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OVERLAND MONTHLY

~~XXIII~~
VOL. XXXIII.—SECOND SERIES

JANUARY-JUNE, 1894



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THREE DOLLARS A YEAR

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Overland Monthly

JANUARY 1894



New Year's Number

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The Overland Monthly

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SECOND SERIES

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San Francisco, Cal.
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Overland Monthly Announcements for 1894.



FROM "THE LONGEST JETTY IN THE WORLD."



THE especial feature of the OVERLAND MONTHLY in 1894 will be its illustrated articles about the Pacific region:—that is, about California, Oregon, and Washington; the Rocky Mountain States and Ter-

ritories; British Columbia and Alaska; Mexico, and Central and South America; Hawaii, and the other Pacific islands; Japan, China, and Corea. These articles will range from thorough studies of va-

rious industries and social phases, to bright sketches of travel, exploration, and adventure, of character types and picturesque traits.



The abundant illustrations will be of such quality as may be judged from the examples (all taken from issues of the past year) in this prospectus. Like these, they will be made from washes, pen-drawings, photographs, and paintings; and they will be of greater variety in subject and manner than these few

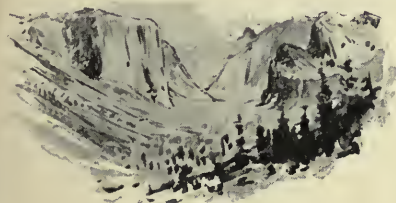




Photo by John Rea.

THE BEDCHAMBER, FROM "CAMPING IN MENDOCINO."

selections can possibly show. We can, perhaps, scarcely hope to show improvement over these next year in the beauty and delicacy of the blocks, and in artistic printing from them; for a comparison with the best work of the sort done elsewhere will show that we are doing all that is possible anywhere. Even in the past year, the great step has been, not that we are able to get better blocks, but that we can now get in San Francisco blocks scarcely distinguishable from the best Eastern work; three only of those in this prospectus were made in the East. But our artists are every year learning better the art of magazine illustration; and we ourselves shall be able to widen the range and interest of our subjects for illustration very considerably.

We add a few out of many comments upon our illustrations in the past year:

The April *OVERLAND* is a portfolio of lovely landscapes. The only regret—and it is a regret—connected with the illustrations of the "Forest Trees of the Sierra Nevada" is that they are printed on both sides of the pages, and in cutting them out for preservation, one or the other is lost to sight.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

Such pictures as those which accompany the article "Christmas and Christmas," have never been excelled for delicacy and finish, even in the periodicals of Paris.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

Illustrated with views, three or four of which are to be described only by the word wonderful. Mirror Lake, after a photograph, is a fascinating study. One of the washes with which Mr. Peixotto accompanies Mr. Caldwell's "California," is exquisite.—*Boston Pilot*.

We wish to lay emphasis on the fact that these illustrated articles, like all other articles in *THE OVERLAND*, will be free of advertising taint. This reiteration of our often announced policy is made because we have had repeatedly in the past year to refuse requests that

we publish—for a consideration—some attractive illustrated article, covertly written in some one's financial interest. No article will appear in THE OVERLAND

our careful selection of writers can make them.

If THE OVERLAND does not by this course receive as much profit from the



FROM "MIRROR LAKE."

that is not in good faith what it appears to be. Articles concerning the industries, resources, or charms, of any region will bear responsible signatures, and may be depended on to be as exact as

increased confidence of the public as it loses by rejecting advertising offers, it must accept the loss: that the Pacific communities receive a real benefit from our course in this respect we are certain.



ANOTHER trait that it will be a special care of the editors to preserve and increase during the year is that individual character, that vividness in stories and sketches, freshness in outdoor articles, independence in criticism, which have been uniformly recognized in THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

No type of comment is so frequently in our exchanges as the following :

Taking us into the atmosphere of virgin hills, and great forests, and clear waters. The stories have individuality, the editorials vigor, and the criticisms courage.—*Sacramento Record-Union*.

Redolent of the country in which it is published, and full of information as to its characteristics, history, and progress. English readers will do well to obtain it; they may spend many pleasant hours over its pages.—*Liverpool (England) Mercury*.

It is the most sprightly magazine we have seen, with not a dull line in it, and throughout original and highly attractive.—*New York Union*.

IN especial, Indian and Chinese studies will continue to be more frequent than in any other magazine.

