most pathetic figure in Santa Cruz to-day is her father, Mr. R. C. Kirby. He has spent a large fortune amongst us with the liberality of a prince; he is poor now—no, he does not want our assistance, thank God!—he is ill and in pain, and he has just heard of the death of his favorite and brilliant daughter. He has done for Santa Cruz everything that a man could possibly do to advance its interests, but, when he was a candidate for some small office at the last election, we of Santa Cruz had forgotten the favors we had received from him, and *did not even give him two votes!* When we have no further use for a man we call him "a back number," and airily dismiss him from further consideration. Evidently gratitude and conscience are not part of the equipment of politicians!

But this is not the time, nor the place, for a tirade on our "unworth." We are in the presence of our dead, and shrill controversy is entirely out of place. Let us mourn our loss as we should, and remember that a noble woman has gone from our midst.

No brighter, braver, kindlier soul ever lived amongst us than Ora Kirby.

She was a strong advocate for cremation, and received her "burial by fire" to-day.

C. W. DOYLE.

November 4th.

DIED. 1895

TERRY—At Mayfield, Cal., Oct. 31st, May Elise, daughter of C. C. and Della H. Perry, a native of California, aged 19 years.

[The funeral of the deceased will take place this SUNDAY AFTERNOON at 2:30 o'clock, from Congregational Church. Friends and acquaintances of family of deceased are invited to attend. Interment in Evergreen Cemetery.

PATTERSON—In Santa Cruz, Nov. 3d, Mrs. Margaret E. Patterson, aged 70 years.

[The funeral of the deceased will take place from her late residence, Church St., Monday, Nov. 4th, at 2 P. M., and to which all friends are invited to be present.]

KIRBY—In San Francisco, Nov. 2d, at the home of her sister, Mrs. Chas. E. Brown, 207 Jackson St., Ora Bruce Kirby, daughter of R. C. Kirby and the late Georgiana Bruce Kirby of Santa Cruz, Cal.

Passed On to the Other Shore.

Mrs. Margaret E. Patterson, aged seventy years, mother of B. F. Patterson and Mrs. Jesse Cope, and relict of John Patterson, after a residence of thirty-seven years in this city died Saturday at her Church St. home, at the end of a period of sickness covering months of time.

The deceased was born in England and came to California when practically a young woman. She settled in this city during the twilight of its history, marrying Mr. Patterson shortly after she had selected Santa Cruz as her permanent home, and as the termination of her earthly career proves, her last abiding place.

Softly fall the sods of the valley on the coffin of the pioneer mothers, as they are falling everywhere along the Pacific Coast on the narrow houses of the pioneer fathers in the cities of the dead.

HIS LAST VOYAGE.

Death of Captain Levi Hannah in San Francisco Tuesday Evening.

He Was Well Known All Along the Coast —Was in Command of Steamers For Many Years.

Capt. Levi Hannah died Tuesday evening at his home in San Francisco of Bright's disease, of which he had been a sufferer for some months. He was born in Calais, Maine, sixty-five years ago. The remains will be brought to this city to-day on the broad-gauge train for interment. Capt. Hannah leaves a widow, four sons and a daughter. The deceased was well known in Santa Cruz, his family having resided here for many years. He was one of the most popular officers in the employ of the Pacific Coast Steamship Co. His death will be mourned by hundreds of travelers all over the coast who knew him well. They always liked to travel on the steamers which he was in charge of. Always accommodating, and always courteous, he made friends on every trip he sailed.

Capt. Hannah came to California in early days. The first vessel we remember of his having command of, was the schooner Alfred Adams, which ran between Santa Cruz and San Francisco, carrying lime for Davis & Jordan. After retiring from the command of the schooner he entered the employ of the Pacific Coast Steamship Co. He was a skillful navigator. To him every dangerous point along the coast was like an open book. He was Captain of the steamers Fidelity, Los Angeles, Eureka and Pomona. It was on the Pomona that he made his last voyage to Santa Cruz. Even then he complained of ill health, but he remained in the service of the Steamship Co. until nature called a halt and compelled him to take the rest he was so much in need of to regain his health. The inroads of the disease which had taken hold of him had already gone too far to make his recovery possible.

The Great Captain gently guided him along the ocean of life until the voyage was at an end. He had reached the port to which all are heading; his life's journeyings were over. His cruise among the shoals and rocks in the ocean of life has ended. The voice that was heard amidst the storm at sea ordering the crews to do their duty, is stilled. The angry sea which more than once lashed in fury against the ship he was in command of, as if to force her to the bottom, or send her and her living freight onto rocks, will know him no more. After passing through all the dangers known to seamen he arrived at the harbor of refuge.

Capt. Hannah was a member of Branciforte Lodge, No. 98, and Santa Cruz Encampment, No. 20, I. O. O. F., and Santa Cruz Lodge, No. 46, A. O. U. W.

The funeral will take place at 2:45 P. M. to-day from the residence of the widow's sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Chace, corner Mission St. and Walnut Av.

DIED. 1896.

HANNAH—In San Francisco, Jan. 7th, Captain Levi Hannah, of the steamer Pomona, a native of Calais, Me., aged 65 years.

[Funeral will take place from the residence of Mrs. Elizabeth Chace, corner Walnut Av. and Mission St., TO-DAY (Thursday), at 3 o'clock P. M. Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend.]

JOSEPH E. BROWN.

Joseph E. Brown, a well known resident of San Jose, died suddenly at his home, No. 19 South Tenth street, October 12th. Mr. Brown was born in New York state in the year 1825. He attended school in Utica until eleven years of age, when his father removed to Centerville, St. Joseph county, Michigan. He worked on his father's farm, attended the local schools, and later spent two years at school in Kalamazoo. In 1846 he removed to New York state, where he remained two years engaged in the carriage-making business, and while there married Miss Diana Savey, a native of Genesee county, New York. In 1848 he returned to Michigan with his wife, and there engaged in the manufacture of carriages, making the first top buggy in St. Joseph county. In 1852 he came to California, crossing the plains in the usual way. Dudley Wells and Nick. R. Harris, well known pioneers of this county, were in the party. He became very popular with the mountains of the train, by whom he was held in high esteem ever afterwards. After remaining a few months in Butte and Plumas counties, he came to San Jose, where he has since remained. Here he again engaged in carriage and wagon-making, manufacturing also the first top buggy ever made in Santa Clara county. He worked at this business until his election to the State Legislature in 1861. His wife died in 1864, and in 1862 he married Mary S. Grant, a native of Oneida county, New York, a niece of the late Dr. Chiles Smith. In 1867 he engaged in the real estate business, but the movement of property being slow,

he returned to his trade of carriage-making, at which he worked until 1873, when he again entered the real estate and insurance business, which he followed until his death. There were born to his first marriage two daughters, who both died in childhood. By the second marriage he had one son, Goldwin, who was associated with his father in the real estate business. He was a Republican always, having stumped the county for Fremont in 1856. The San Jose free library was established through his effort. The Library was organized in the fall of 1854, the Trustees being Dr. J. C. Cobb, Rev. Eli Corwin, Judge Charles Daniels, Mr. Mannoy, and the subject of this sketch. Mr. Brown collected all the money raised for the purpose and turned it over to Dr. Cobb, who, while on a trip East, made the purchase of the books for this library. Mr. Brown was a broad-gauge, public-spirited man, active in every movement tending to the benefit of San Jose and the Santa Clara Valley, and possessing the confidence and esteem of those who knew him largest and best. He died of rheumatism of the heart.

MRS. JANE BRUMMET.

Mrs. Jane Brummet, the aged and respected mother of Mrs. Geo. Chalmers, Mrs. John Breen and Mrs. J. N. Bigley, departed this life, on October 1st, 1895, at South San Juan, at the advanced age of 84 years. Her arrival in California antedated the '49ers, having arrived with her then husband, Mr. Smith, in 1845. After living in San Francisco and Santa Cruz for a few years she reached San Juan in 1850, and since then has resided there and in Santa Clara. Mrs. Brummet was a very active and prominent woman in early California history, always possessed of a brave and outrageous spirit. She had been failing in health for the past few months. Her daughter, Mrs. John Breen, leaving her own home in charge of her daughters, faithfully watched over and cared for her in her illness. Another link that bound the past to the present generation is severed.

MRS. MARY E. JONES.

Mrs. Mary E. Jones, a pioneer, aged 78 years, widow of Zachariah Jones, died at Visalia, on October 22d, 1895. Mrs. Jones with her husband, was a member of the famous Donner Party who crossed the plains in 1846. This party, it will be remembered, was made up of several detachments. One of which reached California in safty, Mrs. Jones with them, the other portion got caught in the mountains by the snows, and suffered unspeakable misery.

The remains of the deceased lady were brought to San Jose for interment. A number of the old pioneers of the county attended her funeral. It was pleasant to see the gray-haired men and women performing the last rites for their departed friend, and yet it was very sad to contemplate that it will only be a short time when they to shall have "passed over the divide."

KINSLEY—In this city Aug. 12th, 1896, Martin, beloved husband of Catherine Kinsley, and father of Mrs. N. S. Messer, Henry, Charles, Alice, Martin, Letitia, Emma, John and James Kinsley, a native of County Wexford, Ireland, aged 64 years, 6 months and 5 days.

[The funeral will take place from deceased's late residence, Lower Soquel Road, Friday morning at nine o'clock, thence to the Catholic Church, where a solemn Requiem Mass will be celebrated for the repose of his soul, commencing at ten o'clock. Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend.]

San Francisco papers please copy. 2

MARTIN KINSLEY'S DEATH.

He Passes Away at His Home—Served as Supervisor of Branciforte District.

Martin Kinsley died at 5:30 P. M. Wednesday at his home near this city. His death was not unexpected, as for some months he had been in ill health.

Mr. Kinsley came to Santa Cruz in 1858, and obtained employment at Adams' lime kilns. When he quit the latter he went to ranching up the coast, and afterwards purchased land near Santa Cruz on which he made his home.

Mr. Kinsley served as Supervisor of Branciforte district and as President of the Fair Building Association.

The deceased was a native of Ireland, and aged 64 years. Mr. Kinsley was an honest man, being held in the highest esteem by all who were acquainted with him. He leaves a widow, four sons and four daughters.

FIRST DOCTOR OF SAN JOSE DEAD.

1896.

Special Dispatch to the Chronicle.

SAN JOSE, January 16.—After a lingering illness of six months, Dr. Benjamin Cory, an early settler of this Coast and the pioneer physician of this county, died at his home in this city this morning.

The deceased was known all over the Coast. He settled here in 1847 and remained here ever since. He has occupied many prominent positions. The flag on the State Normal School was at half-mast to-day in his honor.

About eighteen months ago he was attacked with la grippe, which was followed with an attack of pleurisy from which he never fully recovered. For some days past he had taken no food whatever, his stomach refusing it, and he died of starvation.

Dr. Cory crossed the plains with an ox team in 1847, and arrived in Portland, Or., when that city had but four houses. He took passage on the brig Henry for San Francisco, arriving there in November. He there found that two physicians, Drs. Townsend and Fourgeat had already established themselves, and felt that the field was pretty fully occupied. Learning of the Pueblo de San Jose de Guadaloupe, he took passage in a small sailboat which plied between San Francisco and Alviso. Hiring an ox cart at Alviso he came to San Jose, and, finding no physician, located here and engaged in the practice.

He was elected a member of the first Legislature, which convened at San Jose and which organized the machinery of the State Government. The district from which he was elected extended from Monterey to Martinez. In 1850 he was elected a member of the Common Council, holding that position from 1851 to 1855. He was elected a member of the Board of Education, which place he held for four years. In 1872 he was appointed by Governor Booth trustee of the State Normal School, which place he held for ten years.

Dr. Cory was born in Oxford, O., November 17, 1822. He attended the common schools of Oxford and entered the Miami University, graduating there at the age of 20 years. He commenced the study of medicine under his father, Dr. James M. Cory of Oxford, O., attending later the Medical College of Ohio at Cincinnati, where he graduated in the spring of 1849. He practiced medicine for two years with his father.

The deceased leaves a widow and eight children. He was a member of the Royal Arch Masons. He leaves quite a valuable estate. He has large interests in Mexican mines.

1896 DIED.

BOSTRON—On Lower Soquel road, May 7th, Richard Bostron, a native of England, aged 66 years, 11 months and 18 days.

RODRIGUEZ—In Santa Cruz, May 7th, Buenaventura Rodriguez, a native of California, aged 68 years.

[The funeral of deceased will take place from her late residence, No. 81 High St., TODAY (Friday) at 2 p. m. Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend.]

DR. BENJAMIN CORY, THE PIONEER PHYSICIAN, WHO DIED AT SAN JOSE.

REV. ADAM BLAND.

Adam Bland was born in Pendleton county, State of Virginia (now west Virginia), May 13, 1821. His father was an Englishman and his mother a German. His parents were not religious until he was ten years old. The first he knew of their turning to God, he came down stairs in the morning and found them engaged in family worship, and his mother was leading the devotions. Brother Bland was converted when he was fifteen years of age. In his boyhood he felt that he was called to preach the Gospel, but his parents were poor, and his opportunity for an education was limited. He was privileged to attend school only two months out of twelve for several years, but hestudied diligently at home, as far as his employment would allow, until he was nineteen years of age, and by this time he had made such proficiency that he was employed as a teacher in a country school, and thus he in a measure qualified himself for his life work. In the year 1844 he was licensed to preach, and employed by the Presiding Elder as junior preacher on the Pocahontas Circuit, Samuel Register, preacher in charge. His first circuit was indicatfve of the many he traveled afterward, in that it was large, having twenty-two preaching places and necessitated traveling over two hundred miles to fill all the appointments. At the close of the Conference year he was recommended and recived into the Baltimore Conference, which convened in the city of Baltimore. Bishop Hedding presiding, and was appointed to Monroe circuit. During the seven years of his work in the Baltimore Conference many souls were brought to Christ, as he had a strong passion to lead men to the Savior. February 16, 1848 he was united in marriage to Miss Ellen C. Kimberlin who has shared courageously with him the long years of toil and self-sacrifice in the service of the church. Sister Bland in her true wifely devotion made it possible for Brother Bland to devote his time and energy to the work of the ministry which otherwise he could not have done, performing work on circuits, stations and districts hundreds of miles from home with a meager salary,she supplementing, by teaching and otherwise, the support of the family. August 23, 1851, he was transferred from Bradford circuit by Bishop James to "The Oregon and California Mission," which was the name of the work on the Pacific Coast. William Roberts, superintendent. Together with his wife and child they started for New York city, and taking the steamer *Illinois* for Panama, crossed the Isthmus on horseback. Taking the steamer *Republic* for San Francisco, they reached there October 6, 1851, just four days before the first number of the CALIFORNIA CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE was issued. Rev. Isaac Owen was then Presiding Elder of all California. The Methodist Episcopal Church was in its incipiency in San Francisco. S. D. Simonds was preaching at Powell street. William Taylor (now Bishop) was just opening the Seaman's Bethel and M. C. Briggs was beginning a new work on Market street, which became the nucleus for Howard Street Church. Brother Bland's first charge, as the appointments had been arranged before his arrival on the Coast, was Nevada City, where he wrought well during the year, completing and paying for the church building which he found in course of erection. The first Conference after his arrival was held in Powell Street Church, San Francisco, Bishop Ames presiding, and he was appointed to "Southern California Mission," and the Bishop added when the appointment was read, "Brother Bland is his own Presiding Elder." The new appointee started immediately for his work, taking passage on the steamer *Goliath*, an old vessel which threatened demolition before getting out of the Golden Gate, reaching Los Angeles in February, 1853. Here he really entered upon the scenes of his conquests. There were but few Americans in Los Angeles at this time. He rented a house that had been shipped from England and set up 20 by 30 feet, and in this house he lived and used it as a church and private schoolhouse in which his wife taught. Only one Protestant sermon had been preached in the town before his arrival, and that was by Rev. J. W. Brier, a Methodist minister, who was passing through up the Coast. The second Sunday after his arrival, he organized a class of ten members at El Monte, among whom was Dr. M. Whisler, who still lives, and here was held the first Methodist LoveFeast in Southern California, April, 1853, and later in the season the first camp-meeting. There was not another Methodist minister within four hundred miles, nor an evangelist, and there were but few Americans living within easy access of the meeting, and yet twenty-seven were converted and joined the church. J. W. Potts, now living in Los Angeles, was the only Methodist in the city at this time, except the preacher and his wife. Brother Bland preached here at great disadvantage through the year, to small audiences, infidelity, and spiritualism abounding.

At the next Conference, a Los Angeles District was created and he was appointed Presiding Elder, the District reaching from Santa Barbara to San Diego, with only two preachers, James M. Caldwell, in Los Angeles, and R. R. Dunlap in El Monte. Now his missionary zeal had a wider field. He journeyed on horseback to San Diego, Santa Barbara, Santa Ana, San Bernardino, and to all intermediate points, carrying his provisions with him, sleeping on the ground after a hard day's ride, endangering his life to the savage beast and more savage assassin and robber, as there were killed and robbed on an

average one man per day, in those times. Through these perils he pursued his course, preaching and persuading men to give themselves to the Savior and organizing classes and building up society.

He served the following Charges in the Baltimore Conference: Pocahontas, Monroe, New Castle, Floyd, Sweet Springs and Bradford. In the California Conference: Nevada City, Southern California Mission, Placerville, Mission street, San Francisco, Compton, Watsonville, Ventura and Orange; and the following districts: Los Angeles, Marysville, Sacramento, Stockton, Washoe, Sacramento, the second time, and Santa Clara. After the division of the Conference in 1876 he served the following Charges in the Southern California Conference: Santa Ana, Compton, Florence, Grangeville, Lompoc, Visalia District, Keranville and Tehachapi Circuit, Los Alamos, Lancaster and Simi.

In 1884 he represented his Conference in the General Conference at Philadelphia. He has the distinction of having organized more churches, preached more sermons, built more churches, traveled more miles—having traveled by his own conveyances, horseback, buggies and otherwise, one hundred and thirty-six thousand miles; and by public conveyances, stage, cars and boat, over forty thousand miles—gone through more hardships, suffered more privations, in fording streams, swimming rivers and climbing mountains in his itinerant labors than any preacher on the Pacific Coast. Mr. Bland was a forceful speaker, fresh in his discussions, thoughtful, vigorous and evangelical. He was a model pastor, genial, social and sympathetic. He was modest and even timid to a fault, yet often "mighty through God." Endowed naturally with exuberant spirits and a rollicking humor, the latter never found expression in the pulpit. His temperament and gifts fitted him for revival work, in which he greatly rejoiced, and few have been more successful in gathering souls into the kingdom. Revivals attended his labors in almost every Charge. Many in that day will rise up and call him blessed. At the Annual Conference in 1893 he very reluctantly took a superannuated relation, stating at the same time that if there was a hard field to which nobody would go, he would gladly accept it at the hands of the Conference. About three years ago he received a light stroke of paralysis which prevented him from doing active work, but he preached occasionally as opportunity afforded, gradually growing more feeble, but not until about ten days before his departure was he unable to walk around his home or drive around town. He often spoke of his readiness to go and his desire to go and be with Christ. A few hours before his death, as he was lying in a seemingly unconscious state, I aroused him and asked, "Brother Bland, who saves you?" He opened his eyes and looked at me with a smile and answered, "Christ saves me." I said, "You will soon be at home. Have you a message for the brethren of the Conference?" and he replied, "Yes. Tell the brethren of the Conference that the Christ whom I have preached for so many years saves me now." Then as if to emphasize what he had said, he continued, "He saves me to the uttermost." These were the last sentences spoken by our brother, and he fell asleep, Sunday, Oct. 27, at 2:35 P. M., in his home in San Fernando.

He leaves a wife and six children; three sons and three daughters; five of them living in California and Rev. R. W. Bland a prominent member of the Rock River Conference, now stationed in Joliet, Ill. May our dear Father in heaven comfort them. Oct. 29, after a funeral service in the Methodist Church, in which a number of brethren of the Conference took part.—Rev. W. A. Knighten who had long been associated with him delivering the principal address—we laid him away to rest. I. I. Spencer.

JUDGE R. F. PECKHAM.

Judge R. F. Peckham died August 3, 1896, at his residence at 116 Fox Avenue in this city. He was one of the most talented and widely known of the pioneer residents of the State. He was born in Charleston, R. I., January 30, 1827, and was the eldest of a family of nine. He arrived at San Francisco, then known as Yerba Buena, in August, 1846. His career in California was varied, and in every calling in which he engaged he exhibited the highest ability and attained the most flattering success. He was in succession a gold-miner, merchant and lawyer. His legal career was chiefly at Santa Cruz and Monterey. He served one term as County Judge at Santa Cruz. For five years, up to 1870, he was a partner of Judge Payne. The extent of his practice and the great ability that he evinced gained for him a State reputation.

In 1869, after a visit to the East, Judge Peckham founded the San Jose Woolen Mills, of which institution he was the President and Manager until a few months prior to his death.

The Pioneer published a complete history of his life, going through many numbers, which was one of the most interesting sketches ever printed.

The writer has been intimately acquainted with Judge Peckham, having been a near neighbor for nearly thirty years. We have ever found him a conscientious, upright citizen. Peculiar and eccentric as most men are, yet warm-hearted and generous, and strictly honest in all his dealings. The death of such citizens are a great loss to a community.

About six weeks before his death, in a drive to Alum Rock, Judge Peckham sustained a slight injury to his right foot. Gangrene resulted, and a surgical operation was performed, but he never rallied. Judge Peckham leaves the following children: James A. Peckham, Lois A. Peckham, Leah Caroline Peckham, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Mary Pillot, Mrs. Fannie Reonsen, and W. H. Peckham of Eureka.

The funeral services of Judge Robert F. Peckham were held at Native Sons' Hall, under the auspices of the Santa Clara County Pioneer Society. The Rev. Victor Tressler officiated, and spoke in high commendation of the ability and worth of the departed, and the great loss to the community.

J. Covkendall, President of the Pioneer Society, made some remarks appropriate to the occasion that were well received. In part he said: The Santa Clara County Pioneer Society has requested me to make a few remarks upon this sad occasion, and the theme of these remarks shall be thrice grateful commendation. We can scarcely realize that but a few months ago our brother was a grandly instructive and interesting lecturer from the platform upon which his body now rests. His graphic descriptions of sights and scenes and faces of early days made us all for the time almost live over again and behold the sights and scenes when we first came to this land of sunshine and gold. The members of this society scarcely as yet realize how much we shall miss the genial countenance of the lamented departed. We shall no longer hear his jolly laughter, with which he always greeted his friends and made continued sunshine in his presence.

San Jose loses one of its brightest business men by his death, and his friends and neighbors can only in time realize their loss. To his family all good citizens offer their condolence.

"Pioneers, shall we say poor Judge Peckham; no, we will rather say rich Judge Peckham; rich in the goods wishes he had for all humanity; rich in the great ability he was endowed with. Pioneers, our bent forms and whitened locks prove that we, too, will linger but a short time, then we will join the majority that have passed to the beyond. We trust that we will leave as pleasing remembrances among our friends and in the community as was our brother.

A quartet rendered some very fine selections. A large number of friends and acquaintances followed the remains to the place of interment at Oak Hill Cemetery, where the burial ceremony of the Lutheran Church was observed. The following pioneers acted as pall-bearer: Albert Lake, Archy McDonald, Judge J. R. Weller, J. Q. A. Ballou, S. W. Boring, J. B. Lewman, L. A. Spitzer and L. H. Stephens.

JOHN DAUBENBISS.

The death of John Daubenbiss, which occurred at his home in Soquel February 9th, 1896, marks a page in the history of California that tells of the days of a pioneer of pioneers.

He came to America from his birthplace, Bavaria, in 1835, and six years later crossed the plains to Oregon, and to California in 1842. His first home in this State was at San Jose in 1843, whence he removed to what is now Soquel in Santa Cruz county in 1845, where he bought a farm on which he had made his home ever since.

There were but a few adobe houses and only a handful of American settler when he crossed the mountains on an Indian trail and went to Santa Cruz. With John Homes he purchased with cattle the Rancho del Rodeo, which includes the land lying between the Rodeo and Soquel creeks and stretching from the sea two miles and a half toward the mountains.

Daubenbiss was in the Mexican War under General Fremont, and at the raising of the American Flag at Monterey in 1846, he carried the message from Commodore Sloat to General Sutter at Sutter's Fort announcing that fact. He was arrested in San Jose by the Mexicans, who suspected every 'Gringo' of treason, but released upon investigation and allowe t to go forward on his mission. He joined the American party and on September 9th, 1850, was in Santa Cruz and participated in the festivities of raising the flag and reading the Constitution of the new State.

He was a member of the first Board of Supervisors of Santa Cruz county.

Daubenbiss got out the timber for the piles in Long Wharf at San Francisco, the first that was built in that city, in 1846, and which was then at the foot of Commercial street. He built the first grist-mill in California, at Niles Station, near Mission San Jose, in 1846, for General Vallejo, and the first saw-mill in the State, at Soquel, in 1847.

He was married in San Jose about the time he settled in Soquel. His wife died in 1891. Three son and three daughters survive him. Mr. Daubenbiss died of general debility. He was 84 years of age and had been vigorous and active up to a year ago, when he began failing, though not quite a sick man until within the past ten days.

LAID TO REST.

Funeral of the Late John Daubenbiss at Soquel Largely Attended.

The funeral of the late John Daubenbiss at Soquel Tuesday afternoon was attended by a large concourse of people from all parts of the county. Business houses were closed in the village and flags hung at half-mast. The remains were followed to the Soquel cemetery by the Pioneers, Masons, Native Sons, Naval Reserves and Soquel school children.

F. A. Hihn, Elihu Anthony and H. F. Parsons were the pall-bearers for the Pioneers, and E. L. Williams, J. M. Dutton and Chas. Steinmetz for the Masons. From the Native Sons the following honorary pal-bearers were selected: Chas. E. Towne, L. T. Ware, R. H. Pringle, S. Ryder, O. A. Foster and W. I. Newmao. The Naval Reserves firing squad consisted of eleven men under Lieut. Morey.

At the cemetery Rev. A. B. Snider of the Soquel Congregational Church officiated. The Pioneer service was performed by F. A. Hihn and Elihu Anthony and the Masonic by F. W. Lucas. The Naval Reserves fired a salute over the grave.

Among those present at the funeral were Winston Bennett, who came to California with the deceased, and John Brown, who knew him at Fort Smith, Arkansas, in 1841.

1896 DIED.

HARRIS—In San Francisco, June 29, 1896, Mrs. S. Harris, mother of Mrs. F. D. Scott, a native of Mansfield, Ohio, aged 75 years.

[The funeral of deceased will take place from the residence of J. W. Towne, Mission Hill, THIS Thursday morning at 10 o'clock. Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to be present.]

Death of Henry M. Mershon.

After an illness of three years duration Henry M. Mershon died at his home in this place Wednesday evening, September 30th, 1896. The funeral will be held from the family residence this—Friday—afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. The obituary will appear in next week's paper.

JAMES A. CLAYTON.

James A. Clayton, who has figured prominently in the affairs of this city and county for many years, is dead. The end came at 3 o'clock April 15, 1896, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Carroll W. Gates, in Los Angeles. Several members of his family residing in this city were present when he passed away.

The cause of Mr. Clayton's death was the breaking down of the nerve force through the amputation of his left arm near the shoulder, from which operation he never fully recovered, although he lived nine months after it was performed. The amputation was deemed necessary owing to a bad break of the left arm, the bones which refused to knit. The sufferer went to Los Angeles last February in search of health, but he failed rapidly. The efforts of the best surgeons that money could procure were of no avail.

James A. Clayton was as widely known in Santa Clara county as any man who ever lived within its borders. He was born in Derbyshire, England, October 20, 1831, and came to the United States with his parents when but 8 years of age. They settled first in Iowa county, Wisconsin, where the father, John Clayton, worked in the lead mines of that section. In 1850 the California fever struck the Clayton household, and James A. and his brother Joel started west with an emigrant train. They were eighty-seven days in traversing the distance from the Missouri river to Placerville, which place was then known as Hangtown. Mr. Clayton stopped in the mining section only a few days and then came on to Santa Clara, where he was employed as a clerk by his brother Charles, who came to this valley in 1848. In February, 1851, Mr. Clayton went to the mines of Nevada county, but after ten months' work he concluded that he might better his fortunes at the mines of Australia. Mr. Clayton was not yet of age, but he boldly struck out and remained a year in the Antipodes. He returned to California in August, 1852, and after residing in Stockton a few months again took up his abode in Santa Clara, were he was employed as a clerk until 1856. He then came to San Jose and made his home in this city ever since. His first venture was a photographic gallery, and he remained in this business thirteen years.

The personal popularity of Mr. Clayton caused his elevation to the office of County Clerk in 1861, and the way in which he conducted the office earned him a re-election in 1863. His second term expired in 1865, and two years later he embarked in the real estate business, which he was engaged in continuously until his death. The business is at present in charge of his sons. At the time of his death he was President of the First National Bank of this city.

Mr. Clayton was married in March, 1860, to Miss Anna L. Thompson. The children of the couple numbered seven, Mary E., wife of C. W. Gates, of Los Angeles; Edward W., Willis S., and John J., who are conducting the real estate and insurance business; Grace Elisabeth, who died in infancy; Ethel and Florence Clayton. Mr. Clayton owned a large amount of property in and around San Jose, and his financial standing has always been high.

The deceased was a member of San Jose Lodge, No. 10, F. and A. M. He belonged to the First Methodist church, and for a number of years was a Trustee of the University of the Pacific. In 1888 he was sent to the Methodist Episcopal Church General Conference, at New York, as a lay delegate. In politics he was a Republican, acting with that party since 1858.

WASHED OFF THE ROCKS.

1896

A Girl Drowned and Her Mother Has a Narrow Escape.

SANTA CRUZ, February 11.—This afternoon Mrs. Frank Reed and her ten-year-old daughter Mary were on the rocks near Lighthouse point gathering shells. When they started to return to the cliff drive, the girl dropped some shells and started to pick them up, when a wave washed her from the rocks. The mother was frantic as she saw her child disappear, and ran to save her and was herself washed off. When she came to the surface, the girl had disappeared and Mrs. Reed, after a hard struggle managed to reach the rocks. The girl's body has not been recovered, although men are looking for it. Mrs. Reed and family, who are from Fresno, having recently come from Kansas City, have been camping near the river for several weeks.

Ralph, the eight months old son of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Doodler, died at the home of his parents last Friday evening about 6 o'clock. Funeral services were held at the residence Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, conducted by Rev. Sanderson of the Free Methodist church. The interment was in the Vermont cemetery. The bereaved family have the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community.

DR. BENJ. CORY.

Dr. Benjamin Cory, the first regular practicing physician who opened an office in this city, died at his residence, 435 South Second street, San Jose, Cal., January 16th, 1896.

This death ends the remarkable career of one of California's earliest pioneers and takes from San Jose one of its best known and most worthy men. For forty-nine years past he was practicing physician of this city, and always during that time an active participant in the affairs of the city and the State. He saw the city grow from a Mexican village to its present proportions and was an authority on all matters relative to its early history and its old settlers. Devoted to his profession he had continued active practice until declining health forced him to his bed about six months ago, from which he did not again arise.

He always had a large practice and it is said that his book accounts represent several large fortunes. He died leaving his family in only moderate circumstances, as a result of a generosity which characterized his whole life.

His death was not unexpected. About two years ago he was taken with la grippe and confined to his bed for a short time. He rallied from this, but a few months after he was taken sick with bronchitis and disarrangement of the liver and digestive organs. This was considered to be the direct result of the former attack of la grippe, which had badly shattered his constitution. Last June he was taken with a severe attack of pleurisy and from this he never rallied. Two operations were performed upon him to relieve him of the effects of this malady and, while they were successful, atropy or contraction of the liver set in and a general decline of health followed. Death has been expected for several months at almost any time, but a strong vitality over came the effects of the disease and not until Wednesday was it apparent that life was rapidly ebbing away. The immediate members of the family were summoned and most of them were about his bedside when he expired.

In 1847 Dr. Cory left his home in Oxford, Ohio, and with an ox team began the tedious trip to California across the plains. He was born in Oxford on November 17th, 1822, and received his preliminary education in the common schools of that city. He was graduated from the Miami University in 1842, receiving the degree of Master of Arts. Under his father, Dr. James M. Cory, he began the study of medicine, and graduated from the Medical College of Ohio, in Cincinnati, in 1845. After practicing with his father for two years he decided to come West and began his perilous trip across the plains. He landed safely in Portland Oregon, then a village of a few houses, in September, 1847. In November of the same year he came South and took up his residence in San Jose. There were only a few English-speaking residents in this city at that time, but he lost no time in learning to speak Spanish in order to converse with his patients. He used his Testament as a text-book for acquiring the knowledge of translating English into Spanish. In a short time he mastered the language and spoke it fluently up to the time of his death.

Soon after his arrival in this city, Dr. Cory established an office on the east side of Market street, between San Antonio and San Carlos, facing the present City Hall plaza.

The structure, though of plain redwood slabs with clay tiling, is said to have cost $2,000. The old house was one of the first frame buildings erected in this city, and though remodeled, it still stands. This house, it is said, was rented at $200 a day for the meeting of the first California Legislature, of which Dr. Cory was a member.

In 1850, Dr. Cory was elected a member of the Common Council of this city, which position he held until 1855.

While he was a member of this body, San Jose was visited by the cholera and Dr. Cory was offered the contract of attending all the poor people who were stricken. The consideration was large and the doctor endeavored to do the work, but after eight days of incessant toil both night and day he found that it would be impossible and threw up the contract.

While a member of the Council, that body was invited one Sunday to attend a bull-fight. The invitation was accented, but at the next meeting of the Council Dr. Cory offered a resolution forbidding bull-fighting within the city limits and this stopped the brutal sport in the future.

In 1853 Dr. Cory was married to Miss Sarah A. Braly, daughter of Rev. John E. Braly of Missouri, who also came across the plains with his family in 1847.

In 1858 Dr. Cory formed a partnership with Dr. Bascom. Later he became the partner of Dr. A. J. Spencer, the father of Frances E. Spencer. During these years Dr. Cory accumulated a considerable fortune. Many years ago he went security for a friend to a very large amount which, though not legally required to pay, he struggled for ten years to liquidate and finally succeeded in doing so.

It is claimed by those who knew the deceased well that he had paid many thousands of dollars in security debts. His purse or his name seemed open to his friends and he struggled hard to meet all obligations.

The transformation which had taken place in this city as well as in this State during Dr. Cory's residence here has perhaps been as great as that ever witnessed by any man.

The deceased was once a Democrat, but joined the Republican party upon its organization. He was a staunch supporter of that party from its incipiency to the time of his death. In 1872 he was appointed Trustee of the Normal School in San Jose by Governor Booth and this position he held for ten years. As soon as the news of his death reached the Normal School the flag of that institution was placed at half-mast and numerous messages of sympathy were sent to the family by members of the Trustees and the Faculty.

Dr. Cory was one of the early members of the Masonic order in this city, and occupied many high positions of honor in the organization. At the time of his death he was a member of Royal Arch Chapter and the Blue Lodge. He was buried by San Jose Lodge No. 10, F. & A. M.

The deceased was of Scotch descent, and was raised in the Presbyterian Church. He attended services at the Second Presbyterian Church, of which his family were members during his life.

Dr. Cory some time ago deeded to his wife all the property he possessed, and it is doubtful if he left a will.

A widow and eight children survive the deceased. The children are John B. Cory of Lodi, Lewis L. Cory of Fresno, Mrs Henry Ledyard, Mrs. F. K. Ledyard, Mrs. W. G. Alexander, Miss Susannah Cory, Miss Harriet Cory and Miss Sarah Cory of this city. The house in which the deceased passed away was erected thirty years ago by himself. At that time this house was considered to be some distance out in the country.

1896

GENERAL M'COMB PASSES AWAY.

Came to California in 1849 and Was Since a Prominent Man.

General John McComb died of heart disease at his home in Temescal. General McComb was an old-time newspaper man, who was managing editor and one of the proprietors of the Alta California when that journal was well known to a large circle of California readers.

He gained promotion gradually and through all the successive grades, from a non-commissioned officer to brigadier-general commanding the Second Brigade. He was succeeded as commander of this brigade by General W. H. Dimond, and it is a remarkable fact and cited as a coincidence that both generals died on the same day.

General McComb's age was 67 years. He was born in New York, and sprung from Scotch and Irish stock. He came to California in 1849.

Under the administration of Governor Perkins the Board of Prison Directors appointed General McComb warden of Folsom State Prison.

He held the wardenship throughout Gov. Stoneman's administration, and during Waterman's regime was transferred to San Quentin as warden of that prison. The Prison Directors under the Markham rule removed him and appointed Warden Hale.

At the time of his death General McComb was secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

During his career as editor of the Alta his life was threatened by an irate lawyer named Hayes—a man who had acquired a reputation as a fierce fighter. A scene occurred in the editorial rooms of the old Alta on California St. one night, and the result was that Hayes got about the soundest thrashing that a retraction demander ever merited.

General McComb leaves a widow, two sons, John J. and George S., and a daughter, Miss Lizzie McComb.

COOPER—In this city, December 11, Sarah R. Cooper, a native of New York, aged 60 years. Friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral services to-morrow (Monday), at 12 o'clock, at the First Congregational Church, Post and Mason streets. Interment private.

COOPER—In this city, December 11, Harriet Cooper, a native of Tennessee. Friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral services to-morrow (Monday), at 12 o'clock, at the First Congregational Church, Post and Mason streets. Interment private.

FISKE—In this city, April 4, of paralysis, Dr. Henry M. Fiske, a native of Boston, Mass., aged 72 years. Oneida and Chimeo papers please copy.

Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral this day (Sunday), at 30 o'clock, from his late residence, 2100 Bush street, corner of Webster. Interment, Laurel Hill Cemetery.

DR. HENRY M. FISKE DEAD.

1896

A Pioneer Physician and Honored Citizen.

Dr. Henry M. Fiske, a pioneer physician of this city, died at his residence, 2100 Bush street, at 1 o'clock this morning of paralysis, with which he was stricken about three weeks ago. He was 72 years of age.

Deceased came to San Francisco many years ago and from the start was very successful in his profession, building up a large practice. He was at one time a member of the Board of Health, served the State as a Senator and the city as a member of the Board of Education. He leaves a widow and three grown children—Mrs. Benjamin Peart of Woodland, Mrs. Helen Saull of Petaluma and W. H. Fiske, a leading merchant of Portland, Or.

The funeral will take place from the residence Sunday afternoon under the auspices of the Knights Templar, of which he had long been an honored member.

DR. W. C. PARKER.

Dr. W. C. Parker died August 11, 1896 at his home on Younglove Ave., Santa Cruz. For some months he had been failing, but not until very recently did he remain at home.

The deceased came to California in 1846 from New York as Surgeon of Stevenson's Regiment. For some years he was connected with the regular army as surgeon. When he retired from the army he established the Parker House, our informant tells us, on Portsmouth Square, San Francisco, and accumulated much wealth, for in those days the Parker House was the principal hotel in the metropolis. It was the headquarters for the miners with whom money was no object. After disposing of his interest in the hotel he engaged in speculating, and, it is said, lost the major portion of his wealth in an unfortunate investment in wheat.

During his residence in San Francisco he was among its most prominent citizens. No citizen of Santa Cruz was better posted as to the early history of the State, in which he played an important part.

Some ten or twelve years ago the deceased went to Santa Cruz, residing for a time on the corner of Washington and Laurel Sts. He was engaged in the real estate and insurance business, having an office in the Effey building. Dr. Parker was a genial, cultured gentleman, fond of a good story and in spite of his financial losses, always looked on the bright side of affairs. He leaves a widow and a son besides many friends among the Pioneers to mourn his demise.

DIED.

COOPER—In Oakland, July 25, 1896, Franklin Cooper, aged 83 years, a native of Gettysburg, Pa., at his late residence, 1006 Sixth avenue, East Oakland.

JEWETT.—Mrs. L. C. Jewett was born February 27, 1829, at Batavia, Genesee county, N. Y., and died at the residence of her son-in-law, Rev. Wm. Hulburt, San Leandro, Cal., September 28, 1896, aged 67 years 7 months. She united with the M. E. church at San Leandro, September 9, 1885, during the pastorate of Dr. A. S. Gibbons. During the past ten years she has been active in all departments of church work. Mrs. Jewett was the mother of nine children, three of whom were with her during her last illness. For some weeks before her death she had premonitions of her departure, and talked with neighbors concerning her funeral services. On September 25th, at 4:30 p. m., while preparing to visit her son in Oakland, she was stricken with paralysis and remained unconscious until her death. Her funeral services were conducted by the pastor, Rev. J. B. Chynoweth, at the San Leandro church. He preached from Rev. xxi. 25, "For there shall be no night there." Mrs. Jewett was a kind neighbor, a faithful wife, loving mother and earnest Christian. The many beautiful floral offerings testified to the general esteem in which the community held her. J. B. C.

DEATH OF JACOB ZIEGLER DAVIS.

PASSES AWAY FAR FROM HOME.

WAS ONE OF THE MILLIONAIRE PIONEERS.

Noted for His Generosity to Charities and Public Enterprises.

Jacob Ziegler Davis, a capitalist of this city, died in Philadelphia yesterday morning. The news of his death was received in a private dispatch to his relatives. It is thought that Davis' death was caused by grieving over that of his wife, which occurred last month.

After her demise he became ill and a trip East and to Europe was advised. In company with his two nieces, Mrs. John M. Curtis and her sister, Miss Belle Muir, he left, never to see his adopted State again.

The wealth of Jacob Ziegler Davis made him prominent in San Francisco, but his good deeds caused him to be respected. He died a millionaire, he and his partner owning much business property.

Davis was born in Philadelphia in June, 1820. He was a carpenter by trade as was Alexander Boyd, his partner. The two formed a friendship in the Quaker City and left there together when young men to make their fortunes in the South. They took contracts to build sugar and cotton mills. They reached San Francisco in June, 1849.

The partners went to Georgetown and commenced placer mining on the Yuba. They took out some gold and moved to Sacramento where they began building houses and selling them.

In 1852 the partners came to this city and embarked in a financial and realty business, and their wealth grew rapidly.

The deceased capitalist was a thirty-third-degree Mason. He was a life member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and at one time gave $10,000 in cash to that society. To the San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railroad he donated $10,000, refusing to take stock. He was a member of the Society of California Pioneers and of the Academy of Sciences, and was president of the State Mineralogical Society. To both of the latter he donated valuable collections, as well as to the Park Museum. He also donated $25,000 to the Park improvement fund.

JACOB DAVIS.

The remains of Jacob Davis, for more than forty years past, an extensive operator in real estate in California, were cremated at Germantown crematory November 2, 1896.

The ashes of his wife, who was cremated two months ago, were placed in the same casket and the remains of husband and wife were placed in a grave in the old Dunkirk church yard at Germantown.

Davis died in Philadelphia October 28, 1896 while on a visit. He went to California in 1849 and prospered to such an extent that he was regarded as one of the wealthiest residents of San Francisco.

DIED. 1897

MARCH—In this city, Jan. 9th, Wm. F. March, a native of Maine, aged 69 years.

Death of W. F. March.

W. F. March died Saturday morning at his home on Beach Hill from paralysis, of which he had been a sufferer for three years. The deceased came to Santa Cruz about thirty years ago, and for some years owned a lumber yard. Owing to ill health he retired from active business.

The deceased was twice married and leaves a widow and six children, viz: Frank March of Cambria, Wm. March of Moro, Edward March of the Pacific Theological Seminary, George, Royal and Irma March of Santa Cruz.

Twenty years ago Mr. March erected a residence on Second St., Beach Hill, which was for some years among the handsomest in this city.

DIED. 1896

M'CANN—In Santa Cruz, Dec. 23d, Miss Pearl McCann, eldest daughter of the late Judge J. F. McCann and Mrs. Lucy Underwood McCann, a native of Bowling Green, Kentucky, aged 29 years.

[The funeral of deceased will take place from the family residence, No. 117 Soquel Av., TO-DAY (Thursday) at 2 o'clock P. M.]

Dec 23. Passed Away. 1896.

On Wednesday morning Miss Pearl McCann passed away after many months of failing health. Recently she returned from Mexico, where she had been in search of health. Miss McCann was a teacher in our public schools some years ago, and a member of the Congregational Church, Sunday School and Endeavor Society. She was a young lady of refinement, culture and nobility of character, who will be sadly missed from her circle of acquaintances.

March 26-1897

Obituary.

Mrs. Andrew Hamm died at her home northwest of Vermont, Saturday morning at 6 o'clock, aged 29 years, 5 months and 2 days. Her death came very suddenly, she having been sick less than 24 hours. She was as well as usual Friday morning, but after breakfast while milking a cow was seized with severe abdominal pain. With difficulty she made her way to the house and suffered intensely. A physician was called and the pain had then shifted to the right side and stomach. The family was notified of the danger of complication of the heart and possible fatality should this occur. The patient rested easier after medication and rested well during the night. In the morning she insisted on arising, and on being helped into a chair died almost instantly. A sudden attack of neuralgia of the heart was the cause of her death.

Funeral services were held at the residence Monday afternoon at 1 o'clock, conducted by Eld. G. W. Ross of the Christian church. The remains were then laid to rest in the Vermont cemetery.

Lucy M. Hamer was born northwest of Vermont, October 18th, 1867. She was united in marriage to Andrew Hamm, December 18th, 1892. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Hamer, together with her husband, Andrew Hamm, five sisters, Mrs. T. M. Mercer of Lewistown, Mrs. W. J. McHenry of Macomb, Mrs. Green of Astoria, Mrs. John Gamill and Miss Maggie Hamer, and two brothers, Joseph and Simon Hamer, are left to mourn her untimely death. They have the deepest sympathy of all in their sudden and sad affliction.

BURKE.—Mrs. Martha A. Cole Burke was born in Lodi, Seneca Co., N. Y., April 26, 1830, and after a life of Christian fruitfulness, a life blest with more than usual domestic happiness, and yet tried by unusually searching griefs, a life of patient fidelity to all religious and home duties, she passed to her reward, dying at the residence of her sister Mrs. Stewart, in Newton, Kansas, November 30, 1896. Mrs. Burke was converted in her girlhood and genuinely converted. She knew it, and others knew it by her life and testimony through all the years of her life. Endowed with rare natural gifts, grace detracted nothing, but rather added much, to all these. Immediately after her conversion she united with the Methodist Episcopal Church and remained in its communion until she was transferred to the Church triumphant. She had a decided preference for her own church, for in it she found large liberty and scope for the exercise of her graces and gifts; but her faith and love were broader than any denomination and compassed all who loved her Lord. She came with her husband, the late Judge Burke, to California in 1849, and united with the Central Church in this city soon after its organization in 1864, and her husband was president of its Board of Trustees until his death. Mrs. Burke was very broad in her sympathies and very active in public and private charity. She was connected with the Board of Directors of the Children's Hospital and similar institutions and was widely know for her benefactions to the distressed and unfortunate and for the executive ability which she brought to her public activities. In the church she was most faithful and devoted; always in her place and ready with an open hand and a sympathetic heart for every form of Christian service. Her home life was most beautiful; of a deeply affectionate nature, she was most devoted to her husband and children, and was no less beloved by them, and yet her heart was torn again and again by the anguish of bereavement. A noble son was called away in a tragic manner in 1880; not long after a fair daughter was summoned home and then came Sorrow's crown of sorrow in the death of her husband. But through all her griefs she bore a faith that was triumphant and a fortitude that was unfailing. She was on her way to join her only surviving daughter, Mrs. George Palmer, in New York city, when the fatal illness seized her. She reached "home" sooner than she expected,—not the home of the loved daughter in New York, but the home of the dear ones whom she had "loved long since and lost awhile." After a severe illness of three weeks' duration she passed peacefully away. Her body was tenderly brought back to this city by her daughter, Mrs. Palmer, and her brother, ex-United States Senator Cornelius Cole of Los Angeles, and after appropriate services at Central Church was laid to rest in the beautiful Mountain View Cemetery, Oakland, "until the morning breaks and the shadows flee away."

E. R. D.

HULBERT.—Rev. William Hulbert of the California Annual Conference was born in New York city November 16, 1816, and died at San Leandro, December 13, 1896. In 1818 his parents, with three children, moved to Ohio, but in less than six months after reaching their new home the father and two children died, leaving the mother and her boy, two and a half years old, among strangers in a strange land. But that mother trusted God and met bravely the many difficulties before her, teaching her son to look to the same source for guidance and help. At the age of sixteen, under the labors of Rev. Russell Bigelow of the Ohio Conference, William was converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal church. In the latter part of 1833 he removed with his mother to Detroit, Mich., and three years later to St. Joseph county in the western part of the same State. In August, 1836, he received license to preach, Richard Hargrave being Presiding Elder, that part of Michigan still remaining in the Indiana Conference. He traveled one year under the Presiding Elder. Erastus Kellogg, who died at Marysville some years since, was preacher in charge. In 1837 he joined the Indiana Conference, and was sent to Warsaw Mission in the Tippecanoe country. This work was largely in the swamp, where the lands were low and fertile, but fever and ague abounded, his health failed, and he was not able to continue in the active work. September 28, 1838, he was united in marriage with Miss Lydia Jewett of Lagrange county, Ind., who, through many long years, proved to be a devoted wife, as well as a faithful and an efficient helper in the battles of life and the work of the church. By the advice of physicians and friends he moved to Iowa for the improvement of his health, and labored as a local preacher until 1844, when he joined the Rock River Conference, and was ordained deacon by Bishop James O. Andrews. Near the close of 1841 he was ordained Elder by Bishop Waugh. He filled various missions, circuits, and stations in the Iowa Conference, which was organized in 1845 up to 1852, when he was sent by Bishop Janes to the California Mission. Leaving Council Bluff in May, 1852, he landed in Sacramento, August 24th, after a weary journey over deserts, plains, and mountains. His first appointment on the Pacific Coast was Ione, where he organized a class of some twenty members, most of them coming with him across the plains. In November of that year he was sent to Grass Valley to take place of J. G. Blain, who was made Presiding Elder of the Sacramento District. In the spring of 1853 the California Conference was organized, and Brother Hulbert was stationed first at Santa Clara, then San Jose, and Placerville the following year. In the fall of 1856 he returned to Iowa, and remained for one year; then back, and filling the Downieville charge, the Sacramento circuit, and in 1860 was appointed Presiding Elder of the Petaluma District, where he remained for a full term of four years. After leaving the District he was in charge of Seamen's Bethel, Alameda, East Oakland, Berkeley, and San Leandro. This closed his active work as a pastor, as his wife's helpless condition required his constant presence and care. He took a superannuated relation and resided at San Leandro to the end. Having no children of their own, Brother and Sister Hulbert adopted and reared an orphan girl, who is now the wife of Judge Morrow of San Francisco. This lady has ever had an affectionate regard for her adopted parents, and was tenderly loved by them both. Some ten years since a second marriage was contracted with Miss May Jewett of San Leandro, and of this there came a sweet little girl, now fatherless, who makes a sad home brighter and more cheerful than it otherwise would be, to a doubly bereaved mother. May the steps of mother and daughter be ordered by the Lord until they reach the "home over there." Sixty of the fourscore years spent by Brother Hulbert on earth he was an accredited minister of his Church, honored and trusted. For sometime his physical strength had been failing, and for two months or more kept at home, if not in bed. During this time his pastor, Brother Chynoweth, visited and conversed with him often about the future, always receiving the assurance that all was well; and on Sabbath afternoon he passed away as quietly and easily as a child goes to sleep. The funeral services were conducted by his pastor, assisted by Rev. W. S. Urmy of Powell Street, San Francisco, and the writer of this sketch, in the presence of many friends, neighbors, old acquaintances, and church members. He rests from his labors and his works follow him.

W. R. GOBER.

DIED.

SCHAW—In Santa Cruz, Tuesday, June 15, 1897, Henry Schaw, aged 56 years and 6 months.

Funeral today (Wednesday) at 2 o'clock from his late residence, 423 Bay street. Friends and acquaintances invited to attend.

Henry Schaw, who was injured at Baird & Nolan's mill, Soquel, died yesterday morning at his home on Bay street.

Mr. Schaw was last Wednesday working on a building at his trade of carpenter when a sharp pain in his back caused him to fall to the ground, a distance of about eighteen feet, and he struck so heavily on his side and arm as to break the arm, and to cause internal injuries which resulted in his death.

Mr. Schaw was 56 years of age and a native of Germany. He came to this country over thirty years ago and has resided most of the time in this city, where, in his quiet, manly way, he drew about him a large circle of friends, who respected him for the honorable, upright life he lived.

He leaves a widow, three daughters and two sons, to whom his death is a great loss. One daughter is married and lives in Grass Valley, but the rest of the family reside here.

The funeral will take place this afternoon from the family residence on Bay street and will be conducted by Santa Cruz Encampment No. 30, I. O. O. F., of which he was an honored member and a past grand patriarch.

July 20th 1897

Night Came In the Night.

Sometime during the watches of last night death came suddenly, and it is believed painlessly, to Mrs. Sue Lindsay, wife of D. M. Lindsay, of this city, and mother of District Attorney Carl E. Lindsay and Clyde A. Lindsay of Santa Cruz, and Mrs. Arthur Moore, of Hanford.

Mrs. Lindsay was not in strong health but had been no worse than usual and when she retired last night made no complaint of feeling ill. At five o'clock this morning her husband, on awaking, found that life was extinct and that death must have occurred some time before.

The lady to whom death came so swiftly and so quietly was much beloved in Santa Cruz and known for her good works. She was especially interested in the Methodist Church and Sunday school, of which she was a devoted member, and in the temperance cause. She was a member of the W. C. T. U. and all kindred organizations in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Lindsay was a native of Ohio and was in her 67th year. The cause of her death, it is supposed, was heart disease.

EDGAR SPALSBURY.

aug 16th 1897

A Prominent Citizen Closes His Earthly Career.

Altho' Mr. Spalsbury had been in ill health for many years, yet his death last night came unexpectedly to the community.

Captain Spalsbury came out of the army with a shattered physical constitution, and has been a more or less constant health seeker during all of the subsequent years.

Something over twenty years ago he reached the Santa Cruz mountains, and to Santa Cruz climate he was indebted

for the last score of years of his life, much of it passed in comparative health and comfort.

Edgar Spalsbury was born in Jefferson county, New York, in 1835. After completing his early education he entered the legal profession with bright prospects.

In the flush of early manhood he laid aside the law to respond the Abraham Lincoln's first call for volunteers, and received his "baptism of blood" at the inglorious conflict at Bull Run.

Afterwards as Captain of Company C, 35th New York Infantry, he served in the Army of Potomac and participated in some of the important campaigns of the war.

Since the close of the rebellion his time has been divided between travel and rest in health-seeking and in the practice of law.

He came to California in 1875 and after two or three years spent in the mountains, was able to reside in this city. Shorty after he established his residence here he served a term as Justice of the Peace. He then formed a law partnership with Hon. Bart Burke, a Grand Army comrade, and for several years the firm of Spalsbury & Burke held a large share of legal business. He served one term as a Trustee of the Free Library; was a active member of Reynolds Post, G. A. R. and of the Congregational church. He was one of the largest contributors to the present church edifice in which he took great interest.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Spalsbury on Laurel street was one of happiness and hospitality, and his widow will have the sympathy of a wide circle of friends.

AUGUST 17, 1897.

REDWOOD FOREST DAY.

A Sad Life Story Full of Suggestions to the Young.

"And yet to all a time may come when the fevered lips of life will long for the cool, delicious kiss of death. When tired of the dust and glare of day, we all shall near with joy the restful garment of the night."

Another sad chapter of human life is closed forever. Death like a winged messenger of peace and rest has come in the moontide, and night has quickly fallen. A broken heart is stilled forever. Crushed and bleeding by the wayside—weighed down by vain regret and blighted hopes, a human form sinks down to rise no more.

Turning the pages of memory backward for a seemingly brief period, the writer sees a baby boy—the only son—the pride and joy of fond and happy parents. When but a lad of eight we see the guiding hand of the best friend on earth—the mother—ruthlessly torn from him by the cruel hand of Death. Then, in spite of this greatest of misfortunes, we see him a joyous and happy schoolboy reveling in the freedom and unrestraint of his wildwood surroundings. Then we see him beginning life for himself as a young man, chafing for apparent lack of opportunity, full of the spirit of adventure, frank and outspoken, and of strong social instincts, he passes out into the world, and wanders up and down the earth "in pursuit of the bubble, Fortune."

Then afar from the influence of home, and father and sisters, he makes an unfortunate marriage, meets with financial reverses and passes from our sight. Then the ugly rumor comes that the prison doors have closed upon him. In a time of discouragement and disappointment caused by family and business reverses, in a moment of weakness, he is lured into a scheme of robbery by a deacon of a church—a man of position and standing in the community — Oldham by name, for whom he was working at the time at Ukiah, in this State. Friendless and without money he is arrested and railroaded to prison, with a sentence of eight years before him. The arch-plotter of the scheme, which was the holding up of a stage coach—the unmasked hypocrite—the deacon, makes a hard fight for freedom but gets the full penalty of the law. Then by the free use of money and the pull of influential friends he secures delay, gets a new trial, and finally a much lighter sentence, which he is now serving out at Folsom prison.

Accidently the father learns of the climax in his son's misfortune, but not until the prison gates have closed between them. Then, true to his own flesh and blood, the father does all that is possible to mitigate the penalty of the son's wrongdoings. He visits him frequently, went to the scene of his undoing, got an extensively signed parole petition, and finally the promise from the prison directors that the unfortunate boy should be released upon parole for the rest of his term on the 12th of the coming December.

Such in brief is an outline of the peculiarly sad career of Redwood Forest Day, only son of Wm. A. Day of Sequoia. He was born on his father's ranch in that district on the 17th of June, 1869, and died in San Quentin on the 8th inst. at the untimely age of 28 years. Even thus the circuit of a life was complete, and he was gathered to his fathers and laid to rest within a stone's throw of the spot where he first saw the light, on the old homestead, by the kindly and sympathetic hands of many former friends and neighbors.

In the prison where he had been for a little over two years before his death, he had made a host of friends, and was a trusted bookkeeper in the turnkey's and identification data offices. J. C. Jameson, the officer in whose department he served faithfully and well, says of him in a recent letter to the father:

"I had Redwood with me as a companion nearly all the time he was here, and I do miss and feel his loss greatly. I miss him as I would a brother. His disposition was one of rare kindness. He was true to his kindred and friends, and all here learned to love and respect him. His death causes a deep regret to all who knew him and we mourn his loss."

Surely this unsought testimonial speaks volumes under the circumstances But he was cut to the quick. He felt his humiliation deeply and was heartsore and sick over the disgrace he had brought on himself and family. He pined and pined and was utterly discouraged as to the future. When at last that terrible malady, typhoid fever fastened itself upon him a few weeks ago, he was an early and easy victim, and soon the full penalty of a life had been paid by this tempest tossed child of unfortunate circumstance, and the wearied soul was free, not to be furthered stayed by prison bars and bolts.

Tenderly the mortal remains were brought homeward by the sorrowing family on Tuesday the 10th inst., and followed by an unusually long procession of friends in carriages, were taken from the train to the family burying ground in Sequoia. There they were laid to rest close beside the loving mother, and near many other relatives who had preceded him to the unknown. Rev. C. R. Nugent assisted by a choir of friends rendered a simple service at the graveside, consisting of prayer, the singing of three beautiful hymns and an appropriate discourse.

And thus the form of Redwood Day passed from mortal sight forever. The smallness of his sin and the greatness of his suffering is before us, and compels only pitying and charitable thoughts. Who shall condemn him? He has erred, but who has not? He made his mistakes, but he suffered grievously for them. Who shall say "I am better than thou." "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." This universally appropriate saying of Christ's should disarm every criticism. We know that many greater wrong doers have never seen the inside of prison walls, and have been clothed in fine linen and looked up to all their lives.

Let us remember Redwood Day for what he was in his best days,—the joyous and happy child of the forest, for which he was named, or the ambitious youth, beginning life for himself and earnestly striving and hoping for success. Or better still perhaps, the matured man in his latter days, winning the love, respect and admiration of his prison associates. Surely there was more of good than evil here, and surely, should there be another life this blighted existence cannot fail of full fruition. He has atoned for his sins and earned his reward. In this we can rest secure,

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air.
I only know we can not drift
Beyond His love and care."

The above from the Mountain Echo will appeal to all who knew the young man Redwood Day, whose history has attracted much attention, and its "application" is as wide as the parable of the prodigal.

DR. BAILEY DEAD.

Aug 24th 1897.

FOUND DEAD IN HIS ROOM TUESDAY MORNING.

Apoplexy Supposed to be the Cause —The Deceased Resided in Santa Cruz for Many Years.

The startling announcement of the death of Dr. A. H. Bailey caused much surprise Tuesday morning. Many doubted the truth of the rumor, for they could hardly believe that the genial doctor, who was always good-natured and popular, was cold in death, but investigation proved the news to be only too true.

Dr. Bailey, who occupied a room in his office in the Masonic Temple over the Model drug store, returned from San Francisco on the late train Sunday night. He had gone to San Francisco for the purpose of seeing his brother-in-law, Wm. Coffee, off for Klondike. He had looked forward with much pleasure to having his mother and sister, Mrs. Coffee, again at the family residence, corner of Front St. and Soquel Av., they intending to remain here during Mr. Coffee's absence.

On Monday Dr. Bailey complained of a severe headache, but said it would soon pass away. At 7 o'clock that evening he jocularly said to a friend in the Model drug store, who had complained of a slight ailment, "If you don't look out you'll be planted before you leave Santa Cruz." An hour later he got some pills, saying he would take them, have a good sleep and be all right in the morning. He then went upstairs to his room.

At 9:30 o'clock Tuesday morning Carl Kratzenstein heard him snoring. Shortly afterward two ladies went to the doctor's office, but were unable to receive any response to their knocking, so they came down stairs and inquired of Mr. Kratzenstein, who is the manager of the Model drug store, if Dr. Bailey was in. Kratzenstein whistled up the tube which leads to the doctor's office, but didn't receive any reply. Then he and a boy employed in the store went upstairs to see if the physician was in. The boy entered the room through the window fronting the street and opened the door. When Kratzenstein went into the doctor's room he was astounded to discover that Dr. Bailey's earthly career was at an end.

The deceased was lying on his left side, with one hand at his lips, while the other hung over the edge of the bed. Physicians and friends of the deceased were immediately notified. A superficial examination was made and it was decided that apoplexy was the cause of death.

The deceased leaves a daughter, a mother, and two sisters, Mrs. Wm. Coffee and Mrs. S. T. Bitting.

There were few better known men in Santa Cruz than Dr. Bailey, who had resided the greater portion of his life here. He was born in Placer Co. in 1855. When three years old he came with his parents to Santa Cruz. His preliminary education was obtained in the public schools of Santa Cruz. In 1876 he graduated from Golden Gate Academy, and then entered the State University. Later he studied medicine in his father's office. For two years he attended the Cooper Medical Institute in San Francisco. In 1883 he graduated from the Hospital College of Medicine at St. Louis. He then went to the Hawaiian Islands, where his father had preceded him, and located at Kahului, Isle of Maui. In 1883 he was married on the islands to Miss Mollie Nelson of New Hampshire, who died four years afterward, leaving to his care a little girl baby. He then returned to Santa Cruz, where his father was then in ill health. His father died soon after. Dr. Bailey again visited the islands, and after settling up his business there came to Santa Cruz in 1889, and continued to reside here.

The deceased was a member of Santa Cruz Parlor, N. S. G. W. He was a man who made friends easily, for he was always of a pleasant disposition and enjoyed life thoroughly.

On a table in the office was found a letter written by the deceased to his mother, telling of his arrival in Santa Cruz and expressing the hope that the schooner on which were his brother-in-law and cousin had gotten safely off, and sending his love to his mother and "a great big kiss" to his daughter Nani.

A coroner's jury was impaneled Tuesday. After viewing the remains an adjournment was taken until next Friday. In the afternoon a partial autopsy was made. The lungs were found to be congested. The autopsy will probably be completed today.

DIED.

BAILEY—In Santa Cruz, Aug. 24th, Alexander H. Bailey, a native of California, aged 42 years.

[The funeral of deceased will take place from the Congregational Church TODAY (Thursday) at 2 o'clock P. M. Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend.]

DR. BAILEY'S BURIAL

Services at the Congregational Church.

The Place Was Changed Late Last Evening, Too Late to Be Announced.

The funeral services over the remains of Dr. Bailey will be held at the Congregational church this afternoon. It had been arranged for Scott & Ely's undertaking parlors, and was so announced in the Surf. The determination to change the place was reached after the Surf had gone to press and too late, of course, to change the announcement.

Mrs. Coffee, Dr. Bailey's younger sister, came from San Francisco last evening. But her mother was too feeble to undertake the journey and her elder sister, Mrs. Bitting, who resides in Arizona, could not get here in time.

The services will be held under the auspices of the Native Sons of the Golden West, of which Dr. Bailey was an honored member. Rev. John G. Taylor will deliver an address, and there will be select choir music.

There will no doubt be a large attendance at the funeral services, for Dr. Bailey was so loved by the pro-

ple of this city that his death has come like a personal affliction to almost the entire community. His thorough goodness of heart and kind attendance upon the poor who needed his services gained for him the friendship of almost every man, woman and child with whom he was acquainted.

He was a plain man—a man of the common people. He was neither rich nor great, save in that richness of love for suffering people, and in greatness of heart. Though standing high in his profession he cared not for the plaudits of men, nor for the wealth that skill commands. He might had both at his command for his knowledge could have gained for him both fame and competence.

But Dr. Bailey was so unselfish, so generous, so kind of soul and quick in deeds of charity that he seemed to live only for the good he might do to them he could serve. That he enjoyed life personally no one will deny, but to say that he cared more for his personal gratification than for the happiness and comfort of others would be a libel upon his good name.

I know not what his religion might have been and I care not. But I do know that, though his faith may have been nameless and his creed unnamed, his kind deeds of love and charity to all placed him upon a pedestal whence he might with entire trust leave his soul with that kind God whose mercy falls upon all who do His will, in what fashion they may.

If pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is: to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world, as the Apostle James has said, then Dr. Bailey's religion was of the sort that no man need fear to trust in. That he did visit and attend and nurse to life the afflicted poor needs no proof. That he kept himself unspotted from the world of avarice and greed and malice and all the evils that turn men into devils, was proven by his modest, kindly, generous, honest and unselfish life.

I would rather bear to my grave the record of good deeds written down to the credit of Dr. Bailey than enjoy the most of wealth and the luxuries that wealth can bring in life. I remember with great pleasure the kindly greeting he gave me, a stranger. How unlike the cobbed, soulless, sullen meeting one so often finds when he goes among strangers ill and seeking renewed life.

His to me was not a professional nor pecuniary service. His warm hand-clasp had no touch of avarice nor his kindly face no expression of desire for pecuniary gain. From that first meeting day until I saw him cold in death I'd called him friend. Ah! what friendship that is when neither serves the other nor asks a service. And so has it been with other men who knew him for years as I knew him for months.

And when the cruel news was told that Dr. Bailey was dead there came to my soul a pang as though the loss were mine alone. But my sorrow was one among thousands whose hearts have bled the white blood of tears; and gave them freely, too, although each drop drove deeper the arrow of grief into the soul.

Today we shall look for the last time upon his face and stand about his coffin and lift to Heaven a prayer of gladness that we called him friend and felt his friendship in our every meeting with him. And standing there, we may well know that in all the future years we'll find no truer friend, nor one more worthy of our friendship than Dr. Bailey.

HIS FINAL RESTING

Dr. Bailey's Remains Laid Away.

An Impressive Funeral Service Held at the Congregational Church.

The Congregational church was completely filled with friends of the late Dr. A. H. Bailey whose body lay in a casket covered with flowers. They heard sweet music and listened to a touching tribute and looked upon the bright flowers upon and surrounding the dead body of their friend. But through it all there was sadness and sorrow for their loss, and sympathy for the sister and daughter of him they all loved. Sweet songs, tender words and bright flowers may not drive from our hearts the grief that come from such a loss. Yet there was consolation in these expressions, and they whose hands and voices paid the last sad tribute had done a simple duty which we who stood beside must thank them for.

The casket, borne by Dr. C. W. Doyle, Dr. B. A. Plant, Carl Kratzenstein, W. D. Haslam, Ernest Halliday and Harry Lester, was met at the entrance to the church by Rev. J. G. Taylor, and as the solemn procession passed to the altar the minister spoke the introductory words of the service, while Prof. Hastings at the organ added the music of that grand instrument to the impressiveness of the occasion.

The simple service was enhanced by the sweet voices of Mrs. J. R. Williamson and Miss Anna Linscott in that impressive song, "Some Day, Some Time, We'll Understand." And as they sang the great throng of friends sat silent and thoughtful, wondering mayhap what there may be to understand, what reward their dear friend had attained after his life of usefulness and giving life and cheer to others. Mayhap that reward shall be the meeting over there—somewhere—with her whose love he cherished, who was to him the helpmeet that made his life so happy for a few brief years.

And when the minister spoke of the gentleness and love and kindly, generous nature of this friend who visited the widow and the fatherless in their affliction and gave of his cheery nature to the unhappy, like the good Samaritan that he was, the great throng of friends bowed in sympathy for the dear ones who sat beneath the preacher's voice and bore as best they could their sad affliction. Of all that thousand people there were none whose tears did not well up to ease a sorrowing heart. Strong men wept aloud. Strong men to whom death is a common observation. Men of iron nerve and strong of soul sat there like little children and wept.

At the conclusion of Mr. Taylor's address and prayer Miss Maud Hohmann sat at the organ and while the solemn music rang through the room the friends of the deceased, led by the Native Sons of the Golden West, passed by the casket and looked for the last time upon the face of him they had known so long and so affectionately, while the sister and daughter of this friend of us all awaited the passing of the large congregation. And when the last was come the casket was again lifted tenderly and deposited in the funeral carriage.

A long procession of carriages followed to Odd Fellows' cemetery, and there the concluding part of the funeral service was said and the remains were consigned to the earth, and sweet flowers were strewn upon the grave by members of the Native Daughters of the Golden West under the direction of Mrs. J. R. Williamson, who also directed the placing of the floral emblems in the church.

And now that he is laid to rest and we of earth shall see him no more in life or in death let us turn with kindly words and thoughts of sympathy to the sisters and dear old mother and the sweet daughter of this man whom to know was to love. And may no friend of his fail in any word or act to express to them kind words of consolation. Theirs is not an easy burthen. But it must be borne, and the bearing will be the lighter if they shall meet with tender sympathy.

HE SLEEPS WELL

Alex. H. Bailey Borne to Rest by Brothers and Friends.

Around the casket where lay the body of Alex. H. Bailey, there gathered today, in a grief that was common to all, not alone his brothers of the Native Sons of Golden West, not only his friends and companions, not only the members of Santa Cruz society among whom his presence had always been welcome, but the poorest, the lowliest, the foreigner, the dwellers on many a mountain ranch, from many a valley home, from many a lowly fisherman's casa—the people who counted Alex. Bailey a friend, and to not one of whom had he ever refused the best offices of his professional talent, the tenderness and kindness of lowliest service and nursing, the genial smile and encouraging word that bade hope beam again where despondency had held its sway.

For all of these the last kindly word had been spoken, the last friendly office rendered, the last genial smile given, and Alex. Bailey's face, purified and divested of all earthliness, lay peacefully amid the beautiful blossoms of his own California, with life's joys and sorrows, struggles and temptations all left behind.

The services were simple and appropriate. The Congregational Church was crowded with those who had gathered for the last friendly office; there were flowers in their daintiest beauty for the man who had loved them well, there were appropriate words and music that comforted.

Rev. J. G. Taylor, pastor of the church, read the story of the Good Samaritan over the man who had many a time and oft bound up the wounds of him who had fallen among thieves, and the solemn words of the Divine Master—"This is religion pure and undefiled—to visit the widow and the fatherless"—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto Me"—sounded the judgment of justice and of love above all that was left here of one who, like all of us, needed much forgiven.

Mrs. James Williamson and Miss Anna Linscott sang with feeling, "Some Day, Sometime, We'll Understand."

The pall bearers were Dr. C. W. Doyle, Dr. B. A. Plant, Carl Kratzenstein, W. D. Haslam, Ernest Halliday and Harry Lester.

The interment at I. O. O. F. cemetery was rendered beautiful and solemn by the ritual of the Native Sons.

DIED.

TAYLOR—In this city, August 20, 1897, Mrs. Frances E. Taylor, wife of Dea. Nelson Taylor, aged 73 years, a native of Massachusetts.

☞ Funeral will take place from the Congregational church, tomorrow, (Tuesday) August 31st, at 2:30 P. M. Friends and acquaintances are invited to attend.

Death of Mrs. Nelson Taylor.

Aug 24th 1897

Mrs. Frances E. Taylor, wife of Deacon Nelson Taylor, passed away last evening as calmly and peacefully as the sun sinks behind the horizon when the day is done.

With her the work of life was fully finished and she had been patiently waiting with slowly ebbing physical strength for many months for the messenger to call her.

Mrs. Taylor was born and reared in Massachusetts, coming to California in 1857, then Miss Robbins, to visit her sister, Mrs. Sarah M. Sawin, wife of H. H. Sawin, one of the prominent pioneers.

Nelson Taylor was also a pioneer and a warm friend of the Sawin family but unprovided with a helpmate. It was not many months after the arrival of Miss Robbins in Santa Cruz that she became the wife of Nelson Taylor, and for forty years they have been steadfast in all the domestic, social and religious relations of life. It was in 1857 also that the Congregational church in this city was organized and Mr. and Mrs. Taylor became members of it and have thence forth remained devoted and faithful adherents.

Mrs. Taylor outlived all the members of her father's family and the vast majority of the generation of pioneers who

laid the foundations of the Santa Cruz of today.

The privations endured and the obstacles overcome by these early settlers, are very inadequately appreciated in these days, but as the future develops, the debt to the pioneer fathers and mothers will be more deeply recognized.

The family consists of the father, who carries the weight of four score and six years, one son, Herbert N., in business in Hollister, and one daughter, Miss Fannie, who has devoted her life to the care of her parents in their declining years.

1897 DIED.

STURTEVANT—In this city, Nov. 12th, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. P. G. Martin, Mrs. Phebe Sturtevant, a native of Rhode Island, aged 87 years and 10 months.

[Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral Sunday from the Baptist Church at 10:30 A. M.] 2

Mrs. Phebe Sturtevant.

1897

Another of Santa Cruz's honored pioneers, and an octogenarian, Mrs. Phebe Sturtevant, has passed on to the "rest that remaineth for the people of God." "Grandma" Sturtevant, as she has been familiarly known for many years, was born in Smithfield, Rhode Island, Jan. 23d, 1810.

She came to Santa Cruz in 1870. When 20 years old she had united with the Baptist Church, and upon coming to Santa Cruz at once placed her membership with the church here, and for 27 years has remained a devoted and honored member, thus completing 68 years of faithful Christian life. As late as August she was a familiar figure at the services of her church. Thirty-six years ago her husband preceded her and since then she has walked "Alone, yet not alone," finding her home with children and grandchildren who have tenderly ministered to her comfort. In September she was stricken with the illness from which she never rallied. During this time she was cared for at the home of her daughter, Mrs. P. G. Martin, and at last, by hands that loved her, she passed quietly, as to sleep from the hushed music of earth to the chorus above.

"Grandma" was of an exceedingly happy disposition, intensely fond of flowers, and a great lover of good music, and she carried her bright, cheerful ways, and especially her fondness for music, to the close of life. She will be long and lovingly remembered as "grandma" by all who knew her. There are left to mourn her loss, two children, Mrs. P. G. Martin of Santa Cruz, and Mr. E. A. Sturtevant of Corning, N. Y.; nine grandchildren, Mrs. E. S. Pringle, Mrs. May Rawle Wilmot A. Martin, of Santa Cruz, Miss Daisy Nash, San Jose, and the rest in New York, and eighteen great grandchildren.

The morning services, at the Baptist Church today, will be devoted to her funeral with sermon by her pastor, at half-past ten.

THOS. W. WRIGHT.

Nov. 15 - died 1897

A PIONEER OF SANTA CRUZ PASSES AWAY.

Served In the Mexican War, and Was County Surveyor For Over Thirty Years.

Thos. W. Wright died Monday afternoon after a short illness. He was among the oldest pioneers of Santa Cruz. He came to this county in December, 1849, and lived here continuously ever since.

The deceased was born near Minden, Louisiana, on Oct. 29th, 1824. He was a descendant of Revolutionary sires. His grandfather was a Virginian, who helped to repulse the British at Yorktown. Mr. Wright was reared in Arkansas, being the son of a farmer. He studied surveying when a youth. When war with Mexico was declared he went to the front as Sergeant of a company of Arkansas volunteers. He was in Gen. Wool's command in Buena Vista and fired the first gun in that memorable encounter. In the latter part of the war he was in the Quartermaster's department, serving a year.

When the deceased reached Santa Cruz after the close of the Mexican war there was only two houses where the main business part now is. One of them was Eli Moore's log house and the other E. Anthony's store. All of the other buildings were adobes located on the Upper Plaza. At that time there were not more than a dozen American children in the town. Mr. Wright was the Treasurer of the first Sunday School.

In 1850 he was elected County Surveyor, and, with the exception of four terms, covering a period of eight years, he held the office continuously until 1890, covering thirty-two years of service. His knowledge of the county was extensive. He was familiar with nearly every section of land in this county, familiar with the county's topography, and geology.

Mr. Wright never married, facetiously saying he did not have time.

In pioneer days the deceased was well known throughout the county, but for the past few years he seemed to have dropped out of public sight. He had an office on Front St., but did not do much surveying owing to his failing eyesight. Among those who had the benefit of his experience are Ed. Perry and Chas. Pinda. He was a generous hearted, unselfish man; coveted no man's house, lands or cattle; he never owned any real estate or taxable property as far as we know. In the Public Library he took interest, being an omnivorous reader. He was a cyclopedia of pioneer information, possessing a retentive memory. He was a walking dictionary in metes and bounds of all real estate possessions in this county. He never went to church, theatre, party or any form of amusement or entertainment, as far as we know. He had no intimate companions, but was easily approachable by all.

The deceased was a member of the Santa Cruz Pioneers, but seldom or never attended their meetings or gatherings, picnics or celebrations. He never belonged to any fraternal organization. He was a surveyor first, last and all the time. Whether he had any relations or not we never learned.

Obituary.

TRUBODY.—John Trubody was born at Sutton, Cornwall, Eng., October 14, 1808, and was, consequently, at his death, on Saturday, November 27, 1897, 89 years 1 month and 13 days old. He lived in his native place till he was twenty-two years of age, and then came to America, passing through Canada, stopping at St. Johns, N. B., and settling at last in Wayne county, Penn. In 1833 he returned to his native land, and was married to Miss Jane Palmer; then came back with his young bride to Bethany, Penn. Seven children blessed this union, five of whom preceded their parents to the invisible world, leaving two sons to mourn the departure of a grand and godly father. In 1837 Brother Trubody removed to Lexington, Mo., where he remained until May 1, 1847, when he started with an ox-train across the plains for California, arriving on the 1st of October the same year. He came at once to San Francisco, and remained here during the winter of 1847–8. In the spring of 1848 he went to Napa Valley to build a hay-press for some parties who were caring for a number of government horses. He returned to San Francisco in the early summer, and then went to the mining regions, and worked for Captain Sutter in his grist-mill at Brighton, Sacramento county. He told Rev. T. H. Woodward, when pastor of First church, that he was among the first in the mines, and sent word to mission, by Kit Carson, of the discovery of gold on this Coast. He returned to San Francisco in October, 1848, and constructed with his own hands, for he was a carpenter, a rude shanty of one room, and here Rev. William Roberts, one of our first missionaries to Oregon, was his guest. Bro. Trubody said he well remembered that his guest slept on the floor with his feet to the fire and his saddle-bags for a pillow. Our brother was never happier than when his larger and better house was filled with Methodist preachers and missionaries. He now made San Francisco his residence, and built, on the corner of Washington and Powell streets, the first entire brick building ever erected in the city. He also erected the first marble-front building in the city. It still stands on Washington street, just below Kearny. He has been a prominent man, not only in religious affairs, but also in city matters, for the last half-century. He was converted early in life, and maintained his Christian profession without wavering all along his lengthened pilgrimage. In the month of October, 1848, the first Methodist class ever formed in California was organized in the little one-roomed house, by Rev. William Roberts, and consisted of John and Jane Trubody, and seven others. All honor to the worthy nine! Mrs. Jane Palmer Trubody died May 14, 1877, and on the 24th of December, 1879, Brother Trubody was joined in matrimony to Miss Jane Truscott, who survives, to tenderly mourn an affectionate and beneficent husband. Some years ago he received a severe injury in falling from a street-car, but was never heard to murmur at the dispensations of Providence. John Trubody has been through all the past history of California one of the main pillars of Methodism in this city of San Francisco. In 1850 he, with J. B. Bond and Daniel Ross, was appointed on a Quarterly Conference Committee to take into consideration the establishment of a Book Concern and paper on this Coast, and this was the inception of the CALIFORNIA CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE. In all the enterprises of the Church he has stood by as a strong helper, religiously, socially, and financially. His voice was always heard at the devotional meetings in praise and prayer, or testimony. He has always been a member of the Official Board of First church. In this capacity he was always in his place, and always helpful in the prosecution of the business. He greatly enjoyed his social relations, and was urbane and kind in his companionships. He gave liberally for the site now occupied by First church, and his purse was always open for the wants of the church and its ministry, as well as to relieve the distress of the poor and unfortunate. As the time of his departure approached his faith took on a brighter hue, and more firmly grasped the realities of the eternal state. Often he spoke of his Father's house on high, and said, "How joyful it will be to meet all the old friends in the heavenly mansions." He would endeavor to sing the old Methodist hymns, and one favorite was often on his lips during the week in which he died—"When for Eternal Worlds We Steer"—and at the last he passed away in great peace. Thus lived and thus died our brother, leaving behind a good name, which is as ointment poured forth, and remembered by hosts of friends who will long admire his consistent piety and noble Christian character.

W. S. URMY.

BANNISTER. — Elizabeth G. Mannering, widow of the late Edward Bannister, D.D., died in Binghampton, N. Y., January 13, 1898, in the 77th year of her age. She was a remarkable woman in many ways. She was born in Sandgate, England, and came to America in 1829. When 22 years of age she married Howard Bannister, then a Professor in the Seminary at Cazenovia, N. Y. In 1850 she, with her husband, went to California, where they were sent "to found an institution of high grade." As the wife of a Professor in a preparatory school or President of a University, she demonstrated her rare womanly fitness. In 1871 she was left a widow with six children. She soon returned to Syracuse, N. Y., where she made her permanent home. By watchfulness, economy, patience and courage she saw three of her daughters graduated from Syracuse University, and all the children were given rare educational advantages. Of the two sons, one was a lawyer and the other a civil engineer. Of the daughters, one was for many years a teacher in the Syracuse High School, and the other three taught in Wyoming Conference Seminary from three to twelve years each. Thus was the family a high compliment to the mother. Nor could they have been such children had they not had such a mother. Mrs. Bannister was intellectual. Her reading was of an advanced and unusual order. Hence, what she said or wrote was rare. As Secretary of the Local Itinerants' Club her monthly reports were anticipated as intellectual treats. She was a devoted Methodist. Modest, thoughtful, serious, yet relieved of cant, she would announce her rich Christian experience. The institutions of the Church she prized and promoted. For more than twenty years she was President of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in Centenary church, of which she was a member. She had rare self-possession. After leaving home she learned of the death of the son in California, named for his father. Although far from being young, she accepted the sad news with Christian pose and heroism that challenged the admiration of those that were near her. While visiting her daughter, Mrs. Rev. J. H. Race, wife of the pastor of Centenary church, Binghampton, she sickened, and after a brief illness she passed away as Christians go to their eternal home. Services were conducted at an early hour at the house, and later and more extended service was held in Syracuse, conducted by the writer, who had been her pastor many years before. Brief addresses were also made by Rev. Dr. J. B. Foote, J. C. Nichols and H. R. Bender. She sleeps in Oakwood Cemetery, where rest so many that were great and good. Thus for seventy and seven years this good woman worked, read, planned, economized, worshiped, grew gracefully old, was honored, buried, and mourned.

MANLEY S. HARD.

ARAM.—Captain Joseph Aram was born in Oneida county, N. Y., March 24, 1810, and died at San Jose, Cal., March 3, 1898. He was born to command. Of large frame and powerful muscle, fearless in danger, cool in crisis, prudent in counsel, temperate in habit, unselfish in plan, faithful to friends, generous to foes, affectionate in his family, energetic as a citizen, upright in magistracy, incorruptible as a legislator, vigilant as a soldier, always and everywhere a Christian gentleman, incapable of bigotry. With his family he came to California in 1846, and immediately enlisted with characteristic energy in the military pacification of the disturbed condition of the State. Colonel Fremont went South to meet the Mexican soldiery in that part of the State, and Captain Aram was given charge at the north, where the laborious duties of his station were most wisely and ably performed. He went as far South as Monterey, and helped to build a fort, but his center of operations was Santa Clara Valley. He was an able member of the Constitutional Convention and of the first Legislature of the State, and for many years a delegate to the City Council of San Jose. Captain Aram originated the first nursery in the State, which he conducted for many years with success and great usefulness. One trait in the Captain's character is especially worthy of mention. I refer to his invariable amiability of manner in his neighborhood, and especially in his family. His first wife, whom he married in 1835, died within a year after their marriage, leaving an infant daughter, now Mrs. P. V. Cool of Los Angeles. His second wife, whom he brought to California with several children, was distantly related to our family, which naturally brought us into somewhat intimate relations; yet for years I did not know that there were the children of two mothers under the same roof. The two families were so affectionately blended into one that the keenest eye could not discern the slightest difference in domestic administration. Of four children by the second wife, Mr. Eugene Aram of Woodland only is left. This heroic woman died in 1873. In 1876 Captain Aram married Mrs. Grace Gray, who after years of affectionate and faithful wifehood survives her distinguished husband. Indeed, it is one additional proof of the wise discrimination of the subject of this imperfect sketch that all three of his wives were rarely excellent women, who worthily seconded the Captain's endeavors to make the world happier and better for the life he lived. It may not be known to many that California is largely indebted to Captain Aram for its free constitution, a fact for which it can well afford to be grateful.

M. C. B.

HEACOCK.—William Stockton Heacock, son of Rev. H. B. and M. A. Heacock, was born in Stockton, Cal., July 29, 1876. As was each of the nine children born to them, he was by his parents dedicated to God, and the baptismal seal was given by the hand of Bishop Wm. L. Harris, who presided at the following session of our Annual Conference. The writer remembers him, a sweet-faced child of three years, one of a group of seven children in the home of his Presiding Elder, and his faithful wife, my beloved parishioners in San Jose. Before his birth, one had been gathered into the heavenly fold, and one was afterward given these loving, devoted parents. One only remains to represent this circle of nine children, while eight are grouped a constellation of love and beauty in the circles of the saved in heaven. In those early years the boy Willie absorbed with unusual readiness the varied lessons which came to his opening mind. The flash of his eye seemed sometimes like the scintillations of an electric spark, and then would follow a penetrating, inquiring look, which would soon dissolve into his own peculiar smile, which was easily remembered as a striking feature of his winsome facial expression. His discerning, analytical mind mastered learning readily, and had not his health weakened his scholarship would have reached the highest altitudes. He had been but one and a half years in the High School when failing health called a halt in his school life, but not in study, for he immediately discovered that he was in a great university, which invited him to careful observation on every hand. A tour with parents and sister, embracing the principal cities and shrines of our own land, and including the Columbian Exposition, afforded him an opportunity gratefully seized and faithfully used. He leaves six large books of notes and memoranda of that world in miniature. His eager mind became a treasure-house of information, and his stores of knowledge thus gained were remarkably available. His reading, although voluminous, was carefully discriminating and well chosen, having for its central orb the heavenly classic, enabling him thus to stand on an eminence with the sweep of two worlds before his vision, ever realizing the infinite superiority of heavenly things. When he was ten years old he publicly professed faith in Christ, and entered the church of which his father was pastor in San Francisco. In religion as in other things he seemed ever to feel that convictions should be self-formed, and actions independent, and not imbibed from the investigations and opinions of others. Such a mind sometimes awakens solicitude in others, but with an enlightened conscience and honest purposes he proved, as have many others of like mold, that honest truth-seekers are sure to reach the goal of assurance in due time. Eight years after his conversion, when at an age when the feet of the young Christian sometimes slip, he took a strong departure in the upward path, and again as an honest seeker he received an enduement of power, as the Holy Spirit came upon his consecrated soul, and his youthful feet struck the highway of holiness, and he henceforth walked with God. At this time he heard a voice calling him to another consecration, and in cheerful obedience he placed himself in God's hands for the work of the Christian ministry, should health and strength be given him. In spirit, purpose, and consecration he was dedicated to the work of a minister of Jesus Christ. For four years he was much of the time away from home, seeking climate and conditions favorable to health, and everywhere a living, loving, Christian young man, whose life and language exalted Christ and was an unchallenged testimony to a full salvation. His messages to his anxious parents were illuminated with sweetest assurances of complete fellowship with Christ as his Savior from all sin. The messages sent to Epworth League and prayer-meeting are among the richest expressions of victory over sin and companionship with Jesus we have ever read. We would that the youth of California might have these thrilling appeals and shouts of joy, together with the eloquent passages with which his daily journal abounds. We will not attempt a description of the scenes at his bedside, when death was vanquished and with triumphant utterances "he awaited his translation." He asked for messages to loved ones awaiting him, and hastened on to join in the glorious pursuits of a heavenly life. He died at the parsonage home in Santa Clara, June 23d. The funeral services were held in the church at that place, and were shared by Bishop Wm. Taylor, Drs. Dennett and McClish, Rev'ds Mayne and Hopkins, with the writer. His interment was at Oakland Cemetery, the burial service being recited by Dr. W. W. Case, Presiding Elder, and the cherished form laid to rest beside the ashes of those whose glorified spirits had welcomed home another of their circle of love. *1898*

F. F. JEWELL.

THE TWO MYSTERIES.

(In the middle of the room, in its white coffin, lay a dead child, a nephew of the poet. Near it in a great chair, sat Walt Whitman, surrounded by little ones, and holding a beautiful little girl on his lap. The child looked curiously at the spectacle of death and then inquiringly into Gerald poet's face. "You don't know what it is, do you, my dear?" said he adding, "we don't either.")

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still,
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill;
The lids that will not rise again though we may call and call,
The strange, white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear this desolate heart-pain,
This dread to take our daily way and walk in it again;
We know not to what other sphere the loved who leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wonder still, nor why we do not know.

But this we know. Our loved and dead, if they should come this day—
Should come and ask us, "What is life?" not one of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be;
Yet oh, how sweet it is to us, this life we live and see!

Then might they say—those vanished ones—and blessed is the thought:
"So death is sweet to us, beloved! though we may tell ye naught;
We may not tell it to the quick—this mystery of death—
Ye may not tell us, if ye would, the mystery of breath."

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent;
So those who enter death must go as little children sent.
Nothing is known. But I believe that God is over head;
And as life is to the living, so death to the dead.

—Walt Whitman.

POETRY.

AT LAST.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And in the winds from unseen spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to mine own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have lost Thee, O Father! Let Thy Spirit
Be with me to comfort and uphold!
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever, through heaven's grand expanses
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find, at last, beneath Thy tree of healing,
The life for which I long.

—J. G. Whittier.

Santa Cruz Daily Sentinel.

FRIDAY.....APRIL 29, 1898

LAID TO REST.

FUNERAL OF THOSE WHO WERE KILLED IN THE EXPLOSION.

Large Gathering at the Armory, Where the Impressive Service Was Held.

Flags flying at half-mast, tolling bells and the closed doors of the business houses, saloons and restaurants Thursday afternoon testified to the general sympathy that prevails in this community over the sad calamity at the Powder Mills Tuesday.

The Armory was crowded when the funeral services began, promptly at two o'clock. In front of the Armory the street was blocked with vehicles. On the stage of the Armory were the officiating clergymen and choir. In front, resting on pedestals, were ten caskets containing the remains of C. A. Cole, H. C. Butler, Ernest Jennings, B. Joseph, Ernest Marshall, Luther Marshall, Jas. Miller, Chas. Miller and two unknown. The caskets were covered with flowers placed by loving hands. The stage was also piled high with flowers.

The services were very solemn, and the sobbing of the relatives and weeping of friends added to the sadness of the scene.

After a song by the choir Father McNamee delivered a short sermon. He extended his sincere sympathy to the bereaved families. St. Paul in his letter to the Hebrews said: "It is appointed for men once to die, and after death judgment." No one knows when death shall come. There is no age or condition that is proof against it. There is no rule to determine it. Be always ready, for ye know not the day or the hour. Death puts an end to joy, ambition, rivalry and sinful gratification. It tears away the curtain that hides the future, and brings us face to face with the living God. The only way to prepare for death is to live a good life.

Father McNamee then offered a prayer, after which Rev. Thos. Filben read the following biographical statement of the deceased:

Ernest Marshall—Born in Santa Cruz, Feb. 16th, 1879. He spent nearly all of his life in this city, and attended its public schools.

Luther William Marshall, his brother—Born in Marshall, Mo., Nov. 22d, 1880, brought to Santa Cruz when a child by his parents and reared here; attended the public schools and would have graduated the current year, but had to be taken out to aid in the support of the family. Good, faithful boys, who stay and support of the mother, who with brothers and sisters, mourn their untimely taking off.

Henry Clay Butler—Born in New York City July 23d, 1852. Came to California as a child and reared in San Francisco. Resided for seven years in all in Santa Cruz with his family; a carpenter by trade. A man of retiring spirit, yet all his life fired by a philanthropic interest in working people and known to his friends as a zealous apostle of practical reform, being from the first a member of the Carpenters' Union of San Francisco, a man unselfish and benevolent, one never known to shirk his duty. A good husband and true father, he leaves a stricken wife and three children.

Ben Joseph—Born in Santa Cruz December, 1870, reared in this city and attended its public schools. A good, true boy, faithful to his family and approved by his employers.

Chas. A. Cole—Born in North Litchfield, N. Y., in 1851; a resident of Santa Cruz with his family for 12 years. A carpenter by trade; a respected member of the community and high in the esteem of his brethren of the I. O. O. F., of which he had long been a member. A kind and faithful husband and a loving father. He leaves a wife, three children and an aged mother to mourn him.

Chas. Miller—Born in Santa Cruz, Oct. 7th, 1882; reared here and an attendant on the Grant school. The oldest boy of a family of six; a good, true boy and a general favorite at his work and among the neighbors.

James E. Miller—Born in Marin Co., Cal., in 1871; came to Santa Cruz to attend Chesnutwood's Business College, and after a term there took employment at the Powder Mills in October, 1895. A gentle, upright Christian man, a member of the Baptist Church; honored and loved by all who knew him. A wife and young babe survive him.

Ernest Jennings—Born in Watsonville Jan. 12th, 1877, and reared in this county. He had come to the city to his brother only a few days ago to begin his fatal work. He leaves a mourning family composed of a mother, father and three brothers.

Two unknown, some mothers' boys; angels will keep their memories green.

After a song by the choir, Rev. C. O. Tillotson impressively read the Episcopal burial service. Rev. E. H. Hayden recited the Lord's Prayer, which was repeated by the audience.

After a selection by the choir consolatory and appreciate addresses were made by Revs. Hayden and Filben. Each gentleman spoke impressively.

The services at the Armory closed with a selection by the choir.

The caskets were placed in two hearses and three other vehicles and then the sad march to the Odd Fellows' Cemetery began. The funeral procession was headed by the Odd Fellows and Powder Mill employes, followed by probably the largest number of vehicles ever seen here in a funeral procession.

The interment was in a large plat over which the Powder Co. will erect a monument.

April 4th

Found Dead.

Archer C. Maxey of Pescadero, brother of W. E. Maxey formerly of Santa Cruz, was found dead Monday afternoon on the ground under the window of the room which he had been occupying as a patient in the German Hospital, San Francisco. He had been in the hospital for treatment for several weeks, and it is not known whether he threw himself out of the window with suicidal intent or whether he fell out accidentally. The deceased was 44 years old and a native of California.

1898

1898 DIED.

WEBB—In this city, March 30th, Lizzie B. Webb, daughter of Geo. Webb, a native of England, aged 30 years.

[The funeral of the deceased will take place today from the Calvary Episcopal Church at 2 P. M., and to which all friends and acquaintances are invited to be present.]

LUKENS—In Santa Cruz, March 31st, Mrs. Sophia Lukens, wife of Evan Lukens, a native of Illinois, aged 56 years.

[The funeral of deceased will take place on Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the family residence on Locust St. Friends and acquaintances are invited to be present.]

GRASSO—In Aptos, March 28th, Fred Grasso, a native of Italy, aged 52 years.

CRAWFORD—Near this city, March 31st, Miss Fanny W. Crawford, aged 34 years, a native of Kentucky.

Death of Miss Crawford.

On Thursday morning Miss Fannie Crawford died at the residence of C. W. De Long on the Branciforte Drive. Her death was unexpected and caused a shock among her friends.

Miss Crawford had arisen at 5:30 A. M. Soon afterward a son of Mr. De Long heard the deceased fall to the floor. He notified his parents, who found her lying on the floor partially dressed. They placed her on the bed and sent for medical aid, but it was too late, as she expired a few minutes after she was placed on the bed. Death is attributed to heart disease, of which she had been a sufferer.

The deceased was a sister of Mrs. Dr. O. L. Gordon and had resided in Santa Cruz since she was six years old. She was a devout member of the Christian Church.

1898

Passed Away.

Miss Lizzie R. Webb passed away Wednesday night after a lingering illness. Consumption was the cause of death. Miss Webb came to Santa Cruz from Elgin, Ill., about ten years ago with her parents to join Mr. and Mrs. John Penny, who had preceded them, Mrs. Penny being Mr. Webb's sister.

Miss Webb was a member of St. Agnes Guild and a communicant of Calvary Episcopal Church. For some years she was employed in the stores of Schwartz & Son and G. W. Place. The deceased made many friends here by her kind and loving disposition.

1898

CALLED HENCE.

Death of Mrs. E. Lukens at Her Home on Locust Street.

Shortly before two o'clock Thursday morning Mrs. E. Lukens was called hence at her home on Locust St. For many months she had been a sufferer from Addison's disease, and her death was not unexpected. With Christian fortitude she bravely bore her sufferings. Death came to her as a welcome relief, for she realized weeks ago that there was no hope for her. All that loving hearts and medical science could do to ease her last hours was employed. In her illness the sufferer had the sympathy of many friends, who had hoped for the best, but time only brought the end nearer until all hope had vanished.

Mrs. Lukens was a resident of Santa Cruz for many years. Here she spent her girlhood days; here she was married in 1863, and lived the greater portion of her life, beloved and respected by all who were acquainted with her. She was a loving mother and true wife.

Mrs. Lukens' mother was Mrs. Kate Dorothy Uhden, one of the early settlers of Santa Cruz. Besides her husband she leaves three children, Mrs. Lee Daingerfield of San Jose, Lillie and Lloyd Lukens of Santa Cruz. In this city she also had a brother, Henry Uhden, and three sisters, Mesdames Chas. Kaye, Henry Call and Wm. Leibbrandt.

DIED. 1898

TAYLOR—In this city, May 17th, Nelson Taylor, a native of New York, aged 87 years.

Nelson Taylor died Tuesday evening, after a long illness, at his home on St. Lawrence St. Deceased was born in Trumansburg, Tompkins, N. Y., in 1811. When a boy he learned the tanners' trade in his father's tannery. When he reached the age of twenty-one he started out in the world to seek his fortune with only $6 in his pocket. He worked at his trade in several towns and then went to Rochester, where the cholera broke out and he returned home. In 1832 he taught school. In 1833 he started out again, working at his trade in Auburn for several months and then going to New York. Not finding employment he went to Philadelphia, where he remained until 1834, and then went to Ohio, where he taught school. In the spring he moved to Tecumseh, Michigan, where he also taught school, besides becoming interested in a book store. After a short residence in Indiana he was attracted to California by the gold fever.

In the fall of 1849 he started for California via Panama, reaching San Francisco on Feb. 21st, 1850. He went immediately to the mines with a party of ten from Bangor, Maine, traveling on foot from Sacramento to Coloma. He engaged in mining on a creek near the town for several weeks, making one ounce a day. Mr. Taylor spent the summer mining on the American river with poor success, and in October he left the mines, went to San Francisco, and then to Santa Cruz, arriving here in the spring of 1851.

The first summer he raised onions on part of the Majors' tract. The next season he farmed with Dr. T. L. Anderson near the Alex Russell place. Then he farmed on Haines and Daubenbiss' ranch near Soquel. Next he clerked in Elihu Anthony's store during the latter's absence East. His next venture was to purchase an interest with Peter Warner in the Rountree place. After he sold his interest in the place in 1860 he purchased Raphael Castro's Alcalde grant on what is now known as Bay St.