THE high rank of THE OVERLAND MONTHLY in



Poems, Criticism, Sketches, and papers on Public Topics will be maintained; also its careful and independent Editorial Departments.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Illustrated Articles:—

Of the many illustrated articles that will be published in 1894, the following are now in preparation, and will appear in early numbers:—

Poems of the Northwest. By *Ella Higginson, Herbert Bashford,* and others.

This will be a group of poems of places in Oregon and Washington, accompanied with beautiful illustrations of each place; the plan will be similar to that of the poems of California in the issue of last September.

It is probable that similar groups of poems and pictures of other parts of Pacific region will be published from time to time.



Pacific Coast Oysters. By *J. G. Cooper.*

A careful scientific study by a Vice-President of the California Academy of Sciences.

A Voyage Northward. By *F. De Laguna.*

An account of an Alaskan trip.

The Hop-Growing Industry. By *Mabel H. Closson.*

American Military Artists. By *Alvin H. Sydenham.*

This will be illustrated by photographs of Remington and Zogbaum, the principal artists treated, and by examples of their work.

A Story of the Oregon Trail. By *J. B. Rhinehart.*

An Indian-fighting episode.

The Various State Capitals of California.

Outward and Visible Signs: Stories of San Francisco and elsewhere. By *Frank Norris.*

Illustrated by the author.



BOUGUEREAU'S "THE BROKEN PITCHER."

BOUGUEREAU'S "THE BROKEN PITCHER." FROM "FAMOUS PAINTINGS OWNED ON THE WEST COAST."



ESIDES these, the following will be more definitely announced later:—

One or more articles by *Ernest C. Peixotto*, concerning Pacific Coast Artists Studying in Paris, their surroundings, and their works. These will be illustrated by Mr. Peixotto himself, and by reproductions from others of our artists.

Several articles on Outdoor Sports in California, by *Phil. Weaver, Jr.*

Several outing and descriptive articles by *Charles S. Greene*.

Still other illustrated articles will be announced from time to time.

A Go-Between Bureau. By *Anna C. Murphy*.

A matter-of-fact love story.

Pard's Nugget. By *Annette Chamberlain*.

A study of the relics of old times in the mines of today.

Romance of a Dummy. By *Salome Seixas*.

A story of San Francisco.

A Saving Grace. By *James G. Whiteley*.

An analytical love story.

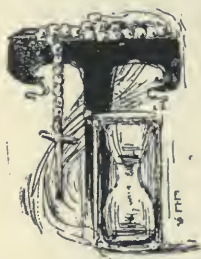
Sister Felicia. By *Ida H. Blochman*.

A story of Monterey.

Van Lennep's Cowardice. By *John E. McMahon*.

A story of Indian warfare.

Serials:—



THE OVERLAND MONTHLY will contain no long serial during 1894, but several short ones, occupying from three to five numbers, will be published. Of these,

we are prepared to announce:—

Bulullicoo. By *Chas. E. Brimblecom*.

A fantastic romance of prehistoric California.

After the Fire. By *Quien*.

A story of the Oregon forest.

Short Stories:—



AMONG the large number that will be published during the year, the following may be taken as examples:—

One Way to Get a Ranch. By *J. D. Mason*.

An illustrated story based on the real and very strange history of one of the early Californian adventurers.



FROM "AMONG THE DIGGERS OF TWENTY YEARS AGO."



VERESICHAGIN'S "THE WALL OF SOLOMON." FROM "FAMOUS PAINTINGS OWNED ON THE WEST COAST."



FROM "THE FOOTSTEPS OF PELE."

A Case of Heredity. By *Ella Beecher Gittings.*

A character study in the State of Washington.

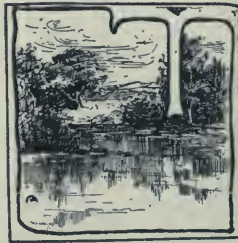
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IF there is one thing that above all others would conduce to the rapid development of California's vast resources, it is an influx of that class of population that goes to make what are called "small farmers." In possibilities which the future must unfold, California is second to no State in the Union, nor to any country on earth. To attract hither the man with moderate capital, who is ready and anxious to secure a home, and who wants to settle and build his house upon a small farm, and extract from the soil the harvests only cultivation is needed to call forth, is the real way to promote the State's prosperity. There is little genuine progress in a "boom." It is the excitement of speculation, and it is all too regularly succeeded by the excitement of depression in value and unloading.

The speculator who buys land to hold for a rise in value is a direct bar to development of the State, and is himself contributing to prevent the upward movement he awaits. For unless settlements are effected, and the productive capabilities of the soil utilized, land values must inevitably depreciate rather than increase, and stagnation prevail where would be activity and progress, if those who willed and had the means might settle and work and reap results. Large landholding has long been one of the crying evils of the day.