In 1863 he was elected County Assessor, serving five terms. Mr. Taylor was one of the organizers of the Congregational Church in Santa Cruz. The deceased leaves a son, Herbert Taylor and daughter, Miss Fannie Taylor. Less than a year ago Mrs. Taylor passed away.

—The flag over Odd Fellows' hall is at half-mast out of respect to the memory of the late Nelson Taylor, who joined the order 56 years ago. He was a charter member of San Lorenzo lodge, and was a Past Grand. For many years he served as Chaplain. Mr. Taylor served for 29 years as clerk of the Congregational Church.

1899 DIED.

CLARK—In this city, May 8th, William W. Clark, a native of Vermont, aged 72 years, 7 months and 20 days.

[The funeral of deceased will take place at 2:30 P. M. TODAY, (Tuesday, May 10th) from the late residence, No. 256 Mission St. Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend.

The body will be cremated at Cypress Lawn Cemetery, and will be taken from Santa Cruz on the 6:45 train Wednesday morning.]

1899 DIED.

WILLIAMS—In Monterey Co., July 13th, Charles E. Williams, a native of California, aged 39 years.

[The funeral of deceased will take place TODAY (Friday, June 15th) at 10 o'clock A. M. from Calvary Episcopal Church. Friends and acquaintances are invited to attend.]

ROSS—In Santa Cruz, July 14th, Carlyle B. Ross, a native of California, aged 18 years and 4 months.

[The funeral of deceased will take place from the Baptist ——urch in this city TOMORROW (Saturday, July 16th) at ten o'clock A. M. Friends and acquaintances of family of deceased are invited to attend.]

The Late Chas. E. Williams.

The following is from the Salinas Index:

Chas. E. Williams, the City Treasurer of Santa Cruz, died quite suddenly at the home of his uncle, Thomas Watson, in the Corral de Tierra Wednesday morning at 7:30 o'clock. Mr. Williams had been the victim of that distressing malady, asthma, for years, but the attacks had been increasing in violence of late, and he came over from his Santa Cruz home last Friday with the hope that the dry atmosphere in the mountains would give him some relief. He did become better apparently, and on Tuesday, accompanied Mr. Watson to Monterey. Returning in the evening he sat in the parlor until 10 o'clock visiting with friends, retiring in excellent spirits. After retiring he was taken with a spasm, and at 12 o'clock it was feared he was dying. A messenger was instantly dispatched to Salinas and Dr. Nott was summoned, reaching the house at 4 o'clock. Efforts to relieve the sufferer were successful, and fifteen minutes before his death he said he would go to sleep. He passed peacefully away as the hour named. The physician pronounced death to be due to heart disease.

The remains were brought to Don Pedro Zabala's residence, where the Native Sons took charge of them. A committee of six remained in the parlors all night, and the body will be escorted to the train and another committee will act as an escort to Santa Cruz.

On Wednesday morning news was received here of the serious illness of Chas. E. Williams, City Treasurer and Collector, at the ranch of his uncle, Thos. Watson, near Salinas. His mother and wife immediately left for the Watson ranch, but before they reached it he had passed away.

Mr. Williams was never a strong man, and had been in ill health for some time. A few days ago he left on his annual vacation to his uncle's ranch.

The deceased was born in Monterey Co., and came to Santa Cruz when a boy. He spent some years at Silver City, New Mexico, where he married. On his return to Santa Cruz he secured a position as clerk with the Hihn Co. In 1892 he was elected City Treasurer and Collector. At the election last April he had no opponent. He was a charter member of the N. S. G. W. and a Past President. He was also a member of the Knights of Pythias. The deceased leaves a widow and three children, besides his parents and many friends to mourn his loss.

He was a honest man, faithful and industrious.

The remains have been brought to this city for interment.

Death of Carlyle Ross.

Carlyle Ross died at 6:40 A. M. Thursday. The cause of death was congestion of the brain and shock, produced by the powder explosion.

The deceased suffered so terribly that at 3 A. M. Thursday he was placed under the influence of opiates. When Dr. Knight saw him soon after the explosion the deceased was able to see, but shortly afterwards became blind. He was burned from the hip up. So badly was he burned that his finger nails came off and the integuments slipped off like a glove. Dr. Knight says that if one-third of the body be burned fatal results follow. Half of Ross' body was burned.

DIED AT YOKOHAMA. 1899

Captain Coffin, a Retired Naval Officer, Passes Away in the Orient.

WASHINGTON, June 15.—Surgeon Henderson of the United States Naval Hospital at Yokohama telegraphed the Navy Department to-day that Captain G. W. Coffin, United States Navy, retired, died at Yokohama to-day. Captain Coffin was Dr. Henderson's father-in-law. He obtained a year's leave of absence last year with permission to go abroad and was spending it with his daughter and her husband at the Yokohama Naval Hospital at the time of his death.

Captain Coffin was appointed to the Navy from Massachusetts on September 20, 1856, as an acting midshipman, and became Captain on September 22, 1893. He was placed on the retired list on September 15, 1897.

1900 DIED.

COWELL—In San Francisco, May 5th, Harriet E. Carpentar, wife of Henry Cowell, a native of Massachusetts.

CARD—At the County Hospital, May 7th, W. S. Card, a native of New York, aged 80 years.

—W. S. Card died Sunday at the County Hospital. He had been a resident of Santa Cruz for many years. At one time he owned property valued at $15,000, but through litigation he became a poor man.

1900

—Dr. Wm. R. Joscelyn of Santa Cruz, passed to spirit life in Stockton, May 8th, in his 83d year. His remains were buried in Stockton Rural Cemetery. His wife, Mrs. Dr. J. P. Joscelyn, was with him daily until the end, which was conscious and peaceful.

1899.

FILDEN—In this city, November 28, at 1258 Tenth avenue, Sunset Heights, Irma, infant daughter of Augustus and Irma Linden Filden, a native of San Francisco, aged 3 years, 7 months and 10 days.

Funeral this day (Friday), at 3 o'clock. Services and interment private.

1900 DIED.

THOMPSON—Near Soquel, Aug. 18th, James Henry Thompson (Enrico Tomaso), a native of Santa Cruz, aged 43 years, 13 days.

[The funeral will take place from the residence of U. W. Thompson, Lower Soquel road, at 1:30 P. M. TOMORROW (Monday). Friends and acquaintances are invited to attend. Interment in Evergreen cemetery.]

San Francisco and Sacramento papers please copy.

PEREZ—In San Francisco, Aug. 17, Victoria, wife of John Perez of Santa Cruz, a native of San Juan, aged 23 years.

REAR-ADMIRAL PHILIP IS CLAIMED BY DEATH.

NEW YORK, June 3.—Rear-Admiral John W. Philip, commandant of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, died at the yard at 3:15 this afternoon. An organic affection of the heart was the cause of death. He was taken ill about 11 o'clock Thursday night. By to-day his condition became so alarming that a consultation of physicians was held. Nothing could be done for the sufferer. His wife was at his bedside when the end came.

Rear-Admiral John W. Philip was one of the ablest officers of the United States Navy, and probably there is none more popular or whose death will cause more sincere regret among officers and men alike. Admiral Philip's handling of the battle-ship Texas at the naval battle off Santiago won him unstinted praise, and his words, when he asked his crew to refrain from cheering when the enemy were perishing on all sides, have become historical.

Admiral Philip was a native New Yorker, born at Kinderhook in 1840, of purely Dutch ancestry, of which he bore the unmistakable marks in his face. He was appointed to the Naval Academy from New York in 1856, and graduated in 1860, and served throughout the Civil War, first on the sloop Marion and subsequently on the steam gunboat Pawnee. He was present at the siege of Charleston in 1863, and was wounded in the leg by a splinter. At Annapolis he was a fellow-student of Watson, Echley and Sampson, all of whom entered the academy a year later. Philip was subsequently attached to the Asiatic and European squadrons, and for two years, by permission, commanded one of the ships of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. Later, on leave of absence granted by the Navy Department, he commanded the Woodruff scientific expedition around the world. Then he was engaged in a survey of the west coast of Mexico and Central America. He was the first commander of the armored cruiser New York.

Philip always maintained a high reputation for discipline and seamanship. Previous to his assignment to the command of the Texas that ship had met with a succession of mishaps that had given her the worst reputation of any ship in our Navy. Under Philip's command the Texas reformed her character and is now one of the favorite ships of the Navy. In the battle off Santiago she was in the heaviest of the fighting from the start almost to the finish. A Spanish shell burst in her smoke-stack and its fragments were shoveled into the furnaces with the coal. When the battle-ships of the Spaniards were driven ashore and, under the fullness of victory, his crew began to cheer, Captain Philip shouted: "Don't cheer! The poor devils are dying!" After the battle was over, standing on his quarter-deck, he removed his hat and said to his crew: "I want to make public acknowledgment here that I believe in God the Father Almighty. I want all you officers and men to lift your hats, and from your hearts offer silent thanks to the Almighty." There are many anecdotes of Admiral Philip's habitual reverence, and the temperance and moderation of his habits and language, which are entirely in keeping with his behavior at the battle of Santiago harbor.

DEATH OF HENRY THOMPSON.

Aug. 19. — 1899

He Passes Away at the Home of His Parents Near Soquel.

James Henry Thompson died Saturday at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Uriah W. Thompson, near Soquel. His death was not unexpected, as he had been in ill health for several months. He went to Reno in the hope of improving his health, but as he became worse he decided to return home.

Mr. Thompson was educated in the public schools of this city and at St. Augustine College, Benicia. After graduating from the College he took up the study of law. For a time he was deputy in the office of his uncle, Thos. Beck, when the latter was Secretary of State. He decided to abandon the study of law, but as he had a bass voice of unusual excellence he concluded to take a course of study at Milan, Italy. For several years he remained in Italy earning high praise from critics.

When he returned to this country he joined the McCaull Opera Co., meeting with success. Later he became a member of Cleveland's Minstrels. We remember his return to Santa Cruz with that organization and the cordial welcome he was given, for he had the best voice of any male singer this county ever produced. When he retired from the stage he gave lessons in vocal instruction. In Sacramento he had large classes, but owing to the climate of that city he was forced to again make Santa Cruz his home. For some time he was the musical director of the Episcopal Church. His last appearance in public was a few months ago with the Tomaso Male Chorus.

Although he was known on the stage as Enrico Tomaso, to his many friends he was always Henry Thompson. He was a man of kindly insistence, genial and gentle. In a musical way he did much for our city. He leaves a widow.

Obituary.

Died October 26, 1899, Hamden A. Hecox, aged 73 years, 2 months and 27 days.

Mr. Hecox's ancestors emigrated from Ireland at an early day and settled at Durham, Conn. Just 142 years ago his grandfather, Adna Hecox, started for the then wilderness of Central New York, stopping at "Big Tree," on the Genesee river, and engaged in surveying a large tract of land purchased of the Seneca Indians by Robert Morris. The Indian war came on, and Adna Hecox and six others of the surveying party were taken prisoners, and for three years lived, dressed and assimilated themselves as far as possible with Indian life, to save themselves. The defeat of the Indians in the West by General Wayne having restored order, Adna Hecox married in 1797, Polly Andress, and with his young wife started for the far western Territory of Michigan, and settled on Grosse Isle, eighteen miles below Detroit, where Hiram A. Hecox, the father of our subject, was born in the year 1800. The family continued to reside there until war was declared in 1812. Being surrounded by Indians who were massacring the settlers on every hand, they hastened to Detroit and were in the fort when Gen. Hull surrendered. After the war they moved to Brownstown, sixteen miles below Detroit, and there Hiram A. Hecox married Rollet Hazzard, who was born in Connecticut in the year 1800, and moved to the Territory of Michigan in 1816 with her parents. And here on a farm, the deed of which, signed by President John Q. Adams, he retained in his possession, Hamden A. Hecox was born July 19, 1826. His father, Hiram A. Hecox, in December, 1829, with his wife and two children, Hamden and Polly, moved to St. Joseph county, and here continued to reside until their death. Neither lived to be aged, the mother dying in 1836 and the father two years later, in 1838.

Hamden A. Hecox was reared to manhood in Nottawa township, where, with the exception of two years in California, he has spent the most of his life. Mr. Hecox crossed the "plains" in 1849 with an ox team, requiring months to reach the Pacific Slope, where he engaged in mining and trade. For a period of nine years he was a traveling salesman in the agricultural implement trade, while at the same time he superintended the operations of his farm, hiring men to do the work.

Mr. Hecox was married in Nottawa township March 15, 1848, to Miss Mary Mariamne Gee. Mr. Hecox, after his marriage, engaged in farming, and the young people commenced their wedded life in a log house on the farm upon which Mr. Hecox has resided for sixty years. Of their union there have been born six children, two only of whom are living, a son and daughter, Frank and Katie.

Mr. Hecox politically was a Republican "dyed in the wool," a man of decided views, liberal and public spirited, and foremost in the encouragement of the enterprises calculated to benefit the people around him. He has served as township clerk and filled other positions of trust.

For about four weeks Mr. Hecox had been ill, but was confined to his house for only about one week. He caught cold while laboring on his marsh land which aggravated a natural tendency to consumption, and soon developed into that dread disease. His funeral occurred at his late home on Wednesday, Rev. H. S. Bailey officiating. He was interred in Pioneer cemetery near his farm.

DIED.

SILVEY—In this city, April 29th, James M. Silvey, a native of Missouri, aged 69 years.

[The funeral of deceased will take place from his late residence, No. 132 California St., this Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock. Friends and acquaintances are invited to be present.]

DEATH OF J. M. SILVEY.

At 12:35 Sunday morning James M. Silvey died at his home on California St. after a long illness. Deceased came to Santa Cruz in the early fifties and had resided here almost continuously since his arrival.

DEATH OF DR. COUES

Distinguished Scientist and Man of Remarkable Gifts.

STOOD AT HEAD OF ORNITHOLOGISTS

The Author of Key to North American Birds.

SKETCH OF HIS CAREER

Dr. Elliott Coues died yesterday afternoon at the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, where he had gone for treatment. His death was unexpected to many in the immediate circle of his acquaintances, and the announcement was a painful shock to the large number who admired the man and who had respect for his eminent attainments as a scientist and historical writer. Last summer was spent by Dr. Coues in Arizona and New Mexico, he having accompanied an expedition to that section of the country, which was in charge of Dr. F. W. Hodge of the bureau of ethnology. It was at that time that Dr. Coues became aware of internal trouble. His condition rapidly grew worse, and while on his return east he was taken sick in Chicago and remained there for some time.

Upon arriving at his home in this city, and getting under the advice of his physi-

cian, he determined to go to the Johns Hopkins Hospital and have an operation performed. He had been in the hospital about a month. At the time of his death Mrs. Coues, who accompanied him when he left his home in this city for Baltimore, was at his bedside. No arrangements for the funeral have as yet been made, but it is expected the remains will be brought to his late residence in this city, No. 1726 N street northwest.

Man of Remarkable Gifts.

Dr. Coues was a man of remarkable gifts, and his brilliant versatility was a source of surprise even to those who knew him well. He stood without a doubt at the head of the ornithologists of this country, and his key to North American birds, which was published in 1872, is regarded as authority on that subject. It has gone through several editions, and at the time of its death he was engaged in bringing out a new edition. It may be mentioned as rather an unusual feature of scientific books that this work was a source of steady income to the author.

Having attained eminence as a naturalist, some ten years ago he turned his attention to historical work, and in this department performed a valuable service in making available much material that was still in manuscript. At the same time he did not lose his interest in scientific subjects, and he found time to write for the periodical press, contributed book reviews for the Nation, and was one of the editors of the Century Dictionary and, in connection with Dr. Theodore Gill, up to a few years ago was the editor of the Osprey, a journal devoted to ornithology.

He devoted a good deal of time and study to the science of occultism, and as a result became interested in theosophy, and was looked upon as the head of the society in this country. A couple of years ago, however, he withdrew from the organization, and had no further connection with that cult. He had uncommon capacity for work, and facility for accomplishing his time, so that he was able to do a great many things and to do them well.

He was a great reader, and could converse entertainingly and with knowledge on almost any topic. It was a constant source of wonder to those who came in contact with him that he knew so much and knew it so thoroughly.

Sketch of His Career.

Dr. Coues was born in Portsmouth, N. H., September 9, 1842, and was graduated from the Columbian University in this city in the year 1861. A year later he entered the United States army as medical cadet and in 1864 was made assistant surgeon, which rank he retained until his resignation, November 17, 1881. He had received the brevet of captain for meritorious services during the war, and in 1869 was post surgeon at Charleston, S. C. He was elected professor of zoology and comparative anatomy at Norwich University, Vt., in 1869, and from 1873 to 1876 was surgeon and naturalist to the United States northern boundary commission. In 1875 he was collaborator at the Smithsonian Institution.

From 1876 until 1880 he was secretary and naturalist to the United States geological and geographical survey of the territories, and in 1877 became professor of anatomy in the National Medical College. Subsequent to his resignation in 1885 he was appointed professor of biology in the Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College. He was a member of the National Academy of Sciences, having been elected in the year 1877, and was a member of many scientific societies in this country and in Europe. He became prominently identified with the theosophist movement in this country, and was a member of the general council and president of the American board of control of the Theosophical Society of India.

He was a voluminous writer, and contributed largely to scientific periodicals. He was also the author of several hundred monographs and minor papers in the scientific periodical press. Among his important works, besides the Key to North American Birds (Boston, 1872), are Field Ornithology (Salem, 1874), Birds of the Northwest (Boston, 1874); Furbearing Animals (1877); Monographs of North American Rodentia, with J. A. Allen (Washington, 1877); Birds of the Colorado Valley (1878); Ornithological Bibliography (1878-80); New England Bird Life, with B. D. C. Stearns (1881); Check List and Dictionary of North American Birds (Boston, 1882); Art Study, Science (Salem, 1882); New Key to North American Birds (1884), and the Daemon of Darwin (1884).

Devoted to Research.

As stated above, practically the last decade of his life had been devoted to historical research. In 1893 he brought out a new edition of the journals of the Lewis and Clark expedition, which was sent out under the direction of President Jefferson, and traversed the western part of the country as far as the Columbia river, in Oregon. Dr. Coues supplied exhaustive notes and for the first time traced exactly the route of that important expedition. Two years later he brought out the new edition of the expedition of Gen. Zebulon M. Pike, who, in 1805, went to the headquarters of the Mississippi river and thence south.

Dr. Coues then began the publication of what was called the American Explorers series, the first volume being the journal of a fur trader in the upper Missouri, and the second volume a journal of another fur trader, both of which up to that time had been in manuscript. At the time of his death he had in type and ready for publication, with the exception of the index and the preface, the diary of Father Garces, a missionary in Arizona, who, in 1775-76, made a journey from Arizona to California, overland and there across to the Moqui villages. This journal has never been in print.

He was also engaged in editing two other historical manuscripts relating to the south west. It was in connection with this work of his latter years that he went during the past summer to New Mexico and Arizona, as it was his habit to go over the ground described in the historical works which he edited, and thus after the route followed as well as to enrich the notes.

WERNER—In Santa Cruz, November 26th, John Werner, a native of Germany, aged 72 years, 9 months, 15 days.

1899

[The funeral will take place TODAY (Tuesday), at two o'clock from the Masonic Hall. Friends and acquaintances are invited to attend.]

HONEST JOHN WERNER.

AN OLD RESIDENT OF SANTA CRUZ PASSES AWAY.

Resided Here For Nearly Fifty years and Had Witnessed Many Changes.

John Werner died at 12 o'clock Sunday at his home on Pacific Av. His death was not unexpected, for he had been in failing health for the past few months. He was among the earliest residents of Santa Cruz. With his death ends the life of one of the best known citizens of this city. The sobriquet, "Honest John," as he was known to his friends, was rightfully earned, for his word was as good as his bond. He never wronged any man, nor was ever known to have done an unkind act. He never sought public office, although his name was mentioned for County Treasurer several times, but he always refused to seek political preferment. Mr. Werner was of a pleasant and jovial disposition.

The deceased arrived in New York from Germany in 1848. From there he went to Philadelphia, where for two years he worked at his trade of harness-maker. From Philadelphia he went to Macon, Georgia, where he resided for two years longer. In 1852 he came to California via the Isthmus. His first work was in the mines at Placerville, but not meeting with the success he anticipated he started for the agricultural section of California. He reached San Jose on Christmas day, 1852. After working three months at that place, on April 3d, 1853, he crossed the mountains on horseback to Santa Cruz. So favorably was he impressed with this locality that he established himself in business here. Since then he resided in Santa Cruz continuously.

Mr. Werner was among our pioneer business men. He built the first brick building in Santa Cruz, on Front St., which he occupied for many years. He was also the first harness-maker and saddler. The deceased erected a brick building on Pacific Av., which was destroyed by fire in 1894. Subsequently he sold the lot to A. P. Hotaling. Mr. Werner never fully recovered from the effects of the fire, for in a single night the building from which he has received a comfortable income was wiped out. Later he established himself in business again further down Pacific Av., but he was never his old self again. About two years ago he retired from business.

Mr. Werner was for some thirty years the Treasurer of Santa Cruz Lodge, No. 88, F. and A. M., and only recently presented the lodge with a set of jewels.

The deceased had seen Santa Cruz grow from a hamlet to a city. He had witnessed acreage property converted into lots. He saw a wilderness of chaparral and sage brush give way to fruitful orchards and vineyards. He lived to see land, which was of practically little value when he came, covered with business buildings. Mr. Werner had a vivid recollection of men and events. To him the early history of Santa Cruz was an open book.

Mr. Werner had seen men come and go; had witnessed the birth and departure of generation after generation; had seen many business men established here and saw them when they went to other places, but he still continued to do business at the "old stand".

John Werner lived a good life, so now after living more than the allotted three score years and ten he has peacefully passed to the Great Beyond, honored and respected. Would there were more good, honest and upright citizens in this community like "Honest John!"

The wife of the deceased, who came over from Philadelphia to marry him after he was established in business in Santa Cruz, died several years ago. He never had any children and did not marry a second time.

TRUST—In Santa Cruz, Aug. 27th, Mrs. Christina Trust, beloved wife of Andrew Trust, a native of Germany, aged 70 years and 6 months.

[The funeral of deceased will take place from her late residence on Lincoln St., this TUESDAY AFTERNOON at 2:30 o'clock. Friends and acquaintances of the deceased are invited to be present.]

1899

DEATH OF MRS. TRUST.

The Last Chapter in the Life of a Pioneer Mother is Closed.

Mrs. Andrew Trust died suddenly Sunday morning at her home on Lincoln St. the cause being heart failure. With the death of Mrs. Trust ends the life of one of the pioneer mothers of Santa Cruz. She had seen Santa Cruz grow from a village into a city. She had witnessed the many changes that had occurred here during her long residence. In early days her home was the scene of many hospitable gatherings, for she was a generous-hearted woman, and many a pioneer will recall the time when he partook of her hospitality. Mrs. Trust was acquainted with nearly all of the old settlers in this county. She was a woman who was beloved by all of her friends, for she was a devoted wife and loving mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Trust were united in marriage in Baltimore in 1848. Last year they celebrated their golden wedding. Mr. Trust came to California before she did, preparing a home in Santa Cruz for her reception. She came around Cape Horn in a sailing vessel, reaching Santa Cruz in January, 1852. With the exception of a few trips to Baltimore she had resided here continuously ever since.

It is well that a tribute should be paid to the pioneer mothers of Santa Cruz, for they helped to build the foundation stone on which our stability and social life rests. When they came here Santa Cruz did not have the comforts and conveniences it now has, but strong-hearted and self-reliant, they braved the perils of a wearisome trip around the Horn and helped to make the early history of our city.

Many of Mrs. Trust's friends have passed away during her long residence here. Her life was filled with its share of sunshine and sorrow, for two sons and two daughters have been called from this earth. Loving children had added much to her comfort and happiness, and saw that her life was blessed with sunshine.

Mrs. Trust leaves a husband with whom she had walked hand in hand down the matrimonial highway for over half a century, and three children, Mrs. Emma Brooks of this city, Mrs. Sarah Poehlmann and George Trust of Baltimore, Md.

DIED. 1899

BAILEY—In Santa Cruz, Sept. 6th, Mrs. Mary S. Bailey, a native of Vermont, aged 78 years and 8 months.

San Francisco paper's please copy

San Francisco papers please copy

[The funeral of deceased will take TOMORROW (Friday) at 2:30 P. M. Friends and acquaintances of the deceased are invited to be present.]

Death of Mrs. Bailey.

Early Wednesday morning Mrs. Mary S. Bailey, widow of Dr. F. E. Bailey, passed away at her home on Front St. after a long illness. The deceased came to Santa Cruz in 1858. In 1851 she and Dr. Bailey were united in marriage in Vermont. From there they moved to Wisconsin. In 1853 they crossed the plains to California. For several years they resided in mining towns. In 1858 they moved from Nevada City to Santa Cruz.

In 1867 Mrs. Bailey became a member of the Congregational Church. She was a good, woman, and was among the pioneer mothers who helped to upbuild our State. Mrs. Bailey was well known in the community, and leaves many friends to mourn her loss. She leaves two daughters, Mrs. Fannie Bitting of New Mexico and Mrs. Wm. Coffee of this city. With the exception of a few years at Hawaii, Mrs. Bailey resided in Santa Cruz continuously since 1858.

DIED.

TRUST—In Santa Cruz, Nov. 28th, H. A. Trust, a native of Germany, aged 74 years, 9 months.

ANDREW TRUST DEAD.

HAD BEEN A RESIDENT OF SANTA CRUZ FOR FIFTY YEARS.

Came Here in Pioneer Days and Established the First Bakery.

H. A. Trust died at his home on Lincoln St., at 5 P. M. Tuesday. His death was not unexpected, as he had been in failing health for a long while. A few months ago Mrs. Trust died, and from that time he began to grow worse. For over fifty years Mr. and Mrs. Trust had journeyed along the matrimonial highway. He felt her loss keenly.

Mr. Trust and John Werner were close friends, having known each other for close to half a century. In early days they were among the prominent young men of Santa Cruz.

The deceased came from Baltimore to California around the Horn in 1849. Soon afterwards he located in Santa Cruz, establishing here the first bakery. For many years his place was on Front St. It is a long time ago since he retired from business. Like Mr. Werner he had seen Santa Cruz grow from a hamlet to a city. He was among the pioneers who helped to build up Santa Cruz, for his residence here was continuous for about fifty years.

Mr. Trust was a man of quiet tastes. He never cared for public honors, being content to live a quiet, peaceful life within the circle of his family and friends. He leaves three children, Mrs. Emma Brooks, of this city, Mrs. L. Pohlmann and Geo. Trust of Baltimore.

WRIGHT—In this city, Jan. 15, Mary E. Wright, beloved daughter of the late Captain Charles J. Wright and Frances Wright, and sister of Carrie Wright, a native of California.

Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral this day (Sunday), at 2 o'clock, from her late residence, 340 California street, between Pinckney and Cherry.

YOUNGER—In Santa Cruz, March 22d, Charles Bruce Younger, a native of Missouri, aged 75 years, 3 months and 12 days.

(The funeral of deceased will take place Monday morning from his late residence, 20 Laurel street, thence to Holy Cross Church, where at nine o'clock a high requiem mass will be celebrated for the repose of his soul. Friends and acquaintances are invited to attend.)

Charles Bruce Younger Passes Peacefully Away

SUPERIOR COURT ADJOURNS OUT OF RESPECT TO HIS MEMORY.

Charles B. Younger, the oldest practitioner in law in this city, passed away at his home on Laurel St. Friday morning. Mr. Younger had been unconscious since Thursday night, the cause of his death being cerebral congestion, the end coming peacefully.

An old man, past the three score and ten usually alloted to mankind, he bore his years well and his mind was remarkable for its clearness until Thursday, when he became unconscious. However, he had been failing in health for the past two years.

A newspaperman in the "fifties," journalism always possessed a fascination for Mr. Younger. Every day, as regular as a clock, he dropped into the "Sentinel" office with a quaint or humorous remark concerning the weather or "politics". After securing a bundle of exchanges, he would leave for his home for their perusal. He will be missed by the whole "Sentinel" staff.

The end came as a shock to his many friends throughout the city, who respected him for his many strong traits of character. The Superior Court was in session Thursday when the news of his end was brought to Charles M. Cassin, one of the attorneys in the Colton case. Mr. Cassin immediately moved that when the court adjourned, that it adjourn out of respect for Charles Bruce Younger.

The following sketch of the life of Mr. Younger is taken from Prof. J. N. Guinn's Historical and Biographical Record, published in 1903.

The distinction of having engaged in general law practice in Santa Cruz for a longer period than any other practitioner in this city belongs to Mr. Younger, whose identification with the professional interests of this city and county covers little less than half a century.

During all of these years he has not only gained a high position among the attorneys of the locality, but at the same time has been identified with the general progress of city and county, and has aided largely in those measures that promise to promote the welfare of his fellow citizens.

The descendant of a Maryland family who were early settlers in Maryland and took part in the Revolutionary War, Mr. Younger was born in Liberty, Clay Co., Missouri, December 10th, 1831, a son of Coleman and Eleanor Younger. His father served in the Missouri Legislature and in 1850 came to California by way of Mexico. After settling in this State he gave his attention to agriculture raising short-horn cattle, and died here at the age of 81 years of age.

As a boy Charles attended private schools. At the age of six he was placed under a tutor in Latin, his father deeming it essential that a lawyer should be versed in that language.

In 1848 he entered St. Joseph's College at Bardstown, Ky., and in 1850 became a student at Danville, Ky., from which he graduated in 1853. Subsequently he engaged in study of law with Joseph F. Bell, of Danville, Ky. In 1854 Mr. Younger was admitted to practice as a lawyer in the courts of Kentucky.

Coming to California Mr. Younger settled in San Jose, where his father was a resident. Opening an office in that city, he remained there until 1861, and in the meantime also practiced in Santa Cruz, but the climate of the latter city proved so satisfactory that he determined to establish himself here permanently. Since April of 1857 he has had an office in Santa Cruz and has been connected with some of the most important legal cases of the county, besides acting as legal representative of the railroad companies during recent years.

October 16th, 1858, the first overland mail stage via El Paso and Los Angeles arrived at San Jose, which was the furtherest telegraph station south of San Francisco. Mr. Younger, who was then editing the San Jose Tribune sent to the Alta California of San Francisco the first telegram announcing the arrival at San Jose of the overland mail stage, and this telegram gave the San-Franciscans an opportunity for celebration on the arrival of the stage in that city.

In his practice Mr. Younger is keen shrewd and careful; a constant and thoughtful student of the highest legal authorities of the age, and a believer in the principles of law and practice as laid down by Blackstone, Coke and others. In his addresses and private conversation a quaint and quiet humor is noticeable, while at the same time he is logical and possesses fine reasoning faculties. He has one of the finest libraries in the coast region.

March 27th, 1873, Mr. Younger married Jennie H. Waddell, who was born in Lexington, Missouri, and who came to California in 1860, with her father, W. W. Waddell, who was a large timber merchant in Santa Cruz Co. One of her brothers is a teacher in Santa Clara College. Mr. and Mrs. Younger have two children, Charles B. and Helen.

At the time of the incorporation of the Pacific Av. railroad Mr. Younger became a stockholder in the same and also a stockholder in the banks, besides taking part in other movements for the benefit of the city. He assisted in the founding of the Santa Clara Valley Agricultural Association and for a number of years officiated as secretary of the board.

Since coming to Santa Cruz he has made various investments in real estate and still owns a considerable property, portion of which is improved.

It is to such progressive men as he that Santa Cruz owes the advancement it has made in enterprises of moment and of permanent value to the city.

MONTAGUE—In San Francisco, March 19th, Mrs. Mabel Emily Montague, daughter of Leon Jones and of the late Mary Jones, and sister of Henry Jones, a native of Santa Cruz, aged 26 years.

(The funeral of deceased will take place this Tuesday morning at ten o'clock from the undertaking parlors of Wessendorf & Steffler. Friends and acquaintances are invited to attend. Please omit flowers.)

FRASER—In Boulder Creek, March 17th, Emma E., wife of A. Fraser, a native of Vermont, aged 47 years and 22 days.

WYMAN—In Santa Cruz, March 18th, Mrs. Sylvia M. Wyman, relict of the late Alba Wyman, a native of New York, aged 78 years and 10 months.

(The funeral of deceased will take place from her late residence No. 27 W. Sycamore St. on Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock. Friends and acquaintances are invited to attend.)

MELANCHOLY WOMAN TAKES CARBOLIC ACID.

Mrs. H. E. Montague, 35 years old, living in San Francisco, swallowed a half-tumbler of carbolic acid Sunday night and died later from the effects of the poison.

Mrs. Montague is a daughter of Leon Jones, an employe of the Mint, and had evidently waited for the return of her father before taking the poison, for as he entered the room she was writhing on the floor in agony.

Medical aid was summoned, but all efforts to save the woman's life were fruitless.

Mrs. Montague was divorced from her husband in September, 1906, and it is believed that she was suffering from melancholia.

The deceased will be remembered in Santa Cruz as Miss Mabel, then a handsome, diffident girl, and a sweet singer, related to Samuel Bartlett, her father being a contractor and politician, Mabel's mother being a Cutler.

DIED.

BENDER—At Myrtle Point, Or., April 24th, Edward Bender, formerly of Santa Cruz, aged 66 years, 3 months and 19 days, a native of Maryland.

OLD PIONEER GONE.

Edward Bender, a Santa Cruz merchant forty years ago, and who married Miss Elizabeth Moore, sister of Wm., Thos. and Alex. Moore, died on the 24th inst. at Myrtle Point, Oregon, aged sixty-six years. He was related to the Trusts, and a merchant while in Santa Cruz, as was his father before him. He built and long occupied the Wm. Ely residence, Front St., which then stood on Pacific Av. He was interested in Democratic politics and after moving north married a sister of Congressman Hermon, his first wife dying before he left the City of the Holy Cross. We do not remember of Mr. Bender ever coming back after bidding this town, for that was what it was then, a long farewell.

Thursday April 19, 1894.

A Deplorable Accident.

One of the saddest and most deplorable accidents that have ever occurred in this town, took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Chadwick on Soquel Av. 11th Thursday afternoon about 5 o'clock.

Mrs. Chadwick was using a gasoline stove, and in order to fill the tank she turned off the burner as she supposed completely. But from some defect in valve stem there was a leak and at this a small blaze remained. In filling the tank a small portion of gasoline was spilled and coming in contact with the blaze, the oil flashed up and exploded the can which she held in her hand and which contained about two gallons of oil. The burning oil completely enveloped her and burned her in a most frightful manner.

She might possibly have prevented fatal results to herself had it not been that she sotung to her baby that was behind her when the explosion occurred, and was slightly burned by the oil. By the time she had secured the safety of the baby she was so badly burned that she lived only a couple of hours.

Katie B. Fake was married to Mr. F. H. Chadwick who is a machinist in the employ of the Old Dominion company, in Knoxville, Lake county, California, September 12th, 1894. She leaves besides her husband, three children, Theodore aged 10; Vinnie aged 8, and Dorothy aged 5 years, and one brother E. H. Fake here in Arizona. Besides these she has several relatives in San Francisco.

She was a member of the Baptist church and had been ever since she was fourteen years of age, and was an earnest, sincere Christian, and all by whom she is known in this community she was regarded as a noble, kind, devoted wife and mother, who gave her whole love and attention to her family, and was held in the highest esteem by her neighbors.

Her funeral took place from the undertaking parlors of F. I. Jones this afternoon, and were conducted by Rev. J. A. Howard, pastor of the Baptist church, quite a large number of persons being in attendance.

Mr. Chadwick desires to extend his sincere thanks for the many kindnesses rendered him in his hour of deepest sorrow, for which he is very grateful to the friends and acquaintances of himself and deceased wife.

1907

Brother Isaac Richardson who joined our church 40 years ago passed away on the morning of the 22d. He was born May 21, 1830, in New York. His funeral will take place from the church today at 2 P. M. He has been faithful to his Lord and his church. Before he passed away he told the pastor he longed to go home and was waiting for the happy release.

ISAAC RICHARDSON GONE.

Isaac Richardson, a good, kind, harmless old man, has passed on. He came to this city in the long ago, and when younger and stronger did garden work and all kinds of job work. His wife preceded him several years and his only daughter took up her residence in San Francisco at the time of her marriage, which city is still her home.

The deceased was an Odd Fellow, a member of Branciforte lodge, member of the Camp, and a member of the M. E. Church at the time of his death. He died of old age, a running down of the human clock, after residing in Santa Cruz for forty years.

DIED. 1907.

MILLER—In Santa Cruz, July 27th, Mrs. Ida Miller, a native of Vermont, aged 95 years and 2 months.

The funeral of deceased will take place from Peoples Chapel undertaking parlors, Monday at 2:30 P. M. Friends and acquaintances are invited to attend.)

PASSES AWAY.

Mrs. Ida Miller, stepmother of Cephas Miller, died Saturday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Millis, at the great age of 95 years, in Blackburn Gulch, having made her home in that section of the county for thirty-three years.

At one time, when her name was Mrs. Hecox, she owned much frontage on Ocean St., this city. Marrying Cephas Miller, deceased, she sold this land and settled near where she died. Her sons, all by her first husband, will be remembered as Oscar T. and Forest Hecox, an older son going to the war and returning to Santa Cruz to die.

OVER 95 YEARS OF AGE.

Mrs. Ida Miller Dies at Her Home in Happy Valley.

Mrs. Ida Miller, mother of Cephas Miller of this city, died this morning at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Millis, in Blackburn Gulch, having made her home in that section of the county for thirty-three years.

She was a native of Vermont, 95 years of age, and has lived in the State fifty-five years.

DIED.

In Berkeley, Dec. 29, 1906, Abraham Cox, formerly of Watsonville, a native of New Jersey, aged 83 years.

(Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, which will take place from the undertaking parlors of Wyckoff & Aston, on Sunday, Dec. 23d, at 10 a. m. Interment on home place at San Andres.)

ABRAHAM COX DEAD

1907

His Passing Said to Be Due to Worry.

The Examiner of today has the following concerning the death of Abraham Cox, who was well known here:

"As the indirect result of worry over his arrest some months ago on the charge of using vulgar language, Abraham Cox, a capitalist, of Berkeley, died last night at his home, 1909 University avenue. He was 83 years old. For the past week, on his death bed, Cox kept repeating over and over again that he had never been arrested before and the fact so preyed on his mind that he died from the worry. Cox was arrested on the charge of molesting Mrs. William Thompson, one of his tenants whom he tried to eject. The charge was dropped from the books a few days ago."

The deceased, who was a native of New Jersey, was one of the pioneers of this vicinity for many years. Four or five years ago he remarried and moved to Berkeley, where he resided up to the time of his death. Abraham Cox was an energetic, hard-working and progressive farmer during the years that his age and health would permit, and he succeeded in accumulating a liberal share of this world's goods. He was engaged for years in agricultural pursuits on his ranch at San Andres, and owned the said property at the time of his death.

After he moved to Berkeley he frequently visited Watsonville, and was here only a few weeks ago.

He led a quiet, honorable life, and was always held in highest esteem by those who knew him best. He was a man of strong convictions and could not be swerved from what he believed to be the right. He was a strong Prohibitionist, and invariably wore a badge symbolic of the cause he espoused.

Deceased had a host of friends to whom the news of his death will bring sorrow.

He was a brother of Nick and Peter Cox, both of whom have long since departed this life, and was also a brother of William Cox, who lives near this city, on the Salsipuedes road.

He is also survived by a widow and the following children, to all of whom sympathy is extended: Mrs. Mary Sorin of Camaria, Mrs. Rosie Baker of Soquel, and Abraham Cox, Jr. of Fresno.

COX—In Fresno, Jan. 8th, John Joseph Cox, infant son of A. P. Cox, formerly of Pajaro Valley, age 1 year, 9 months and 8 days.

DIED.

In Santa Cruz, on Sunday morning, March 6, ANNIE, the infant daughter of Jeremiah and Margaret Elliot Watson.

At the residence of her father in Santa Cruz March 15th, 1858, of typhoid puerperal fever, in the sixteenth year of her age, Miss. Margaret Elliot Watson, wife of Jeremiah Watson, and daughter of A. A. and Margaret M. Henecox.

Her disease was insidious, and while it was anticipated by her physicians and friends, no remedy could, but temporarily, change the action, or rally the sinking energies of one who, for months, before her confinement, was the subject of malarious disease in the form of chills and fever, with its attendant nervous prostration, contracted while residing in the Sacramento valley. These debilitating causes, together with the death of her first-born, to which she seemed to be united by undying attachment, and a devotion deeper and stronger than ordinary, for one so young in years, depressed the vital energies, and left that lovely human form a fit subject for the embrace of early Spring.

She was one admiring all who knew her with true womanly graces. Without affectation, blending with intelligent courtesy of manners, the acknowledged consciousness of personal attractions, she always cherished sisterly ties with the affection and undying love of a youthful mother for her husband. Patient and submissive, she bore the loss of her babe for a few days without the power to drop one tear, reading resignation upon the unfolded bud of infant sweetness. A fountain of tears might have vanished the aching heart, sent more to the distressed energies, and repaired the devastation so manifest in her fragile, youthful form. This relief, however, was not for her—the kindest of husbands, the most tender and attentive parents, as well as Sister and Kindred, bathed in tears for her bereavement, could not invite the pent up fountain of grief to flood one tear to suffuse those lustrous eyes or moisten that youthful, maternal cheek.

Oh! grief, when great, so calm and still,
Drinks up the fountain of the rill
That never yields a supply
By flowing tears, which mothers will,
If nought intrud, frequently fill
When lovely infants die.

Sometimes apparently, of her approaching end, she often gazed upon the likeness of her departed infant, and hopefully repeated that "we would willingly give up this world if that angel babe could be her companion in the next." She said which had been more than ordinarily applied to intellectual attainments of a high order, with becoming gracefulness, perfumed air in a clear, yet plaintive voice, to express resignation to the will of her death, not refusing even a little drink, to her physician and attendants, her words of deep affection for her devoted husband, her ever kind and doting parents, sister and brother, in so pleasing and familiar a manner that when fond memory recalls her pleasant smile, her words will ever seem like diamonds encircling the Christian mother's brow.

M. W. H.

The following beautiful selected lines, addressed to her husband, on Christmas, Dec. 25, 1856, a month after her death in a casket, express that soothing, thoughtful affection ever radiant and characteristic of her cheerful, confiding, as well as considerate heart.

"Will you ever weep, love,
When I have passed away—
When cold in death I sleep, love,
Through many a weary day?

"Will you place a wreath, love,
Upon my little mound—
At evening's holy hour, love,
When blossoms hover round?

"Will you often come, love,
To view my lonely bed?
Will you plant a flower, love,
To blossom o'er my head?

"Will I kneel beside my grave, love,
And ever there rests my all?
And let one pearly tear, love,
Upon my bosom fall."

NELLIE W.

Santa Cruz, Dec. 25, 1856.

To One Bereaved.

The tossings of both placed for thee above,
That where thy treasure is, thy heart may be;
Thou dost but leave love on and thou shalt see
Her crowned radiant with celestial love.

The dear-winged messenger shall come again,
When the appointed mission is fulfilled;
Whom hast lost fought the fight thy Father willed,
He shall release from all sin and pain.

So therefore, O beloved friend, that He
Shall come when ready for the ransomed white,
The golden harp, the fadeless crown of light,
The way thy Father's mansion waits for thee.

A ransom angel, standing at the gates,
At the approach shall use those portals wide,
Bidding thee enter pain and grief and sighs
Where joy the coming of saints welcome waits.

[illegible]
I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where you and I sat years ago,
And the moon is climbing high above the wood,
Every thing looks just the same,
And the place is little changed, Mary;
The day is bright as then;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your cheek warm on your shoulder,
And I still keep listening for the words
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near—
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here;
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest;
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby upon your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends;
But, O, they love the better still
The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessing and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Your's was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left me weak,
And my arm's young strength was gone;
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And a kind look on your brow;
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you can not hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile,
When your heart was fit to break—
When the hunger pain was gnawing there,
And you hid it for my sake;
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and weary;
O I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can come no more!

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
Mary, Mary, dear and true;
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to;
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there;
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair.

And when to the gentle old woods
I will go and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies;
And I'll think I see the little grave,
Where we laid her by stealth,
And the springing corn and the bright May morn
When first you were my bride.

Resolutions.

Whereas, it has pleased the Almighty God to remove from his home and our midst our beloved brother Col. Thomas Hamer, we bow in humble submission to the divine will.

Resolved, That in the death of brother Hamer we have lost a most loyal member, whom God blessed with many years in life; a veteran Eastern Star tried and true, in this order, hence we express our appreciation of our brother's worth and work, his interest and regard, in the upbuilding this Eastern Star Order, who thus in the most practical manner kept the great principals which sustain and actuate the diffusion of benevolence and charity.

Resolved, That we the members of Crescent chapter, No. 228, extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family and other near and dear relatives. We mingle our tears with theirs and commend them to our benevolent Father "who temperth the wind to the shorn lamb, and doeth all things well."

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the records of this order, and a copy be sent to the bereaved family.

J. P. Marshall,
Helen Worsdell,
Effie Mercer,
Committee.

COLONEL HAMER DEAD

Prominent Pioneer, Successful Business Man and Politition Gone to His Reward.

Dies at Home of His Son, Col. T. R. Hamer, St Anthony, Idaho. Aged 87 Years, 9 Months, 28 Days.

Our little village was greatly shocked Saturday morning when messages were received by relatives and friends announcing the sad news of the death of Col. Thomas Hamer, of St Anthony, Idaho.

He died at the home of his son, Col. T. R Hamer of that city, Friday afternoon, March 30, 1906, at the ripe old age of 87 years, 9 months and 28 days.

COL. THOMAS HAMER

Was born in White Deer township, Union county, Pa., June 1, 1818. His parents were James and Elizabeth (Seibert) Hamer, who were natives of Northumberland and Lancaster counties, Pa., respectively, who with their family emigrating to Illinois in the fall of 1840, traveling from Pittsburg by boat to St. Louis, whence they made their way with a wagon to Vermont, where they located on eighty acres of land on section 19. Mr. and Mrs. Hamer were the parents of the following children: James, Margaret, Ellen, Thomas, Joseph, John, Elizabeth, Sarah and Samuel, of whom four are still living: Margaret Hecox, of Santa Cruz, Cal., Joseph, who is now in Canton, Ill., Elizabeth Deedler and Sarah Swartz, of this city.

Col. Thomas Hamer passed the early years of his life on his father's farm, and was given the advantages of a substantial education in the English branches at Wilton Academy. At the age of sixteen he entered upon a practical training for a mercantile career by becoming clerk in a store, and he was thus engaged in his native State until he came to Illinois, when he acted in a like capacity for Joab Mershon, of Vermont, remaining with him two years. He established himself in business in 1850, and carried it on successfully until 1861, when he sold it to his cousins, Edward and Patterson Hamer. He subsequently devoted himself to his country and patriotically gave his services for the defense of the dear old flag.

With characteristic energy, and a military fervor inherited from his ancestors, he set about the work of aiding to raise a regiment for the service, and was prominent in enlisting and equipping the Eighty fourth Illinois Infantry, commanded by Col. Lewis Walters, and was himself appointed Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment by Gov Yates. He proved to be a most courageous and efficient officer; his military career was brought to a close, however, at the battle of Stone River, as he was there so wounded and disabled that he was rendered unfit for service. He had three horses shot under him while leading his men to charge the enemy, and in the thickest of the fight he was wounded in his left breast, had his left shoulder broken and his right knee injured. Notwithstanding the serious injuries

be sustained that day. He gallant and determined conduct appeared on the field the next day and assumed the command of his men. They were so delighted at the heroism and fortitude displayed by their valiant leader that they gave him a gold watch as a testimonial of their admiration of his conduct. He was obliged to resign his commission after that on account of his physical condition, and after the battle of Chickamauga he was honorably discharged from the army.

After his return from the south he was unable to get out for six months, but as soon as he recovered sufficiently he resumed business, built a fine store and carried on a large and profitable trade until 1879, when he leased his building, sold his business and retired.

Col. Hamer has been a conspicuous figure in the public and political life of town and county from early days. He has represented Vermont as a member of the County Board of Supervisors four terms, and has held various local offices. He has been a delegate to nearly every State Convention since he came to Illinois, first as a Whig, and after the formation of the Republican party as its representative. In 1848 the Whigs nominated him for the lower house of the Legislature, and although he had a Democratic majority of nine hundred to overcome, he came within three votes of being elected. In 1852 he was again nominated, and this time was elected, but was counted out. He was prominently mentioned as a candidate for Congress, and was urged by his friends to accept the nomination, but declined and used his influence for Gen. Post. In the fall of 1886 he was elected to the Lower House of the State Legislature, and so acceptably did he serve in that capacity, that he was elected to the State Senate in 1888 to represent Fulton and Knox counties in that honorable body.

Col. Hamer was a prominent member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows for sixty four years, and organized the Vermont lodge, and he was also a member of the Ancient, Free and Accepted Masons for thirty-four years. Was also a member of the G. A. R. Post, and the Order of the Eastern Star.

Col. Hamer was a faithful member of the Christian church of this city.

He was twice married. March 25, 1850, his union with Miss Harriet F. Johnson was solemnized. She was a daughter of Franklin and Hopy [King] Johnson, who came to this state from Herkimer Co., N. Y., and were early settlers of Vermont, where Mr. Johnson was a pioneer druggist. Seven children were born to this union, of whom four boys died when from two to four years of age, and one daughter at the age of six years. The children living are: Wyllie, wife of Ansel Amrine, of this city, and Col. T. R. Hamer, of St. Anthony, Idaho. Mrs. Hamer departed this life April 13 1871, at the age of forty years, leaving behind her a good record as wife, mother and friend.

On August 10, 1876 Col. Hamer was again married to Miss Maryette Johnson, a sister of his first wife, which union was productive of much mutual happiness. Mrs. Col. Hamer departed this life March 21, 1900.

Besides the two children, Col. T. R. Hamer of St. Anthony, and Mrs. Wyllie Amrine of this city, and brothers and sisters, Col. Hamer leaves to mourn his death, five grandchildren: LeClare Amrine of Monmouth, Chauncy and Tom Amrine of this city and Bessie and Consuelo Hamer of St. Anthony, Idaho.

A funeral service was conducted in St. Anthony by the Masonic lodge and was one of the largest ever held in that city, when the remains, accompanied by his son Ray, was brought to Vermont, arriving here on the noon train Tuesday and taken to the home of his daughter, Mrs. Wyllie Amrine.

The funeral was held from the Christian church Wednesday afternoon at 2:00 o'clock and was attended by a large number of sorrowing relatives and friends. The sermon by Eld. G. W. Ross was one of the best funeral discourses ever delivered here. After a last sad look of Col. Hamer's earthly body, the remains were conveyed to the village cemetery where the Masons laid him to rest with Masonic ceremonies.

Ellen from the Vermont Times

Dec. 28, 1907.

Death of Old Settler.

Death has claimed another one of Vermont's old settlers in the person of Samuel M. Deobler, who died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Nelia Gilson, Sunday morning, at 2:45 o'clock, of general debility and old age.

For the past several weeks he was confined to the house and it was known that his days on earth were but few.

Uncle Sam, as he was familiarly known, has been a resident of Vermont for over sixty years and was known and loved by everyone in the community. The funeral was held from the Christain church, Tuesday afternoon at 2.00 o'clock, conducted by Eld. G. W. Ross. The remains were then followed to the Village cemetery where they were laid to rest by the order of I. O. O. F., who conducted the burial services.

Samuel M. Deobler was born in Germantown, Penn., on the 20th day of May, 1819. He was the second child of a family of nine children, eight sons and one daughter.

He was united in marriage to Elizabeth Hamer on the 15th day of June, 1843, and they came to Vermont, Ill., May 1, 1846, where he and his faithful wife have lived for sixty-one years. To them were born seven children, James, John, David and Edward preceeded him to the spirit world. The surviving children, Thomas, Mrs. Nelia Gilson and Mrs. Laura Shaffer, together with the aged wife, seven grand children, and two great grand children remain to mourn his death.

The sorrowing relatives have the sympathy of the community in their bereavement.

Harry Bogue.

Harry Bogue, after a lingering illness, died at the home of his brother, Job Bogue, of this city, Sunday, Nov. 24, 1907, at 12:00 o'clock.

He was born near Vermont, Ill., July 7, 1869, being at time of his death 38 years, 4 months and 17 days of age. He was the youngest son of Jonathan and Emily Bogue, there being four children in the family, two of whom survive. Job Bogue of this city and Mrs. Ruthanna Blair, of Hillsboro, Oregon. His mother died when he was about thirteen years of age. His father resides with Mrs. Blair in Oregon. Since his mother's death he has made his home with his brother Job and family, who have cared for him during his long years of sickness.

For the past twelve years he had been an invalid and at different times was confined to his bed. Through all his affliction he complained but little and was of a jovial disposition. He numbered his friends to the extent of his acquaintances.

He was a member of the K. of P. lodge, of this city.

The funeral services were held from the residence Monday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock, conducted by Eld. G. W. Ross, after which the remains were taken to the cemetery, where the Knights of Pythias lodge conducted the burial services.

Resolutions of Respect

I. O. O. F. Lodge No. 79. Vermont Ill.

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst to his home beyond the grave where parting is unknown our Brother, Samuel Deobler, who departed this life, November 24, 1907.

Resolved: That while we bow in humble submission to the will of Him who doeth all things for the best, we humbly submit and sincerly mourn the death of our Friend and Brother and that we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the family of our Deceased Brother in their hour of sorrow and affliction and be it further

Resolved: That in honor and in memory of the Departed, our Charter be draped in mourning for a period of 30 days; that a copy of these Resolutions be presented to the bereaved and sorrow stricken family, that a page of our minute book be set aside for their inscription. A copy of these Resolutions be published in the home paper.

R. E. Marshall
R. B. Fellon,
E. Royal
} Committee

Beloved Pioneer Goes to Her Reward

Jan 9, 1908.

MRS. MARGARET M. HECOX PASSES ON.

At a few minutes after three o'clock Saturday afternoon Mrs. M. M. Hecox breathed her last at her home at the Santa Cruz lighthouse, where she had resided with her son and daughter, Laura, for many years her husband, Adna A. Hecox, being the lighthouse keeper at the time of his demise, his daughter, Miss Laura, acceptably filling that responsible position ever since.

This noble woman, formerly Miss Margaret Hamer, married Adna A. Hecox in 1836. Soon after, they arrived in California. Mr. Hecox preaching the first Protestant sermon within the present limits of this State. They arrived in Santa Cruz in 1847, forming the first lodge of Good Templars on this coast in February, 1855.

Had the deceased lived till the 26th of next February she would have been 93 years of age.

She leaves the following children to mourn her loss; Mrs. S. E. Stampley, Oakland; Mrs. C. M. Brown, Berkeley; Mrs. M. A. Longley, Santa Cruz; Mrs. A. R. Organ, Santa Cruz; Orville N. Hecox, Oceanside; Adna H. Hecox, Santa Cruz, and Miss Laura J. F. Hecox, Santa Cruz, besides eleven grandchildren and ten great-grandchildren and a circle of prominent friends.

For a number of years her great age prevented her from participating in the activities of life, beyond her own immediate home circle.

Mrs. Hecox was the last charter member of the local Methodist Church to depart from this earth.

Jan 25, 1908

CARD OF THANKS.

The family of Mrs. M. M. Hecox wish to express their gratitude for the kindness shown them by friends and neighbors in their recent bereavement, for the beautiful flowers which came with words of loving sympathy, and for the unvarted courtesy of the telephone employees.

THE FAMILY.

CLARK—In Santa Cruz, Aug. 20, 1908, Harriet Minerva Clark, a native of Buffalo, N. Y., aged 77 years and 8 months. The funeral of deceased will take place this Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock from her late residence, 256 Mission St. Friends and acquaintances are invited to attend.

Aug. 4, 1908.

PASSES TO HER FINAL REWARD

After a long and painful illness, Mrs. Harriet Minerva Clark, mother of ex-Chief of Police W. W. Clark, C. P. Clark, the jeweler and Warren and James Clark died at the family home 256 Mission St. Sunday evening.

Mrs. Clark was aged 77 years and a native of Buffalo, N. Y. She and her husband were early pioneers of Santa Cruz, her husband having passed away several years ago.

Both were held in the highest esteem by all who knew them. The funeral will take place from the family residence today. The body will be taken to Cypress Lawn Cemetery for interment.

MRS. ISABELLA WILLIAMS PASSES ON.

July 25 1908.

Mrs. Isabella Williams, widow of Richard Williams, who died many years ago, died in Santa Cruz Saturday, her home being on Broadway, after a long sickness.

The deceased was a daughter of Deacon L. Pollard, deceased, and the sister of Mrs. S. A. Dyer, Mrs. A. H. Fitch, Mrs. L. Whidden, Santa Cruz, and Mrs. Mary Walsh of Boston. She leaves a daughter, Alice, of Santa Cruz, and a son, Henry, of Los Angeles.

During her married life Mrs. Williams was a member of the Congregational church, but after the death of her husband she joined the Baptist church, the church of her parents and girlhood.

1908.

BUSSINA—In Santa Cruz, Aug. 8, Frank Bucina, a native of California, aged 35 years and 8 months.

Funeral of deceased will take place from the Catholic church tomorrow (Monday) at 9 o'clock, A. M., where high requiem mass will be celebrated for the repose of his soul. Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend.

DIED. 1909.

GEORGE—In Alameda, Oct. 3d, Josephine Boston George, wife of the late Robert George and mother of Mrs. Anna J. Lavor, Mrs. Alice L. Crunch and Sherlie T. and J. Elliott George, a native of New York, aged 71 years.

DIED. 1908.

LOCKE—In Berkeley, Oct. 22d, David Morrill Locke, beloved husband of Jennie G. Locke, father of Alexander M. and Finette C. Locke, and brother of Mrs. Alice Rix of Alameda and Mrs. Abbie Butler of Windsor, Vt., a native of Lyman, N. H., aged 84 years, 1 month and 21 days.

Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral services Monday, Oct. 26, at 11 o'clock from the family residence, 2502 Regent street, near Dwight way. Interment private.

D. M. LOCKE 1908
Oct 22, 1908 DECEASED

David Morrill Locke, whose death has just occurred in Berkeley, was one of the few remaining California Pioneers. Born in Lyman, New Hampshire, Sept. 1, 1824, his early manhood was spent in teaching school and studying civil engineering.

When the California gold fever broke out he was working at assistant engineer on the Boston Aqueduct. Severing his connection with this enterprise he came to California via the Isthmus of Panama, reaching San Francisco in the summer of 1850.

Being expert with tools he found ready employment until his younger brother, Silas M., arrived a little later, having come around Cape Horn in a sailing vessel. The two then set out for the mines, but finding that success required extremely arduous and trying labor they concluded that better chances lay in business enterprise at San Francisco.

On their return trip, while passing through Livermore Valley, the younger brother closed an agreement to go and

built a mill for Captain Williams, with whom he traveled to Williams' Landing a few miles above Santa Cruz on the coast, where the Captain owned an extensive rancho.

Meanwhile the subject of this sketch returned to San Francisco and started the first water supply business in that city, supplying pure water to families, firms and ships by means of water carts, tugs, and barges from wells located where now stands magnificent city blocks. His business increasing, he desired his younger brother's assistance, so shipped on a small coasting vessel, and after a stormy passage of four days arrived at Santa Cruz, where he met his brother. The proposition being accepted by Silas, he got out afoot and returned to San Francisco over the Coast Range mountains and through San Jose.

When a few miles out of Santa Cruz they stopped at the San Augustine Rancho, little dreaming that in future years the subject of this sketch would there make his home.

The water business was successfully carried on for some time, but was finally sold, and about 1853 Mr. Locke proceeded to Knight's Ferry in Stanislaus Co., at that time an important town on the route to the Sonora mines. Here he built a toll bridge across the Stanislaus river, a flour mill and dam, and engaged in the milling and supply business on quite a large scale.

In the great floods of '62, mill and bridge were swept away, but with undaunted energy Mr. Locke proceeded to rebuild; the bridge with piers of solid granite and the mill with walls of the same material. Today these structures, still stand, monuments to his careful and thorough workmanship. He also built, near the bridge, a handsome residence, which he surrounded with beautiful grounds and orchards.

After fifteen years here, the location proving unhealthful, he sold out his property and business interests and removed, first to San Francisco, where he remodeled and rebuilt the Golden Gate Flouring mills, formerly well-known, on First St., and later to Santa Cruz, where, in October, 1869, he purchased a large dairy farm in Scotts Valley, six miles north of Santa Cruz. This farm of 1200 acres was the larger portion of a Spanish grant known as the San Augustine Rancho.

Here Mr. Locke lived for 37 years, enjoying a quiet and studious life, and establishing a beautiful home. He interested himself in agriculture and horticulture, and held at various times offices in societies and clubs connected with these industries. For the last two years he has resided in Berkeley.

Mr. Locke, in the early fifties, married Mary J. Jameson, a talented and attractive young woman, who afterwards became well-known all over the coast to readers of the Pacific Rural Press, under the sobriquet of "Mary Mountain". Mrs. Locke died in 1881. In 1893 Mr. Locke married Jennie G. Gillett, who survives him.

He leaves to mourn his loss, besides his wife, a son, Alexander M., a daughter, Pinette Carolyn, and two sisters, Mrs. Alice Rix of Alameda, and Mrs. Abbie Butler of Windsor, Vermont.

1904. DIED.

HINDS—In Oakland, Oct. 20th, Firman Denton Hinds, husband of Emma L. Hinds, and father of Vida and Edgar Hinds, a native of New Jersey, aged 58 years and 5 months.

FIRM HINDS IS DEAD.

Old Resident of Santa Cruz Passes Away In Oakland.

Firman D. Hinds, almost continuously a resident of this city for the last thirty-eight years, died at the age of fifty-eight years.

During Mr. Hinds' residence here he was successful in the line of business and also in the realm of politics.

Mr. Hinds turned his face toward the Golden State when he had barely reached his twentieth year. He was born and reared in New Jersey.

Just as he was merging into young manhood he decided to come West. He chose California as the place of his future residence and settled in Oakland.

For a number of years he engaged in the real estate business.

Afterwards he became identified with politics and was twice elected County Recorder. While in that office he filled it efficiently.

After quitting the field of politics the deceased returned to his business of real estate.

He leaves a wife, Emma L. Hinds, a daughter Vista and son Edward W. Hinds.—Oakland Tribune.

The deceased was a resident of Santa Cruz for many years. His father was ex-Mayor David Hinds and his brother ex-City Treasurer Peter Hinds. They were honored and respected, and here is located property, the Seaside Store, corner Pacific Av. and Church St., which belongs to the Hinds heirs.

In 1856 this property, including the lots now owned by G. Bowman, S. H. Bailey, John Boyle, Lorenz estate and H. G. Insel, was sold by Judge Henry Rice to Dr. Asa Rawson for $350. It was half an acre in extent and into potatoes. Church St. was not then open. On it, fronting on Pacific Av., Dr. Rawson built the residence that now stands on the east side of the Insel building. Here he lived and died, it being mortgaged at the time of his demise. Wm. H. Moore paid $1,500 for the Pacific Av. frontage of the property, Mrs. Rawson retaining the rear 60 feet. Later he sold it to David Hinds for $2,500, who sold lots to G. Bowman, John Boyle and S. H. Bailey. Later Mr. Hinds erected the Seaside Store, moving the residence to where it now stands, and in which he, his first and second wives and daughter passed away.

1906 DIED.

BRADEN—In Santa Cruz, Jan. 5th, Robert Logan Braden, a native of Nova Scotia, aged 80 years, 8 months and 12 days. Blessed are they that die in the Lord.

[The funeral of deceased will take place Sunday afternoon at two o'clock from Blessed Hope Church on Elm St. Friends and acquaintances are invited to attend. Interment in I. O. O. F. Cemetery.]

OCTOGENARIAN HUSBAND OF MRS. DEVOLL CROSSES THE BORDERLAND.

Robert L. Braden, 80 years old, a well-known and highly respected citizen of this town and the father of Supervisor H. A. Braden of the Agnews State hospital, died at his home on Walnut Av. on Friday morning of a combination of troubles due to a general breaking down of the system.

Mr. Braden was the husband of Mrs. Betsy R. Devoll, herself an octogenarian, whom he married shortly after his arrival here from Minnesota eight years ago. His wife survives him, as well as nine children by a former wife, six sons and three daughters.

Mrs. R. C. Moore of Wayzatta, Minn., who came out to nurse him a month ago, is one of the daughters. The other children besides Supervisor Braden and Mrs. Moore are in the East.

Mr. Braden was a Nova Scotian by birth. His character was well established in this community and those who knew him will miss him greatly for his genial and pleasant ways.

DIED.

BARTLETT—In this city, Feb. 28th, Samuel Arnold Bartlett, a native of New York, aged 88 years.

His Life's Journey Over.

Samuel A. Bartlett died Tuesday morning at his home on Church St., after an illness of many months. Death came as a relief to him.

The deceased was born in Oneida Co., New York. When a young man he went to Indiana, where he was engaged in merchandising and held a number of local offices. In 1856 he came to Santa Cruz for the benefit of his health. For a number of years he was associated with the late David Hinds in the merchandising business. In 1868-70 he served as County Treasurer. Mr. Bartlett assisted in the organization of the Bank of Savings and Loan, being its first President. When the bank was consolidated with the Bank of Santa Cruz Co. he retired from the banking business. He was afterwards Supervisor of Seaside Township.

Mr. Bartlett was for many years a vestryman of Calvary Episcopal Church. For over twenty years he acted as Treasurer of Santa Cruz Chapter, R. A. M. The death of Mr. Bartlett and Peter R. Hinds leaves B. Wise the only surviving member of the chapter. While in active business he was among our most prominent citizens.

The deceased was a kindly man, always gentlemanly and courteous. He was a man without an enemy. He leaves a daughter, Miss Emily Bartlett.

MRS. EMMA L. PARSONS, DECEASED. 1964

In the death of Mrs. Parsons, relict of H. F. Parsons, Santa Cruz losses a pioneer citizen and a good woman. She came here among the argonauts and married. She leaves one son, two daughters, three sisters, other relatives and a large circle of friends to mourn her loss.

PARSONS—In this city, Dec. 22d, Mrs. Emma L. Parsons, beloved wife of the late Henry F. Parsons, aged 73 years and 4 months.

[The funeral of deceased will take place tomorrow (Saturday) at two o'clock P. M., from the residence, No. 387 Ocean St. Friends and acquaintances are invited to attend.]

Williamson.—At his home, near Freestone, Sonoma county, Cal., January 2, 1900, our beloved brother, Rev. R. W. Williamson, was translated from his earthly home to the "home of many mansions." Brother Williamson was born at West Cowes, Isle of Wight, March 22, 1822. His parents were devout Methodists, and taught their children the Way of Life. At the age of eighteen he was happily converted, and united with the church. When about twenty-five years of age he began his Christian ministry, preaching for some years in his native land. He preached at Reading and Leeds, besides other appointments. He then went to Toronto, Canada; from there to New York. In 1854 he came to San Francisco, and entered with Rev. (now Bishop) Taylor in the work at the "Old Bethel," where he helped in establishing Methodism on the Pacific Coast. In 1855 he was united in marriage with Miss Nancy B. Graves, with whom he shared the toils and the burdens of the early itinerant life in the "far West." Brother Williamson was a faithful expounder of the Word and a true Christian minister of the Lord Jesus. As to the various appointments where he labored, the writer is not informed. While stationed at Petaluma in 1868 he was stricken with slow paralysis, from which he never recovered, though he continued to preach for some time, yet grew gradually worse, until he could not walk without help and was obliged to give up active work. He was confined to his room for many years, and for the past three years was not able to leave his bed. It was my privilege to visit this saintly man many times during these long years of his imprisonment or confinement, and each visit was to me a real benediction—to witness his spirit of resignation, never once uttering one word of complaint, and no murmur ever escaping his lips. He would often say, "My Father knows just what is best for me; he makes no mistakes." The helpful instructions from this man of God will be a lifelong blessing to all who knew him, and in the language of another who knew him well: "Although he was not rich in this world's store, yet those who knew him best, knew him

to be in possession of untold wealth. He was rich in mental store; his mind was a kingdom, peopled and furnished with the best and brightest thoughts of the age. He was rich in daily communion and love with God. His eye was bright with the fullness and joy of the beautiful soul within. Like Mephibosheth, 'he sat at the King's table and ate of the King's meat.'" His Bible was his daily companion from whence he drew his store of wealth, and added to this, he was rich in the love and devotion of a true wife, who literally bore him in her arms and cared for him as for a helpless babe, until the Master came and said, "It is enough," and took him to himself. His last legacy to this devoted wife is to her a benediction to-day. When the hour came to depart he said to her: "Oh, you have been so good to me!" She replied, "The Lord has been very good to us both." Then, with his voice almost hushed in death, he exclaimed, "Oh, Praise theLord! Praise his Name!" and soon after he fell asleep in Jesus, surrounded by his children and grandchildren. "Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep." "Let me die the death of the righteous." *H. C. Tallman.*

WILLIAMS—In Santa Cruz, Aug. 15th, Edward L. Williams, a native of Philadelphia, Pa., aged 81 years.
(The funeral of deceased will take place from his late residence, No. 72 Lincoln St., today (Friday) at two o'clock P. M. Interment private.)
Salinas papers please copy.

DEATH COMES TO E. L. WILLIAMS

ONE OF SANTA CRUZ' OLDEST AND BEST LOVED CITIZENS IS GATHERED TO HIS FATHERS.

Edward L. Williams, who has been gradually sinking in vitality for several months past, died at his home on Lincoln St. late Wednesday evening, of a general breakdown of the system.

Mr. Williams was 81 years of age and was one of this city's very earliest pioneers.

A short sketch of his life follows:

Mr. Williams was born in Philadelphia, July 7th, 1826, and was the posthumous son of a merchant. His folks moved to New York when he was quite small, at which place he received his education.

His trip to this country was by way of Chagres river and Isthmus of Panama. He arrived at Monterey, his point of destination, December 26th, 1849, and immediately went into the general merchandise business with Joseph Boston. In 1852, in connection with Edmund Jones and Joseph Boston, he opened a branch store in Santa Cruz. The building they erected and used as a store was then the only stone building on the west side of Willow St., now Pacific Av., and is yet standing. The business of this store was wound up in 1854, and he returned to Monterey, where he was county clerk and deputy for six years. In 1860 he came again to Santa Cruz Co., and lived for a while in Watsonville studying law in the office of R. F. Peckham, who was afterward county judge of Santa Cruz Co. He came to Santa Cruz in 1862, and has resided here ever since.

During his residence in this county, since 1862, he has served in a number of official capacities. He was undersheriff for three years, when Charles Kemp was sheriff. He was deputy county clerk under Albert Brown for two years. In 1867 he was appointed deputy assessor of internal revenue; later, deputy collector of internal revenue, having in charge the counties of San Mateo, Santa Clara, San Benito, Monterey and Santa Cruz. He retained this position until the election of Cleveland, and afterwards engaged in the abstract and title business, and as a real estate and insurance broker, until his retirement recently.

He was married, July 7th, 1856, to Miss Narcissa Watson, daughter of James Watson, a prominent citizen of early California, who came here from Valparaiso in 1822.

To Mr. and Mrs. Williams eleven children have been born, viz.: Edward C., former postmaster of Santa Cruz, who is now in San Francisco; Charles E., former city clerk of this city, now dead; Laurence E., who is with P. F. Farrington's drug store; Lewis G. city engineer, and Mrs. Pioda of Salinas. The other six children died in infancy or early childhood. Mr. Williams was a member of the Santa Cruz Pioneer Association and of the Masonic Fraternity, being the oldest Mason in membership, belonging to Santa Cruz Lodge, No. 38. He also belonged to Santa Cruz Chapter, No. 28.

It will be of interest that both Mr. Williams, who was county clerk, Dr. Colbert A. Canfield (the father of C. E. Canfield of this city) who was coroner, and James Gleason, who was Superior Judge of Monterey County at the same time, all married sisters, who were daughters of James Watson, who was an English sea captain and who opened the first store in Monterey in 1830. These three men were makers of history in Monterey county and their names are already blazoned on California's scroll of fame.

WHERE DEATH HAS BEEN

FUNERAL OF E. L. WILLIAMS.

E. L. Williams.

All that was mortal of the late Edward Lawrence Williams was laid away in the Odd Fellows Cemetery on Friday afternoon, in the presence of the Masonic lodge and a delegation of Pioneers, as well as the family, immediate family.

Rev. C. O. Tillotson conducted the church service at the house on Lincoln St., and again at the grave, after which the Masonic service was read by George H. Rostron and the Pioneer service by F. A. Hihn.

Six Masons and six Pioneers formed a guard of honor for the casket.

D. D. DODGE.

Darwin Daniel Dodge, a carpenter by trade, who died in Menasha, Wis., last Friday week, was an old resident of Santa Cruz leaving this city for the East over ten years ago.

The deceased, who was a Past Grand of San Lorenzo Lodge, No. 147, I. O. O. F., owned property on Elm St. in this city, where he resided for many years.

The deceased was a member of the M. E. Church, a very conscientious and industrious man, and was liked by all whom he came in contact with.

The remains will be shipped to Ontario, Cal., for interment.]

DIED.

DOYLE—In this city, March 4th, John Clark Doyle, a native of California, aged 38 years and 9 months.

WILLIAMS—In Salinas, March 4th, Mrs. Narcisa Williams, a native of Monterey, aged 78 years.
(The funeral of deceased will take place on the arrival of the train from Salinas on Wednesday at three o'clock; thence to Calvary Episcopal Church. Interment will be in Odd Fellows Cemetery. Friends and acquaintances are invited to attend.)

UNDERWOOD—At Soquel, March 4th, Mattie I. Underwood, a native of Wisconsin, aged 57 years and 8 months.
(The funeral of deceased will take place Wednesday afternoon at one o'clock from her residence at Soquel. Interment in Soquel Cemetery. Friends and acquaintances are invited to attend.)

LYNCH—At Tres Pinos, March 4th, S. J. Lynch, eldest son of Mrs. Jane Lynch of Santa Cruz.

Mrs. E. L. Williams Dies at Salinas

Word was received from Salinas Monday morning announcing the death of Mrs. E. L. Williams, who until the death of her husband six months ago, was a resident of this city. Since that time she has been residing with her daughter, Mrs. Charles Pioda. Ever since the death of Mr. Williams she has been in failing health and the end was not unexpected.

The funeral is to be held in this city Wednesday. The body will arrive on the three o'clock train and the funeral will then be held from the Calvary Episcopal Church.

Deceased was a native of Monterey and 78 years of age. She was a daughter of James Watson, a prominent man in the early days, married in Monterey to E. L. Williams and came to this city to reside at the age of 20.

Her life was a beautiful one, being devoted to her family, besides being of a generous and charitable nature.

She is survived by three sons and a daughter: Mrs. Helen M. Pioda, and Edwin C., Lawrence E. and Lewis G. Williams.

WILKER—In Santa Cruz, Dec. 28th, Lewis Welker, a native of Ohio, aged 82 years and 17 days. 1906

BRAZIER—In Santa Cruz, Jan. 11th, John Brazier, a native of Massachusetts, aged 80 years.

1907.

Fitting Tribute to Worthy Man by Josephine C. McCracken

John Brazer, one of our oldest citizens, has passed on to the Great Beyond, and Santa Cruz has lost one of her noblest, best, most loyal friends.

His death, sudden and unexpected, has startled the city, for, although he had lived to be over the allotted threescore and ten, yet his activity, his interest in everything conducive to the growth and the prosperity of the city, was such that few men younger than himself could have accomplished as much as did this old man with his keen insight and his ready tact.

But he was not old, for his heart was young and his soul was full of love for Nature; the smallest flower of the field was to him a source of the purest joy, and he was never so happy as when on an expedition to the hills and valleys about Santa Cruz, bringing back floral treasures to distribute among friends whom he knew to be appreciative and in touch with nature, like himself. It is said of him that at one time he walked ten miles to find some wild azaleas, of which he brought a great cluster to the library. And many a Sunday did he spend afield, the light lunch in his pocket, and a drink of water from some clear stream, for his midday meal, happy as a school boy, bright and cheerful as one, on his return in the evening.

For thirty years his home had been the Pope House, and his quiet, genial presence, his many acts of courtesy and unobtrusive kindness, will be sadly missed by his house-mates. Indeed, his distinguishing trait was the observant courtesy which led him to step to the front with help and advice only when he felt convinced that either or both were desired, and I know from personal experience how I was first rather repelled by the reserved and somewhat eccentric ways of this man, but later irresistibly drawn toward him, when I had learned of his efforts to aid me in my search for material on early Santa Cruz history, and when I found that his heart and soul were literally wrapped up in the welfare of Santa Cruz; and I am convinced that had he known that he would be so suddenly called hence, his last words would have been, "Farewell, O, Santa Cruz—fair, sunny Santa Cruz, adieu"

John Brazer had been postmaster of Santa Cruz for ten years, and, on retiring, he went into business as bookseller and stationer, and here, in his place of business, he died, suddenly, but not alone. George Hobron, his clerk and faithful friend, was with him when he was seized with his paralytic stroke that brought life quickly to a close. Mr. Hobron had taken alarm at some strange action on Mr. Brazer's part, had summoned Dr. Congdon at once, but before his return with the doctor, the sick man had sunk from his chair, the kindly eyes had closed, never to open again till they shall gaze upon the shining light that will awaken us on judgment morn.

Mr. Brazer, born in Groton, Mass., has brothers and other relatives living in Lowell, who will probably telegraph directions in regard to the disposal of the body. One of his nephews belongs to the United States navy; but he has no relatives here. Only friends, of whom many will long remember the loyal citizen, the earnest laborer, the courtly gentleman, John Brazer.

GUSHEE—In Berkeley, Feb. 24th, Mrs. Esther Easton Gushee, grandmother of Mrs. Warren B. Porter of Watsonville, a native of Chatham, N. H., aged 92 years.

DODERO—In Santa Cruz, Jan. 12th, Domingo Dodero, a native of Santa Cruz, aged 67 years and 8 months.
(The funeral of deceased will take place from the residence of W. R. Ward on Walnut Extension, on Tuesday, Jan. 15th, at 8:30 A. M., thence to Catholic Church, where a high requiem mass will be celebrated for the repose of his soul. Friends and acquaintances are invited to attend.)2

1907 GONE FROM US.

One by one the old citizens and old veterans are passing on to that bourne from whence no traveler returns.

The last to pass out of this life was Domingo Dodero, born in the Mission of Santa Cruz sixty-seven years ago, in 1839, at a time when this coast was under the Mexican Government and when few foreigners resided in California.

Mr. Dodero's father was an Italian and his mother a native of California. He attended the Santa Cruz public schools. For years was in the employ of A. P. Jordan, deceased.

When the war of the Rebellion broke out, Domingo enlisted under Capt. A. Brown, and remained in the service of his country till victory perched on the banner of the Republic. Then he engaged in mining in Nevada, where he married, his wife dying a few years ago. His health failed him. He tried changes of climate, residing at the Soldiers' Home near Los Angeles and San Diego, but received no benefit and came home but a few days ago, dying at the home of a sister last Saturday night.

Domingo was a good citizen, a true man, a brave soldier, and may he sleep the sleep that comes to the noble and the good.

During the war the deceased was in charge of the horses, his being a cavalry company, and he once told us that on many an occasion he had gone, at an unexpected hour, into the stalls of livery stables where the soldiers had put their animals, to find that the grain had been stolen out of the mangers.

DIED. 1908

DAVIDSON—In Charlton, Otoe, Feb. 13th, Mrs. Hattie R. Davidson, aged 62 years.
(The deceased, with her sister, now Mrs. A. M. Heath, still a resident of Santa Cruz, came to this city in 1858 with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Burnett. In 1862 she married H. E. Davidson, a temperance lecturer and journalist. They lived in San Francisco and Petaluma till 1884, when they moved to the East, residing either in Pennsylvania or Ohio the balance of their lives. Mr. Davidson died a year ago.

Mrs. Davidson leaves one sister, Mrs. Heath, and one son and one daughter, to mourn her loss, not to mention her many Santa Cruz relatives, namely, her two aunts Mrs. Louie Hinyon and Mrs. Stuart. The decedent's mother was a sister of the late Elihu and the late Rev. C. V. Anthony.

Only a short time ago Mrs. Davidson expressed her determination to move back to Santa Cruz to spend the remainder of her life with her sister, aunts and many cousins and second cousins.)

WILDER—In Santa Cruz, Dec. 27th, Mrs. Miranda Florenza Wilder, a native of New York, aged 76 years, 4 months and 27 days.
(The funeral of deceased will be held this Tuesday afternoon at one o'clock from her late residence up the coast. Friends and acquaintances are invited to attend.)

1908

GONE FROM US.

Mrs. D. D. Wilder, full of years, a resident of this county for thirty seven years, relict of the late D. D. Wilder, the leading dairyman of this county at the time of his death, died at her home up the coast Friday. Mrs. Wilder leaves four sons to mourn her loss, Charles W. Finch of Santa Cruz, Mattison F. Finch of San Benito, and Delos B. and Melvin B. Wilder of Santa Cruz.

The deceased was a member of the local Congregational Church, a good wife and an affectionate mother, and she will be deeply missed from the home she made home-like so many years.

FRED PEREZ, OLDEST FISHERMAN ON THE WHARF, IS DEAD

Sustained Brain Concussion in Switch Engine Accident Last Friday and Lingered Along Till Monday Night.

Fred Perez, the pioneer fisherman of Santa Cruz, who was knocked out of his rig by a Southern Pacific switch engine on Friday night and sustained a severe concussion of the brain, died at the home of his son James on Monday night at 7 o'clock, never having regained consciousness.

Perez was given up by the doctors several days ago and only his magnificent health prevented his collapse sooner. His age was 63 and he leaves, besides a wife, three sons and one daughter, John, Abbie and Louis and Mrs. Clara Herman.

Perez had been a fisherman here "what time the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," and has been for many years the oldest fisherman on the wharf. He was born in Santa Cruz, in the little adobe house on Garfield St. His father before him was born in Santa Cruz before the arrival of the Grings, and his mother in Monterey, and the family, which is Spanish, has been identified with early days in Santa Cruz to a very great extent.

Deceased also leaves two sisters, Mrs. Rosario Amaya of this city and Mrs. V. A. Carranza of Fresno, and seven great grandchildren to mourn his loss.

The Fitches came to California in 1852 by way of the Isthmus, first settling in Sacramento, then Placerville, but moving to Santa Cruz in 1866, where he remained continuously till the date of his death.

For a time the deceased and one or more of his sons were engaged in the butcher business, but for several years he has been on the retired list.

Always interested in religious matters, the local Advent Christian Church has been his last love.

Deceased was a charter member of the church, and a staunch pillar and support, being a deacon. For a long time he was superintendent of the Sunday school and to all the members he was known and revered as Grandpa Fitch. Faithful to the last he was at the service the Sunday preceding his death and took an active part. Not only by his own church was he cherished but was loved and honored by them all.

Mr. Fitch was born in Delaware Co. N. Y., and was 86 years old the 14th day of last September. On the 28th of July he and his companion would have celebrated their 85th wedding anniversary. The marriage of this venerable old couple has been one continuous honeymoon, and they have reared a large family of children to bless their lives.

LOUIS GONZALES IS CALLED 1907. FROM LIFE.

Man Who Remembered When Watsonville Main Street was a Cow Path to Monterey.

Louis Gonzales, a native of Santa Cruz, aged 78 years, died at his home in this city at 8 o'clock Sunday night as the result of an attack of paralysis.

Deceased, previous to the moment of the attack, was one of the best preserved as well as best informed of the very early residents of the section between Santa Cruz and Monterey. He was accustomed to taking long rides on horseback, and could recount his experiences and observations in a most interesting manner, using either the English or Spanish tongue, but preferring the latter.

He sprang from one of the oldest and most prominent of early California families. His grandfather was the architect commissioned to build the Catholic missions in the chain between Sonoma and San Gabriel, and the deceased maintained in his appearance and character the dignity and honor of his ancestors. Only Monday morning it was said of him: "His word was better than the average bond."

He was a brother of the late Filipe Gonzales of Watsonville, and of Mrs. Frank Alsina, aged 76 and Mrs. M. Dabadie, aged 81 years, of Santa Cruz.

The children left to mourn him are Andrew, John, Chrisantos, and Valentine Gonzales of San Francisco, Filipe Gonzales of Soledad, Mrs. W. A. Martin, Mrs. John McIville and Miss Dolores Gonzales of San Francisco and Miss Lottie Gonzales of Watsonville.

The funeral will take place from the residence of C. W. Adamson, Upper Main street, this Tuesday, February 5th, 1907, at 9 o'clock A. M. Requiem mass will be celebrated in St. Patrick's church at 9:15 A. M. Interment in Catholic Cemetery.—Pajaronian.

FITCH—In Santa Cruz, May 20th, Charles A. Fitch, Sr., a native of Delaware Co., N. Y., aged 86 years and 8 months.

The funeral of deceased will take place this Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock from his late residence at 163 Ocean St. Friends and acquaintances are invited to attend.

C. A. FITCH DIED SUNDAY.

At the age of 86 years, and after being married for 61 years, C. A. Fitch has passed over the great divide that separates life from eternity, dying Sunday as one resting in sleep, leaving a widow, three sons, A. H., W. S. and C. A., eleven grand children and one great grandchild to mourn their loss.

Mr. Fitch was a native of Delaware Co., N. Y., and was born May 20th, 1820. He was married to Miss Mary Ann Hall in Delaware Co., N. Y., in 1845, and in 1852 they started for California, coming by the Isthmus route. They settled in Sacramento, where they remained for a short time, then moved to Placerville, where they remained for a number of years, and then moved to Santa Cruz, where they have since resided.

Mr. Fitch was a member of the Advent Christian church, and was a deacon in the church for many years. He was also a member of the Odd Fellows lodge, and was a charter member of the lodge in Placerville.

The funeral will be held from the residence on Ocean St. this afternoon at 2 o'clock, and will be conducted by Rev. Mr. Hall of the Advent Christian church.

MRS. M'KINLEY PASSES ON.

Widow of Martyred President Expires While in Sleep.

CANTON, Ohio.—Mrs. William McKinley, widow of the late president, died at her home here at 1:05 o'clock Sunday afternoon.

For many years Mrs. McKinley had been an invalid. She recovered from the shock of her husband's tragic death, but it had left its mark, and when it was known that she had suffered a stroke of paralysis little hope was felt that she could survive. The end came peacefully, almost imperceptibly. Mrs. McKinley never knew of the efforts made to prolong her life or of the solicitous hope against hope of her sister and other relatives and friends for her recovery.

DIED. 1907.

BALDWIN—In San Francisco, Dec. 10th, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Fanny W. Baldwin, beloved wife of the late Alfred Baldwin of this city, aged 70 years.

(Funeral services in San Francisco on this Sunday at residence of her daughter, Mrs. Caroline Baldwin Morrison. Interment in I. O. O. F. Cemetery in this city on Tuesday at one o'clock P. M. from Wessendorf & Stoffer's undertaking parlors.

PASSED AWAY. 1907

Mrs. Fanny W. Baldwin, relict of A. Baldwin, died in San Francisco Friday. Mrs. Baldwin was formerly a school teacher, nee Willard, when she arrived in Santa Cruz more than forty years ago. Her husband was the pioneer shoemaker of this city, arriving in Santa Cruz in 1847, spending one year in Oregon before settling in California. He built the brick building adjoining the Ocean House on the north.

Mrs. Baldwin was a talented woman, a reader of rare ability in early days. After selling her home on Walnut Av., she moved to San Francisco, making her home with her only daughter, one of the brightest scholars ever graduated from the State University.

Funeral today in San Francisco and interment in the I. O. O. F. cemetery of Santa Cruz.

SNEDECOR—In Santa Cruz, Oct. 17th, James A. Snedecor, a native of New York, aged 76 years and 15 days. 1906.

(The funeral services are to be held this Thursday afternoon at three o'clock from the Methodist Church. Friends and acquaintances are invited to attend. Interment Cypress Lawn Cemetery, San Francisco.)

EMART—At Livermore, Oct. 12th, John Ernest, father of E. J. Emart of Santa Cruz, aged 74 years.

J. A. SNEDECOR PASSES AWAY WEDNESDAY

Oct. 1906.

OLD RESIDENT OF THIS CITY DIES AT HIS HOME ON CHURCH STREET.

James A. Snedecor, for nearly twenty years a resident of this city, passed away very quietly Wednesday at his home on Church St.

He was born in New York in October, 1830, and early showed his sterling worth by bearing the burden of the family support at the death of his father. He removed to Indiana where his mother died. In 1858 he was married at Lima, Indiana, and celebrated his golden wedding on July 23d, and his 76th birthday on the 2d of this month.

JAMES A. SNEDECOR.

He came to California and to this city in 1888 and has lived here ever since. His family have been closely associated with the Methodist Church for many years and have been among its most esteemed and active members.

Mr. Snedecor is survived by his wife and two daughters, Miss Etta, who is in Arizona, and Miss Hattie of this city. He was over a Christian gentleman and countless friends will mourn his loss.

The funeral will be held this Thursday at 3 P. M. from the Methodist Church.

Interment will be in the family plot at Cypress Lawn Cemetery, San Francisco.

DIED.

ARCAN—In Santa Cruz, Aug. 17th, Charles Edward Arcan, a native of Illinois, aged 58 years. 1907.

DIED.

PRAY—In Santa Cruz, Aug. 11th, Miriam Fernald Pray, beloved mother of Mrs. B. H. Hobbs, Mrs. Charles E. Bancroft, Amasa, Fred and the late Frank Pray. (Funeral and interment private. San Francisco and Berkeley papers please copy.)

CUMMINGS—In Santa Cruz, August 10th, F. E. Cummings of Fresno, a native of New York, aged 49 years.

ANGEL OF DEATH CALLS MRS. PRAY

WIDOW OF LATE AMASA PRAY AND MOTHER OF FRED H. PRAY PASSES TO OLD AGE.

Mrs. Amasa Pray, the widow of the late Amasa Pray, at one time half owner of the Pacific Ocean House and a member of one of the pioneer families of Santa Cruz, died at her home on Union St. at 2:15 on Saturday morning, surrounded by her children. Mrs. Pray died of a general breakdown, at the age of 80.

Mr. and Mrs. Pray were among the earliest pioneers of this section, coming here 45 years ago. Deceased leaves two sons, Amasa Pray of San Francisco, Fred H. Pray of this city, and two daughters, Mrs. Minnie Bancroft and Mrs. Fanny Hobbs of Berkeley. She was born in Berwick, Maine.

The Palmer drug store property, as well as the home on Union St., belonged to Mrs. Pray, the latter place having been her home for many years.

For two months she has been very ill and her two daughters and her son Fred have been in almost constant attendance on her. They have the sympathy of many friends in their loss.

HER LONG AND USEFUL LIFE ENDED

MRS. MIRIAM PRAY, WOMAN OF STRONG CHARACTER, IS GATHERED TO HER FATHERS.

The funeral of Mrs. Miriam Pray, which took place from her late residence on Union St., Monday, was conducted very quietly, only members of the family being present.

In the passing of Mrs. Pray a long and useful life is ended. She was a woman of great strength of character and strong personality, and was devoted to her home and family. She possessed an unusually bright and active mind which she retained to the end.

Brave and patient through a long illness, she passed peacefully away.

Mrs. Pray came with her husband, the late Amasa Pray, and family, to Santa Cruz about 45 years ago from Boston, their former home, where all of her children were born, the oldest son, Charles, being buried there.

Mrs. Louisa Drennan, her sister, came to California with Mrs. Pray. The late Judge Fernald of Santa Barbara was her brother. Mrs. Pray had an enthusiastic affection for her adopted State and especially for Santa Cruz. Her memory will long be honored and respected by this community.

DIED.

KNAPP—In Santa Clara Co., May 15th, John B. Knapp of Santa Cruz, a native of Vermont, aged 75 years, 5 months and 13 days.

PASSED ON.

John B. Knapp, a member of San Lorenzo lodge of Odd Fellows, an old resident of Santa Cruz, died in Santa Clara Co. Wednesday, after a long illness. The deceased was a carpenter and leaves a widow and two sons, Nathan of this city and William of San Mateo, to mourn his loss. The deceased was an industrious man, and when in full health seldom missed a meeting of his fraternal brothers.

GROVER—In Santa Cruz, May 19th, Stephen F. Grover, a native of Maine, aged 77 years and 2 months.
The funeral of deceased will be held this Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock from his late residence, 209 Walnut Av. Friends and acquaintances are invited to attend.)

Stephen F. Grover Passes to His Rest

1907

WAS ONE OF STURDY PIONEERS OF THIS STATE AND CO.

Prominent Lumberman and At One Time Supervisor for Soquel District.

After three years of illness, Stephen F. Grover, one of the leading citizens and best-known men in this community, passed away at his home on Walnut Av. in this city. He served this county in the "sixties" as a supervisor and at one time was one of the leading lumbermen of the State. He was 77 years of age.

Stephen Grover was born in Maine and came to California in 1850, being among the first to enter the Yosemite Valley, whither he had wandered with a party of prospectors in search of gold.

This was in 1852. The party was constituted by seven men. They were surprised by a party of Indians who attacked them fiercely with bows and arrows. Two of their number were killed and the remainder sought refuge under a projecting rock beneath the towering walls of the valley. Here they remained and held the Indians off until midnight. During the night they managed to work their way to the top of the bluff and then fled.

On their way to and from the valley they passed through the grove of Mariposa big trees, of which they were the discoverers.

He came to Santa Cruz in 1866 and formed the Grover Lumber Co. A mill was established near Soquel and for a time Mr. Grover made his home near that place.

Twenty years ago he came to Santa Cruz and erected a beautiful home on Walnut Av., where the family now reside.

He was a devoted husband and father, and leaves a family that does honor to his name. Those that survive him are his wife, four daughters, Mrs. Maud Chandler, Mrs. Grace Milnes of Martinez, Mrs. Lillie Bibbins and one son, Lafayette Grover, and sister, Mrs. Lucinda Litchefield of Point Arana.

He was a member of Soquel Lodge of Odd Fellows, being the last of the charter members, and a member of Santa Cruz encampment, I. O. O. F.

SNOW—In Redlands, Cal., Feb. 18th, Mrs. Mary S. Snow, formerly of Santa Cruz, wife of Hubbard H. Snow, aged 59 years and 10 months. 1908

DEAR ONE DEPARTED.

Died February 18th, 1908, at her home in Redlands, California, Mrs. Mary S. Snow, aged 61 years, wife of H. H. Snow and mother of Mrs. S. M. Bryan, Leslie and James Snow, and dearly beloved step-daughter of James Leslie. The deceased was a native of South Wales, Great Britain, and passed the springtime of her life a favorite pupil in the public schools of Santa Cruz.

DIED. 1907

FULLER—In Santa Cruz, Nov. 11th, Charles Edward Fuller, a native of Maine, aged 70 years.
(The funeral of deceased will take place this Tuesday afternoon from his late residence at No. 4 Green St.; thence to Calvary Episcopal Church, where services will be held at two o'clock. Friends and acquaintances are invited to be present.)
GILLIS—In Aptos, Nov. 10th, William Patrick Gillis, a native of California, aged 27 years.
(The funeral of deceased will take place this Tuesday morning at 8:30 from the Emery home at 20 Myrtle St.; thence to the Catholic Church, where at nine o'clock a high requiem mass will be celebrated for the repose of his soul.)

DIED. 1907

JONES—At Chehalis, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Wilson Jones, a native of Tatamagouch, Nova Scotia, aged 68 years, 9 months and 20 days.
(The funeral of deceased will take place this Saturday afternoon at two o'clock from the Pacific Coast Undertaking Parlors. Friends and acquaintances are invited to attend.)

A Good Woman Passes to Her Eternal Rest

1907.

The remains of the late Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Wilson Jones arrived on the late train from Chehalis Thursday evening. The husband, Albert Jones, and daughter, Miss Sophie Francis, accompanied the remains.

Mrs. Jones was a native of Tatmagouch, Nova Scotia, having been born there November 27th, 1838. She arrived in California during the bonanza days.

She was married to Albert Jones in 1861, the ceremony taking place in this city at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Leslie on Mission St.

Two children were born to bless the union, Sophia Frances and Charles, the former being one of the most successful teachers in Monterey Co. The son died about two and a half years ago and was buried in this city.

The deceased was a charter member of Idelwilde Chapter, O. E. S., and was a woman of noble and generous impulses.

The family resided here up to 1888, when they left for Chehalis, where they have since resided.

The funeral will be held this Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the Pacific Coast undertaking parlors.

COOPER—In Santa Cruz, June 5th, Christina Cass Cooper, a native of New York, aged 70 years, 2 months and 8 days. 1906
(The funeral of deceased will be held this Wednesday afternoon at half-past two o'clock from her late residence, 109 Front street. Funeral private. Please omit flowers.)

MRS. C. C. COOPER PASSES AWAY AT RIPE OLD AGE.

On Tuesday morning Mrs. Christina Cass Cooper passed on. She was greatly beloved by a large circle of pioneer friends.

She arrived in Santa Cruz about 1860. She married David Haslam, then and for years thereafter, County Clerk. They had two children, the late W. H. Haslam and Miss Bessie Haslam, one of the teachers in the Laurel Street school.

After the death of her husband Mrs. Haslam married John L. Cooper, a pioneer merchant of Santa Cruz, father of J. P. Cooper and uncle of Frank and Harry Cooper.

Mrs. Cooper's age was 70. She had only been sick a week when she died.

The funeral will be strictly private, in accordance with Mrs. Cooper's expressed wishes.

MRS. COOPER'S FUNERAL.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Christina C. Cooper, who died on Tuesday morning, was held from her late residence on Front street Wednesday afternoon, Rev. C. O. Tillotson officiating. The arrangements were carried out just as Mrs. Cooper had planned them, and the six pallbearers she had chosen, all friends of herself and her dead husband, accompanied the corpse to its last resting place. They were W. H. Bias, Christian Hoffmann, Frank Mattison, J. O. Wasser, F. R. Cummings and J. B. Peakes.

HALL—In Santa Cruz, May 21, Teesie Hihn-Hall, wife of Henry D. Hall.
(The funeral of deceased will take place at nine o'clock from the Catholic Church, where a high requiem mass will be held for the repose of her soul.)
HANNAH—In Santa Cruz, May 20, Levi Liddell Hannah, a native of Santa Cruz, aged 32 years and 2 months.
(The funeral of deceased will take place this Saturday afternoon at half-past one o'clock from his late residence on Bayscond St., thence to the Catholic Church, where services are to be held. Friends and acquaintances are invited to attend.)

Mrs. Theresa Hall Dies Friday

BELOVED DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. F. A. HIHN.

So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

Mrs. Theresa Hall, beloved daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Hihn, is no more. She has passed away like a sweet flower which has bloomed, been cherished by many, and then returns to the warm bosom of mother earth. Mrs. Hall died at her home on Lincoln St. at an early hour Friday morning, after a lingering sickness.

She leaves a husband, Henry D. Hall, a daughter, Ruth Ready, father and mother, two sisters, Mrs. Kate Cope and Mrs. Agnes Younger, and two brothers, August and Fred O.

She has been married to Henry D. Hall, the deputy postmaster, for but a few years. She was taken sick in Cuba while on their wedding trip and has been failing ever since. Everything that husband, parents, sisters and brothers could do to make her last years pleasant was done, but the end was inevitable, and the expected has come to pass.

During her younger years Mrs. Theresa Hall was affectionately known by the entire community as Tessie Hihn. During her marriage to George Ready a child was born, Ruth, who is now without father or mother, but with many relatives who have learned to love her as their own.

Mrs. Hall was a devoted member of Holy Cross Church, and was one of its most earnest workers. Mrs. Hall's deeds of charity are well-known in this city. She spent much of her time in working among the sick, the poor and needy, and providing for their wants from her own temporal blessings. If a family was sick, even with a contagious disease, Mrs. Hall did not hesitate to go herself to the bedside to comfort and administer, spending the whole night if need be in a vigilant watch over the unfortunate.

And now she too has passed away. If mortal is ever rewarded hereafter for good deeds done on this earth, surely there is a sacred hallow waiting for Mrs. Hall beyond the cloud:

She was exhaled; her great Creator drew
Her spirit, as the sun the morning dew.

Hamp Field, who many years ago was a resident of Santa Cruz, living with his parents on Locust St. hill, now a resident of San Francisco, recently had two strokes of paralysis and is not expected to recover. Mr. Field is a member of the jewelry firm of Hammersmith & Field, San Francisco.

1908. DIED.

ANTHONY—In Watsonville, Jan. 16th, Rev. Charles V. Anthony, a native of Portage, New York, aged 76 years, 10 months and 14 days.
(The funeral will be held at the Methodist Church, Watsonville, this Wednesday at 2 P. M. Friends and acquaintances are invited to attend.)

Jan 17, 1908

—The relatives from Santa Cruz who attended the funeral of Rev. C. V. Anthony held in Watsonville Wednesday, were the sisters, Mrs. Pringle Stewart and Mrs. Hattiet Hinton, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Huntington, Miss Nellie Huntington, Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Pringle, Charles Pringle, Mrs. Amelia Heath, Mrs. W. H. Bias and Mr. and Mrs. Alex. McLean; also, besides the relatives, Rev. J. C. Bolster, Mrs. E. H. Garrett and Mrs. W. H. Rolf.

Jan 15, 1908

DEATH OF REV. C. V. ANTHONY.

Rev. C. V. Anthony passed away on Tuesday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Alton Hyde, Watsonville, after an illness of several weeks. He had a stroke of paralysis three weeks ago, leaving him in a condition from which the doctors could offer no hope of recovery.

He leaves a wife, two sons, Arthur and Walter, and two daughters, Mrs. De Leon of Berkeley and Mrs. Hyde, a large number of relatives and a host of friends without number throughout the State, to sincerely mourn his death.

The indomitable spirit that in spite of physical weakness, has bravely kept up the studies and functions of a strong, energetic will, and its thoughtful ministration to those about him, has, at last, been merged in the higher ideal life of freedom and eternal joy, that we poor mourners call loss to us, but realize, is blessed gain to him.

A few years ago, a dear old friend who was present when we were gathering some flowers to send to Mr. Anthony, picked a beautiful white rose, "pure as though wafted from an angel's white wing," and said: "Give this rose to him for me; it is like his life".

This unconscious tribute from a loving heart, given when the recipient could appreciate it, was but the unspoken expression of all who knew this noble, gentle friend.

May the memory of his character and life be a solace to the dear ones left in loneliness now.

The funeral will be held at the Methodist Church, Watsonville, Wednesday, at 2 P. M., to which all the friends of Santa Cruz Co. are invited. The remains will be taken to Oakland, and services will be held there on Thursday, and the body laid to rest in the cemetery, where a son, Nelson, an daughter, Gussie, are buried.

Miss Kate Lewis Obeys Divine Summons

Feb 11, 1908.

It was with a feeling of deep sorrow that the acquaintances and friends of Miss Kate Lewis heard of her death at Capitola Sunday, which was occasioned by gastritis after only a few weeks duration.

Retired and unassuming, she lived with her parents at Capitola and at her home in Oakland, and while her circle of associates was somewhat circumscribed, she enjoyed the universal respect and love of the community in which she first saw the light of day.

Miss Lewis was born at Ocean View and had lived in this county and in Oakland all her life. She leaves four sisters, the Misses Carrie, Susie, Mae and Mattie Lewis, and two brothers, Frank of Reno, and Fraser of Capitola.

The body will be removed to San Jose for burial on Wednesday morning, after a funeral service at the Park House at 10 o'clock.

The Lewis family is one of the pioneers of Santa Clara Co., Mrs. Lewis being a member of the famous Donner family, which came to California in 1846. The family lived in San Jose in early days, and it is in San Jose that the father died and was buried. Mrs. Lewis is well-known to many old Santa Cruzans as having at one time managed the Seaside Home on the Santa Cruz beach, where the Cotton cabins now stand.

LEWIS—At Capitola, Feb. 9th, Miss Kate Lewis, a native of Ocean View, Santa Cruz Co.
(Interment at San Jose.)

TWO SCORE YEARS.

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH HAS ANNIVERSARY SERVICES.

Reminiscences of Forty Years Ago in Santa Cruz—Address by One of the Early Pastors.

Seven years after California was admitted into the Union the Congregational Church of Santa Cruz was organized. To celebrate its two score years of existence anniversary exercises were held. In the Eastern States, where civilization is older, forty years in the life of a church does not excite the interest so much as it does in California. From a small beginning the Congregational Church has grown so well that it has reached the fourth decade, full of vigor and prosperity.

A history of the church was told by Rev. J. G. Taylor Sunday morning. He said that the church was organized on Sept. 13th, 1857, with the following members:

Rev. and Mrs. T. W. Hinds, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Anthony, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Ruffner, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Pilkington, Nelson Taylor, Richard Williams, Mrs. Harriet Rawson and Mrs. M. S. Powell. For a time the church was supported by the American Home Missionary Society, yet was unable to stand against financial depression had it not been for the aid of friends among other denominations. For the purpose of erecting a church the friends subscribed $1,600.

Under the direction of Rev. J. S. Zelie, the first pastor, a church was erected on Church St. in 1858, at a cost of $3,500. Mr. Zelie resigned in 1859, being succeeded by Rev. W. C. Bartlett, who occupied the pulpit until 1864. During his pastorate the church bell was purchased with money raised by a patriotic concert.

Rev. Walter Frear, the next pastor, commenced his pastorate on July 10th, 1865, and he remained until Nov. 14th, 1870. During his pastorate eight members, 7 women and one man, withdrew to organize the Soquel Congregational church.

Rev. S. H. Willey, who succeeded Mr. Frear, served nine years, beginning June 28th, 1871. During his pastorate the church was enlarged at a cost of $1,200. Rev. M. Willett followed Mr. Willey, and began his duties on Oct. 1, 1880. Six years later the church parlors were built. During Mr. Willett's incumbency the old church and land on Church St. were sold to the Methodists, and the lot, corner of Lincoln and Center Sts., purchased, and the present beautiful edifice erected. The cost, including the land, was $26,000.

Rev. J. A. Cruzan became the pastor after Mr. Willett's resignation, beginning on Nov. 15th, 1892, and remaining until 1895, and being succeeded by the present pastor, Rev. John G. Taylor, who came from Massachusetts.

The church has now 250 members. Seven pastors have served it, of whom six are still living.

In the evening the church was crowded. After the opening service, Rev. Mr. Taylor introduced Duncan McPherson whose subject was "The Village Pioneers." Mr. McPherson began by referring to the visit of the letter carriers, saying they were members of perhaps one of the most perfect postal systems in the world. In connection with the post office the speaker thought it not out of place to mention that the first postmaster of Santa Cruz was Elihu Anthony, the postoffice being established in December, 1849. The Santa Cruz mission was established in 1791, so Santa Cruz was in existence for 58 years before it had a postoffice. Chas. Williams, who was the father-in-law of the present Postmaster, W. T. Kearney, was the first deputy. The population then was between four and five hundred. The first mail consisted of one letter and two papers, brought in the pockets of the messenger, who had to remain on the other side of the San Lorenzo river a day after his arrival, for the river was so high that he could not cross it.

In 1849 there was but one mail a week, brought over the mountains from San Jose on horseback, the government paying Lard & Co. Lard being the father of Mrs. John Daubenbis of Soquel, $3,000 for the service for one year.

In 1857 Santa Cruz had a population of six or seven hundred, the majority being native Californians. The census of 1859 showing but 643 for the county. The speaker remembered the two-wheeled ox carts, which were the modes of conveyance used by families in being taken to church in a carriage. The only stage line was by way of Watsonville and San Juan to San Jose, 30 miles and 14 hours, the fare being $8. The stages were popularly called "pioneer mud wagons." There were no public schools then. The first private school was located where C. Hoffmann's residence now stands. The only Protestant Church here then was the Methodist located on Mission St. In those days Santa Cruz did not have gas or electric light systems, or street cars. There were only three streets in those days. One was Mission, another Willow, now Pacific Av., and the third Main, now Front St., Willow St. was forty feet wide, with a row of willows on one side, and a ditch between the willows and the fence. There were only three buildings on the west side of the street between the Locanzo Exchange and the beach. One was near Locust St., another stood on what is now the corner of Pacific and Walnut Avs., and now the Eastern Hotel, being erected by Jas. Williams, and another on the land occupied by the Bernhart block, being owned by Thos. Beck, now a resident of Watsonville.

Times were hard forty years ago, the same cry being heard then as is heard at present. Mechanics received $4 or $5 a day, but the cost of everything was in proportion to the wages. It was almost impossible to sell real estate. For a small amount of money a large quantity of land could have been purchased. The Imases, the Rodrigueses, and the Blackburns owned most of the real estate from Mission Hill to Beach Hill, west side of Pacific Av.

An acre of land located between what is now Locust and Church Sts., sold for $800. The same land is now probably worth $100,000.

The first services of the Congregationals Church were held in the Court-house, an old building fronting on the upper Plaza, on Sunday afternoons, so as not to conflict with the morning and evening services of the Methodists. In those days the regular Sunday afternoon amusement was horse racing from the Lower Plaza down Willow St. Bull and bear fights were also among the amusements, the rings being located just beyond the Catholic Church property.

When Rev. Mr. Zelie came to Santa Cruz to help organize the Congregational Church the organizers were made up of representatives of all denominations. A kindly feeling was felt toward the church.

F. A. Hihn was then worth $30,000, and according to Harrison's History he considered himself sufficiently wealthy to retire from the mercantile business. A small amount seemed as large, if not larger, than at present. People should be happier now than they were then. They have more to be thankful for; they enjoy more of God's blessings and more of the comforts of civilization than they did forty years ago.

Mr. McPherson referred to the fact that Rev. W. C. Bartlett wrote his first newspaper articles for the "Sentinel" and after he and left here became one of the editors of the Bulletin and then was connected with the Oakland Tribune.

W. D. Storey was then introduced, his subject being, "Church and Village." He said that according to the old English definition a village was not such until it had a church. A town had to have a market, while a city, to be such, had to be the residence of a Bishop. The church was the nucleus of the village. It was the sea from which emanated all the influences which go to make a village, if it amounted to anything. The church has an influence on a village by the example it sets. The church also has a marked influence on the municipality. Christian people are always ready to assume the necessary burdens that come with the development of the material resources. The Christians are patriotic citizens. They tax themselves for the support of churches and pay more than it costs to conduct the municipality, that is the ordinary expenses.

Mrs. May Williamson then sang a solo.

Rev. Mr. Bartlett, who was introduced with words of admiration and respect by the pastor, was a most welcome guest. Although venerable in years he presents a well-preserved appearance. He spoke in a low tone, but his every sentence held the undivided attention of those who heard him. Mr. Bartlett told how he came to Santa Cruz in a stage 37 years ago, and found a town of about 1,000 inhabitants. It was very quiet. He alighted at a small wooden hotel. He noticed the lumber-laden wagons that crept down to the sea. A row of willows, in a state of decadence, was in the center of the principal street. The aspect of the town was homelike. There was no sense of isolation. Rev. John Zelie was a man of pronounced views, a positive man, one who was as willing to go to the stake for his principles as were the martyrs of old. When the church was organized all denominations were represented, no one denomination predominated. Mr. Bartlett mentioned among those who helped support the church Joseph Boston, an Episcopalian, A. P. Jordan, who ran the first line of steamers to Santa Cruz, Dr. Rawson, Dr. Bailey, Dr. Kitteridge, Wm. Anthony, Wm. F. Cooper, Alex. McPherson, Jos. Ruffner, John Perry and Rev. Mr. Hinds. Among those who delivered sermons were Rev. Edward Lacy, Rev. Mr. Rowell and Prof. Martin Kellogg, now President of the State University. The Bay Association met here during Mr. Bartlett's pastorate. He said that the attractions of Santa Cruz as a resort were first made known to the world by the delegates to the Bay Association Convention, who wrote or told their friends of the natural attractions they had seen. He spoke of the purchase of the church bell. It was a difficult matter to raise money but the money was finally obtained through a patriotic concert. Prayer meetings were held on the church porch. Mr. Bartlett remembered that he preached his most elaborate sermon on a stormy evening to only seventeen persons. He was also School Superintendent and his suggestion to have a graded school raised a storm of discontent. The gentleman delivered the first Union sermon ever delivered in Santa Cruz. He told of the feeling here during the war, and how Santa Cruz had organized two militia companies. Every member of the Congregational Church was on the side of the Union.

Dr. C. L. Anderson, the last speaker, talked entertainingly on "The Reminiscenses of a Pioneer."

THE RECEPTION.

The parlors of the Congregational Church were crowded Monday evening with almost two hundred friends and members. The reception committee did the duties well and understood thoroughly how to make all feel at home and surely the evening could not have been spent more pleasantly. Prof. J. W. Linscott acted as master of ceremonies with that knowledge and tact which characterizes all of his work in public affairs.

The evening's exercises were commenced with a skillfully rendered selection by the Ladies' Orchestra, whose improvement in musical knowledge is steadily increasing. The ladies are really rapidly becoming thorough musicians and their playing verified it.

Among the other musical numbers was a vocal solo, "Only Tonight" by Miss Jean Graham, which was sung very neatly, and pleased so well that she had to give an encore, for which the young lady selected "Answer," which was also very well rendered indeed.

Miss De Lamater created considerable applause by her exquisitely artistic delivery of "Arrow and Song," in which she displayed much force of expression and a deep range of voice. She was heartily encored. Also Mrs. May Williamson was at her best. Her rendition of "There Are Whispers to the Heart" was a pleasure to listen to and the enthusiastic encore she received was well deserved indeed. As an encore Mrs. Williamson sang "Forty Years Ago" in splendid voice.

Among the reminiscent letters from absent friends, the following were especially interesting and appreciated: F. A. Anthony's read by Mrs. Fitch, Rev. S. H. Willey's read by Mrs. Louise Brennan, Rev. M. Willett's read by Miss Annie Sullivan.

Rev. Walter Frear received a cordial welcome when introduced. He told of the pleasant recollections he had of Santa Cruz. The first year was discouraging, as it was barren of results, but the church grew. The second year of his pastorate $500 was expended in improving the edifice. He always received his salary regularly. The Santa Cruz church might have been slow at payment, but it was always sure. To his surprise his salary was raised to $1,500 a year. When he was in ill health the congregation gave him a vacation and sent him East to recover his health.

Mrs. W. H. Bliss, daughter of Wm. Anthony, one of the founders of the church, read a very interesting paper, devoted to reminiscences of Santa Cruz. She related incidents that came under her observation that were extremely interesting.

The next number on the program were remarks by Rev. J. A. Cruzan, who received an enthusiastic welcome, one that fully attested his popularity. Mr. Cruzan's remarks were filled with humor as well as appreciative utterances for the Santa Cruz church. He had no reminiscences to relate for it was only a few years ago that he had resigned the pastorate. He said that the Santa Cruz church had individuality and sociability. The congregation looked well, and it spoke well for the judicious management of church affairs that so few pastors had filled the pulpit in so many years.

The anthem of the choir was a musical gem and recited with a force and precision which was inspiring. Much credit is due the Congregational choir for this splendid selection.

Then followed a social time and the serving of the refreshments. The latter were delicious and plentiful. Excellent sandwiches, delightful cake and rich coffee formed the main features, and if you consider that these were served by a bevy of pretty girls assisted by the gallant Lieut. A. A. Morey, you have about an idea of the spirit which prevailed. It was a worthy conclusion to a worthy event.

The Sunday School.

The Congregational Sunday School on Sunday listened to reminiscences, which were given by Miss Adeline Becker from her mother who attended when the church was first organized, also from Mrs. Charles Perry, Mrs. Louise Brennan and Herbert N. Taylor.

List of Subscribers.

The following is a list of subscribers in July, 1857, towards the purchase of a lot and the erection of the Congregational Church, the total being $1,813:

Wm. Anthony, A. W. Rawson, Nelson Taylor, R. Williams, John Cooper, Gen. Otto, John Werner, Alex. McPherson, W. F. Cooper, G. L. Locan, R. L. Hamlin, J. B. Arcan, S. R. Hillman, Thomas Pilkington, Joseph Ruffner, H. Rice, I. C. Willson, Wm. T. Henderson, Elihu Anthony, Alfred Baldwin, F. A. Hihn, J. F. J. Bennett, Thos. W. Moore, Charles Martin, Wm. F. Morrow, John B. Perry, Jos. Knowlton, B. M. Stevens, F. M. Kittridge, B. A. Case, R. A. Sawin, John Fleck, A. A. Hecox, Felix Feister, S. H. L. Meek, Wm. Blackburn, John H. Coult, R. F. Peckham, David Gharky, Oscar Ruffner, P. B. Nichols, Thomas Beck, James Waters, G. C. Shelby, J. H. Watson, G. W. Nutter, F. B. Brady, David Wilson, A. M. Parry, J. P. Lesile, R. C. Kirby, Jas. Montgomery, Robert Whidden, Albert Brown, J. S. Zelle, R. K. Vestal, Hugo F. Hihn, Thomas L. Gatch, John T. Porter, L. C. Aldrich, Mrs. Greenwood, A. P. Jordan, Edward Jones, Mrs. Marietta Hinds.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

THE EARLY YEARS OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN SANTA CRUZ.

Rev. W. C. Bartlett's Interesting Reminiscences—Tells of the Meeting of the Bay Association.

It is 37 years this autumn since I came to this place on the invitation of this church to be its minister. The long and dusty, midnight stage ride over the mountains, the moonlight falling upon the white mists of the valley producing the effect of a great inland sea studded with wooded islands, is as sharply photographed upon memory as if it had been witnessed yesterday night. The one other passenger was an elderly lady of gentle speech and refined manners with a becoming reticence as a stranger, but who afterward although of another communion, became a life long friend.

The little town had by estimate about 800 inhabitants. It was very quiet. It seemed at times that the ocean with its eternal lullaby, had been singing and rocking the little hamlet to sleep. Now and then a stranger alighted at the small wooden hotel, and flitted away again as silently as he came. Occasionally a lumber laden vehicle with an ox team, crept down to the sea. Said the innkeeper in reply to a question, If you follow one of those teams you will be sure to find the sea. The row of Mission willows then in decadence which occupied the center of the main street, seemed to link a by-gone century of ripeness with a new era that was just beginning to dawn. With their disappearance there was the passing also of many a pioneer.

Even in those primitive days the aspect of the town and its environments were homelike. There was little sense of isolation. One could look out on the great sea and feel that it touched all shores—the near and the remote—the spice islands and "far Cathay." A white sail or the smoke of a steamer pencilled on the horizon, seemed to bridge over the vast distances and to bring one almost in touch with all people and all lands. It would have been a sterile mind into which any over burdened sense of isolation could come with the rythmic sea in front and the transfigured mountains at his back.

The Rev. John Zelle, that sturdy pioneer who had wrought at the foundation, had just retired from the pastorate of the church. He had borne the heat and burden of the day. He was a positive man, and would probably have gone to the stake for a principle as readily as any of the martyrs of the olden time. It was through his influence largely, that the church organization adopted a Congregational polity. For as a matter of fact, of the original number who finally united in the old organization there was not a majority for any one denomination.

The late President Garfield said that he knew a place in Ohio where the rain which fell on one side of the roof flowed away into the lake, and so into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. While the water which fell upon the other side flowed into the Ohio river, and so into the Gulf of Mexico. And so in this particular instance, one stream of influence on the denominational roof was ready to flow off in a Presbyterian channel and on the other side into a Congregational one. The Baptist element counted for the latter. Presbyterians for the sake of unity, yielded their preferences. And so out of many diversities there came to be this broad Catholic union. Brethren Zelle and Brier who in that memorable council contended so mightily each for his favorite polity, having been translated, and now seeing eye to eye in that city that both eternal foundations, probably care less for denominational demarcations and more for that sign and seal under which the whole family on earth and in heaven is named.

The pioneer minister of this church was a laborious and courageous man. He had a trained mind and a consecrated spirit. Even his angularities now seem softened and rounded in the mellow evening light of this longer perspective. He rests from his labors, and his works do follow him.

Following his ministry I found a small congregation in which were represented nearly all the Protestant denominations. There were Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Episcopalians and Unitarians. It was always a felicitous circumstance that there was no denominational friction. One of the most liberal supporters of the society was Joseph Boston, an Episcopalian, who at a later day became identified with his own church. He sometimes made his offerings so quietly that the left hand did not know what the right hand had done. I recall the names of some who were more or less closely identified with the society of that day. There was Dr. Rawson, the brilliant surgeon, and his wife; Dr. Bailey, a loyal and steadfast friend, Mr. Jordan whose enterprise brought hither the first steamship that ever made a landing at this port. Dr. Kittredge, a retired physician whose services were called for in critical cases and his accomplished wife. William Anthony and wife, steadfast to the end—Joseph Ruffner, whom everybody knew and loved. William Cooper, always ready for any good work—The elder McPherson, John Perry, the Rev. Mr. Hinds, an English Independent, who often preached before the present church was organized, and many others who have gone over the river. Of the living I may not speak.

HIS GOLDEN JUBILEE.

Dec. 25, 1897

ELIHU ANTHONY'S FIFTY YEARS' RESIDENCE IN SANTA CRUZ.

He Was Here Before the Discovery of Gold—How the News Was Brought from Monterey

Elihu Anthony and wife are entitled to have a golden jubilee Christmas Day, for it will then be fifty years since they arrived in Santa Cruz. When they located here on Dec. 25th, 1847, there were only six American families in the county. A. Baldwin and R. C. Kirby were in Santa Cruz then, but were unmarried. Among the families were those of A. A. Hecox, Ed Moore, Chas. Hopper and Mr. York. Mission Indians were plentiful then. Christmas services were held by the Catholics in the old adobe church. Mr. Anthony was in Santa Cruz before the discovery of gold. He says that two sailors came over in whaleboats from

Monterey in February, 1848, and told of Marshall's discovery. The news was not occasion much excitement at first among the Spanish population. Later more definite information was received and then the inhabitants were inoculated with the gold craze.

Mr. Anthony says that the discovery was a secret, and only leaked out through Marshall's telling of it while feeling unusually gay. Gen. Sutter had sent him with the nuggets to Monterey to see Gen. Mason to have the assay made, with instructions not to reveal the discovery to anyone outside of Mason. Marshall did not follow the instructions, but soon imparted his information to those he met, adding that there was plenty of gold where the nuggets came from.

Mr. Anthony realized that where there is gold picks are needed, so he procured scraps of iron and ships' bolts and other material with which to make the picks. He hired a ship's blacksmith to do the job. Seven dozen were made, and Mr. Anthony sent them to Colima with Tom Fallon, agreeing to divide the proceeds. Fallon sold all but three, realizing from two and a half to three ounces of gold for each pick, the gold being worth from $15 to $16 per ounce.

When Mr. Anthony reached Colima he wanted to divide as per agreement, but Fallon refused to do so, saying that the sale of the picks had brought him trade. All he wanted were the three picks on hand, which Mr. Anthony gladly gave him.

Picks soon began to arrive from Oregon, reducing their value greatly. Gold was so plentiful then that the price did not cut much figure if the miner wanted what you had for sale.

Mr. Anthony has seen many changes in Santa Cruz during his long residence here. He has seen Santa Cruz grow from a struggling hamlet to a bustling city. Generations have passed away. Men prominent in early days have had their brief strut on the stage of life, made their exit, and long since have been forgotten. All shades and conditions of human life have passed before him right here. The story of what he has observed in Santa Cruz in fifty years would make interesting reading. There are few, very few, who have been in Santa Cruz longer than he.

To his credit, it may be said, that despite the lawless condition of California in the early days, and the temptations that beset men, he has always been true to his early religious teachings and temperance conceptions.

Elihu Anthony is now in the eightieth year of his age, and weighs more than ever before during his long life.

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE.

HISTORY OF THE METHODIST CHURCH IN SANTA CRUZ.

Fiftieth Anniversary of its Organization Will be Appropriately Observed.

The Methodists of Santa Cruz begin their Golden Jubilee today. To celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of a Protestant church in California is an event of more than usual importance, for its beginning ante-dates the admission of our State into the Union. In those early days it required Christian courage and convictions in their truest sense to plant the standard of Methodism in California, for the field was not encouraging, but the brave men and women who had crossed the plains, suffering the hardships which were only too familiar to the pioneers, were not dismayed.

Elihu Anthony came to Santa Cruz with his family in January, 1848, and about two weeks after his arrival organized a class of Methodists, composed of the following persons: Elihu Anthony, Sarah Anthony, A. A. Hecox, Margaret Hecox, A. A. Case, Mary Case, Jane Vanandy, Mary A. Dunlap, Caroline Matthews, Silas Hitchcock, M. Reed and Mrs. Lynn. Mr. Anthony was chosen to secure a preacher until such time as the Methodist Church should be organized on this coast by the regular ministry.

Mr. Anthony was converted and united with the Methodist Church in 1841. He was afterwards licensed to preach and traveled two or three years on trial. In 1847 he joined an emigrant train and started for California. He held religious services that year in San Jose and organized a class. He visited other settlements and did the work of an evangelist. He caused preaching as soon as regular pastors were appointed in the churches. In the words of Bishop Taylor: "He has ever been the true friend and wise counselor of the itinerant ministry."

Bishop Taylor says that he came to Santa Cruz about Jan. 20th, 1850, for the purpose of organizing a Methodist Church, "I found," says he "a class of about twenty members, among whom were four local preachers. On Saturday forenoon I preached in the house of Elihu Anthony. Preached again at night. On Sunday morning we had a love feast. Preached at 11 o'clock in the forenoon on the Divinity of Christ to a crowded house. After the sermon I administered the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper. About twenty persons partook, for the first time in California. A majority had been in the country since 1847. I found in Santa Cruz the best school, and the largest Sunday School in the country. There were here the Anthony, Case, Bennett and Hecox families.

"On April 13th, 1850, the quarterly conference was organized. The preaching license of E. Anthony, A. A. Hecox, H. S. Loveland and E. Beaumont was renewed."

J. W. Brier was appointed pastor in 1850. In 1851 D. A. Dryden was appointed. Then came the following in the order named: A. Shafer, W. S. Turner, P. G. Buchanan, A. Higbie, W. Gafney, C. H. Lawton, R. W. Williamson, P. Y. Cool, C. V. Anthony, E. A. Hazen, P. L. Haynes, J. R. Tansey, A. J. Nelson, H. D. Hunter, W. Peck, I. L. Trefren, W. Dennett, C. G. Milnes, J. W. Bryant, J. L. Mann, E. E. Dodge, E. D. McCreary, H. B. Heacock, H. F. Briggs.

The following are the present officers of the church:

Pastor, Rev. Thomas Filben; Sunday School superintendents, Ellery Robertson and W. H. Heard; trustees—W. H. Ames, L. S. Sherman, S. F. Grover, C. M. Collins, E. H. Garrett, F. D. Bennett and Charles Craghill; stewards—J. N. F. Marsh, Wilbur Huntington, W. D. Storey, T. G. McCreary, J. H. Sinkinson, F. N. Smith, D. C. Merrill, F. D.

Bennett, F. L. Heath, Caleb Isaac, W. Heard, H. D. Smith, H. S. Holway and C. D. Hinkle; leaders—Geo. H. Bliss; C. Isaac, recording steward; J. R. Garrett, district steward; President Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, William C. Isaac.

Of the original class Mr. and Mrs. Anthony and Mrs. Hecox are the only survivors. It must indeed be a pleasure to them to see how the seed they planted a half-century ago has grown.

The following is the program for today:

9 A. M. Jubilee love feast, led by Bishop Taylor.

11 A. M. Jubilee sermon by Rev. Eli McClish.

2 P. M. Sunset meeting for persons over 50 years of age, led by F. D. Bennett.

6:30 P. M. Young Peoples' rally, F. L. Heath presiding.

7:30 P. M. Sermon by Rev. W. S. Matthew.

Monday evening—Reminiscent and congratulatory, W. D. Storey presiding, with Elihu Anthony as honorary chairman. Invocation, music, address of congratulation by the Mayor; response, by Judge Storey; letters of congratulation and music; "The Foundations," Elihu Anthony, Bishop Taylor; "Echoes Along the Years," former pastors; music, followed by a reception in the parlors.

While there is talk of war throughout the country, nothing but peace and glad tidings prevailed at the Golden Jubilee celebration at the Methodist Church Sunday. It is an important event, the fiftieth anniversary of a church.

The exercises began with a love feast at 9 A. M., led by Bishop Taylor. Testimonies were given by the ministers and many others. Rev. Alfred Higby spoke of his first visit to Santa Cruz, preaching here at the request of Elihu Anthony. Rev. P. G. Buchanan told of his arrival in California forty-six years ago and his being attracted by the singing of Bishop Taylor on the streets of San Francisco. Rev. J. W. Bryant said that when he was nine years old he had attended meetings held by Bishop Taylor in San Francisco.

Mrs. Margaret Hecox gave her testimony, and was overcome by emotion as she thought of the days of long ago when she assisted in the organization of the Methodist class in Santa Cruz in 1848.

Elihu Anthony also spoke, saying that he hoped at last to prove that religion was able to save unto the uttermost.

The church was so crowded at 11 A. M. that many were unable to gain admittance. The church was prettily decorated with flowers. Bishop Taylor occupied the seat of honor. On the platform were also seated the former pastors, Higby, Trefren, Bryant, besides Dr. McClish and Elihu Anthony.

A hymn was read by Rev. P. G. Buchanan, Rev. J. L. Trefren then offered prayer, and Rev. J. W. Bryant read the 84th Psalm. A hymn was announced by Rev. Thos. Filben. W. B. Anthony sang "Angels Bright," and then Bishop Taylor made a short address, proving the efficacy of the power of the gospel among the heathen in Africa.

Rev. Eli McClish delivered a powerful sermon on "The Transfiguration."

At 2 P. M. the sunset meeting began, led by F. D. Bennett. For nearly two hours prayer and testimony were heard. Among the speakers were Rev. Asa White and Rev. Wm. Tremayne.

At 6:30 P. M. there was a young people's rally led by F. L. Heath. At 7:30 P. M. the church was again filled. Rev. W. S. Matthews delivered a sermon from the text, "Acquaint Thyself With God and be at Peace."

On Monday evening the church was again crowded. The evening was devoted to reminiscences, congratulations and music. The choir sang two choruses in good style and Mrs. Stanley Pickrell sang a solo in excellent voice.

Judge W. D. Storey presided, with Elihu Anthony as honorary chairman. On the platform were Bishop Taylor and former pastors of the church.

Mayor Clark made a congratulatory address, which was fittingly responded to by Judge Storey. Then followed short addresses which linked the past with the present, each speaker taking up the thread where his predecessor had left it, the whole forming a chain of local Methodist Church history, which was very interesting.

Mr. Anthony was greeted with applause when he arose. He told how he came to California from Iowa in 1847. Originally he intended to go to Oregon to do missionary work. On the way to Santa Cruz he met Mr. Case and family. In San Jose a class of twelve was formed, consisting of six Methodists and six Presbyterians. Mr. Anthony paid a high tribute to Mother Case, who always had her religion with her. A. A. Hecox, who had arrived in Santa Cruz in 1846, had a license to exhort, and was a member of the class organized fifty years ago. Mr. Anthony said he had made one mistake and that was when he did not do missionary work in the mines in early days.

Mr. Anthony on Monday donated $50 towards the church fund.

Bishop Taylor was introduced as the "St. Paul of modern times." He told of his work in Australia, India, Africa and other countries. He has been a minister for fifty-five years.

Rev. P. G. Buchanan, who was a pastor here forty-three years ago, told of his labor then. He remembered a Fourth of July speech he made which added to his popularity.

Rev. Alfred Higby, who was pastor in 1856, related how he landed here in a schooner and went to Mr. Anthony's residence. He also preached in Watsonville, Monterey and Salinas. He preached six times a week.

An interesting letter from Rev. C. V. Anthony was read. He related reminiscences of the church during its early history.

Rev. W. Peck, who was the pastor twenty-two years ago, spoke gratefully of the treatment he had received here, saying that he had never been better treated in his life.

Rev. J. L. Trefren, who was pastor twenty years ago, related his experience. He told how a debt of $900 had been paid off and the Ladies' Working Band organized. He referred to the many improvements in Santa Cruz which had been made since he left here.

Letters from Revs. E. E. Dodge, E. D. McCreary and Wm. Abbott were read.

Rev. C. G. Milnes' remarks were attentively listened to.

Rev. J. W. Bryant made a pleasant address, in which he told of his labors in Santa Cruz. During his pastorate the parsonage was built.

Rev. H. B. Heacock's remarks were appropriate to the occasion.

Rev. M. C. Briggs explained that the reason his son, Rev. H. F. Briggs, had not sent a letter of congratulation was that he was absent from Berlin when Pastor Filben's letter reached there, and was now probably in Rome. Pastor Filben then made a few remarks.

After the addresses a reception was held, during which refreshments were served.

GOLDEN JUBILEE RECEPTION.

REV. THOS. FILBEN AND WIFE ENTERTAIN AT THE PARSONAGE.

Some of the Former Pastors of the Church Who Were Present to Give Welcome.

The Methodist parsonage on Mission St. was crowded at the reception given by Rev. and Mrs. Thos. Filben Tuesday evening in honor of the Methodist Golden Jubilee. From 7:30 to 10:30 there was a constant stream of guests, who came to do honor to Dr. Filben and wife and the former pastors of the church. They were cordially received by the host and hostess assisted by an efficient reception committee. It was true Methodist hospitality that reigned.

The rooms were tastefully decorated with flowers and yellow ribbon prettily arranged and significant of the Golden Jubilee. In the hallway a music box played golden airs, while the guests were being given a golden reception.

It was a pleasant scene indeed when in the crowded rooms could be seen the venerable Bishop Taylor, patriarchal in appearance, his face bronzed by African suns, his countenance bearing the impress of goodness and the result of living a religious life, surrounded by friends who talked with him of the days of long ago, when the local church was yet in its infancy. Then there was Rev. Alfred Higby, tall and erect, with an intellectual cast of countenance, in spite of the eighty-four years he has lived this life, who moved among the guests with a kind word for all. He talked of his early pastorate in Santa Cruz to those who were here then and one reminiscence brought up another, until he and his listeners were again living in the past, when all were young and full of hope and ambition. Mr. Higby in countenance and expression bears a close resemblance to the pictures one sees of Andrew Jackson.

Rev. J. L. Trefren, pleasant and contented, as he always is, was busy shaking hands with the many friends he made during his pastorate in this city.

Rev. J. W. Bryant, always good natured, was in his happiest mood as he greeted his friends, and talked of events that had occurred during his pastorate.

Rev. C. G. Milnes, who has pleasant memories of his pastorate in Santa Cruz, gave all of his friends the glad hand of welcome, and his only regret was that he could not visit Santa Cruz oftener.

Rev. M. C. Briggs, who was one of the intellectual giants of the church in California when in the strength of his manhood and vigor he thundered forth the doctrines of Methodism in hamlet, village and city in this State, until his name became a synonym for religious strength and conviction in the Methodist Church, was cordially greeted by the many who are acquainted with him.

Dr. Filben saw to it that every guest was made to feel at home, and the manner in which he did so only tended to increase his popularity here.

In the dining-room ice cream, coffee, cake, lemonade and salad were served. It was an evening long to be remembered, for aside from the success of the affair in a social way the event which it commemorated was one which made it of historical interest. Not every church in California has a history of fifty years, not every organization can point with pride to a half-century of spiritual and material progress. It is indeed a record to be proud of—a church in California which has been in existence two score years and ten and is at the beginning of the last half of the century.

The program for this evening at the Methodist Church is: Membership roll call, Rev. W. W. Case presiding; anthem, choir; hymn, "Blessed Be the Tie That Binds"; roll call and response; Golden Jubilee offering; music.

THE SANTA CRUZ JUBILEE.

The Golden Jubilee celebration at Santa Cruz was a great success. The occasion was specially marked in the number of those who had been concerned in the foundations that it was possible to have present: Elihu Anthony, who gathered the first class, and served as its first pastor; Margaret Hecox, one of the first class, and who reached Santa Cruz with her husband in 1846; Bishop Taylor, who first gave the young church official recognition, and who later dedicated the first church building; Brothers Higbie and Buchanan, who were among the earliest pastors of the church.

Since its organization the church has had twenty-nine pastors; of these eighteen are living, and of those living nine were present, and all but five of the others were represented by letters.

The services covered five days. Sunday was a great day. A Jubilee love-feast, led by Bishop Taylor, was a time of great spiritual fervor. The spirit of the love-feast was carried into the morning service, when Dr. Eli McClish preached powerfully on "The Transfiguration." Four persons united with the church at the close of the service. The afternoon hour was set apart for a sunset service for those over fifty years of age, but the interest had become so intense by this time that the services had to be opened to all, and a company that filled the church participated. F. D. Bennett led the service. The young people's rally was directed by F. L. Heath, and the effect of the testimonies of the day from those grown gray in the service appeared in a spontaneous impulse of consecration full of promise for the years to come.

Dr. W. S. Matthew preached in the evening, and held intently the large congregation in a masterly vindication from the light of reason and from Christian experience of man's privilege of communion with God.

Reminiscences and congratulations were the order for Monday night. Mayor Clark made a felicitous address of welcome, and Judge Story responded. The pastors present spoke, including Elihu Anthony, P. G. Buchanan, Alfred Higbie, Wesley Peck, J. L. Trefren, C. G. Milnes, J. W. Bryant, and H. B. Heacock. Letters were read from C. V. Anthony, Wesley Dennett, E. E. Dodge, and E. D. McCreary. The ladies of the church held a public reception at the close and served light refreshments.

Thursday evening a golden jubilee at home was held at the parsonage, which has recently been enlarged and refurnished. About 300 attended during the evening. A large share of the ladies of the church assisted Mrs. Filben in dispensing a generous hospitality, and the daily press described it as one of the most successful social affairs ever given in Santa Cruz.

Wednesday evening a roll-call service was held, and 250 members of the church responded in person or by letter. A feature of the jubilee was a voluntary offering presented at this time. The members of the church made offerings aggregating $500.

Thursday evening Dr. Dille made a magnificent jubilee address, appropriate and elegant, putting a fitting climax to the exercises. His subject was "The Building of an Empire, Retrospect and Prospect."

Altogether, the celebration was a great uplift to the church. The presence of Bishop Taylor was an inspiration and benediction, though his voice prevented much speaking. However, the old hero was in every service, and ready with brief and striking words at every call. The presence of so many former pastors roused great enthusiasm, and proved a great blessing to many who recalled through them spiritual triumphs of the past.

The effect of the celebration is most beneficent, and no better preparation for the Watman meetings just at hand could be made. The church had a right to celebrate, and it did it right royally, and with the celebration made a great advance in spiritual power, and in its own self-respect and the respect of the community.

BORN. 1897.

DAKE—In Santa Cruz, Dec. 4th, to the wife of L. J. Dake, a daughter.

ODOY—In Lompoc, May 1st, to Mr. and Mrs. William Odoy, a daughter.

A QUESTION OF HISTORY.

C. V. ANTHONY.

Is there not some mistake in the statement recently made in the CALIFORNIA CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE that the first class ever founded in the State was in 1848? Some one has said that the imperfections of human memory throw doubt on all history. Without admitting so strong a statement, we may well believe that many errors do creep into history from this source without the least impeachment of the honesty and truthfulness of the witnesses.

Now, I have in my possession an autograph letter from the Rev. Wm. Roberts—for two years an intimate friend of mine in Portland, Or.—that gives in detail the time when, and circumstances under which, he organized the first class of Methodists ever formed in California. This letter is among my papers in my little home in Santa Cruz. I here promise that the editor of our ADVOCATE shall have the opportunity of publishing an exact copy of that letter as soon as I reach that home. Though I cannot give the precise date the facts of that letter are as follows:

Soon after it was known that California was a part of the United States, Revs. Wm. Roberts and J. H. Wilbur were dispatched to this Coast, the former to be Superintendent of Missions in Oregon and California. They sailed on the bark *Whitton*, the master of which was a staunch Methodist, and having doubled Cape Horn, arrived in San Francisco early in the spring of 1847. The vesssel was a sort of trader, and remained in port several weeks during that time. Roberts organized a class in San Francisco, and, leaving Wilbur to preach for them, visited Monterey, San Jose, Sonoma, and other places of interest. They then went on to Oregon. Late in the fall of 1847 Elihu Anthony, who had crossed the plains that season, visited the city and found the society in existence. He was a local preacher, and as the bark *Whitton* was then in the harbor, having returned from Oregon, he preached both on shore and on the bark. In my brother's home at Santa Cruz can be yet seen a clock he purchased from the bark *Whitton*, which now, for more than fifty years, has kept the best of time.

I doubt if Rev. Wm. Roberts visited California at all in 1848. He was here early in 1849, and it was during that trip he organized the first society ever formed in the mines. It was in Coloma, and Elihu Anthony, my brother, was placed in charge.

Meantime, in November, 1847, my brother formed a class in San Jose, and in the month of January, 1848, he organized the church in Santa Cruz, which has had an unbroken history down to the present time. My brother and wife were among the few whose names are yet preserved in the Santa Cruz church, who were members of that church from the beginning, now within a few weeks of fifty years. One other of that number yet lives in Santa Cruz—Mrs. Hecox, a vigorous and sunshiny Christian, who may be seen any day at the Santa Cruz light-house. She will tell the enquirer that she has been fifty years, coming next January, a member of the Santa Cruz M. E. church. Unless San Francisco can set an earlier date for its first Methodist church than October, 1848, it will have to take its place behind both San Jose and Santa Cruz. But in all honor it *is* entitled to first place, but its jubilee was last spring—I think in the month of April; but the exact date shall be given if I live to get my hand on Rev. Wm. Roberts' letter, or a copy of it, for I have it in both forms.

AUGUST 3, 1898

UNPUBLISHED HISTORY.

BY C. V. ANTHONY.

The class formed by Rev. William Roberts did not disappear with the further voyaging of the founder. It was in existence late in the fall of 1847, when Elihu Anthony preached to them occasionally. The number, eight, somewhat indefinitely given by Roberts, is not only confirmed by Anthony, but their names are preserved by him, or at least most of them. Here they are: Trubody and wife, Hatler and wife, Glover and wife. The other two were single men whose names are forgotten. The society and Sunday-school maintained a continuous existence until the discovery of gold scattered everybody into the mountains, and put an end to every church project in San Francisco for several months.

The next visit of Roberts to California, was early in the spring of 1849. He did little or nothing to revive the church organization in San Francisco for two reasons: 1. The very unsettled condition of things in the city. 2. Because the Rev. Dwight Hunt, recently from the Hawaiian Islands, had entered into a compact with Christians of all denominations to preach for them for one year on a salary mutually agreed upon. Roberts, however, made a trip to the mines in company with Anthony and another traveling companion. They carried their own blankets with them, and had utensils for cooking, which, together with their provisions, were lashed behind their saddles on the backs of their horses.

At a place not far from where Woodland now stands they passed a Sabbath. Roberts preached an excellent sermon to the two auditors, who constituted his traveling companions. After reaching Coloma, where Anthony engaged in merchandising, he organized a class, and placed Anthony in charge. This was unquestionably the first religious organization of any kind accomplished in the mines. Silas F. Bennett was appointed class-leader. Bennett had been employed by General Sutter to put the mill in order which had led to the discovery of gold, but which had been neglected since that time.

It happened at the same time that another person with whom the writer has had intimate acquaintance was at Coloma, "Father Daman," as he was afterward affectionately called by the sailors, who was at that time, and until the time of his death, seamen's preacher in Honolulu. He had come to explore the wonders of the land of gold, and the two men divided the day between them. They also divided the collection, which was in "gold dust." However, Roberts came out best on that point, as an interesting incident will show. It was Roberts' turn to preach in the morning, and in course of his sermon he bore down heavily on the sin of gambling, then having a most fearfully free course all over the territory. In the collection was a package of gold dust with twenty dollars for "that man from Oregon who is not afraid to speak out what he believes to be true." In another package was half as much for "the man from the Sandwich Islands." Both packages were signed by a name well known as belonging to one of the worst gamblers in California.

I am not able to say whether or not the society so organized had a continuous history. It probably had not, for in the fall of that year both Anthony and Bennett went to Santa Cruz to reside, but it is worthy of mention as showing that even as early as that there were those who feared God and sought as faithfully as they could to lay the foundations of the church in the exciting conditions of the times.

JULY 20, 1898

METHODISM IN SAN FRANCISCO.

I promised to give a copy of a letter received from Rev. Wm. Roberts concerning the first introduction of Methodism in San Francisco. In the jumble of many moves the letter has been laid away for safe-keeping, where I am not able to find it without a more extensive search than time will now permit. The following notes were carefully taken from it. Not an item differs in any particular from the autograph letter of Brother Roberts above referred to.

On the 24th day of April, 1847, the Bark *Whitton*, one hundred and forty-eight days from New York, came to anchor in the harbor of San Francisco. It had on board as passengers Rev. Wm. Roberts and J. H. Wilbur, missionaries to Oregon, but also authorized by the Church to look after the newly acquired territory of California. Roberts was Superintendent of the Church on the Pacific Coast.

They found the place unusually active because of the presence of Col. Stevenson's regiment, which was then quartered in San Francisco, or Yerba Buena, as it was more familiarly called. On the day after their arrival, it being the Sabbath, they succeeded in gathering together a few English families, which had permanently settled there, and Roberts preached to them and such others as were willing to come.

The place of meeting was an adobe building on the south of the plaza, and on Kearny street between Washington and Clay. It was a billiard saloon, with the usual gambling and drinking concomitants. This was without question the first Methodist sermon ever preached within the limits of the State. That day a class of about eight members was organized, and also a Sunday-school. This last was accomplished by the appointment of a Superintendent, whose name was not given, and the gift of a small library, secured later from a ship in the harbor of Monterey.

The infant society was then left in charge of Wilbur, while Roberts went to see what could be found in the neighboring regions. He first visited Sonoma, where some American families had settled, and was only deterred from visiting Napa by an event that brought him back to San Francisco with all possible dispatch. Wilbur had become "the victim of misplaced confidence. The treacherous party was a horse of the mustang variety, such as required to be broken afresh every time it was left without use for a month." Wilbur was unable to keep the saddle during a bucking performance by the horse, being thrown to the ground with great violence. One ear was almost torn from his head, and other injuries of even much more serious character were inflicted.

Fortunately, the vessel that brought them was engaged in a traffic that delayed the continuance of the voyage for a long time. So, when Wilbur had sufficiently recovered to be left Roberts resumed his journeyings. He went to Monterey on board a Danish brig, and preached the first Protestant sermon ever heard in the capital of the territory. Protestant services had been frequently held on board men of war in the harbor, but never before on land.

Instead of returning by water, he went by land, visiting in their order the Mission of San Juan, the Pueblo of San Jose and the Mission of Santa Clara. He also visited the Mission of San Jose, fifteen miles from the Pueblo. He, however, tarried but for a brief period in any of these places, nor did he attempt to hold any kind of religious services in them.

He was deeply impressed with the beauty and richness of the country through which he had passed, but was unable to do anything to provide for the spiritual necessities of the people. Soon after his return, having planted the one little society, he sailed for what seemed at that time to be his most important field of labor. In Monterey Roberts met General Kearny, just before the latter left for Washington, and by him sent reports to our Missionary Board of what he had seen and done in California. The letter closes with the following words: "Had we then known the great future of California, and had been at liberty to vary from our instructions by one of us remaining in San Francisco, it would have made a difference of an odd half-million or so in the possession of church property."

As superintendent of missions on the coast Roberts' next visit occurred early in 1849. Perhaps this also will be of interest to the readers of the ADVOCATE. C. V. ANTHONY.

SANTA CLARA. Our people very much enjoyed the brief visit of Bishop Taylor and the sermon of his son, Ross. Prof. Kimberlin, his brother-in-law, always has open home for this veteran evangelist, missionary, and Bishop. We expect to have him in our pulpit as soon as the genial clime of Alameda shall restore voice, steady nerves, and tone up the grand frame in which this heroic spirit dwells. Anent the Santa Cruz Golden Jubilee, I notice in our Church Records this scrap of history: "About the 1st of November, 1846, William Campbell, a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Salinas county, Missouri, arrived at Santa Clara, then a military post under Captain Maddux of the United States Marine. About the first Sunday in November Adna A. Hecox, a local preacher, formerly from Michigan, but just arrived from Galena, Ills., preached the first sermon in an adobe building belonging to the Catholic mission, now demolished. Hecox

preached in the Home during the winter nearly every Sunday until February, when he left for Santa Cruz, where he still resides." So this veteran, whose widow and two daughters still live in Santa Cruz, and were prominent in the services there last Sunday, was at the foundation of Methodism in this valley. Further on it is noted that the meetings were moved to San Jose, under the leadership of Charles Campbell, a local Elder of the M. E. Church from Kentucky, and a class was organized in 1849. Very soon after this William Taylor and Isaac Owen came to the valley. These items were furnished to Rev. J. A. Burne in 1870 by William Campbell. Would it not be well for some one to look up the history of our Church in California, and put it in durable form before all the earlier actors die, and the means of getting information is lost with them? H. B. HEACOCK.

April 12, 1898.

Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep.

The fire upon the hearth is low,
And there is stillness everywhere;
Like troubled spirits, here and there,
The firelight shadows flattering go,
And as the shadows round me creep,
A childish treble breaks the gloom,
And softly, from a further room,
Comes, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

And somehow, with that little prayer,
And that sweet treble in my ears,
My thought goes back to distant years,
And lingers with a dear one there,
And as I hear the child's "Amen,"
My mother's faith comes back to me,
Couched at her side I seem to be,
And mother holds my hand again.

Oh, for an hour in that dear place!
Oh, for the peace of that dear time!
Oh, for that childish trust sublime!
Oh, for a glimpse of mother's face!
Yet, as the shadows round me creep,
I do not seem to be alone—
Sweet magic of that treble tone,
And "Now I lay me down to sleep."

—*Eugene Field.*

EARLY METHODISM.

REV. C. V. ANTHONY'S REMINISCENCES OF PIONEER SANTA CRUZ.

Recalls to Memory Scenes in Which He Was an Interested Participant.

The following interesting reminiscences were contributed by Rev. C. V. Anthony of University Park, Colorado, during the Methodist Golden Jubilee exercises:

The last Sunday in March, or the first Sunday in April, 1851, I went to church in the first Protestant building ever erected in Santa Cruz for religious worship. I carefully abstain from calling it a church lest I should involve myself in a serious controversy of that early day. That it was intended for public worship no one will, or would deny; that it was built for school purposes will be equally admitted as an unquestionable fact. The point of controversy is whether its primary purpose was for a school or church. The "Santa Cruz Academy," an institution foreseen and prophecied, took this form of expression as some contended. But the aforesaid "academy" never having used either foresight or prophecy, and as the worship of God was also to be conducted there, some said it was church rather than school. The question, so far as I know, has never been settled, whether it was a school with church privilege, or a church with school peivilege.

Appearances were certainly in favor of the school claim. The room, about twenty-five feet by forty, had two rows of seats, and writing desks in front of each seat. The only seats without desks were two on each side of the pulpit, in what is familiarly known as the "Amen corner." It was amen corner in that case, for there sat several who were not afraid to have their voices heard in the public congregation. The pulpit was a low platform surmounted by a plain desk. The house outside was entirely innocent of the painter's brush. Ceiled inside with redwood it was not the worst inviting audience room one's imagination can picture. In those days Methodists observed, with great propriety, that men sat on one side of the church and women on the other. There were occasional violations of the rule, but they were not approved by the more conservative of the membership.

The preacher was the Rev. J. W. Brier. A man of rugged nature, his sermons thundered from Sinai, rather than flashed and warmed from Calvary. The church was blessed with local preachers—not less than five were on the list, besides one or more exhorters. Among the local preachers was Dr. Alex. McLean, now of the New York East Conference. His brother, Dr. J. T. McLean, was superintendent of the Sunday School. He is now a physician in Alameda. The congregation was from Mississippi to Maine. Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists. A large sprinkling, however, like the writer, at that time belonged nowhere.

Let me ask you to look again. One year and about three months have passed. The question of school or church has been settled, at least practically, though not without some heart burnings. The desks have been removed, and the school is being kept elsewhere. The house has been painted outside and in, the pastor, Rev. D. A. Dryden, has done most of it with his own hands. It is Sunday morning. The pastor has gone on some church mission to San Francisco, S. F. Bennett, an exhorter, afterward my father-in-law, read the Scriptures, made some remarks, and naked for several prayers. A class meeting followed. A young man, a little turned of twenty-one, sat in the last seat by the door. He came to stay and stayed. He gave his testimony for the first time in his life in such an assembly. That day his name went on the class book as a probationer.

Nearly three years later a Quarterly Conference sat in that same little room and then and there gave that same young man a recommendation to be received into the California Conference as a probationer. Thus began a wandering of thirty-nine years, when weary and worn he returned to dear old Santa Cruz for rest.

That little old church, how dear to many hearts! How sweet the songs of praise and the communion of Saints there enjoyed! How many of those who joined in the service of song and prayer are singing with the angels now! More than one soul made a start for heaven within those walls! Shall I forget the man that baptized me? Isaac Owen, the old-time presiding Elder. What a kindly face! What a bright, sparkling eye he had! What a wealth of innocent humor he possessed! How grand his sermons seemed to me! His body sleeps in the cemetery of Santa Clara, but his memory will be precious for many years.

One more look at that dear old church. Without change, it still stands where it had stood for nearly eight years. It is Wednesday evening, the house is filled to its utmost capacity. A young minister stands beside a young lady, converted in Santa Cruz, and there they together take the vows of matrimony. Rev. Alfred Higbie was pastor. He put the aforesaid wedding party on exhibition, for he made them face the congregation, greatly to the chagrin of certain ones who for the first time in their lives had crowded into the amen corner. Forty-one years the 9th of next September witnessed that finishing stroke to the life preparation of that minister. It was all grandly done, done as well as any cathedral in creation could have done it. If the preacher did not amount to something he has no blame to lay on the infant church at Santa Cruz.

The glory of the little church soon departed. It was sold, moved off the ground, and turned into a private dwelling. If it made a Christian Home it was no great degradation after all. I have nothing to say of the church that followed. It belongs to the recent age. I am writing ancient history.

A look at the town as it was may interest you. Where the old church stood was open country. A few graves occupied the bluff just behind it. The old adobe Catholic Church with a few adobe buildings near constituted all that could be seen of human enterprise in that direction, save the residence of Frank Alzina, who was then Sheriff of the county. The plaza was barren chalk rock, occupied with an occasional patch of wild clover and very occasionally with extemporized gibbets, where Judge Lynch disposed of his troublesome prisoners. Mission St. was a county road, or a road of some kind where you might count half a dozen houses in three miles. The hill going up from the town was made at an angle significant of light loads and heavy brakes. The present grade was the result of repeated efforts of improvement for full half a century. One street extending from the hill to the corner of what is now Cooper St., was all of the "town under the hill." Pacific Av. was cultivated in barley and potatoes. And such potatoes! I saw one that weighed four pounds and six ounces. Potatoes weighing a pound or more were too common to excite remark.

But time would fail me to tell all the big things Santa Cruz has produced. It is, and always has been, and always will be, the gem of California. That means, of course, the gem of the world. Long live and flourish the "Little city by the Sea!"

MILLER—CHESTNUT WEDDING.

Ed. "Sentinel":—Wednesday morning last marked the union of two loving hearts in holy matrimony, the contracting parties being Irvine K. Miller and Miss Elsie Chestnut, both of Pacific Grove. Nature smiled most approvingly upon their happiness, the day being an ideal one and typical of the State which claims them as her children—California.

The beautiful ceremony of the Episcopal Church was performed with unusual solemnity by Rev. Hobart Chetwood, rector of St. Mary's-by-the Sea, at 9 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Chestnut on Lighthouse avenue and Twelfth street.

The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Bessie Chestnut, and the groom by his brother, Christie Miller of Santa Cruz.

The bride's robe was of mauve crepon, with salmon-pink silk, shirrings and silver lamp trimmings. She wore a tiny but exquisite gold watch with opera chain, the gift of the groom, and carried a bouquet of snowy lixias and maiden hair fern tied with long, white ribbons. The soft fall of rich lace which ornamented her robe at the throat was worn by her mother upon her wedding day, and by her sister, Mrs. Elmer Alexander as well, on a similar occasion. Miss Bessie, her attendant, wore a handsome tailor-made, navy blue costume. The groom and his attendant were attired in the conventional black. The parents of the bride gave her away.

A wealth of exquisite pink roses grouped with the white, feathery eupatorium, were placed in the most dainty way throughout the rooms, while garlands of smilax were festooned about the flimy lace curtains in a charmingly graceful manner. Potted ferns of rare worth added their beauty to the dainty appointments.

An elegant breakfast was served at ten, when the merry party accompanied the newly married pair to the depot, where they took the 11:20 train amid a shower of rice, for San Francisco, where they will remain several days, going thence upon a months' tour throughout the principal cities of the State. On their return they will make the Grove their permanent home.

The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Chestnut, a native of Salinas, and one of our handsomest and most highly esteemed young ladies. She is a graduate of the class of '94 of the Salinas High School and has very efficiently filled for several terms the position of Deputy County Tax Collector at the county seat.

The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Cephas H. Miller of Santa Cruz, and a young gentleman of exemplary habits and faultless demeanor. For the past three years he has been established in business in the Grove and has by his uprightness won unto himself scores of real friends. He is a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of Santa Cruz, his old home, and of Cypress Rebekah lodge, No. 75, I. O. O. F., of the Grove.

Wedding gifts there were in great abundance and of a costly, but useful order. Mr. and Mrs. Miller, the groom's parents of Santa Cruz, Mrs. Hattie McCord, a sister, and Christie Miller, a brother, of the same city were present, also Elmer P. Alexander, County Tax Collector of Monterey Co. and wife of Salinas, the latter of whom is a sister of the bride, and Mrs. E. C. Palmer, a cousin of the groom. G.

A Birthday Surprise.

A pleasant birthday party was enjoyed Tuesday by the ladies of the Congregational Church, who gathered at the meeting of the Home Missionary Societies. The occasion was the eighteenth birthday of Mother Hinds, who resides on California St. It having been mentioned the week before that Tuesday was her birthday, and she being the only one of the charter members of the church now living, her husband having been its first pastor, it was thought fitting the she should be made to know how precious she was. Consequently some seventeen or eighteen of the ladies went up, taking Mother Hinds with them, for they had brought her to the missionary meeting. Not till the party alighted at her gate did she realize that she was the recipient of so much attention.

A pleasant time was spent in chatting and recalling old times. A birthday cake made by Grandmother Perry, who has passed her eighty-third birthday, was passed and pronounced delicious. Mrs. Bliss, who is an old friend, had taken possession and made a cup of tea, and Emma, the granddaughter, had made the house bright with flowers.

After refreshments had been fully enjoyed Mrs. Bliss very feelingly read the following greeting:

Dear Mother in Israel, as you stand today,
Many a mile adown the golden way,
Our memory goes back with you o'er the years, thorny tho' fleet,
That you have trod with such patient feet:
Ever keeping through clouds and storm
A faith unwavering, steady and warm:
And our zeal shall be stronger, our faith more brightly shine,
Because of the steadfastness and purity of thine.

Then all repeated the following: "The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make His face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace.

Some one softly started "Blest be the Tie That Binds", and with subdued and heartfelt voices all joined and then feeling that it was just the sweetest, best birthday party that ever was, we listened to the sweet, tremulous voice thanking us for remembering her in such a pleasant manner, and leaving our birthday remembrances, we said good-bye, feeling that a rare privilege had been ours. ONE OF THEM.

FIFTY YEARS' AWFUL RECORD.

NINETEEN SHIPS IS THE LOSS OF THE PACIFIC MAIL CO.

Many Hundreds of Passengers Have Also Perished In the Wrecks.

During the past fifty years the Pacific Mail Steamship Company has lost nineteen of its fleet. The list includes the Southerner, Salvador, Golden Gate, Golden City, America, Guatemala, Sacramento, Honduras, Japan, City of San Francisco, Georgia, City of Tokyo, San Pablo, Granada, Nicaragua, City of New York, Colima, Columbia and the City of Rio de Janerio.

The foundering of the Rio de Janerio did not result in the greatest loss of life, as 200 of the 300 passengers on the Golden Gate were lost off the coast of Mexico in 1862. Four hundred Chinese were lost in the wreck of the steamer Japan off the Chinese coast in the early '70s.

Only forty souls were saved out of the crew and 121 passengers of the Colima which went down in 1895.

The complete list of the steamers lost is appended:

SOUTHERNER.

The Southerner was lost off Cape Flattery in the early '50s. She was commanded by Captain Sampson and was one of the first steamers sent to the Pacific Coast. She was employed by the Pacific Mail Company on the northern run and was valued at $250,000.

SALVADOR.

The Salvador was lost near Punta Arenas, San Salvador, in 1861. She was the first iron steamer brought to this coast by the Pacific Mail Company and was commanded by Captain Wise. After she struck a sunken reef in the Gulf of Nicoya Captain Wise beached her and saved all the passengers and part of her cargo, consisting of coffee and merchandise from New York. The total loss was estimated at $600,000.

GOLDEN GATE.

The Golden Gate was burned near Manzanillo, Mexico, four miles off shore, July 27, 1862. She was a fine new steamer of 2661 tons, commanded by Captain R. H. Pearson. The fire started in the galley while the passengers were at dinner, and though she took the beach in half an hour over 200 of the 300 souls aboard were lost. Of her ten boats the fire burned all but three at the davits. The loss to the Pacific Company with ship and cargo was $1,750,000.

GOLDEN CITY.

The Golden City stranded on Point St. Lazaro, Lower California, February 22, 1870. This vessel was one of the finest owned by the Pacific Mail Company. She was rated at 3500 tons and was commanded by Captain Comstock. She was on her run from this city to Panama and had a full passenger list. Fortunately no lives were lost. The vessel was valued at $500,000 and was a total loss.

AMERICA.

The America was burned at Yokohama harbor September 4, 1872. She was commanded by Captain Doane. Many Chinese jumped overboard and were drowned. Except these no lives were lost. One million dollars in specie was lost, but about two-thirds of it was afterward recovered. The America was valued at $1,000,000.

GUATEMALA.

The Guatemala was lost on Tonala Bar, South America coast, October 13, 1872. Three boatloads of people reached shore, while one containing fifteen persons was lost. The vessel was commanded by Captain Douglass and was valued at $175,000.

SACRAMENTO.

The Sacramento was lost on Sacrament Reef, 200 miles south of San Diego, December 5, 1872, Captain Farnsworth commanding. The passengers and crew were rescued by a steamer sent from San Diego. Loss by vessel, $500,000.

HONDURAS.

The Honduras was a British steamer chartered by the Pacific Mail Company. She was lost on the coast of San Salvador in 1873. Captain Griffiths was her commander. The vessel was valued at $250,000.

JAPAN.

The Japan was burned twelve miles off shore near Swatow, China. The Chinese passengers became panic stricken and jumped overboard with their sacks of Mexican dollars. Over 400 were lost. The vessel was commanded by Captain Warsaw and was valued at $750,000. With $275,000 in specie and a cargo worth $98,000 she made a total loss of $1,223,000.

CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO

The City of San Francisco struck Tartar Shoal, near Acapulco Mex., on May 16, 1877. She sank at once, ten miles off shore. The passengers and crew were all saved, but the magnificent vessel, valued at $700,000, was a total loss. She was under command of Captain James Waddell. United States Inspector Bemis severely condemned the loose and dangerous practice of leaving open the iron bulkhead in the Pacific Mail Company steamers; to which he attributed the loss of the San Francisco.

GEORGIA.

The Georgia was lost on the Costa Rican shore September 28, 1878, en route from Punta Arenas. Captain Howard was in command and all on board were safely landed, though the vessel made a loss of $380,000.

CITY OF TOKYO.

The City of Tokyo was lost in Tokya Bay, near Yokohama, June 22, 1883. Captain Maury was in command. She attempted to run up to Yokohama in thick weather when she struck a sunken reef and sunk. All on board were saved. The vessel carried $441,000 specie for China and was valued at $1,100,000.

SAN PABLO.

The San Pablo was burned in the Straits of Formosa April 18, 1887, Captain Reed commanding. Fire broke out at 3 P. M. The British steamer Pechill was sighted soon after and agreed to take off the passengers and crew. The steamer was attacked at daylight by 1000 pirates who were driven off with hot water. They again boarded her after her abandonment and set her on fire, causing an explosion which killed nearly all of the pirates. The vessel and cargo proved a total loss. The steamer was valued at $500,000.

GRANADA.

The Granada went ashore at Point Tigupan June 22, 1888, while en route from Manzanillo to San Francisco. Captain Deering in command. All on board were saved. Loss, $300,000.

NICARAGUA.

The Nicaragua was lost near Point Ronidlas, San Salvador, December 5, 1891, Captain Nickerson in command. She was making her maiden trip form San Francisco to Panama when she struck on a hidden reef and soon after sunk. No lives were lost. The vessel was valued at $350,000.

CITY OF NEW YORK.

The City of New York was lost on Point Bonita Head, Golden Gate, October 28, 1893, Captain Johnson commanding. She was going out in a fog under the charge of Pilot Johnson, when he lost his bearings. The steamer went ashore just under the lighthouse. No lives were lost. The vessel was valued at $225,000 and had a cargo worth $100,000.

COLIMA.

The Colima foundered at sea between Acapulco and Manzanillo May 27, 1895, Captain J. J. Taylor commanding. She was on her one hundred and twenty-ninth voyage and carried 121 passengers, besides the crew, and a large and valuable cargo. Only forty-one souls were saved. The vessel went out with a large amount of lumber piled on her decks, which shifted in the heavy seas and caused her loss. The disaster entailed a direct loss to the Pacific Mail Company of $900,000, and it was besides subjected to several suits for damages.

COLUMBIA.

The Columbia was lost near Pigeon Point July 25, 1896, Captain Clarke commanding, while en route from Acapulco to San Francisco. She had $500,000 in specie aboard, which was all saved, but the greater part of her cargo, of coffee and merchandise, was lost. The passengers and crew all landed safely. The vessel was rated at 3813 tons and was valued at $400,000.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE RIO DE JANERIO.

Since the Year 1890 a Hoodoo Seems to Have Hung Over the Craft.

The Rio de Janerio was built by John Roach & Son of Chester, Pa., in 1878. She was 2548 tons gross and 2275 tons net burden. She was 345 feet long, 38 feet 6 inches beam and 28 feet 0 inches deep. For the first few years of her life the Rio was a success, but commencing with the year 1890 there seemed to be a "hoodoo" on her. On August 5, 1890, she was in collision with the British steamer Bombay and was severely damaged. This occurred in Hongkong harbor and the Rio had to dock for repairs before she could return to San Francisco.

On December 13, 1895, she went ashore at South Kagushimo, Japan, and was so badly damaged that her cargo had to be discharged and the vessel docked for repairs.

On March 6, 1896, she started from Honolulu for Yokohama. Continuous heavy head weather was encountered and when the Japanese coast was still 1200 miles away it was found that there was only 350 tons of coal in the bunkers. The steamship was run back to Honolulu, but before she got there the cabins and staterooms had been gutted in order to provide fuel for the furnaces.

On May 22, 1898, she collided with an unknown Japanese steamer off Honomoku, Japan, but was not seriously damaged, and now comes the crowning catastrophe.

Captain William Ward was one of the most trusted and successful officers in the Company and, though a comparatively young man, had held a command on the China run for thirteen years.

He was born in Raleigh, N. C., during the civil was and grew up in the South under the care of a mother who idolized him. When yet a lad he went with his father to the newly opened diamond fields at Kimberley, South Africa, where he made quite a fortune, which, however, he lost again in unlucky enterprises. On his voyage to and from South Africa he imbibed a fondness for the sea, and soon after his return home decided to follow it for his livelihood.

He came to this coast and entered the service of the Pacific Mail Company as a cadet in the early '80s, making his first trips to the Orient on the City of Tokyo.

After passing the intermediate grades he was made first officer under Captain Caverley on the Panama run, and in 1888 was assigned to the command of the illfated vessel with which he went down. In 1892 he was transferred to the Peru, and in 1894 to the China, and later to the City of Peking. In 1897, he returned to the command of the Rio de Janerio and remained with her to the last.

Captain Ward was a tall, fine looking man, a model captain, and a great favorite with all who were fortunate enough to take his vessel for a voyage. Early in life at the instance of his mother, he resolved to eschew drinking and gambling, and he always adhered to that resolution. He leaves a sister and two brothers, residents of Raleigh, his native city.

Much interest is expressed to determine what its financial loss has been. Various estimates have been made, some of them by the officials of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company and others by merchants quite as well qualified as they to speak. The safest and most accurate estimate of the loss is $1,800,000. A conservative estimate places the value of the City of Rio de Janerio at a sum between $650,000 and $700,000—probably the latter. There is no insurance upon the vessel, a statement of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's officials to the contrary notwithstanding. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company has simply an insurance fund of its own.

The cargo was one of the most valuable which has been consigned to this port in many months, and was worth more than $500,000. The wrecked vessel carried the new crop of Chinese rice and was also heavily laden with valuable silks. There was also on board $600,000 in treasure. Officers of the Pacific Mail, in opposition to these assertions, declare that the vessel carried only a cargo of $200,000 and no treasure and that the ship was worth between $800,000 and $900,000. It has not been the habit, however, for officers of the Pacific Mail Steamship Co., to give a correct estimate of any of the many losses which the company has suffered through marine disasters.

THE SWEETNESS OF FORGIVING.

And if the husband or the wife
In home's strong light discovers
Such light defaults as failed to meet
The blinded eyes of lovers,

Why need we care to ask? Who dream
Without their thorn of roses?
Or wonder that the truest steel
The readiest spark discloses?

For still in mutual sufferance lies
The secret of true living;
Love scarce is love that never knows
The sweetness of forgiving.

—John G. Whittier.

MARCH 13, 1899.

A NEW FRENCH COIN

The mint of France is nearly ready to begin the issue of the new coinage which has been talked about and designed for a long time. So much importance is attached to the artistic design and execution of the French money that it is not surprising to learn that the chief engraver, M.

Chaplain, one of the most eminent of living medallists, has devoted three years to the perfection of his design for the new gold coins. At first he took the head of the republic, which he engraved for the exposition of 1878, making some changes in it, but this did not satisfy him. He then designed a composition showing an oak tree behind a figure of the republic, a branch of the oak encircling the head of the republic and forming a crown. After sundry other experiments he returned to the simple design, which was finally adopted. The new head of the republic, wearing the Phrygian cap and crowned with oak leaves, is a new type, more modern, and we may say more Parisian. Had the accustomed profile, but the strong, clear modeling has much of the character of the finest classic coins, and it makes the public head upon our American coins appear very cheap in comparison. The design, which is here copied on an enlarged scale from a Paris paper, is that of the louis d'or, or twenty-franc piece—the "louis d'or, au coq" as it has already been called from the Gallic bird upon the reverse. It was announced that the device "Dieu protege la France" would be omitted from the edge of the new money and replaced by a garland. A long discussion followed in the newspapers, but finally the adversaries of the retention prevailed and the old device will figure on the new coins.

pen, four were cut off, and this was to be taken away when the Indians would have time to find it by themselves. The Atlanta Indian School at Santa Fe is a memorial of Helen Hunt Jackson, the authoress, who was a friend of the Indians. The Legislature passed laws for the encouragement of new railroads and for printing bills and resolutions in Spanish.

The wool industry of New Mexico was more successful in 1897 than it had been for a decade, the clip that was sold to be the Bingley tariff bill.

The Mesa Encantada, usually referred to as the "enchanted mesa," near Acoma, was ascended by Professor Hodge and Professor Libbey. Hodge said that it had once been inhabited and on that point a controversy arose.

In August a case of importance to the people of New Mexico on account of its bearing on the irrigation interests was decided by the Territorial Supreme Court, the decision allowed the waters of the Rio Grande to be used for irrigation.

HISTORY OF SANTA CRUZ FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

BY AN OLD SETTLER.

"Looking along the coast between San Francisco and the city of Santa Barbara, in the enormous extent of 350 miles, through some of our most fertile valleys, there is but one up-to-date, influential free library to be found—the one of 15,000 volumes, at Santa Cruz."—W. P. Kimball's paper, read at Library Conference, 1898.

* * * * *

It seems when we look back a third of a century at the history of our "little city by the sea," that the first move toward a public library was not to fill a much needed want, but rather to be ready for the want when it might come this way. The writer of this paper came to Santa Cruz in the year of 1866, too late to be a pioneer, and too early to find the wheels of a public library in easy motion.

And so when the oft repeated question, as to the origin of Santa Cruz Free Library and its history up to the present time is asked, we may look at it as convenient remark by one who "was there all the while". The want has been a long time coming. In the year 1863 the Legislature of California enacted a law allowing the incorporation of Library Associations. It took about 8 years for the people of Santa Cruz to make a move in that direction. Who first suggested the idea—or whether the idea first suggested itself—a spontaneous creation—your present writer is unable to determine. But, in any event, "Uncle" Frank Cooper wrote the following agreement:

"We the undersigned agree to form a Library Association in Santa Cruz under "An Act in reference to Library Associations," approved April 27th, 1863, and to attend a preliminary meeting when 20 signatures are procured, to take the necessary steps to commence and perfect the incorporation.

Santa Cruz, June 6th, 1868.

The following signatures appear to this agreement:

Paul Picda, Geo. T. Hoff, O. T. Hecox, Benj. P. Kooser, Duncan McPherson, A. S. Cooper, Orville Root, F. A. Hihn, Edward L. Williams, F. W. Wright, Frank Cooper, Wm. P. McDermott, C. L. Anderson, I. C. Willson, Joseph Boston, F. F. Peabody, Ferdinand J. McCann, Alfred Baldwin, S. H. Bailey, C. F. Loop, J. H. Logan, Albert Hagan, Albert Heath, Walter Frear, H. E. Makinney, Louis Glass, S. A. Bartlett, Albert Brown, Lucien Heath, James J. Dyer.

The preliminary meeting was held in the Court House, June 15th, 1868. All the signers were not present, but enough to form the necessary quorum.

It was decided to elect seven trustees, and when organized the Board counsist as follows: C. L. Anderson, President; Lucien Heath, Vice-President; Paul Picda, Treasurer; Walter Frear, Corresponding Secretary; Albert Hagan, Recording Secretary; F. J. McCann, and Joseph Boston.

Now it is probable that among the documents in the Recorder's office in our Hall of Records the incorporation papers may be discovered—unless destroyed when the old Court House went down in the fire of April 15th, 1894.

"Uncle" Frank Cooper was appointed Librarian. His office was decidedly "sine cure". He had no books, no room, no salary.

Senator Cornelius Cole lived in Santa Cruz before his election to the United States Senate in 1865.

He was appealed to for a large and substantial supply of Public Documents which were sent us in due time. We have them yet, in good order, save some wear from "oft removes", and specks of dust. But it was many months before the Library was in possession of funds, and books enough to need a room, and services of a Librarian.

July 6th, 1870, John Brazer, who was "under the Town Clock" a few months ago, when Odd Fellows' Hall, Town Clock and all, went down, started a book store near Williamson and Garratt's building, or rather he bought out C. W. Williams. Being a "college bred" man, his love for books and our needs, induced him to open a space in his store and give us his services in starting our Santa Cruz Library, so that members could, by paying their membership fees of $6 per year, have the use of the books, which were not numerous but well selected, in the course of time. Mr. Brazer became Postmaster of Santa Cruz, and resigned as Librarian.

In the early part of 1870 Dr. J. Sims, a "Physiognomical Character Delineator", who during a course of interesting lectures made some money, many long words told our people how to live and be happy and as a practical lesson donated $100 to the Library, which was used in the purchase of many substantial books of reference. About this time, also, Rev. D. G. Ingram received for the Library a donation from the East of a number of volumes, and many other gifts of valuable books were received, many of which still remain with us. But some have disappeared in the many removals, three of which are said to be "bad as a fire."

Edwin Shepard was appointed Librarian January 4th, 1871, and the Library was moved to the Anthony block, corner of Mission and Water street, upstairs, occupying two rooms. January 26th, 1872 Mrs. Shepard was appointed Librarian, and her son Edwin Assistant. The compensation was to be "10 per cent of all due and fines collected from members," and five dollars for rent and care of rooms. The dues of members were reduced from $6 to $4 per year, beginning January 1st, 1872. On April 16th of that year the Library was removed to the bookstore of A. J. Hinds, and he was appointed Librarian, without salary, but to receive $5 per month for rent of room. His store was where John Brazer is now located. Afterwards in McPherson block, near the present "Sentinel" rooms.

There were some years, about this time, that Library growth seemed without much progress in Santa Cruz. Some of our good women organized a Reading Room in Anthony Block in November, 1874, and endeavored to attract by the use of magazines, papers, games, reading, and other entertainments, of an innocent and useful kind, enough patronage to pay rent, lights, a janitor and incidental expenses. Periodicals were subscribed for, and donations of books were solicited and received, and a pleasant, comfortable set of rooms were maintained for a year or two by a monthly subscription. The rooms and papers were free to all.

In the course of time the Library was moved to these Reading Rooms, in Anthony Block, and the two institutions were merged into one. On January 6th, 1879, we find on record the following as trustees and officers for the Association.

Mrs. Jesse Cope, Mrs. Duncan McPherson, Mrs. H. M. Blackburn, Lucien Heath, Treasurer; Robert Effey, John Brazer, Secretary; C. L. Anderson, President.

A quarterly meeting held at this date, appointed Mrs. G. B. Kirby, Mrs. E. C. Boston, and Capt. J. C. Davenport to solicit subscriptions for the Library, and to report to the trustees, upon advisability of keeping the Library and Reading Room upon its present plan."

January 20th, 1879, the following resolutions were presented by the committee and adopted by the Board of Trustees:

"Resolved, That we propose to Mrs. E. A. De Wolfe, our Librarian, to take charge of the Library, furnishing room and care, and all needful incidental expenses in consideration of the receipts, arising from subscriptions, dues and fines.

"Resolved, That the use of the Library shall hereafter be restricted to subscribers."

On the 2d of October, 1879, the trustees of Unity Church, owning a lot and building on Walnut avenue just opposite our present Postoffice, offered to donate that property to the City of Santa Cruz for a Public Library, provided the city would assume the indebtedness of about $1,800, which was then resting on said property. The levy of a small tax would have been necessary. The church building had cost about $5,000, and the lot was valued at some $2,500 or $3,000. And this was the only day in the year that a tax could be levied. The offer was refused, and a valuable opportunity was lost forever.

The next year the Unity Society had changed its mind. And since that time the building has been sold, and taken away. It is now the Presbyterian Church on Pacific avenue, instead of the City of Santa Cruz Free Library building.

December 15th, 1881, the Library at a called meeting passed unanimously the following:

Resolved, That the Trustees of Santa Cruz Free Library be and are hereby instructed and authorized to make all necessary arrangements with the municipal authorities of the city of Santa Cruz by which the Santa Cruz Library shall be transferred to the said city to be managed, owned and protected for the public use in accordance with an Act to establish Free Public Libraries and Reading Rooms, passed by the Legislature of the State of California, and approved April 29th, 1880.

Consequently the Library consisting of some 3,000 volumes of bound books, a great many pamphlets and unbound volumes, tables, chairs and other property were carried from the book store of Mrs. E. A. De Wolfe to the City Hall, and placed in charge of the City Treasurer and Collector. This donation was made and accepted January 3d, 1882.

At the municipal election, April 10th, 1882, a Board of Trustees for the Library was elected, consisting of Messrs. A. A. Taylor, D. Tuthill, A. J. Hinds, Robt. Effey and G. W. Place.

Peter R. Hinds was appointed Librarian, and a room or two in City Hall was filled up with shelves, tables, etc. So we had a start for a Free City Library. The new board however was without funds until a levy could be made according to law, which was done Oct. 2d, 1882, when a City Library Fund was soon established, by the levy of 5 cents on the $100, half the amount authorized by law.

D. Tuthill was President, and A. A. Taylor, Secretary of the Board. No record of this board appears. But certain it is the funds were not carried away, for on inspection the greater part remained unexpended until the next board took office. This is a fact seldom known in boards of trust before or since.

The second board organized May 6th, 1884, with the following members: E. L. Williams, President; F. W. Bliss, E. Spalsbury, P. B. Fagen and C. L. Anderson.

Peter R. Hinds was continuned as Librarian, also as Secretary to the board. The second board found in the Library Fund $1,115.72 the first board, expended in two years only $327.50.

Thus through the next 4 or 5 years the library continued to grow.

The rear rooms on 2d floor of City Hall, not being sufficiently ample, the City Council being appealed to gave the first floor for the Library which was soon occupied.

Some funds remaining, from Unity Society, were used in furnishing, and a goodly number of periodicals were subscribed for.

When the Library, in 1883, was moved down to the first floor of the City Hall, Major W. T. Kittredge was employed as Librarian and Miss M. Waterman, assistant. It was not an easy task to formulate a system of Library work suited to our city. Fortunately it was so simplified that "open shelves" came into use without seriously causing loss or confusion, and with a minimum of assistance from the Librarian, or annoyance to the borrower.

Meetings of the "Conversation Club" were often held in the Library rooms, to the discomfort of the Librarian at times, for the Library was not always in the best order next day.

But the "Conversation Club" seemed unable to exist without a Library, which was as essential to the club, as this Library is necessary and complementary to the Public School. So these little apparent abuses had to be endured, for what good are books unless you can put your hands on them, in the shortest way, and with the least formality. Only the uncouth and vicious injure or destroy them.

On June 3d, 1890, Miss Minerva Waterman was appointed Librarian, and June 6th, following Major Kittredge resigned, and she took full charge of the Library. She has grown up among the books and become so familiar with them that one volume can hardly go astray without being missed, in amiability, industry, generous and obliging disposition in Library management, especially among pupils of the schools, she has contributed largely toward its success.

"In the course of human events" our City Government decided that the City Hall was not large enough for all the municipal officers and the Library too. About this time we had no Court House owing to the fire of April 14, 1894. So we were invited to look out for a convenient place for our "trust," with the understanding that the city would provide for the expenses. And so it has. Therefore the trustees through the liberality of Mr. A. P. Hotaling, securing a lease from him for 5 years, in its present locality. He has ever been mindful of our welfare. He has donated about 700 volumes, and in the furnishing and arrangement of our rooms, has spared no expense to make them convenient and agreeable. It is with sincere regret, that lately we learned of his disability to attend to business, by reason of sickness, that it seemed a necessity to make arrangement for another move of the Library.

February 1st, 1895, the Library was opened in the new rooms in the Hotaling block. The teachers of the Santa Cruz Public Schools gave a public reception in the new court-room (temporarily in the Hotaling Block) in honor of the event.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Stanton have from time to time made valuable donations of books, a full set of the bound volumes of the Argonaut are among the number, together with current numbers of the Argonaut. They have also donated some volumes of medical books well bound and in substantial form.

Other contributions have occasionally come to hand. Frank Heath's painting of Santa Cruz owes its presence in a large part to Wm. R. Aiken of Highland, who contributed $50 toward the sum required to place the painting where it is now. Mr. R. C. Kirby donated a beautifully mounted and framed picture of Abraham Lincoln to adorn the wall over the fire-place.

We can measure the value of books, it has been said, by their wear. Many of ours must be exceedingly valuable if we are to judge by that test. But it may be that the readers have abstracted or appropriated the value to themselves. If such is the case, we can well afford rebinding or banishment to the hospital, and the purchase of new books in their places.

Our Librarian reports a complete obliteration of about 50 books per year, i. e., they have gone to the place where lost pins go—we never see them again. They are worn out and turned to dust.

Only about 6 books are lost through carelessness per year, either drowned, burned or the dogs or the babies have eaten them. Half that number is paid for. The other half is a dead loss, not only to the Library, but, it is hoped, to those who have eaten them.

About 150 volumes have been rebound each year for the last five years.

We have 400 volumes of monthly magazines, and quarterlies in uniform binding.

The first list of books, in catalogue form, called "Finding List," was published the present year, 1899. It contains some 5,000 titles of books, and about $3,000 names of authors and 7,819 volumes (minus Government and State documents). Besides the card catalogue has been written up to the present. In this work we are indebted to the skill and industry of Miss Waterman and assistant, Miss Mabelle Chace.

About 100 volumes were donated to Library at Seabright during this year; about 100 volumes to Boulder Creek Library and Reading Room. These were mostly duplicates that appeared in the Hotaling lot, and with his approval were so disposed of.

About 8 years ago the following names constituted the Library Board. It has not been changed, being elected from term to term up to this time:

Trustees—C. L. Anderson, Pres.; D. C. Clark, Sec.; F. W. Bliss, J. W. Lindscott, E. L. Williams.

"Old Settler" would deem it a pleasant privilege to serve up well deserved encomiums to each member of the board were it not for a dangerous breach of ethics, which would be unpardonable. So that pleasure must be omitted.

Neither is there space at this time to give a biographical history, however interesting, of the 30 signers in 1868 to the call for a meeting to form a Library Association. Most of them rest beneath the roses. Yet, probably "a baker's dozen," with silvery locks, remain and some may be seen nearly any day, with a sort of far-away countenance looking, as it were, for the near at hand, first gleam of the 20th century.

What the end of that century may bring forth in the matter of libraries no prophet that arisen as yet to tell us. But it seems to an "Old Settler" that the small tax necessary to support a modest and useful "up-to-date" Library is small in comparison to the benefits conferred. It must be admitted, however, that the selection of books and the mode of using them, has much to do with the usefulness of the Library. As an institution it is not only complimental to the schools, but essential to their existence, and as justly entitled to public support. The community, therefore, that fails to take advantage of Library aid in educational matters is doing itself a great injury. The influence of books, now so cheap and abundant, has a power for good or evil, as far reaching as the school, the pulpit, or the political rostrum.

Therefore laying aside all speculation it becomes us to make use of such books are at hand, for the welfare, moral and physical, is the best sense of our little city as it rests on the green, flowering, sunny plateaus with feet in the sea waves.

A BELATED AVOWAL.

"You know I like you, Barbara! I've always liked you," stammered John Leighton awkwardly leaning against the kitchen window-sill, and looking in with a shy, embarrassed smile. "I've never seen my way clear to telling you so before—but—but—I've made the last payment on that old account this morning, Barbara! I can start fair after this."

The woman to whom he spoke stepped back, and returned a cooling flat-iron to the stove before she answered. Seen under favorable circumstances her face must have been an attractive one. To-day, however, her hair was twisted into a solid knot above the collar of an unbecoming brown calico; her eyes showed traces of tears, and the drooping corners of her mouth rendered her expression both stern and sorrowful.

"Yes, John, I know you've always liked me," she spoke in a hard, resolute tone, "just as I know that you like old

Truwser, and the horses and cows at home, and pleasant weather in haying time, and a good price for your apples in the fall. You're used to me, and you have a fashion of liking what you see around every day."

Her listener flushed hotly, opened his lips, then closed them again, as if he found it difficult to utter what was in his mind.

"I feel like telling you just once, John," went on the voice at the ironing-table, "how much you've cared for me in reality. It began when I was eighteen, you remember—with plenty of others to choose from. I was a pretty girl in those days, too, as there's no harm in saying now, when all the prettiness has faded." John Leighton's honest eyes rested upon her in astonishment, but hers were bent upon her work. "You paid me lots of attention at first, but you never really said—anything. I kept expecting that you would, through week after week and month after month; and set my whole heart upon you, John, fifteen years ago! It's a long time to be kept waiting upon uncertainties, isn't it? No; don't interrupt me! For at least half of those years I've wanted to have my say once. Now I'm going to.

"You needn't look at me so reproachfully, either. I understood all along that your mother had queer turns, and wasn't exactly right in her mind; and everybody said she was scared almost to death for fear you'd bring a wife home. But didn't you know you could trust me to wait, John—and to hold to you steady through it all?

"What did you say? That was just it—you didn't want to stand between me and anything better? I showed so many signs of wanting anything better, didn't I? " She smothered a sudden sob—"and a girl has no pride to be hurt, of course, when folks keep asking her when it's to be, and she knows in her own heart that there is no 'it,' let alone the 'when.'".

She flung a handful of drops at random across the sleeves of a garment that she had been drying while she talked. Her cheeks were scarlet now, her eyes shining. "You needn't look so ashamed of me," she flashed out excitedly. "I know you're thinking I'm too bold to live, but I shouldn't be saying all this to you, John Leighton, if the house wasn't let and my trunks all packed ready to go out of it tomorrow. When this ironing's finished—and I've taken up a little root of myrtle from the burying ground—I'm through here. Don't upset that flower pot, John; there's no need of jumping 'round as if something had stung you, if I am."

"Barbara—aren't you forgetting about my brother, and the shame—?"

"What did that amount to, anyway? It wasn't you that forged this check—besides, I never can see that it's any man's duty to put on every yoke that a whole family see fit to whittle out for him. You were foolish to let it go that 'twas your signature; $600 is a pretty big sum for a farmer to save up and pay out for somebody else, as you have. But I never cared so much for you in my life as I did the night you told me about it—and when you got through the telling you took up your hat and went home, without so much as a good-by."

The man who stood outside the window had bowed his head. More than one thread of silver gleamed in his hair as the sunlight fell upon it; his face was grave and pale. "Barbara," he began, with a curious choking in his voice, "We've always—"

She did not seem to hear him. "I did expect you'd speak, John, when father died and I was left all alone here. I can own it now as honestly as if I'd died too, you see. Something has died in me lately; my heart perhaps, or the old happy feeling—and there's nothing left but the lonesomeness and the ache."

A sigh that was almost a groan came from her listener, but he made no attempt to speak.

"I used to think there never were two people any better suited to live together than we were"—for the first time her voice trembled. "We're both plucky and fond of work; a good laugh now and then suits one of us just as well as it does the other; we like books, too, and we're about the only ones in the neighborhood who realize that there can be a little strip of the world outside of what's in sight from Montrose Hill. As to dispositions, I'm quick, I know, but I don't hold my temper; and you—why, you haven't any temper to hold."

"I don't know about that." John twirled his straw hat upon his fingers and made the admission with slow sincerity. "I can be pretty spunky when I get started, but I've always liked you too much for—"

"Oh, well, it does not make any difference now! The end has come at last—both to the wishing and the worrying." She had dried her wet fingers upon her apron, and stood erect, with tightly folded arms. "You've let duty, and what you were foolish enough to call disgrace, stand between us like a great iron fence. You've played at being dumb so long that you are almost dumb in reality at last; and I'm nothing but a homely, disagreeable, old cross-patch in these days, whatever I may have been once. I'm going to live in Springfield after this, out of sight of the old home where I used to be so happy. When you go by here on your way to the postoffice perhaps you'll remember the times we've talked together down by the cinnamon rose-bush in the garden and forgive me for being so hateful to you this last morning. It's almost killed me to blame you, John; but—somehow—I can't help it." Her voice yielded upon the words to a sudden storm of sobs that shook her from head to foot.

The straw hat fell unheeded to the ground. Its owner made two steps to the open door, two more to the kitchen, and clasped her, heedless of resistance, in his arms. His eyes, misty with sympathy and love, sought hers eagerly; his heart beat with strong throbs of tenderness—but his lips shaped only the familiar words, "You know I like you, Barbara! I've always liked you."

—Mary C. Hews.

RARE COPPER COINS.

WASHINGTON.—"To the dealer in old coins copper is infinitely more valuable than gold or silver," said B. F. Collins, a leading numismatic expert of this city. "A great many people do not understand this, and jump naturally to the conclusion that gold or silver coins command the greatest premium. A little explanation, however, will show why this is not the case. To the collector condition is the main consideration. A coin must be perfect to have the high premium value. Gold and silver will keep. The former never corrodes, and silver does very little. Coins of this material, unless defaced by wear or mutilation will keep in good condition almost indefinitely. But copper is very perishable. Take a copper cent today fresh from the mint and put it outdoors overnight and in the morning it will be corroded, pitted, pockmarked, and, from the standpoint of the collector, greatly damaged.

"There is not an absolutely perfect set of American coins in the world," continued Mr. Collins. "I claim to have the finest. I bought it in England a few years ago. But in many ways it could be improved. I am substituting and altering all the time. There is a lot of talk about the value of the 1804 silver dollar, one of which sold for over $2,000. A copper cent of 1793 in perfect condition is infinitely more scarce and will bring a much higher price. But I can say with confidence that it does not exist.

"Mere age counts for very little. I can furnish Greek and Roman coins of absolutely undoubted authenticity over two thousand years old for 75 cents. All you want. But a silver half-dime 5 years old, was christened Bernardino de Sosa by Father Serra, at Monterey.

1771—July 14, Mission of San Antonio de Padua founded.

1772—November 1, Mission of San Gabriel Arcangel founded.

1772—November 1, Mission of San Luis Obispo de Tolosa founded.

1776—August 5, the San Carlos, the first vessel to enter the harbor of the Golden Gate, entered at night the bay of San Francisco; she was commanded by Juan Ayala, a lieutenant of the Spanish navy, who named Angel island, calling it Nuestra Senora de los Angeles.

October 2, Rodriguez Cabrillo discovered Bodega bay.

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Rebuilding began August 23, 1776.

1776—September 17, Presidio of San Francisco founded.

October 9, Mission Dolores founded at San Francisco. (It is now being Mission of San Francisco de Asisi at Dolores).

November 1, Mission of San Juan Capistrano founded.

1777—January 12, Mission of Santa Clara founded.

November 28, town of San Jose founded. One half Spanish title was El Pueblo de San Jose de Guadalupe.

1781—December 4, town of Los Angeles founded by Governor Felipe de Neve on the west bank of the river Porciuncula, the name by which it was known on August 2, 1769, the feast of Nuestra Senora de los Angeles de Porciuncula, to which religious order it owed that festal name.

1782—March 31, San Buenaventura Mission founded.

April 22, Santa Barbara Presidio founded.

1784—August 28, Father Junipero Serra died (aged 71).

1786—December 4, Santa Barbara Mission erected by Franciscans.

1787—November 21, Mission of La Purisima Conception founded.

1791—September 25, Santa Cruz Mission founded.

October 9, Mission de Maria Santisima de la Soledad, at present town of Soledad.

1797—June 11, La Mission del Glorioslsimo Patriarca Senor San Jose founded; usually called Mission San Jose.

June 24, Mission of San Juan Bautista founded, the church there was dedicated fifteen years later, a wedding from which Miss Ramirez de Solis each solemn church.

July 25, Mission of San Miguel founded. It is now dedicated to "Miraculous Princess Assumed San Miguel de Arcangel."

It is a startling fact. They go to the local bank, and the cashier who has a list of premiums nailed up beside the window, takes out any which are worth more than their face value. If he has them go by they are caught in the city bank, or again at the sub-treasury. Very few get as far as the United States Treasury. During all the years I was in the Treasury I never came across anything which had any special value."

When his attention was called to the late report of the Register of the Treasury showing that considerable of the old paper fractional currency had been destroyed during the past year, Mr. Collins said it was undoubtedly in very bad condition and worthless for numismatic purposes. According to the report there was destroyed $0.00 worth of 3-cent notes; $21.45 worth of 5-cent notes; $548.60 worth of 10-cent notes; $65.40 worth of 15-cent notes; $1,207 worth of 25-cent notes, and $1,415 worth of 50-cent notes. Professional coin dealers, not only in Washington but all over the country, are being bothered to death as a result of a typographical error in a newspaper article which has been going through the exchanges. Among other things the article tells of the payment not long ago of $1,000 for a $5 piece of the date 1822. But the date was accidentally changed to read 1882. There was over $3,000,000 worth of the 1882 gold pieces in circulation, and almost every man who happened to read that story has been able to secure a gold piece which agreed with the description. They have been taking them to the dealers and demanding all the way from $100 to $1,000 for them. Many dealers have posted a sign near the door reading: "Which have you—a $5 piece of 1882 or one of 1822? The price of the former is $5, of the latter $1,000." When a customer enters in a state of evident excitement his attention is called to the sign.

CALIFORNIA.

GENERAL.

1542—California was discovered by Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, who sailed up the entire San Diego bay at the end of September, and Monterey bay on November 17.

1579—June 17, Sir Francis Drake of Spain and anchored in Drake's bay. July 26, he killed seals and birds on the Farallone islands.

1602—Sebastian Vizcaino, a Spaniard, voyaged along the coast of California from as far north as Cape Blanco, Oregon, he named Monterey.

1769—July 1, aerial day of the (Upper) California the first settlers from Lower California, under Father Junipero Serra, head of the Franciscans, and Governor Gaspar de Portola, arrived at San Diego by land and sea.

THE PADRES.

1769—July 16, Mission of San Diego founded.

October 17, Governor Portola reached and named the San Lorenzo river and Santa Cruz.

October 30, Point San Pedro was reached by Portola, who named it Point de los Almejas, on account of its large clam deposits.

November 2, San Francisco bay was discovered by Portola's soldiers.

1770—In June, cattle and sheep, the original of the vast herds and flocks that covered California in the years when the American occupation were driven up to Alta California, by Captain Rivera y Moncada, who returned to Mexico City. After the American occupation California cattle and sheep were greatly improved by new stock from the East.

June 3, Monterey Mission founded; Monterey was made the capital of Alta California.

December 26, the first baptism of native Californians took place, Indian 3 years old, was christened Bernardino de Sosa by Father Serra, at Monterey.

1771—July 14, Mission of San Antonio de Padua founded.

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July 25, Mission of San Miguel founded. It is now dedicated to "Miraculous Princess Assumed San Miguel de Arcangel."

1798—June 13, Mission of San Fernando Rey de Espana founded.

1800—June 24, Mission of San Luis Rey de Francia founded.

1806—February 21, the earthquake shocks which rumbled down the backbones of San Juan Baptista, reversed, sent mouth another whole San Diego and extended to San Juan Capistrano.

YANKEE VALOR.

1806—March 22, the first battle in history between Americans and Spaniards occurred at San Diego. The Yankees were fired on by the Americans who lately lived on the Otter, a trading vessel. The Spanish commanded the Americans to surrender, but were so one on the ship and made only a ruse, which was easily repaired with cordage and sail, which they kept moving to the battery, fired its six three-pounders and sent the Spaniards scampering. With the exception of one soldier, who waved the hat in token of giving up fight. The Spanish guards on the battery were quickly reassembled and were surprised them, and they hastened for the Yankees. The first American flag to float in California was that of the ship Otter of Boston, Captain Stephen Dorr, which put into Monterey bay in the winter of 1796. The feeling against Americans was strong in California. They were not allowed to remain or travel in the country.

1804—In March, Spain separated Alta from Baja (Lower) California, and later (in 1850) the division line was fixed at Arroyo de Corabbas o del Rosario, between fifteen and twenty miles south of San Diego.

1804—August 17, Santa Ines Mission founded.

1805—The famed Alameda, or double row of willows three miles long, connecting the pueblo of San Jose with Santa Clara Mission, was planted by Padre Arroyo de la Cuesta. The census showed at the missions, presidios and pueblos 22,087 persons, including 1,000 soldiers, 2011 Spaniards and other foreigners. The Indian population of the two California was estimated at between 65,000 and 70,000.

1812—December, the Church of San Juan Capistrano was thrown down by an earthquake and forty Indians were killed in the churches of San Gabriel, San Buenaventura, Santa Barbara, Santa Ines and Purisima were damaged.

1816—October, the Russian ship Buriek, on a campaign against the Spanish, put in at San Francisco. One of the naturalists on board was Dr. Eschscholtz, from whom the California poppy genus derived the name of eschscholtzia.

1817—November 16, Mission of San Rafael founded.

1818—February 22, northern boundary of California fixed at the parallel of 42 degrees north of the equator by the United States and Spain.

1822—California became a province of Mexico, which had won independence from Spain.

1823—June 24, Mission of San Francisco Solano founded at the present town of Sonoma as a barrier against Russian aggression.

1824—February 22, concerted outbreak by Indians at several missions; Santa Ines and Purisima missions burned.

1830—May 1, a meeting at Monterey protested against the political making of supreme from Mexico, California having become Mexico's dumping ground.

1835—October, Village of Yerba Buena, which expanded into the present city of San Francisco, was laid out by the Alcalde Arce.

1842—March, gold was discovered by Francisco Lopez, thirty-five miles southwest of Los Angeles.

1843—December 28, Mission property was secularized by Governor Micheltorena, and sold at auction to the highest bidder.

The New Almaden quicksilver mine was discovered by Andres Castillero on the mountain ridge south of San Jose. The New Idria and other quicksilver deposits were also discovered. The Coast ranges yielded profusely of them. The California quicksilver mines have yielded a very large part of the world's supply.

1846—Protestantism was introduced in California by William Roberts, from the Methodist mission in Oregon.

In April, 1846, the Bi-Yank pioneer party left Sonomadel, 30 in number, to the number of 83 persons, as they themselves later was named after this pioneer party.

UNCLE SAM.

1846—June 14, the bear flag revolution began at Sonoma, the first bear flag raised there was hastily made out of cotton cloth, an eagle, a star and a stripe. The words "California Republic" were painted, a pot of red paint being the only pigment at hand. The bear flag revolution ended when news arrived of the war between the United States and Mexico.

July 7, Commodore Sloat took Monterey.

August 15, the Californians, the first prisoners of war in California, were landed at Monterey by Rear Admiral Stockton, Archibald Gillespie, U. S. Marine, seized a fort in May, 1847, and later was married into the Alta, California, which was issued at San Francisco January 9, 1847.

August 17, Lieutenant Washington A. Bartlett, first American alcalde of San Francisco, issued proclamation of town lots, the town, and Market street was laid out as the eastern main street.

1847—January 13, Governor Stockton appointed Walter Colton, alcalde of Monterey, and Edwin Bryant, alcalde of San Francisco, to forestall Mormon settlement at Yerba Buena. Colton intended starting a rival town on the Pajaro at Watsonville and naming it Miltonia, in honor of Christian Brown, of the Christian Franciscan order of the Virgin Mary, founder of Vallejo's wife. Yerba Buena was named Francisco, another backhanded slap at Uncle Sam.

In April, the Californians in Sonoma revolted, one of the incidents of California's conquest by the United States. William B. Ide, a Mormon elder, was elected commander-in-chief. Besides the colonists already mentioned, there were Kit Carson, Edward Kern, Talbot Green and others in California, their executive properties being famous.

1848—January 24, gold was discovered in the tail race of Marshall at Coloma. On rush to California began as soon as the news reached the United States.

May 31, California became United States territory. Sacramento, Stockton and Marysville were laid out by Sutter and others.

August 7, the first American publication in California was issued. It was called the California Star, San Francisco, and was called the Public Institute.

In September the first school was opened in San Francisco, corner Montgomery and Clay streets; house rent was worth $1 apiece.

1849—January 9, there arrived at San Francisco the first Pacific Mail Steamship Company's steamer, California, which subsequently was purchased in April, 1850, and subsidized by an annual grant and subsidy of $900,000 by the United States government. The president of the company was William H. Aspinwall, and the agent at Panama was Edward Kemble.

August 1, Mission of San Fernando Rey de Espana founded.

1850—June 3, the earthquake shocks which rumbled down the backbones of San Juan Baptista, reversed, sent mouth another whole San Diego and extended to San Juan Capistrano.

YANKEE VALOR.

1806—March 22, the first battle in history between Americans and Spaniards occurred at San Diego. The Yankees were fired on by the Americans who lately lived on the Otter, a trading vessel. The Spanish commanded the Americans to surrender, but were so one on the ship and made only a ruse, which was easily repaired with cordage and sail, which they kept moving to the battery, fired its six three-pounders and sent the Spaniards scampering. With the exception of one soldier, who waved the hat in token of giving up fight. The Spanish guards on the battery were quickly reassembled and were surprised them, and they hastened for the Yankees. The first American flag to float in California was that of the ship Otter of Boston, Captain Stephen Dorr, which put into Monterey bay in the winter of 1796. The feeling against Americans was strong in California. They were not allowed to remain or travel in the country.

1804—In March, Spain separated Alta from Baja (Lower) California, and later (in 1850) the division line was fixed at Arroyo de Corabbas o del Rosario, between fifteen and twenty miles south of San Diego.

1804—August 17, Santa Ines Mission founded.

1805—The famed Alameda, or double row of willows three miles long, connecting the pueblo of San Jose with Santa Clara Mission, was planted by Padre Arroyo de la Cuesta. The census showed at the missions, presidios and pueblos 22,087 persons, including 1,000 soldiers, 2011 Spaniards and other foreigners. The Indian population of the two California was estimated at between 65,000 and 70,000.

1812—December, the Church of San Juan Capistrano was thrown down by an earthquake and forty Indians were killed in the churches of San Gabriel, San Buenaventura, Santa Barbara, Santa Ines and Purisima were damaged.

1816—October, the Russian ship Buriek, on a campaign against the Spanish, put in at San Francisco. One of the naturalists on board was Dr. Eschscholtz, from whom the California poppy genus derived the name of eschscholtzia.

1817—November 16, Mission of San Rafael founded.

1818—February 22, northern boundary of California fixed at the parallel of 42 degrees north of the equator by the United States and Spain.

1822—California became a province of Mexico, which had won independence from Spain.

1823—June 24, Mission of San Francisco Solano founded at the present town of Sonoma as a barrier against Russian aggression.

1824—February 22, concerted outbreak by Indians at several missions; Santa Ines and Purisima missions burned.

1830—May 1, a meeting at Monterey protested against the political making of supreme from Mexico, California having become Mexico's dumping ground.

1835—October, Village of Yerba Buena, which expanded into the present city of San Francisco, was laid out by the Alcalde Arce.

1842—March, gold was discovered by Francisco Lopez, thirty-five miles southwest of Los Angeles.

1843—December 28, Mission property was secularized by Governor Micheltorena, and sold at auction to the highest bidder.

The New Almaden quicksilver mine was discovered by Andres Castillero on the mountain ridge south of San Jose. The New Idria and other quicksilver deposits were also discovered. The Coast ranges yielded profusely of them. The California quicksilver mines have yielded a very large part of the world's supply.

1846—Protestantism was introduced in California by William Roberts, from the Methodist mission in Oregon.

In April, 1846, the Bi-Yank pioneer party left Sonomadel, 30 in number, to the number of 83 persons, as they themselves later was named after this pioneer party.

UNCLE SAM.

1846—June 14, the bear flag revolution began at Sonoma, the first bear flag raised there was hastily made out of cotton cloth, an eagle, a star and a stripe. The words "California Republic" were painted, a pot of red paint being the only pigment at hand. The bear flag revolution ended when news arrived of the war between the United States and Mexico.

July 7, Commodore Sloat took Monterey.

August 15, the Californians, the first prisoners of war in California, were landed at Monterey by Rear Admiral Stockton, Archibald Gillespie, U. S. Marine, seized a fort in May, 1847, and later was married into the Alta, California, which was issued at San Francisco January 9, 1847.

August 17, Lieutenant Washington A. Bartlett, first American alcalde of San Francisco, issued proclamation of town lots, the town, and Market street was laid out as the eastern main street.

1847—January 13, Governor Stockton appointed Walter Colton, alcalde of Monterey, and Edwin Bryant, alcalde of San Francisco, to forestall Mormon settlement at Yerba Buena. Colton intended starting a rival town on the Pajaro at Watsonville and naming it Miltonia, in honor of Christian Brown, of the Christian Franciscan order of the Virgin Mary, founder of Vallejo's wife. Yerba Buena was named Francisco, another backhanded slap at Uncle Sam.

In April, the Californians in Sonoma revolted, one of the incidents of California's conquest by the United States. William B. Ide, a Mormon elder, was elected commander-in-chief. Besides the colonists already mentioned, there were Kit Carson, Edward Kern, Talbot Green and others in California, their executive properties being famous.

1848—January 24, gold was discovered in the tail race of Marshall at Coloma. On rush to California began as soon as the news reached the United States.

May 31, California became United States territory. Sacramento, Stockton and Marysville were laid out by Sutter and others.

August 7, the first American publication in California was issued. It was called the California Star, San Francisco, and was called the Public Institute.

In September the first school was opened in San Francisco, corner Montgomery and Clay streets; house rent was worth $1 apiece.

1849—January 9, there arrived at San Francisco the first Pacific Mail Steamship Company's steamer, California, which subsequently was purchased in April, 1850, and subsidized by an annual grant and subsidy of $900,000 by the United States government. The president of the company was William H. Aspinwall, and the agent at Panama was Edward Kemble.

August 1, Mission of San Fernando Rey de Espana founded.

San Francisco, March 31.

October 23, the first Democratic mass meeting in California was held on Portsmouth square, San Francisco; it passed Union resolutions and on motion of [illegible] thanked Thomas H. Benton, United States Senator from Missouri, for what he had done for California. Benton's daughter, Jessie, married John C. Fremont, the Pathfinder, who as an officer of the United States topographical engineers, came to California in 1844 at the head of a scientific exploring party, and who was one of the first United States Senators elected from California.

September 1, the first Constitutional Convention met at Monterey, then the capital, and on November 13 the Constitution was adopted.

December 15, the first Legislature met at San Jose, the new capital. All statutes had to be published in Spanish as well as English; this law was not repealed until 1867. The first Legislature divided the State in 27 counties; California now has 57.

December 20, Humboldt bay was discovered by miners, led by Dr. Josiah Gregg.

1850—August 14, law officers and squatters fought at Sacramento; men on each side being killed; the squatter troubles continued in the State for years.

September 9, California was admitted into the Union.

1851—March 19, Santa Clara College was founded by Jesuits.

March 21, the celebrated Yosemite valley was discovered by Major James D. Savage and a company of the Mariposa battalion while on an expedition against Indians.

April 15, a new charter for San Francisco was adopted; it provided that the Common Council should not receive any compensation; under the first charter the 16 Councilmen voted themselves $6000 each a year, other officials $10,000 a year, and gave themselves gold medals costing $150 apiece.

June 10, the first trial, conviction and sentence to death by the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco, organized for the suppression of lawlessness, took place; John Jenkins, burglar, was hung on the plaza on June 11. After three more hangings the committee adjourned. The ship John Bertram, the first clipper built for the California trade, arrived at San Francisco with 10,000 dozen eggs, which sold for $16,000.

GREAT FIRES IN SAN FRANCISCO.

1849—December 24, loss $1,000,000.

1850—May 4, loss between $3,000,000 and $4,000,000, 300 houses being destroyed.

June 14, loss between $4,000,000 and $5,000,000, 300 buildings being burned.

September 17, loss $500,000.

December 14, loss $1,000,000.

1851—May 4, almost the entire city destroyed and lives lost; rebuilding began immediately after this, as well as the other conflagrations.

June 22, loss several lives and about $3,000,000. The spirit of the people was proof against all disasters.

1898—November 24, Baldwin Hotel and Theater; loss, $2,000,000; several lives lost.

THE CHINESE.

1852—April 23, Governor Bigler sent a special message to the Legislature, advising measures to check Chinese immigration. The anti-Chinese movement had then started, and coolie labor caused occasional rioting at the mines and in towns.

April 28, a bill to prevent excessive immigration from Asia to California was introduced; it was not passed. March 9, 1852, a majority of the Assembly Committee on Mines and Mining Interests reported against discouraging Chinese immigration and stated that there were then about 22,000 Chinese in the State. Hydraulic mining was originated in 1852 by A. Chabot on Buckeye hill, near Nevada City. Twenty acres were purchased at San Quentin in 1852 as a State Prison site; the act for the erection of the prison was approved May 11, 1853.

August 2, a duel took place at Oak Grove near Sacramento, between Congressman Edward Gilbert, editor of the Alta California, and James W. Denver, State Senator from Trinity, Gilbert being killed. Governor Bigler, whom Gilbert had criticised, appointed Denver Secretary of State on February 19, 1853. California's gold production in 1852 was $81,294,700. In 1901 the gold yield was $[illegible].

1853—July 25, Joaquin Murieta, leader of a band of brigands and cutthroats, whose robberies and murders began in 1851, was killed by Captain Harry S. Love's company of rangers, formed under a special Legislative act of May 17, 1853, to break up the gang.

1854—February 25, the State capital was removed to Sacramento, whither the Legislature went from Benicia on March 1; on February 4, 1851, the capital was changed from San Jose to Vallejo, as Mariano G. Vallejo had agreed to erect all necessary buildings, which contract was not performed; at a popular election on October 7, 1850, Vallejo received 7477 votes, San Jose 1292 and Monterey 399. February 4, 1853, the capital was removed to Benicia. The Custom-house block in San Francisco was sold by the State to the United States for $100,000, of which $[illegible] was paid, and construction was immediately begun in 1854. The United States had begun fortifying San Francisco harbor and making Mare Island a navy yard soon after California became a State.

February 11, San Francisco was first lighted with gas by the San Francisco Gas Company; oil lamps had been used on the streets since October, 1850.

October 6, the flight of Harry Meiggs, who failed for $800,000, after forging warrants on the San Francisco city treasury, was announced.

1855—Governor Bigler, in a message to the Legislature, stated that San Francisco was pre-eminently adapted as a port for whalers, but that they would not winter there on account of the extortionate pilot charges, $9 per foot; the law was then changed so as to allow whalers to enter and depart without paying pilotage unless a pilot was employed, and the charge then was to be $1 per foot. San Francisco in consequence became the main station for whaling business in the Pacific. In early as well as recent Legislatures scandals arose over bills regarding pilot charges. The year 1855 was marked by bank and business disasters; 197 failures occurred in San Francisco, liabilities, over $8,000,000; in 1854 there had been 77 bankruptcies.

September 5, the Know-Nothing State ticket was elected.

November 17, the assassination of William H. Richardson, United States Marshal, by Charles Cora, gambler, occurred in San Francisco.

1856—February 22, the first railroad in California was ready for business—the Sacramento Valley Railroad, from Sacramento to Folsom.

April 19, the Consolidation Act of San Francisco, framed by Horace Hawes, became a law; it made San Francisco a city and county, and by it San Mateo county was created out of that part of San Francisco lying south of a line which ran through the southern extremity of Lake Merced.

THE VIGILANTES.

May 14, James King of William, editor of the Bulletin, was fatally shot by James P. Casey, one of the San Francisco Supervisors; the next day the Vigilance Committee was revived with William T. Coleman as leader; the excitement spread over the State; 1000 men came from San Jose, and delegations from Sacramento, Marysville, Nevada, Placerville, Folsom and other places to help in the proposed regeneration of San Francisco. King died May 20, and two days later, while his funeral procession, a mile long, was moving, Cora and Casey were hanged in front of the Vigilance Committee's headquarters.

July 29, the committee hanged Philander Brace and Joseph Hetherington.

August 7, Judge David S. Terry, an active opponent of the committee, who had stabbed Sterling A. Hopkins, left San Francisco.

August 18, the Vigilance Committee adjourned with a grand parade.

1857—January 9, an earthquake extended from Fort Yuma to Sacramento; buildings were thrown down at San Diego, San Buenaventura and San Fernando; new streams and springs were created and trees were thrown out of their beds.

September 8, the first industrial fair of the Mechanics' Institute, which was organized on March 29, 1855, was held in a pavilion on the site of the present Lick House, San Francisco.

1858—A State Sunday law was passed; it was declared unconstitutional, after causing much trouble; in 1861 a similar statute was passed, and, being declared constitutional, was enforced for a time; then it became a dead letter, and was repealed in 1883 on account of attempts to revive its enforcement.

STATE DIVISION.

1859—An act was passed giving California's consent to the formation of a new state or territory out of the six southern counties; on January 12, 1860, Governor Milton S. Latham informed the Legislature that he had transmitted a copy of the act to the President of the United States; the Legislature of 1860 adopted a resolution to form a separate territorial government out of the six southern counties; the outbreak of the Civil War put an end to the dismemberment scheme. An anti-Chinese riot took place in Shasta county in 1859; Governor Weller sent militia to suppress it.

September 13, the duel between David S. Terry, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and David C. Broderick, United States Senator, took place at the southerly end of the Laguna de la Merced, in San Mateo county. Broderick died from his wound on September 16. A convention to promote the building of a transcontinental railroad was held in San Francisco on September 20, delegates from California, Oregon and Washington being present. Petroleum was discovered in northern counties in 1859, and afterward in southern counties; in 1901 California ranked third among the petroleum-producing States.

1860—March 2, the act for the construction of a State Capitol at Sacramento was approved, the cost being limited to $500,000; the corner-stone was laid May 15, 1861, and the Capitol was first occupied on December 6, 1869; it was completed in 1878, the expenditure on it amounting to about $2,600,000. November 6, 1860, the Republican party carried the State at the Presidential election.

1861—May 11, a great Union mass meeting was held at San Francisco, being the largest demonstration ever held up to that time on the Pacific Coast.

May 25, a duel with rifles took place near San Rafael between Daniel Showalter, Assemblyman from Mariposa, and Charles W. Piercy, Assemblyman from San Bernardino, Piercy being killed; the quarrel originated over the Union resolutions passed by the Legislature; Piercy was a Union man and Showalter pro-secession. Winter of 1861-62 was marked by the greatest flood ever known in California; in January 24 inches of rain fell; the Legislature, being flooded out of Sacramento, met in San Francisco on January 24, 1862.

1862—April 26, a law was enacted "to protect free white labor against competition with Chinese coolie labor" by imposing a capitation tax of $2.50 per month on every Mongolian over 18 years old residing in the State; it was declared unconstitutional.

May 14, District Judge James H. Hardy was removed from office by the Legislature for treasonable utterances.

1863—An extraordinary drought occurred; it caused fine ranches to be sold in 1864 at 10 cents per acre; the people continued prosperous because of the mines.

January 8, ground was broken at Sacramento by the Central Pacific Railroad Company, which was incorporated June 28, 1861; the last spike, made of solid California gold, was driven on May 10, 1869, at Promontory, near Ogden, the junction of the Central Pacific and Union Pacific railroads; the last tie was of California laurel and the hammer was of California silver.

March 16 and 19, statutes which prevented negroes from testifying in courts of justice were repealed.

In April the "two years' war" with the Hoopa valley Indians in the northern part of the State began; the Indians surrendered in January, 1865; there had been Indian troubles, involving loss of many lives and much property, for years.

The search for copper showed in 1863 that California possessed enough to supply the world, but deposits were not worked.

In 1863 President Lincoln appointed Stephen J. Field of California as Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

1864—June 30, Yosemite valley was granted by Congress to the State, which in 1866 accepted the trust and appointed the first Yosemite Valley Commission. In 1863 and 1864 California contributed nearly $1,250,000 to the Sanitary Commission, more than a quarter of the $4,800,000 raised for the Union soldiers in this way in the entire country; California also contributed many soldiers to the Union cause.

1865—September 19, the Democratic State Convention met; it adopted resolutions against suffrage and social equality for negroes.

October 8, a severe earthquake occurred. December the Southern Pacific Railroad Company of California was incorporated.

1866—January 13, the Ajax, the first steamer from California to Hawaii, left San Francisco.

1867—January 1, the Colorado, the first steamer from California to China, left San Francisco. Much progress was made at this time in silk culture in the Sacramento and Santa Clara valleys.

1868—In July the Overland Monthly began publication with Bret Harte as editor; in the second number the story "The Luck of Roaring Camp," which first gave him fame, appeared.

October 21, a memorable earthquake occurred. Five persons were killed by falling buildings at San Francisco, and the damage there, principally to buildings on made land, was estimated at $300,000; buildings elsewhere were damaged, and a man was killed at San Leandro.

THE RAILROAD.

1870—Beginning of the anti-railroad feeling as a factor in California politics; it started over the effort of the Central Pacific to get from Congress the right to use Goat Island for a terminal depot; in 1871 Newton Booth was elected Governor on the Republican anti-railroad platform; the Legislature took up the subject of freights and fares and at the sessions of 1875-76 and 1877-78 undertook to provide for a commission to fix rates; a commission was provided for in the new Constitution of 1879. The first of the present State normal schools was built in 1870 at San Jose; all are large, handsome structures; one Normal School is at Los Angeles and another at Chico. Work on the San Francisco new City Hall was begun in 1870; its cost to July 1, 1896, was $5,677,[illegible]; it is not finished.

March 14, the Legislative act, making reservations for Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, was approved; this is now one of the noted parks of the country, millions of dollars having been expended in beautifying it.

1872—March 26, the Inyo county earthquake occurred; much damage was done; the Sacramento, San Joaquin and Tulare valleys were disturbed.

1873—April 11, Brigadier-General Canby and Rev. Eleazer Thomas were treacherously slain by Modoc Indians at a peace conference; the Modoc war, which began November 29, 1872, ended at the lava beds May 31, 1873; Captain Jack, Schonchin John and other Modoc leaders were hanged October 3. In May the construction of Appraisers' building, San Francisco, was begun; it was completed January [illegible]; it cost $[illegible].

June 2, ground was broken on Clay street for the first cable railway in San Francisco, where this style of railway originated, the idea being [illegible].

July 5, the University of California took possession of its site at Berkeley; the act to create and organize the University was passed in 1868; the Legislature in 1887 provided for the permanent support of the State University by an annual tax; millions of dollars have been expended on the institution; under the patronage of Mrs. Phebe A. Hearst arrangements have been under way for some time for the erection of structures at Berkeley that will cost many millions, architectural plans for them having been secured in Europe in 1899; Miss Cora Jane Flood, in 1898, gave the University an estate at Menlo valued at $2,000,000; a building for the affiliated colleges, costing $250,000, was erected in San Francisco in 1898; a trades school for which J. Clute Wilmerding bequeathed $400,000 in 1894 to the University Regents, is to be built in San Francisco. The State University has schools of mining and agriculture and various practical courses.

COMSTOCK CRAZE.

1872—Popular frenzy was excited over mining stocks, which rose in sales over $1,000,000 per day for months; there were then two stock boards in San Francisco, the San Francisco Stock and Exchange Board, which was organized September 6, 1862, and the California Stock and Exchange Board, which came into existence during the Comstock mining stock craze in January, 1872, but a third board was needed and on June 7, 1875, the Pacific Stock Exchange began business; this exchange opened its costly and handsome quarters on Leidesdorff street on May 15, 1876. James C. Flood, William S. O'Brien, John W. Mackay and James G. Fair, comprising the Bonanza firm, became millionaires during the mining craze of 1875. When the crash happened the Bank of California was found insolvent, its doors were closed August 26; the next day William C. Ralston was deposed from the presidency and a few hours later his life was ended in the bay. The erection of the Palace Hotel, then the largest edifice of its kind in the world, was begun by Ralston in 1874; it was completed by William Sharon and the Palace opened in October, 1875.

March 19, Tiburcio Vasquez, leader of murderous bandits, was hanged in San Jose; he was captured May 14, 1874.

July 11, the Order of the Native Sons of the Golden West was organized at San Francisco; the Order of the Native Daughters of the Golden West was organized at Jackson, Amador county, September 25, 1886; the Society of California Pioneers was started in 1850.

1876—September 6, the Southern Pacific line connecting Los Angeles and San Francisco was completed between [illegible] and Indian Wells; great outlay and skill were required for the construction of the famous San Fernando tunnel; the junction effected with the Atlantic and Pacific road was under the terms of an act of Congress of July 27, 1866, which incorporated the Atlantic and Pacific Company and provided that the Southern Pacific should have the same grant of land as was given to that company if it made the connection; the last spike driven at the junction in Soledad canyon was of Southern California gold, the hammer was of California silver and the handle of the hammer of Southern California orange wood; six months later the Southern Pacific line was extended across the desert to Fort Yuma, and afterward by extensions and connections the Southern Pacific formed a transcontinental line; it also ran a line up through Oregon to connect with northern transcontinental roads.

October 1, James Lick, the millionaire philanthropist, died, aged 80; in 1862 he built the Lick House in San Francisco, the Occidental Hotel and the Russ House also being erected there in that year; the Lick was one of the most magnificent hotels of the day, its dining-room being considered at the time one of the most beautiful banquet halls in the United States; the Lick Observatory, finished and transferred to the State University in June, 1888, is one of the many costly monuments in California to Lick's memory.

1877—Drought and a serious decline in the yield of gold were followed by hard times.

July 23, an outbreak against the Chinese occurred in San Francisco, [illegible] Chinese laundries being burned and others sacked by a mob.

July 24, Wm. T. Coleman organized a "Committee of Safety," and armed a brigade with hickory pick handles instead of guns.

July 25, attempts were made to burn the Pacific Mail docks, where Chinese were landed, and in the melee a few men were killed while others were wounded.

In October Joseph C. Duncan's Pioneer Bank, which had got the savings of poor people by offering to pay high interest, failed, owing $[illegible].

October 5, Denis Kearney organized his sandlot party, which was called the Workingmen's party of California; October 29 he gathered a great crowd on Nob Hill, where the railroad magnates had palatial residences, and threatened them with destruction.

THE SANDLOT.

1878—Kearney's sand-lot party grew; the excitement in San Francisco was tremendous and other parts of the State were affected; incendiary speeches were made by Kearney and others. The election for delegates to the State Constitutional Convention on June 19, 1878, resulted in the choice of 78 Non-Partisans, 51 Workingmen, 11 Republicans, 10 Democrats and 2 Independents. September 28 the Constitutional Convention met at Sacramento; the Constitution was adopted May 7, 1879, by a majority of 10,825, the total vote being 145,093; for the Constitution 77,959, against 67,134.

1879—September 3, the people voted on Chinese immigration; 154,638 were against the Chinese, while only 883 were in favor of letting them come. The sandlot party carried the election for city officials in San Francisco in 1879; Kearneyites were successful elsewhere also. The Republican State ticket was elected.

1880—April 23, Charles de Young, editor of the "Chronicle," was assassinated in the "Chronicle" office, San Francisco, by Rev. Isaac M. Kalloch, son of the Mayor, Rev. Isaac S. Kalloch, who was elected in 1879 on the Kearney ticket.

May 10, the culmination of the Tulare county land warfare came in a battle near Hanford when the United States Marshal went to eject settlers on Southern Pacific Railroad lands; two purchasers of railroad titles were killed and six settlers shot; the antagonism to the Southern Pacific was intensified. The sandlot party's political control waned in 1880 and ceased in 1881.

1883—In March the State Board of Horticulture was created by the Legislature; since then the horticultural interests of California have grown very largely. A State Viticultural Commission also existed for years, but in 1895 it was abolished by the Legislature and its work turned over to the State University. In August the Triennial conclave of Knights Templar was held in San Francisco, and the Masonic brethren crossed the continent to gather there; this was the first time a great national organization met in California; afterward several others chose San Francisco as a meeting place, and the knowledge of California's advantages of soil and climate and its hospitality became widespread.

1884—An amendment to the State Constitution was adopted, authorizing the publication of school text-books by the State.

1886—March 10, an anti-Chinese State convention met at Sacramento; many of the most prominent men in the State were delegates.

April 26 the decision of the Supreme Court upholding the doctrine of riparian rights was delivered; agriculturists considered that they were so injuriously affected by it that Governor Stoneman called an extra session of the Legislature to give them relief by changing the law, but the legislation sought was not obtained. In August the national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic was held in San Francisco.

November 2, John F. Swift, Republican candidate for Governor, was defeated by Washington Bartlett, Democrat; his defeat was attributed to an open letter in which he declined the nomination of the American (Know Nothing) party, and defended Catholics; the American party nominated P. D. Wigginton, who received 7351 votes; Bartlett beat Swift by 652 only.

BOOMS.

1887—March 7, the Wright law for the formation and government of irrigation districts was enacted; irrigation works, involving millions of dollars, were constructed under it. In 1886 and 1887 there was a boom in Los Angeles, which caused a frenzy of speculation; real estate sales increased from $2,210,000 in October, 1886, to $8,165,000 in May, 1887, $11,500,000 in June and $12,000,000 in July; in September the boom began to subside and many investors were disappointed. Los Angeles, notwithstanding the collapse, kept advancing until it became the second city of the State; the boom there caused real estate excitement throughout Southern California and far north; almost every California town had its temporary boom.

1889—August 14, Judge David S. Terry was killed at Lathrop by Supreme Justice Stephen J. Field's body guard, Dave Nagle, when he approached Field with presumably hostile intent.

1890—In June the Chronicle building was finished; it was then the tallest business structure in San Francisco; other tall buildings followed and the height of buildings in San Francisco was limited in 1895 to 150 feet. Census bulletins showed that the value of real and personal property in California in 1890 was $2,500,000,000, and that the per capita valuation, $2067, was larger than in any other state; California ranked tenth in the list of expenditures by the different states for common schools.

1891—An Australian ballot law was enacted. An appropriation of $300,000 was made for a State exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair.

April 22, President Benjamin Harrison, the first President of the United States to visit California, was welcomed at Los Angeles by Governor Markham.

April 25, the first pig tin was produced in San Bernardino, where a large deposit of tin ore was discovered in 1856 but not worked.

October 1, the Leland Stanford Jr. University at Palo Alto, founded by United States Senator Leland Stanford, deceased, and Mrs. Stanford, from whom it has received many millions of dollars, was opened.

1892—April 19, heaviest earthquake since 1868.

May 5, the Geary law for exclusion of Chinese was approved by the President.

1893—Resumption of hydraulic mining was permitted. The purity of elections law was passed.

June 22, the Pacific Bank, which was started in 1863, and the People's Home Savings Bank, San Francisco, failed; the Pacific Bank's liabilities were $[illegible] and the People's Home Bank's liabilities $[illegible]. On June 12 and 13 Sontag and Evans, the train robbers, were captured after a battle with officers in Tulare county; Evans escaped and was recaptured on February 19, 1894.

October 26, the famed battle-ship Oregon was launched at the Union Iron Works; the Union Iron Works was started by Peter Donahue in 1849 at First and Mission streets, San Francisco; the first war vessel built at the works was the cruiser Charleston, for which the contract was given in December, 1886.

WORLD'S FAIR.

1894—January 27, the opening of the California Midwinter International Exposition in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, took place; 72,248 persons attending; ground had been broken August 24, 1893; the exposition was formally closed July 4, 1894, but was unofficially kept open until September 1; it gave California world-wide fame; the visitors numbered 2,250,000; on [illegible] day—the "Chronicle" children's day—the attendance was 91,792; the idea for the exposition was suggested May 31, 1893, by M. H. de Young to the exhibitors at the Chicago World's Fair, and was heartily concurred in by everybody interested; Mr. de Young was appointed Director-General; the receipts were $1,3[illegible] 12.19, and disbursements $1,1[illegible] 20.70; after the close of the exposition the art building was dedicated as a Museum for Golden Gate Park.

The railroad strike and blockade in California began on June 29, 1894. Federal and State troops moved against the strikers in Sacramento, Oakland, Los Angeles, San Jose and San Francisco; July 11, a train carrying Federal soldiers was wrecked near Sacramento and the engineer and three soldiers were killed, while four soldiers were dangerously wounded; for these deaths Salter D. Worden, one of the leading strikers, was sentenced to be hung; the strike ended July 21; the loss to shippers as well as to the Southern Pacific Railroad Company on account of the enforced stoppage of traffic was great.

December 25, the Cliff House, a famed San Francisco landmark, owned by Adolph Sutro, builder of the great Sutro tunnel, was destroyed by fire.

1896—The Randsburg mining excitement caused a rush to the Mojave desert.

August 16, the completion of the San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railroad between Stockton and Fresno was celebrated; traffic began the next month.

1897—Joseph McKenna was appointed Attorney-General by President McKinley, he being the first Californian to receive a seat in a Presidential Cabinet. The Trinity county mining excitement occurred during the rush to the Alaska placers. A nugget worth $32,000 was found in the Blue Jay pocket, that being one of California's big nuggets. G. J. Griffith gave the city of Los Angeles a park of 3000 acres, valued at between $200,000 and $300,000.

1898—March 30, an earthquake wrecked buildings at Mare Island; Professor Edward S. Holden says of California's earthquakes: "When we take into account the whole damage to life and property produced by all the California earthquakes recorded it is clear that the earthquakes of a whole century in California have been less destructive than the tornadoes or the floods of a single year in less favored regions."

May 25, the First California Regiment, Oregon Volunteers, and the Fourteenth United States Infantry left San Francisco for Manila, being the first American troops to sail for the Philippines.

July 13, the union railroad depot at the ferry, San Francisco, was opened; for it State bonds to the amount of $600,000 were issued, but the cost ran up to over $1,000,000.

November 8, Henry T. Gage, Republican, was elected Governor over James G. Maguire, fusionist, by a plurality unofficially announced of 19,223. The majority or plurality for each Governor in California at previous elections was: 1849, Peter H. Burnett (D.), plurality over W. S. Sherwood, 3607; 1851, John Bigler (D.), over P. B. Reading (Whig), majority of [illegible]; 1853, John Bigler (D.), over William Waldo (Whig), majority of 1456; 1855, J. Neely Johnson (Know Nothing), over John Bigler (D.), majority of [illegible]; 1857, John B. Weller (D.), over Edward Stanly (R.) and G. W. Bowie (American), combined majority of [illegible] and plurality of 32,[illegible] over Stanly; 1859, M. S. Latham (D.), majority of [illegible] over John Currey (A. L. Dem.) and Leland Stanford (R.) combined, and plurality of 30,[illegible] over Currey; 1861, Leland Stanford (R.), plurality of 23,[illegible] over J. R. McConnell (D.), whose vote was [illegible] more than that of John Conness (Union D.); 1863, Frederick F. Low (Union), majority of 19,[illegible] over John G. Downey (D.); 1867, Henry H. Haight (D.), majority of [illegible] over George C. Gorham (R.) and Caleb T. Fay (Ind. R.) combined, and plurality of [illegible] over Gorham; 1871, Newton Booth (R.), majority of [illegible] over Henry H. Haight (D.); 1875, William Irwin (D.), majority of [illegible] over T. G. Phelps (R.) and John Bidwell (Ind.) combined, Phelps having [illegible] more than Bidwell; 1879, George C. Perkins (R.), plurality of 20,[illegible] over Hugh J. Glenn (New Constitution and D.), Glenn receiving [illegible] more than William F. White (Workingmen); 1882, George Stoneman (D.), plurality of 23,619 over M. M. Estee (R.) and majority of 16,[illegible] over Estee, R. H. McDonald (Pro.) and T. J. McQuiddy (Green.) combined; 1886, Washington Bartlett (D.), plurality of 652 over John F. Swift (R.), the other candidates, C. C. O'Donnell (Ind.), P. D. Wigginton (American) and Joel Russell (Pro.), receiving altogether [illegible]; 1890, H. H. Markham (R.), plurality of [illegible] over E. B. Pond (D.), the other candidate, John Bidwell (Pro. and Amer.), receiving 10,[illegible]; 1894, James H. Budd (D.), plurality of [illegible] over Morris M. Estee (R.), J. V. Webster (Pop.) receiving 51,304 and Henry French (Pro.) 10,[illegible].

November 14, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad Company secured a terminal in San Francisco for its competitive transcontinental line.

NEVADA.

1825—Jedediah S. Smith and forty trappers from the Yellowstone followed the Humboldt river and climbed the Sierra.

1825-26—In 1825 Peter S. Ogden, agent for the Hudson's Bay Company, visited the Humboldt; Milton Sublette reached it in 1832 and B. L. E. Bonneville's party and Kit Carson were there in 1833; in 1841 Captain Bartleson led the first emigrants across the Great Basin; John Bidwell of California was a member of this party.

1843-44—Fremont, the Pathfinder, explored and named the Humboldt and Carson rivers and Pyramid lake.

1848—Nevada was ceded to the United States by Mexico; it was then part of Utah Territory.

1849-51—H. S. Beatie established a trading post at a place which in 1850 was called Genoa; John Reese, a trader from Salt Lake City, arrived there July 4, 1851, and a Mormon settlement of Genoa was soon established; the Mormon settlements in Carson, Eagle and Washoe valleys arrived.

1851—In November men settled on a ranch near where the State Capitol now stands; one of them, Frank Hall, killed an eagle and nailed it on the cabin; this incident gave the name to Eagle valley.

1854—James H. Sims, the first white native of Nevada, was born at the Ellis ranch, below Dayton.

1858—The first overland mail stage arrived at Genoa. Carson City was laid out in 1858. The Territorial Enterprise newspaper was published at Genoa on December 18, 1858.

1859—The rush to the Washoe silver mines commenced, rich discoveries having been made. The Comstock lode was named after H. T. P. Comstock, a queer, voluble man, who talked as if he owned the entire country; he committed suicide in Montana in 1870. Gold Hill and Virginia City, the name of which was changed six times, became thriving mining towns in 1859.

1861—Congress organized Nevada Territory out of the western part of Utah on March 2, 1861.

1864—October 31, Nevada became a state.

1865—The Indians were on the warpath, and whites and Indians were killed. The first battle of troops with the Piutes was in June, 1860, when the Indians were vanquished; in 1861 they planned to capture Fort Churchill; in 1862 the Fort Churchill garrison was kept busy attending to the Indians in Owens river valley; in 1865 the Indians wanted to slaughter all the whites in Paradise valley.

1866—Fort Winfield Scott was established, and three decisive defeats caused the Indians to cease troubling the palefaces.

1867—The first locomotive entered the State on the Central Pacific in 1867, when that road was being constructed; the railway from Carson to Virginia City was built in 1869, and was extended to Reno in 1872.

1869—The Consolidated Virginia mine was sold to the bonanza firm of Fair, Mackay, Flood and O'Brien for $80,000; the Consolidated Virginia Company had been formed in June, 1867, by a combination of four companies—Central No. 2, Kinney, White and Murphy and Sides; in December, 1872, the California company was organized, and the Consolidated Virginia conveyed to it a part of its property; in five years the actual product of the California and Consolidated Virginia mines was $104,460,713; in 1875 the mining stock speculation reached its height, and fortunes were made and lost. On November 1, 1869, the Branch Mint at Carson started operations.

1870—June 9, the corner stone of the Capitol at Carson was laid, $100,000 having been appropriated for the building; Carson City was declared the permanent seat of government on November 25, 1861.

1877—July 8, the Sutro tunnel was completed to the Savage mine; it was built to drain the water from the Comstock; work on the tunnel was begun by Adolph Sutro on October 19, 1869, on the Carson river, north of Dayton.

1887—The State University at Reno was opened, having been transferred from Elko; included in it are schools of mines, agriculture and liberal arts, as well as a normal school and business department. The Legislature prescribed a test oath against Mormonism for voters; the Supreme Court declared it unconstitutional.

1890—A constitutional amendment permitting women to hold school offices was adopted.

1892—Though many mines were closed, the mining yield for 1892 in Nevada was $2,[illegible]. On March 28 United States Senator William M. Stewart favored combining Nevada with Utah, saying: "Nevada has sufficient agricultural resources, if they were developed, to maintain a state; but the fact that our population has declined in the past ten years discourages immigration and prevents the development of our resources. Utah and Nevada together would present a more tempting field for investment and for residence."

1896—The Hale and Norcross mine closed on March 17, the union miners objecting to the new superintendent; a few days later the miners ran him off the lode; they took him from a barber shop, put him in a carriage, drove him out of town, and warned him to never return to Virginia City; the company secured a new superintendent.

1897—The Legislature was criticised for passing a law which permitted the Corbett-Fitzsimmons prize-fight at Carson on March 17, the license being fixed at $1000. The Legislature authorized the killing of wild horses, and thereby developed a profitable industry, the hides selling for $2 each and the manes and tails for 15 cents per pound.

1898—The lynching of Adam Uber by a mob at Genoa in December, 1897, was investigated by the Grand Jury, the County Judge urging that the perpetrators be dealt with by law, but nothing was done to them.

WASHINGTON.

1592—Juan de Fuca's discovery of the strait named after him is assigned to 1592.

1778—March 22, Captain James Cook, English navigator, named Cape Flattery.

1788—July 4, John Meares, English explorer, named Mount Olympus. A few days later he named Cape Disappointment.

1792—April 29, English explorers, under command of George Vancouver, entered the strait of Juan de Fuca, fully explored the inland sea and named it; Lieutenant Puget, after whom the sound was named, was in Vancouver's party. Three Spanish navigators explored the inland waters from 1790 to 1792.

1818—July, Donald McKenzie of an English fur-trading organization, the Northwest Company, established Fort Walla Walla as one of its trading posts.

1825—Vancouver was founded by John McLoughlin for the Northwest Company and the Hudson's Bay Company, which in 1821 had united after long commercial warfare.

1845—First Americans settled in the Puget sound region in October.

1846—June 15, a treaty was arranged between the United States and England by which the dividing line between American and English territory was fixed at the forty-ninth parallel, Washington's present northern boundary; the treaty was ratified by both parties the next month.

1850—The name of the town of Smithfield, so called from Levi L. Smith, one of the settlers of 1846, was changed to Olympia, and the town surveyed. Other towns were started. The Skookumchuck coal fields were discovered.

1852—Port Townsend and Seattle were founded. Seattle was the name of a chief of the Duwamish tribe, whom the settlers liked. Many sawmills were started on the sound.

September 11, the first Washington newspaper, the Columbian, was issued at Olympia.

1853—March 2, Washington Territory was created. The settlers wanted to have it named Columbia. Its boundaries included Idaho and part of Montana and Wyoming.

1854—February 27, the Legislature convened at Olympia; it memorialized Congress to do away with the Puget Sound Agricultural Company's claim, under the treaty of 1846, to 227 square miles of land, of which the company had not included more than 2000 acres. This claim was finally settled. Indians and whites were killed in warfare during the year.

1855—Indian troubles continued, and were marked by the White river massacre on October 28.

1856—January 26, the Indians attacked Seattle and came near wiping out the town. They intended, after destroying Seattle, to kill everybody at Fort Steilacoom.

March 26, a massacre took place at Cascades.

1857—January 28, the Northern Pacific Railroad Company was chartered by the Territorial Legislature. The company received its national charter from President Lincoln, July 2, 1864. Some building was done up to 1873, when the road went into bankruptcy. In 1879, after reorganization, building was renewed. September, 1883, the road was finished via the Columbia river pass and Portland. In 1887 the main line across the Cascades was finished.

1858—February 19, Leschi, a noted leader of the murderous Indians, who had been captured in November, 1856, was hanged at Steilacoom. Over him the civil and the military authorities had a disagreement; they did not get along amicably in the Indian wars in Oregon and Washington. There were several bloody Indian battles in 1858. Most of the Indian leaders in the war on the Sound were killed; but it was not until after the ratification of the Walla Walla treaties in 1859 that the people felt secure enough to return to their farms in the Puyallup and White River valleys.

1860—In January the Oregon Steam Navigation Company was incorporated by the Washington Legislature. It engaged in transportation.

1861—On account of the rush to new gold fields a company was incorporated to build a railroad from old Fort Walla Walla to the town of Walla Walla. An unsuccessful effort was made to remove the capital from Olympia to Vancouver, part of the Legislature sitting at one place and part at another. The Vancouver men returned to Olympia, which has since been the capital. In May the corner stone of the State University at Seattle was laid.

1862—Resolutions for the Union were passed by the Legislature.

In June Congress removed the custom-house from Port Townsend to Port Angeles, the township of the Port Angeles Company. There was much bitterness in consequence. December 16, 1863, a flood destroyed Port Angeles, and in 1865 the custom-house was returned to Port Townsend.

1863—A wooden Statehouse was erected at Olympia. Eastern Washington, in which miners had built towns, demanded a separate government, and on March 3 Congress organized the Territory of Idaho out of that part of Washington lying east of Oregon and the 117th meridian of west longitude. The area left to Washington comprised 71,300 square miles, with a population of 11,319.

1866—Governor Moore killed the practice of the Legislature in granting divorces, which were numerous, although the male population so far outnumbered the female that white men took Indian women as wives. In 1865 a shipload of widows and unmarried young women had been imported from the Atlantic States.

1883—The Legislature passed an act conferring on women the privilege of voting at all elections and serving on juries; it was pronounced unconstitutional in February, 1887, after women voted at two elections and held offices.

1885—Anti-Chinese disturbances occurred. In Squak valley three Chinese were killed and three wounded. At the Coal Creek mine the Chinese quarters were burned. An anti-Chinese congress was held in Seattle and a large public meeting at Tacoma. In November the Chinese were compelled to leave Tacoma.

1886—The anti-Chinese movement was renewed. The Chinese were forced to leave Sumner, Puyallup, Carbonado and Snohomish. At Olympia citizens successfully resisted an attempt to remove the Chinese. On February 7 and 8 a mob tried to force the Chinese to leave Seattle and the Governor ordered out the militia. Chinese who could get away left Seattle.

1887—A contest was waged in the Legislature over a proposition to remove the capital to North Yakima or to Ellensburg. The removal was favored by men who expected that the long-coveted panhandle of Idaho would be joined to Washington. North Yakima was started in December, 1884, by the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. It was four miles from Yakima City, which was incorporated December 1, 1883, and which had 400 inhabitants. The Northern Pacific got them to remove to North Yakima by giving them as many lots as they had in Yakima City and hauling their buildings thither without cost to them.

1888—When enough Indians and other pickers could not be obtained white people went out to pick hops in Pierce county, so that a threatened importation of Chinese might be prevented. The Supreme Court decided the new woman suffrage law unconstitutional.

1889—Washington became a State on November 11; its growth had been rapid and remarkable, and its cities on the Sound were booming. In June the business part of Seattle was burned, the loss amounting to $20,000,000; it was rebuilt at once.

1890—October 1, the first industrial exposition in Washington was opened at Spokane Falls; on account of a strike by union carpenters the leading citizens went to work on the building to help complete it on time; exhibits were sent from Idaho, Montana, Oregon and British Columbia.

1891—Work was begun on extensive borax beds in Douglas county, which were discovered in 1875. An appropriation of $100,000 was made for the State exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair. In September a new United States naval station was established at Port Orchard.

December 7, a storm swept over Clallam county, the damage amounting to millions of dollars; December 28, another terrible storm caused much damage to shipping on Puget sound.

1893—January 6, the Great Northern transcontinental line was completed, and Seattle celebrated the event, a coal [illegible] being a feature of the display. President Harrison in January withdrew from entry a tract in the Cascade mountains, 35x70 miles in extent, including Mount Tacoma, which was to become a national park. An additional appropriation of $55,000 for the World's Fair was made.

1894—The office of Indian agent was abolished, the Indians having become sufficiently civilized. An Interstate fair was held at Tacoma from August 15 to November 1.

1895—The fruit crop was the largest ever grown in the State. The annual fruit production amounted to $2,000,000.

The Legislature prohibited prize-fighting, authorized the establishment of public libraries and made the anniversary of Lincoln's birth, February 12, a holiday.

The State property included the University at Seattle, valued at $731,[illegible], and which had 500 students; two normal schools at Ellensburg and Cheney, and the State Fair grounds at North Yakima.

Forest fires did great damage during the year and made mining dangerous in some places.

In January a State Immigration Convention was held at Seattle; it was attended by 200 delegates. The executive committee appointed to promote immigration decided to raise $25,000 annually.

In February the contract for building the State Capitol was awarded for $527,951.

The Supreme Court decided that women could hold school offices; the question arose over the election of Miss L. Cupill as School Superintendent of Clallam county. Women are allowed to vote at school elections under the Constitution.

The Republican State Convention declared for the gold standard, a unique declaration then for a Pacific Coast

In November floods caused loss of

convention.

lives and property, and railroad traffic was suspended.

1897—The State did not thrive under Populist rule, laws that made capitalists timid being passed. The Populists and their fusion allies carried the election in 1896.

The rush to the Klondike was of commercial benefit to Seattle in 1897.

1898—September showed the greatest hop crop ever produced in the State; nine Indian tribes were represented among the thousands of pickers who gathered at the hop fields at North Yakima and elsewhere. These tribes had formerly been bloodthirsty.

OREGON.

1603—January 19, Martin Aguilar (Spaniard), saw and named Cape Blanco.

1775—August 17, Bruno Heceta, Spaniard, discovered the mouth of the Columbia river.

1778—March 7, and subsequent days, Captain James Cook of England saw and named Capes Foulweather, Perpetua and Gregory.

1788—August 14, sloop Lady Washington of the first American fur trading expedition sent out from Boston reached Tillamook bay and first carried the United States flag into northwestern waters.

1792—April, George Vancouver, English explorer, named Cape Orford.

May 11, the Columbia, a fur-trading vessel from Boston, entered and ran up Columbia river, the vessel's name being given to the river. Gray's harbor was discovered several days before by Captain Gray of the Columbia. In this year twenty-eight vessels under the flags of France, Portugal, England and the United States visited the northwest coast, most of them being in the fur trade. Gray had fights with the Oregon Indians, and killed many of them. In 1800 the coast fur trade was almost wholly in the hands of Americans.

1805-06—Meriwether Lewis and William Clarke, Americans, who led an expedition westward across the Rocky mountains, traveled down and up the Columbia river from end to end, accomplishing an important and difficult task.

1811—April 12, the building of Astoria was begun by the men sent from New York by the Pacific Fur Company, which on June 23, 1810, John Jacob Astor formed.

1813—November 12, Astoria passed to British hands and was called Fort George. After the war between England and the United States the American flag was again raised there, October 6, 1818.

1826—David Douglas, Scotch scientist, who found and named the Douglas spruce of the Pacific Coast, discovered the natives cultivating the indigenous tobacco plant of the Columbia river.

1832—Hudson's Bay Company established an English fur-trading post on the Umpqua river; it was besieged in 1839 by Indians.

1834—Methodist missionaries were sent to Oregon by the American Board of Missions; they settled in the Willamette valley and at the Dalles. Presbyterians arrived in 1836, and Catholics in 1838. The first baptism of a native child was in September, 1838, by a Catholic priest, at Walla Walla, which was then in Oregon.

1837—Toilsome journey of settlers to California for cattle; they had to teach the cattle to swim rivers on the way back to Oregon.

1840—The American settlers petitioned Congress to establish a territorial government in Oregon, referring to the activity of the Hudson's Bay Company, the keeping by the English Government of a surveying squadron on the Oregon coast during the previous two years and the likelihood that England would insist on holding the territory north of the Columbia.

1843—Settlers south of the Columbia petitioned Congress to extend over them the jurisdiction of the United States; they spoke of the Hudson's Bay Company as a great monopoly, which was an obstacle to the enterprise of American citizens. In May a provisional Government was begun, the capital being at Willamette Falls.

In this year Dr. Marcus Whitman led to Oregon 875 emigrants, with equipments and 1300 cattle.

1846—In February the first American newspaper on the Pacific Coast, the Oregon Spectator, was issued at Oregon City.

The first Fourth of July celebration in Oregon, in 1846; celebrations at Salem and Oregon City; at Oregon City Peter H. Burnett, afterward first Governor of California, delivered the oration.

The boundary between American and British territory was settled at the forty-ninth parallel.

1847—February 1, a private school for young ladies was opened at Oregon City by Mrs. N. M. Thornton. A public school board was organized in Tualatin county, and a public-school law was enacted by the first legislative Assembly in 1849. J. C. Beatty taught the first common school under this law at Oregon City in 1850.

The massacre of Marcus Whitman and others by Indians occurred November 29, 1847.

1848—August 14, Oregon Territory was established. It included the present States of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, part of Montana and part of Wyoming.

An exodus to California in the summer and autumn of two-thirds of the population was caused by the gold excitement.

1849—July 16, first Territorial Legislative Assembly met at Oregon City. It fixed the capital at Salem.

1850—Congress extinguished Indian titles and Indian agents were appointed. Gold discoveries were made in several places. Settlements were founded in Umpqua and Rogue River valleys. The donation act of Congress gave lands liberally to settlers.

1851—Indian massacres and depredations; troops were sent against them.

1853—The first shipment of apples from trees planted in 1847 was made in 1853.

The Rogue River Indian war began in August and lasted a month. It cost $200,000 and many lives.

1854—August, massacre by Indians of Ward's party of immigrants.

1855—More Indian wars took place.

December 30, the Statehouse at Salem was burned down during a dis-

[illegible] whether the capital should be transferred to Corvallis.

1856—February 23, massacre by Indians at Whaleshead and the settlement destroyed. Bloody Indian war continued; at its close the Indians were sent to the coast reservations.

In May the first Republican meeting in Oregon was held in Jackson county.

1857—February 11, the Free State Republican party held its State Convention at Albany.

August 17, Constitutional Convention met at Salem.

November 9, Constitution adopted, with a majority against slavery, and also a larger majority against having free negroes in Oregon. The Constitution prohibited negroes as well as Chinese from voting, and provided that Chinese who might afterward come to Oregon could not own real estate or mining claims, or work any mining claim.

1859—February 14, Oregon became a state.

1860—September 13 and 14, a battle of immigrants with Indians took place on Snake river, ending in a massacre. The Snake Indians captured enough arms, ammunition, horses and cattle in 1858 and 1860 to be on a war footing. Troops were sent against them.

1861—December, a flood began, which covered the country with wreckage of buildings and swept away all kinds of property. The flood and cold strewed the plains with dead stock.

1862—Republicans carried the state, strong Union sentiments prevailing.

The First Oregon Cavalry was organized under the call for troops for the Civil War; kept at home for protection against Indians.

1863-64—Fortifications begun at the mouth of the Columbia.

1865—Indian depredations and murders and battles between troops and Indians took place.

1867—General Crook campaigned against the Indians.

January 4, a great earthquake occurred at Fort Klamath; Klamath lake fell six feet and clouds of ashes came from the sky.

1868—April, beginning of the Oregon and California Railroad, which in 1887 was transferred to the Southern Pacific.

1870—The Legislature, which was Democratic, rejected the fifteenth amendment to the United States Constitution, and requested that the treaty with China be abrogated.

1873—August 2, conflagration in Portland; loss, $1,345,000; much suffering ensued. There had been a destructive fire in that city in December, 1872.

Work on the new Statehouse at Salem and the State University at Eugene City was begun in 1873.

1876—Governor Grover (D.) sought to have one of Oregon's three electoral votes counted for Tilden and Hendricks, though all of the Republican electors had majorities. A long controversy resulted; the entire electoral vote was counted by the Electoral Commission for Hayes and Wheeler.

1878—In July and August settlers were driven away or murdered by Indians. The militia went out against the Indians.

1879—Henry Villard's enterprise in connection with the Northern Pacific and the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company made railroad building a boom.

1884—This was a year of hard times.

1890—February, the worst flood since 1861 caused much damage.

1893—Governor Pennoyer (P.) denied the Democrats the use of a cannon to celebrate President Cleveland's inauguration. When the railroad strike came later he responded to a message of advice from Cleveland with "You mind your business and I'll mind mine."

1895—February 14, the Supreme Court decided that women can vote at all school elections.

March 17, several hundred thousand acres of land in Linn, Crook, Grant, Harney and Malheur counties, which were [illegible] in grant to the Willamette Valley and Cascade Mountain Wagon Road Company, thrown open to settlement by the United States Government.

ARIZONA.

1539—Marcos of Niza, a Franciscan friar, who had been with Pizarro in Peru, traveled north with Estevanico, a freed African slave, and reached the Gila valley. In Cibola the friar raised a cross and took possession of the country in the name of Spain. The [illegible] race of cliff dwellers, numbering hundreds of thousands, had occupied Arizona for centuries. Their ruined structures still interest visitors.

Putnam Hamilton has written of Arizona: "There is no region on the globe that [illegible] of ruins of once [illegible] cultivated landscapes."

By direction of the Spanish Viceroy, Mendoza, Captain-General Coronado marched from Mexico with 300 Spaniards and 800 Indians, crossed Arizona to search the Moqui pueblos, and fought battles with the natives. He was disappointed in finding no wealth, and in 1542 returned to Mexico. A detachment of soldiers was sent out by him to explore Arizona under the command of Captain Tovar, and it discovered the Colorado below the canyon, following the river to its mouth. Another detachment under Don Garcia Lopez de Cardenas discovered the Grand canyon. Hernando de Alarcon headed a sea expedition which was sent out in 1540 to co-operate with Coronado, and he discovered the Colorado and Gila rivers as well as the Gulf of California. He made two trips in boats up the Colorado to Arizona and September, 1540, naming that river the Buena Guia.

1582—Antonio de Espejo, on November 10, led an expedition to "Arizona," as some have called Arizona; he returned to Mexico the following year. Near two rivers, one of which was probably the Rio Verde, he discovered rich silver ore. This was the first authentic account of the finding of precious metal in Arizona. It is supposed that the region in which he made his discovery was that now known as the Black Hills. He did not know the value of his discovery, however, as the mines were not worked. The main purpose of the Spanish adventurers was to acquire riches quickly, as did the early Spanish adventurers in America. One object of Espejo was to ascertain the fate of Franciscan friars who had gone into the Arizona country in 1581 and been murdered.

1604—The governor of New Mexico, Juan de Oñate, who had at the end of 1598 nearly repeated Espejo's Arizona exploration, marched westward via the Zuni and Moqui, went along what is now the Atlantic and Pacific railroad route, and reached the Gulf.

1687—Father Eusebio Francisco Kino, the Jesuit, began his missionary work. Father Kino died in 1711 and missionary work ceased for over twenty years.

1732—Two missionaries were sent to Arizona; one took charge of San Javier del Bac and the other of San Miguel de Guevavi; the first Spanish settlement of Arizona then began.

1751—A revolt of the Pima tribes resulted in the killing of the Spaniards and two missionaries. In 1752 the two missions, which had been abandoned and plundered, were refounded. The Jesuit missionary period ended in 1767, and the Spanish Government confiscated mission property.

1768—In June the Franciscan missionaries began work. They found that the missions already in Arizona had been again plundered by the Apaches.

1776—The presidio of Tubac, established in 1752, was transferred to Tucson, a little pueblo farther north, and Tucson then first became a Spanish settlement.

1828—The missions were suppressed by the Mexican Government. Apaches destroyed most of the churches and mining plants afterward.

1847—During the Mexican war General Kearney's march through the Gila valley first brought this country to the attention of the people of the United States.

1848—Arizona north of the Gila was ceded to the United States by Mexico.

1851—In February the Apache massacre of the Oatman family of California emigrants occurred. In March Fort Yuma was established.

1852—The steamboat Uncle Sam ascended the magnificent Colorado river from the Gulf to Yuma.

1854—By the Gadsden purchase the United States obtained 45,000 square miles south of the Gila from Mexico for $10,000,000.

1861—Arizona joined the Confederacy, and at the outbreak of the Civil War the United States garrisons evacuated and destroyed Forts Buchanan and Breckinridge, retreating to New Mexico; the Confederates captured Tucson and threatened Fort Yuma. On account of Texas and Mexican bandits and Apaches many of the inhabitants quit the country and the territory was laid waste.

1862—In May Colonel Carleton, with 1800 Californians, marched from Los Angeles to Yuma, and after skirmishes with the Texan forces occupied Arizona permanently for the Union. No settlers were then left north of the Gila.

1863—Arizona was set apart from New Mexico and made a Territory.

1864—The seat of government, which was temporarily at Fort Whipple, was fixed at the new town of Prescott in May. It was named Prescott in honor of the historian. In 1867 Tucson was made the capital by a majority of one vote in the Legislature; in 1877 Prescott again became the capital.

1869—Major J. W. Powell and nine men descended through the Grand canyon of the Colorado by boat, enduring great hardships and peril for weeks; three members of the party were so overcome by their sufferings that they abandoned the expedition and scaled the high, beetling canyon walls; they were killed by the Indians on the plateau.

1870—The Bradshaw mines, south of Prescott, were discovered and many men went there.

1872—Steamboats ran from San Francisco to the head of the Gulf of California, sending the cargoes up the river to Yuma on smaller boats; this transportation system continued until 1877, when the Southern Pacific railroad was built.

1874—The rich silver deposits in the Globe district drew thousands of men thither in 1874 and 1875.

1878—The rich silver mines at Tombstone were discovered in 1878 by Ed Schieffelin, who, when departing for a prospecting tour in the mountains, was told by a friend that instead of a mine he would find a tombstone, and who consequently gave to the mines the name that was afterward conferred on the city which rose by them.

In 1879 the Indians, who had massacred over 1000 whites in Arizona since 1864, were concentrated on a reservation; in 1879 it was thought that the era of savagery and desolation came to an end when the first railway train crossed the Colorado river on the Southern Pacific line. In 1882 the Indians, under Geronimo, left their reservation and murdered many persons in the Gila valley; they went to the Sierra Madre mountains and General Crook attacked and captured them there. In 1885 Geronimo and Natches left the reservation with their Chiricahua warriors and killed many people before they were captured by General Miles in August, 1886. The Chiricahuas were then removed from Arizona.

1883—In February the Mormons, who began their colonies in Arizona in 1876, organized their establishment into the Stake of St. Joseph. Early in 1883 the Atlantic and Pacific railway was completed across Northern Arizona. In this year it was authoritatively stated that "no Territory of the Union has a better school system than Arizona."

1885—The Legislature established the University of Arizona at Tucson and passed a law prohibiting polygamists from voting or holding office in the Territory. This law, which was intended to disfranchise Mormons, was repealed some years later. Five Mormons were convicted of polygamy in Arizona in 1884.

1887—The great Arizona irrigating canal, which had been begun in 1883, was completed at a cost of $700,000; afterward other large canals were constructed.

1889—The Legislature passed a Sunday law, and on account of numerous train robberies made train robbing an offense punishable by death.

1890—On February 4 the capital was changed from Prescott to Phoenix, which had been surveyed in 1870 but which did not advance until after General Crook's removal of the Apaches in 1876 and 1877 on account of the terror they inspired.

1891—On December 1 the State Constitution was adopted by a vote of 5440 to 2282, but Arizona did not secure admission as a State. In October the Territorial University at Tucson was opened. It teaches agriculture and mineralogy as well as literature, sciences and arts.

1892—In June silver deposits in the Cerbat mountains drew 2000 people there, and the town of White Hills was created.

1893—The Legislature authorized Boards of Supervisors to pay bounties for the destruction of lynxes, wild cats, lobos, timber wolves, bears, panthers and mountain lions. It established a Territorial library. The cattle industry had become profitable.

1894—Reports showed that in 1893 and 1894 schoolhouses costing $100,000 had been erected in the Territory.

1895—Of 319,000 acres under cultivation in 1895 all but 15,000 were irrigated; the farming area was increased 45,000 acres in this year. The Santa Fe, Prescott and Phoenix Railroad was extended to Phoenix on February 28. The Legislature enacted a law for the purity of elections, another to punish the "salting" of mines, and one making the qualification to hold public office the ability to read and write the English language.

1896—New gold finds and enlarged mining operations were reported. On August 12, Yaqui and [illegible] Indians and Santa Teresa fanatics attacked the Custom-house at Nogales, and in the fight several on each side were killed and wounded. United States cavalry captured the Yaquis. [illegible] later in the year.

1897—The year's gold yield brought $4,[illegible]. A heavy fall of hail and snow in January threw the [illegible] and damaged railroads.

1898—Governor M. H. Murphy's report to the Secretary of the Interior stated that the population of the Territory was about 100,000; the Apaches have become peaceful, and social and moral conditions in Arizona are good; he recommended that Arizona be admitted as a state, and that the military post of Fort Whipple be re-established; he said that the Arizona volunteers were the first to respond to the call for troops in the war with Spain; artesian wells are needed.

UTAH.

1540—Captain Garcia Lopez de Cardenas and his Spanish soldiers reached the country of the Utahs.

1776—Two Franciscan friars, Escalante and Dominguez, traversed the country, journeying for a route from Santa Fe, N. M., to Monterey, Cal. They turned back to Santa Fe after reaching Utah and Sevier lakes.

1825—James Bridger, a trapper, discovered Great Salt Lake. General Ashley led 120 men from St. Louis and built Fort Ashley.

1847—In the spring Brigham Young and 143 picked men marched westward to find a new home for the 12,000 Mormons, who had been expelled from Nauvoo; after traveling three months they reached the site of Salt Lake City and dedicated it to the Lord; on July 4 the first Mormon caravan of 566 wagons with 1553 persons started thither from Council Bluffs.

1849—The Mormons, in March, 1849, organized a provisional government of the State of Deseret. Deseret is a word in the Book of Mormon meaning "the honey bee." Utah is an Indian word expressive of the high elevation of the country. The seal of Utah adopted in 1850 shows a beehive and bees.

1850—September 9, Utah was made a Territory; it was part of the vast region ceded by Mexico in 1848; the new Territory included Nevada and part of Colorado and Wyoming. The University of Deseret was founded in 1850, but it had only a nominal existence until 1869, when its work was started in earnest. The Deseret News was first published in 1850.

1853—February 2, the block on which the great Mormon Temple at Salt Lake City was to be erected was dedicated, and on April 6 the four corner stones were laid with imposing ceremonies.

July 17, the Walker war, which lasted until winter, began. Walker was chief of the Utahs; twelve Mormons were killed and a number wounded, and the Mormons were put to an expense of $200,000.

1855—August 7, the United States Indian agent made a treaty with the Shoshones, who for a consideration of $3000 agreed not to molest the whites.

1857—Brigham Young insisted on running the government, and the Federal officials left Utah, fearing for their lives. In July an American army marched from Fort Leavenworth to subdue the rebellious Mormons. It lay near Fort Bridger during the winter and suffered severe privations; the Mormons burned its trains, stampeded its cattle and harassed the troops. When, in June, 1858, the army entered the valley, Salt Lake City and the northern settlements were found deserted, over 30,000 Mormons having fled through the snow to Southern Utah, intending to go to Sonora, but they were induced to return.

September 11, the massacre of a party of 120 Arkansas emigrants by Mormons and Indians took place at Mountain Meadows.

1862—In January St. George, the chief city of Southern Utah, was founded by order of Brigham Young; the Mormon temple of red sandstone there was begun in 1872 and completed in 1881.

1863—January 29, the battle of Bear river between Shoshones and United States troops was fought; the Indian band was almost annihilated; 14 soldiers were killed and 49 wounded; the Indians for many years had slaughtered and plundered emigrants and settlers.

1865—In April an Indian war began in Sanpete county, the Utahs being led by Blackhawk; it lasted over two years and cost $1,100,000 as well as many lives before the Indians were put down.

1870—The Utah Central Railroad was built; work on it was started as soon as the Transcontinental Pacific road was finished. Work on the Utah Southern Railway was begun in 1871.

1872—The [illegible] silver mine was discovered.

1874—The Utah Northern Railroad was finished to Franklin, Idaho, from Brigham City; it was sold to the Union Pacific in 1877.

1877—August 29, Brigham Young, who had maintained the polygamous doctrine of the Mormon church, notwithstanding the efforts of the Federal authorities to do away with polygamy in Utah, died; John Taylor succeeded him as president of the church.

1882—The Edmunds law, which dealt with Mormonism, vacated all elective offices in Utah, disfranchised polygamists and annulled woman suffrage.

1887—The Edmunds-Tucker law confiscated all Mormon church property, except some church buildings and houses of the priests, and turned the proceeds into the school fund.

1890—September 25, Wilford Woodruff, president of the Mormon church, issued a proclamation in which he said that the church did not still countenance polygamy or authorize plural marriages, and advised the Mormons to obey the law against polygamy; at a general conference of the church on October 6 this action was approved. Political changes in the Territory followed this proclamation. Previously the Mormon vote had been cast solidly together in opposition to that of the Gentiles; now the Mormons divided.

1892—New gold finds at [illegible], carbonate mines at [illegible], a deposit of [illegible] on Utah lake and natural gas and oil north of Salt Lake City were found.

1893—April 6, the Mormon Temple at Salt Lake City, the building of which had occupied forty years, was dedicated; its cost was about $12,000,000. President Harrison's proclamation of amnesty to the polygamists who had not broken the law since November 1, 1890, was issued on January 4, 1893.

1894—President Cleveland granted amnesty to those who were suffering deprivation of civil rights in consequence of polygamous practices, excepting all who had not complied with the conditions of President Harrison's proclamation; this gave the pardoned Mormons an opportunity to register for the election. The Legislature appropriated $50,000 to pay the expenses connected with the Utah exhibit at the Chicago Fair.

1896—January 4, Utah was proclaimed a state. A legislative act to encourage silk culture, an Australian ballot law and an irrigation measure were passed. The children of polygamous marriages born before January 4, 1896, were legitimized. Congress ordered that the real property of the Mormon church which had been confiscated should be returned; it was valued at $400,000; the personal property, valued at $400,000, had been previously returned. Three women were elected to the Legislature, the new State Constitution giving them equal political rights with men.

1897—The Legislature passed an act "providing that no spectator at any indoor place of amusement shall wear any headgear tending to obstruct the view of any other person" on pain of a fine.

MONTANA.

1808—A Missouri Company party, led by Major Henry, was driven out by Blackfoot Indians, losing 30 men; in [illegible] Henry advanced to Snake river and named Henry lake.

1810—[illegible], a French trader, traveled from the mouth of the Yellowstone to the mouth of the Platte, and agents of the St. Louis and American fur companies soon followed him.

1823—W. H. Ashley's party was attacked by Indians below the mouth of the Yellowstone and lost 26 men; the Missouri Company lost $15,000 worth of goods and seven men in Indian attacks on the Yellowstone.

1829—Fort Union, the first fort on the Missouri in Montana, was established by Kenneth McKenzie of the American Fur Company; other posts were established in subsequent years. The Indians continued troublesome; of Wyeth's party of 200, which went into the mountains in 1832, only 40 were left alive at the end of three years.

1840—Father P. J. de Smet of the Society of Jesus began his missionary work.

1856—The Blackfoot Indian agency was established on Sun river.

1859—A steamer ascended to Fort Benton and [illegible] to test the practicability of navigating the Missouri.

1860—A Government military road across Montana was begun; finished in September, 1862, it was of great advantage to the whites in the country.

1862—August 1, placers were discovered on Grasshopper creek, where Bannack City was built; rich placers were also found at Bighole river and mines were discovered on North Boulder creek.

1863—June 6, Virginia City was started; from the Alder creek gulches in the vicinity miners took $30,000,000 in the first three years; other rich mining localities were found at this time.

1864—May 26, Montana was made a Territory out of part of Idaho and part of Dakota; Virginia City was chosen as the seat of government. A resolution in support of the Republican National Administration was adopted by the Territorial Council. A common school system was adopted. The Montana Post, the first newspaper in the Territory, was issued at Virginia City August 27, 1864.

1866—July 15, the erection of Fort Phil Kearney was begun by General [illegible] direction. Fort C. F. Smith was constructed soon after. The United States troops had battles with the Sioux in 1864 and 1865; operations against the hostile Indians were continued in 1867.

1867—Democrats had secured control of the government, and as the laws were not changed in conformity with Congressional legislation so as to permit negroes to vote, the repeal of the organic act of Montana was threatened, whereupon the necessary amendments were made.

1870—January 23, Federal troops slaughtered and captured Blackfoot Indians, and the tribe was driven into British Columbia.

1872—March 1, Congress set apart a tract in Montana and Wyoming, 3578 miles, for the Yellowstone National Park; the first pleasure excursion in 1873 to this wonderful reservation was protected from the Indians by a strong military escort, detailed by General Sheridan.

1873—W. Campbell of Gallatin introduced [illegible] into Montana, which is a great grazing as well as mining region.

1875—The capital was permanently located at Helena; it had been transferred there by the Legislature of [illegible], but this action was nullified. The first large sale of cattle to Eastern shipment was made in 1874.

1876—April 21, a state railroad convention, held at Helena, invited propositions from railroad companies; in consequence the Northern Pacific sent a committee to the Legislature in January, 1876, and a proposal to give the Northern Pacific the loan of the Territory's credit for $3,000,000 was submitted to the people; a majority of [illegible] voted against it in April, 1876.

1876—General George A. Custer and all his men were killed by Sioux, led by Sitting Bull, on June 25. From 1876 to 1879 wars with the Sioux and other Indians were carried on. Fort Keogh was established by General Miles in 1877; other forts were erected later for protection against Indians, and Montana then felt a sense of security.

1879—Sidney Dillon proposed to extend the Utah Northern line 130 miles into Montana in 1880 if the railroad were exempted from taxes for fifteen years; the Legislature refused to grant the exemption; nevertheless the Utah Northern was extended to compete with the Northern Pacific, and in [illegible] it reached Helena.

1889—November 8, Montana became a state. The State Constitution adopted in this year provides that women can hold school offices and vote at school elections, and also that women who are taxpayers and possessed of the other qualifications for suffrage can vote on all questions submitted to the taxpayers of the State. Trusts were prohibited. The first State Legislature, which met November 23, did not pass a single act during its session of 90 days on account of a dispute regarding the election of members from Silver Bow county.

1892—An appropriation of $75,000 for a state exhibit at the Chicago Fair was made.

1894—The yield of metals for 1894 was: Gold, [illegible]; silver, [illegible]; copper, [illegible]; lead, [illegible].

1895—The construction of a capitol at Helena, to cost $1,000,000, was authorized, that city being chosen as the permanent capital.

1896—At the Fort Shaw Indian School there were over 100 young pupils of the Piegan, Cheyenne, Assiniboine, Crow and Arapahoe tribes, all of them being trained in trades. The Cree Indians were forced to go back to Canada, from which they had fled after a rebellion. The State Normal School at Dillon was completed. Many new discoveries of gold and silver deposits were reported. The Blackfoot Indians agreed to give up to the General Government about [illegible] acres of mineral lands for $1,500,000, and the Belknap Indians ceded 40,000 acres of mineral lands for $360,000. An irrigation convention was held at Helena in March, and a permanent bureau organized. The First National Bank of Helena failed on September 4, its liabilities being [illegible]. In November the thermometer was 38 degrees below zero.

1897—The Legislature provided for a State University at Missoula, to cost $100,000. Trouble was had with the Cheyenne Indians on account of the murder of a sheep herder. At Butte in May the "Committee of Public Safety" published a notice "to the murderers, highwaymen and toughs," giving them 24 hours

in which to make work; the next day a mass meeting was held and a committee of citizens appointed to force the lawless element from the community as well as to keep undesirable persons away.

IDAHO.

1840—Parrish, who began the Mission of the Sacred Heart on St. Joseph river in 1841, removed to the Coeur d'Alene Mission.

1824—A small colony of Mormons arrived on Salmon River and erected Fort Lemhi; the venture failed in 1828 for the Iowa Mormons.

1860—Settlements existing were: A few farms at French Canadian in the Coeur d'Alene country; the Mission at Coeur d'Alene and Fort Owen in the Bitterroot valley.

1860—Miners crossed the Clearwater region, discovering and working the placers of Orofino creek, North Fork and South Fork of the Clearwater, Salmon river and its tributaries, and the Boise basin. The latter mines were discovered in August, 1862. The mines in the Salmon river mines contained much bedrock, as the sands was deep, the cold winters and privations severe. In 1862 on account of murders and robberies a vigilance committee was organized by Salmon river miners at Florence and desperadoes were driven away.

1863—Territory of Idaho was created on March 3 out of the eastern part of Washington with parts of Dakota and Nebraska. An historical sketch of it: "Taken all together it is a most grand, romantic and picturesque section of the domain included within the Federal Union." Indian depredations led to the killing of Indians by volunteers. Valuable mines were discovered. Idaho City was then known as Bannock; the name was changed in 1864. Its population in 1865, Placerville, Idaho Centerville, 1,500; Pioneer City, 2,000. "Mining clubs were formed to alleviate the monotony of winter in the mountain towns; each club had its own by-laws and how they raised the large sums of money down the snow-covered hills one swift cutter carried 20 persons; the exercise was dangerous and exciting." First church was erected at Idaho City by Catholics in 1863.

1864—Rich ledges discovered and quartz mills started. The Legislature passed a fifty-two-section code, established theatrical representations, horse racing, gambling, cock fighting or any other amusement on Sunday. Representatives were in session at Lewiston when news came of the secession states being taken. At Lewiston a vigilance committee was formed; murderous robbers were hanged and 200 gamblers and roughs driven away. The Payette vigilance committee drove numerous thieves from the Boise basin. Communities were found necessary in many places, and in the early settlements were formed by vigilantes in Idaho and Montana, which was the Eastern Idaho. While milder entertainments and more law-loving customs prevailed in the Mormon settlements in their course, a school law was enacted in 1864, providing a revenue for public schools. One of the phenomenal winters began of the 19 years was the sudden rising of Salmon river one night and the next before several feet, and after it fell the river again higher than before. In October the capital was transferred to Boise City from Lewiston. Later it was incorporated, Boise City was created July 1, 1865.

1865—Farewell says: "Late in the autumn of 1865 Governor Lyon arrived from Washington and began suppressing Governor Wallace and impressed himself in organizing a diamond insanity which caused quite a better man, while he held the signature to his appointment as Governor. Several acts and rules-minded Legislatures that ever darkened the legislative office, except the one that followed it, the single session of 1866-67, has not sign between the lines during the last century. The appointments were equally without regard to the welfare of society and the Territory.

May 15: Idaho City was burned by a serious street, which had grown hungry during the severe winter and were checked by the officers while by the to seize stores.

1866—Indian troubles at the headwaters of the Boise was in eruption. The impossibility of Idaho leaded to the retard development, and many stages and freight routes were put on the road during the year.

1878—Declaration of secession of three of the richest mining counties in the Coeur d'Alene region and the organization of Shoshone county in the Panhandle, as the result of long-standing local enmities and jealousies between the northern and southern sections.

1877—Fight of the Salmon river massacre of Indians occurred, war with the Nez Perces then began and lasted until October 5; the surviving Nez Perces were sent to Indian Territory. The outbreak of the Bannocks lasted from June 8 to August 30; these Indians became a menace to life and property.

1881—A great earthquake and eruption of lava in mountainous east of Rich.

Forest reserve established.

1885—The Legislature established a public school system. The statements to the effect that the mineral resources of the Coeur d'Alene mines in northern Idaho were only developed to a small extent and the richest ores found to be mainly in the upper levels.

1885—The Oregon Short Line was completed through the Territory, and immigration began to the Territory, both mining and farming settled.

1887—The capital at Boise City, for which the Legislature had appropriated $10,000 for the purpose, was completed.

1890—A movement set on foot for the admission of the Territory into the Union. Delegates were elected to the Constitutional convention, which met in Boise City, July 4, 1889. The population at that time was 88,548. The Constitution was adopted by the people of the Territory, and Governor Shoup was elected Governor. The Legislature of Idaho was established by the Legislature, $75,000 being appropriated.

1890—Idaho was proclaimed a state. Legislature in the winter destroyed liquor and prize fights.

1891—An Australian ballot law was established. Legislature appropriated $50,000 for the state exhibit at the Columbian Fair.

1892—Agreement of the Utes and Union miners at the Coeur d'Alene district were that the Utes should not work the mines, as the Miners' Union would not accept the services of Indians for lower wages. Forty-five Utes presented themselves for work in the Union mines and were refused. Nearly all the mining mines were forcibly ejected by young miners, and two Utes were killed by the miners, and two miners killed in return. Troops were sent to the district to keep the peace. The miners were interviewed by the United States Commissioners, who went to the mines; and the miners were imprisoned in the Coeur d'Alene jail. The Northern Pacific Railroad superintendent complained that the Union miners had driven away the men who were employed by the railroad company, which brought them into conflict with the Union miners. The Governor issued a proclamation that riotous conditions existed between Union miners and non-Union men, and the militia were ordered to the district and were barracked and guarded the prisoners. The prisoners in the bastile at Wardner and Wallace. July 12 the troubles captured 182 miners—men, took what they had and fired on them with the 12 and wounding three. July 13, the Governor declared Shoshone county in a state of insurrection and called out the military; order was then restored.

1895—The Legislature appropriated $20,000 more for the World's Fair exhibit, established the state normal schools, authorized the issuance of bonds to the amount of $125,000 for a system of warm roads; prohibited employers from preventing their employes from joining labor organizations and refused the franchise to most of the Iowa Mormon voters by amending the test oath, the Mormon church having stated that its adherents did not contribute to practice polygamy. The test oath was done away with in 1896.

1895—The Supreme Court upheld the law that water appropriators shall furnish water for the fire purposes and other important public necessities. The Legislature repealed the law passed unanimously at the previous session which provided that all expenditures might be paid wholly in silver or gold, it having been found that this law was detrimental to the business interests of the state. Reserve for the Priest Lake of lands was enacted.

1896—Four parks in Idaho were found to be from 14 to 26 feet lower than in 1866 and the mountains were said to be shrinking.

1897—A constitutional amendment giving women the right to vote was adopted. The yield of the mines was: Silver, $4,474,765; lead, $3,903,360; gold, $2,223,700.

COLORADO.

1806—Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike of the United States Army, after whom Pike's Peak was named, entered Colorado at the head of a military exploring party; he was captured by Spanish troops and taken to Chihuahua, but afterward released.

1820—Major S. H. Long, after whom Long's Peak was named, explored Colorado.

1840—Mexico granted a great area of land in the Las Animas region to Colonel Vigil and Colonel St. Vrain.

1844—John C. Fremont explored North Middle and South parks.

1845—Colorado was ceded to the United States by Mexico and became part of the Territory of Utah.

1854—Lafayette Head with 20 New Mexicans, formed the settlement of Conejos, where a Jesuit mission was soon established; the Apaches and Utes peopled the region and in 1855, in 1864 Major Head built the first four mill in the southern part of Colorado.

1858—Denver was founded, as were Auraria, Golden, Fountain City and other settlements.

1859—In May John H. Gregory discovered gold at Black Hawk, and the rush to the Colorado mines from the East began. In 1858 W. Green Russell and his party of Georgians had washed gold from the sands of South Platte river.

Leadville from 1859 to 1864 yielded $1,000,000 in gold; it was then known as Oro Fenosia Gulch.

In the spring of 1859 the Pike's Peak Express Company established a stage line between the Missouri river and the lower mountains; the distance, 700 miles, was covered in six days and eights.

1860—A pony express was established in the spring of 1860.

1861—Colorado raised troops for the Union and to check Sibley's Confederate invasion sent volunteers into New Mexico, where the Confederates were defeated at La Glorieta Pass.

February 28: Colorado was made a Territory, nearly 70,000,000 acres being taken from Utah, New Mexico, Kansas and Nebraska to form it.

1864—Indians attacked and massacred settlers, burned houses and drove off stock. United States troops nearly wiped out a band of hostile Cheyennes.

1865—Failure to adopt a State Constitution, the constitutions submitted in 1858 and 1859 having been rejected, and Congress passed a bill to admit Colorado a state, but it was vetoed by President Johnson.

The Cheyennes, Arapahoes and other Indians continued on the warpath in 1865 and renewed their hostilities particularly in 1867 and 1868.

1868—Mining camps were started at Ilaca Flaws; they were removed to Leadville in 1879. On the melting snow of 1868 another rush to the mines set and another temporary city sprang up, which was the largest of the kind in the world.

1870—The Kansas Pacific Railroad was built to Kansas City. Hydraulic mining was begun. The Woodbridge farm was established in Weld county.

1871—The Denver and Rio Grande Railway was built southward 75 miles and the town of Colorado Springs established as a terminus.

1872—The Colorado Cattle-Growers' Association was organized; Colorado is a grazing region.

1876—Leadville, which had been almost deserted, lots of silver carbonates were unearthed, and it became the foremost carbonate mining camp in the world.

August 1, Colorado became a state; a common school system was established; Denver remained the capital.

1877—The University of Colorado was opened in Boulder in September; there is a School of Mines at Golden.

1880—The Tabor Opera-house in Denver, the most elegant theater in Colorado, was opened in September. The Academy of Music in Denver was completed in 1882.

The first settlers in the valley of the Grand are Charles Crawford and Robert Hall, who arrived there in 1880, with the first 40 acres of their farms. This region has been found to contain great deposits of coal, iron, copper and gold, as well as the precious metals of gold and silver. In 1880 there was a notable stampede.

1881—The Legislature provided for the erection of a capitol at Denver, $1,000,000 being appropriated. Colorado has the many extensive quarries that supplied material used in the construction of the capitol was completed in 1890, however the cost $2,250,000.

1882—Gold was found in the Holy Moses mines and the town of Creede, which grew rapidly, came into existence there after the discoveries of Wheeler, Gold was found at Cripple Creek, and rapid growth followed.

1890—The capitol of Pikes Peak 14,147 feet high, was reached by a mountain railway, the views from which are grand and panoramic of wonderful extent and beauty.

1891—The Golden Fleece mine was discovered at Park City, and proved to be a great mine. Lake City, also prominent as one of the greatest carbonate mines in the state. The Hotel Metropole, one of the six buildings of Denver, was opened. An Australian ballot law was enacted.

1893—A woman suffrage amendment to the Constitution was adopted in November by about 3000 majority. The commission of three was chosen to fix equitable rates between the different railroads and between the different railroads and the mines. The commissioners reported that the railroads were charging reasonable rates.

1894—The miners at Cripple Creek, Leadville and Aspen, who were getting $3 a day for eight hours, struck, their wages were reduced to $2.50 per day. The miners were united in 1893 a challenge at Victor was issued, the wages were reduced to $2.50 per day, and the mines were worked by non-union men. The miners were driven out, and until June 11, when an agreement was reached to arbitrate. The result of this trouble was the formation of the Western Federation of Miners, of which General Haywood was the leader. The strike was settled on June 29 at Colorado Springs.

In March the Governor appointed two men as Labor Commissioners, one for Denver, the monuments marshaled the miners and other armed men, in all several days, to avoid bloodshed and had thousands enrolled in the militia. Governor Waite refused to call out the militia, and settlement reigned finally the matter was taken into court and the Governor was forced by the latter to arrest Populists.

1896—June 10, 400 miners at Leadville, who had been working for $2.50 per day, struck for $3, the mine owners refused and ultimately 3000 miners were enrolled in the strike. September 21, in a raid on the strikers' camp Sheriff Sandford and a number of miners were killed and others wounded, and the works of the Coronado mine, which was shrouded as in fact taken in possession and the mine closed down. On September 23, martial law was proclaimed, skirmishes between the strikers and the militia occurred, the strike was ordered off on March 6, 1897, the loss being $1,000,000.

February 18 the greatest mine accidents in Colorado occurred in the Vulcan coal mine near Newcastle; an explosion killed 50 persons and entombed a million dollars.

August 12, a wind and rose storm destroyed buildings and other property in the state, the damages being most severe at Colorado Springs.

August 26, Cripple Creek had a $10,000,000 fire.

July 24, a stockboard in Pine creek canyon, Saguache county, were summoned by Governor Waite.

1896—September 1, two factions in the Silver Republican State Convention had a fight for possession of the temporary chairmanship, the convention was to meet, and one man was killed, three others being wounded.

WYOMING.

1743-44—Canadian explorers under Sieur de la Verendrye ascended the slopes of the Big Horn.

1804—Illinois trappers were in the Park region, the heroic hunters of the Missouri Fur Company came later.

1824—General William H. Ashley and 400 men thereafter explored Sweetwater country and the South pass, made explorations and erected a fortified trading post on Green river.

1829—Captain Bonneville also led a company of 120 trappers into Wyoming, and built a fort at the junction of Lead creek with Green river, the ruins of which are to be remembered.

1834—Fort Laramie was built by Bubleau; it was rebuilt in 1838 by the American Fur Company, which sold it to the government for the Pacific Coast in 1849. The first settlements in Wyoming.

1842—James Bridger, the trapper, erected the log tabernacle of Fort Bridger in many. Converts of the Mormons assembled there in 1850.

1854—Sir George Gore of Ross, Ireland, set out with 40 retainers, 112 horses, 21 wagons, 21 carts and 12 pairs of cattle to hunt in the vast solitudes of America; he passed the first winter at Fort Laramie, getting game in the vicinity; he spent two years in Wyoming and Kansas.

1862—In January the Sioux, who had been murderous for years, attacked Fort Reshaw, which was destroyed in the August; 1864 and many soldiers were killed in resisting them. Fighting with the Indians during the following years. The Sioux, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Crows, Blackfeet, Colonel Fetterman went out against the Indians and his entire command, 111 men in all, were annihilated.

1867—The first miners on the Sweetwater were discovered. Indian depredations continued.

In June the first spread of the Union Pacific railroad created a rude town at the terminus of the road, and the first, as the company's office, was erected. Into which the railroad company for $100, were sold a month later for $1000, and the other contained the terminus for a few months at the rate of $1000 per month.

September 19, the Cheyenne Leader was published; by December the town had three newspapers.

1868—Laramie City was laid off by the railroad company in April and the sixty-first car of Cheyenne was reached June 8. On July 25, Wyoming was created Territory of Dakota, Utah and Idaho being included in it, number in all (2,642,120 acres). Cheyenne was the capital.

1872—The Yellowstone National Park, according to natural wonders, was reserved by the Federal Government; most of this locality of 3,575 square miles in Wyoming.

1877—General Crook finally checked the Sioux, Crows Arapahoes, Utes and Shoshones into subjection, and they were removed to reservations.

1887—The University of Wyoming was opened at Laramie.

1890—July 10, Wyoming became a state. As a territory it granted suffrage in 1869, was first government to give it, in 1870 it had the right to freely participate and this right was given permanent and this right was given permanent form under the State Constitution. Cheyenne remained the capital.

1891—Wyoming appropriated $40,000 for the state exhibit at the World's Fair was made. The Shoshone and Arapahoe Indians ceded 1,100,000 acres to the Government for $600,000.

1892—The Legislature adopted resolutions commending woman suffrage to every state and territory, and saying "we point with pride to the fact that after nearly twenty-five years of woman suffrage not one county in Wyoming has had a pauperism, that our jails are almost empty and crime is rarely committed by strangers in the state, is simply unknown."

1896—The Indians having become civilized, were raising crops and wresting their wills and fortunes. The discovery of coal of enormous extent at Newcastle, 20 miles long, was reported.

1897—The capacity of the Wyoming coal mines under the supervision of the State Mine Inspector was found to be 8,765,440 tons per year; the actual output in 1897 was 2,980,145 tons.

NEW MEXICO.

1540—Alonzo de Vaca, who went with an

ill-fated Spanish expedition to Florida, crossed Texas and New Mexico to reach Mexico. The name New Mexico was given by Espejo, one of the early Spanish explorers.

1540—Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, at the head of thousands, took many horses from the natives.

1598—Don Juan de Onate, who marched from Mexico with 400 Spanish soldiers and 130 families, established the Spanish capital at San Juan de Los Caballeros, near the junction of Rio Grande and Rio Chama. An establishment of the friars there was named San Gabriel. On September 8, 1598 a church was dedicated.

1609—Santa Fe, the present capital, was founded, the full name being La Ciudad Real de la Santa Fe de San Francisco.

1821—The Franciscan missions, which then had over 50,000 converts, were turned into a "republic de la conversion de San Pablo," and Padre Alonso Benavides, the first to be put at their head, arrived with 32 friars.

1629—Many of the missionaries had been killed and there were only 10 friars and three farmers left in New Mexico, but all churches and most lands and the Indians regained.

1630—In response to the appointment of a bishop for New Mexico, Padre Benavides stated that there were in the province 90 friars, 90 large churches, flourishing missions and 90 pueblos, arranged in 25 missions.

1680—The natives, with Pope as chief, drove the Spaniards from the country, many settlers and priests being massacred, and for 12 years kept them away. In 1692 the Spaniards with Diego de Vargas at their head again. Driven de Vargas at their head again. Again took possession. The Pueblos, which had been filled up all the shafts of the mines which the Spaniards had worked, destroyed all crosses and church implements and stained them, and the fields with water and sprinkled. The Palacio del Gobernador, the Government house at Santa Fe, was constructed of adobe in 1696. In one of its apartments Lew Wallace completed his novel, "Ben Hur," while acting as Governor of New Mexico from 1878 to 1881.

1706—Governor Cubero gave out that he had founded the new villa of Albuquerque (existed now Albuquerque), naming it in honor of the viceroy.

1680—During the last generation in the previous century misgovernment had been shown; some officials advised extermination of the native Indians, the friars assured the viceroy that the Apaches could be reconciled and free to return lands charges against the natives.

The mines near Santa Fe were worked during the Spanish occupation, and the Governor and authorities joined, and the Governor which belongs to the Spanish royal family, came from New Mexico.

1821—Mexico became independent and Spanish rule in New Mexico ended.

1824—The use of mule and ox wagons for carrying freight was begun; but in these new animals were the only means of transportation; goods worth $2,000 to 600 were carried in a single caravan from the East and strong escorts of dragoons were necessary on account of Indian attacks.

1835—The Spanish paper, the Dawn was published at Taos; it was the only newspaper in New Mexico before the American conquest.

1837—A revolution, caused by a change in 1835 in the Mexican method of governing the territory, resulted in the murder and death of Governor Perez and most of the Mexican officials. General Manuel Armijo crushed the rebellion and was governor until 1847.

1840—Las Vegas hot springs began to be used as a health resort; there are now many springs in New Mexico.

1847—There had been 76 Spanish and Mexican Governors before the Americans took charge of the region. In 1847 General Kearney took New Mexico for the United States; in 1848 Mexico ceded the region west of the Rio Grande river; the part east of the Rio Grande was ceded to Texas in 1850.

1850—New Mexico was made a territory by Congress; it then included part of Arizona, Nevada and Colorado. New Mexico at present includes three times as large as all New England and equals New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio combined.

1851—The first territorial Legislature made Santa Fe the capital.

1861—The New Mexicans took up arms for the Government which had conquered them in the Mexican War. Kit Carson, Ute and other frontiersmen with Mexicans, Pueblos and Navajos helped to organize the Spanish Volunteers; none of the regulars who surrendered proved false to the Union; the United proved false to the Union; the territorial government was for the Union and expunged the law protecting slavery.

1862—General Sibley's Texans defeated the Federal soldiers at Valverde; of the latter 200 were killed, and a monument to them has been erected on the road to them as Santa Fe. The Colorado and New Mexican troops afterward defeated Sibley, and a strong force from California held New Mexico for the Union.

1884—The Legislature authorized the erection of a capitol, to cost $50,000.

1885—The Indians numbered 100 persons and destroyed much property.

1890—General drought inflicted serious damage on the cattle industry. Gold and Mines operations put an end to Indian depredations.

1888—Space lines, Folsom, Clayton and Texline were established through the construction of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad to other territory. Iron Works Railroad to other territory. Iron ore was discovered in large quantities in the Guadalupe and Sacramento mountains. Over half a million tons of coal were mined in New Mexico in that year.

1889—November 4, the new Constitution submitted to the people was rejected by 16,180 to 7043 votes.

1891—The Legislature established a common school system. The great ranch of 4 company with a capital of $1,000,000 was organized to stock the western part of the Pecos river with 200,000 acres of land were acquired.

1892—The Legislature passed irrigation laws; an irrigation congress met in Las Vegas and adopted resolutions. November 21 a disastrous conflagration in the unlawful diversion of the Rio Grande waters, which had caused a water famine in the Rio Grande valley south of Albuquerque.

1894—The Legislature provided for normal schools at Las Vegas and Silver City.

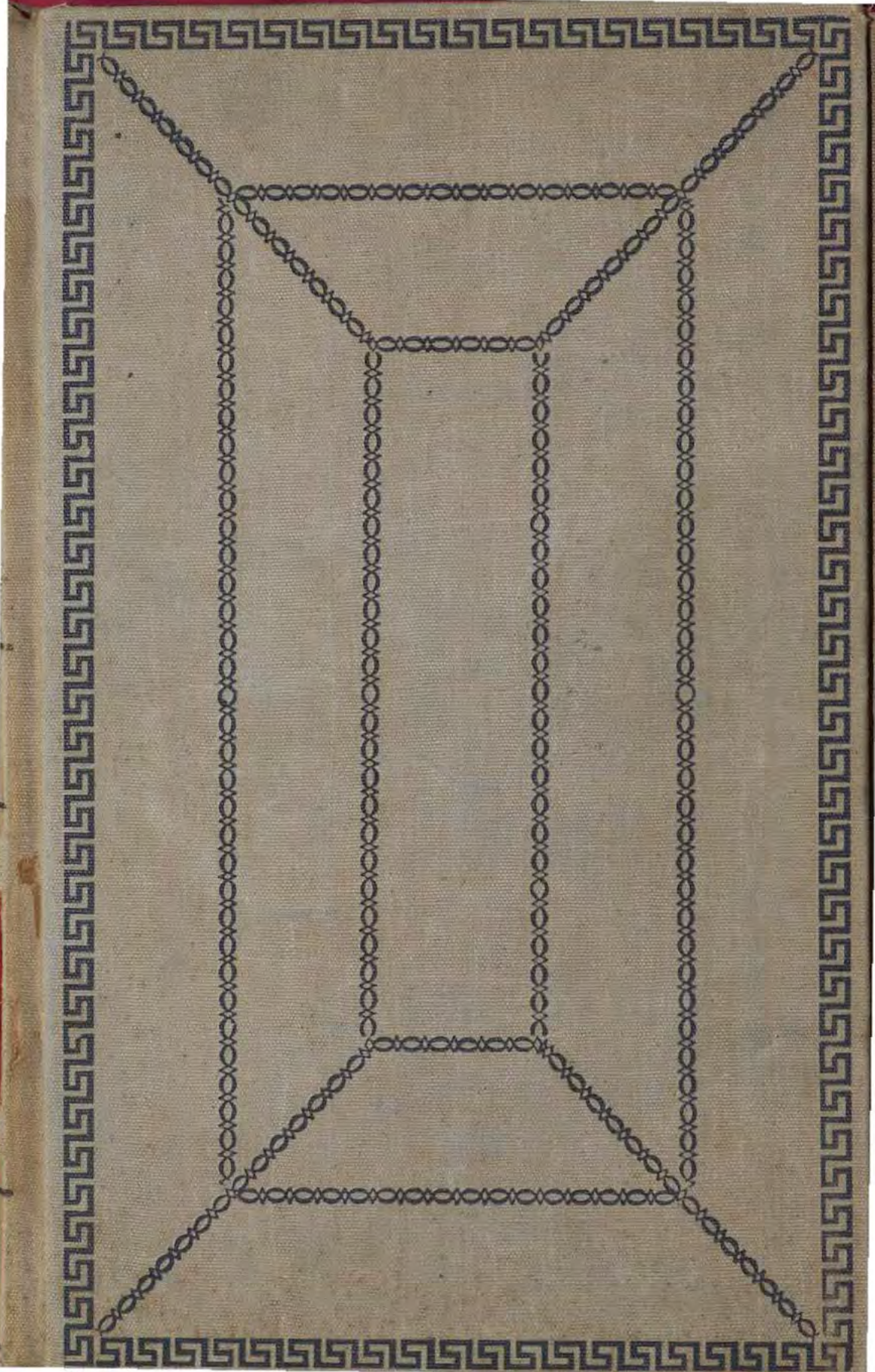
In this year about 250,000 acres of land were reclaimed by irrigation.

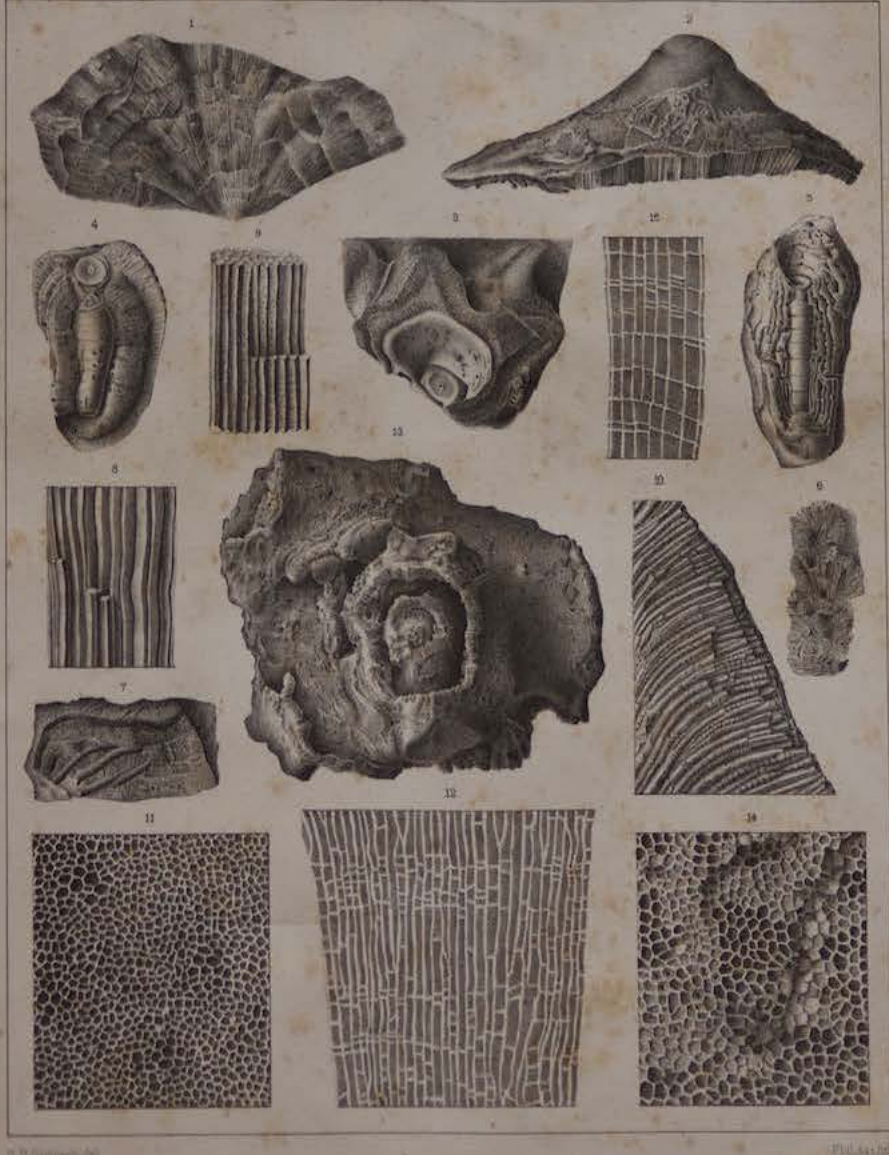
In January gold was discovered in the Cochiti district, west of Santa Fe, and in a few months 2500 locations were made.

1895—The School of Mines at Socorro was established. The Legislature provided $75,000 to restore the capitol at Santa Fe and $10,000 for the New Mexico Insane asylum. The capital, which had cost $250,000, was burned in 1892, and after its completion.

1896—Favorable action on New Mexico's petition for statehood was taken at Washington, but it did not become citizens in the year; hostile operated extensively.

1897—The Mescalero Apache Indian agent reported that the Indians had become peaceful, every male on the reservation had an allotment of land, in severalty, and had taken up agriculture. On June 1 all rations ac-

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