In view of these facts, the announcement that the directors of the Crocker Estate have decided to divide into forty-acre lots, and place upon the market, 42,000 acres of land near Merced, recently the property of the Crocker-Hoffman Land and Water Company, is of especial interest, and to be heard with delight, not only by those interested in the county particularly concerned, but by the entire State; for it is a move that will unquestionably result in a considerable influx of a most desirable class of people.

Intending purchasers of country lands look especially at four points—the quality of the land, its juxtaposition to means of transportation, the climate, and, if needed by the soil, the possibilities with regard to irrigation.

The vast piece of country about to be opened is the finest quality of land. The market is reached by railroad with ease. As far as climate is concerned, it is only necessary to say that the land is in California. And the easiness with which the soil is watered, the plenitude of the water rights attached to each farm, and the absolute certainty that the supply of water is as permanent as it is inexhaustible, constitute the great points which it is expected will make the demand for a place in this magnificent group of rural homes develop into a veritable rush.

The 42,000 acres are land upon which can be grown fruits, vegetables or grain, or which makes excellent pasture. Over \$3,000,000 have been spent in improving the land, and perfecting the unexcelled arrangements for watering the entire district, which

render it a possibility to produce almost anything on this tract.

The source of the water, primarily, is in the white-capped peaks whose melting snow furnishes California with the magnificent and far-famed Yosemite Falls and feeds the Merced River. The direct source is a reservoir, three sides of which Nature furnished, and wherein is stored an immense quantity of water, carried from the river by a canal twenty-seven miles long, and distributed all over the land by smaller canals and ditches. The area of this lake is over 700 acres, its average depth 36 feet. It is well above every part of the land, so that there is no difficulty in leading its bounteous supply wherever it may be needed. In summer or winter there is always this huge body of water stored here ready to be drawn upon, never by any possibility to be overdrawn, never, as long as California has her snowy heights, to be without replenishment. Nothing is more important to farmers than irrigation facilities, of which such as are here provided place the cultivation of the soil altogether independent of the ever unreliable seasons. Instead of looking skyward and hoping for rain, he may turn on the stream, supply his needs, and turn it off. There is neither drought nor flood. As far as moisture is concerned, it is a climate to order, for Merced county is never troubled by extremes of rainfall.

This splendid system of irrigation was originally constructed at a cost of over a million and a half dollars, with the intention of supplying the surrounding country with water at \$1 an acre per year. Under the newly announced plan, however, the water rights are attached to the land, and each purchaser may rest assured that an abundance of water always awaits his call.

The management of the sale has been placed in the hands of W. H. Mills, the head of the Land Department of the Central Pacific. Mr. Mills's ideas and policy have always been radically opposed to large landholding. It is his idea that true foresight is shown in creating communities, causing cities to be laid out and built, and aiding in every possible manner the development of the country. As a matter of self-interest he argues this should be the course of the Railroad for every step of progress the State makes, every city that arises and grows, adds to the business, and, of course, the transportation requirements of the State. As a consequence, his handling of the land business of the Central Pacific has been characterized by extraordinary liberality. He is naturally of exceedingly generous disposition, to testify to which there are many who owe home and farm to his kindness in the modification of contracts when difficulties made it impossible to meet obligations those agreements entailed. No man more lenient in his dealings with his fellow-men is to be found; hence those wishing to make purchases in the Merced tract

Division of a Great Estate into Small Farms.

will have the advantage of his wisdom and experience in making their selections, which will be found invaluable. As the Crocker Estate is, to a large extent, identical in interests with the Central Pacific, this arrangement, while placing the matter in the care of one whose facilities and capabilities for successful engineering of the enterprise are unexcelled, at the same time obviates the necessity of paying commissions to real-estate dealers, and enables buyer and seller to treat with one another directly.

The terms upon which this land is to be distributed are so liberal as to indicate clearly the purpose of the present owners, which is not the realization of a great fortune from the property, but the disposing of it, and the establishment of a community of small farms near Merced, that will make that county one of the happiest and most prosperous on earth. Such communities are what make railroading profitable. No reasonable inducements will be withheld to attract the desired kind of buyer — the settler — and no possible precaution spared to avoid the kind not wanted — the speculator. So favorable to purchasers are the terms upon which this tract is to change hands, that it is said scarcely any capital will be needed by the buyer at once, the sellers being satisfied for a number of years with a mere interest upon the actual value of the property.

The above is a brief outline of a scheme, the carrying out of which will mark an era in the history of Merced county, and open in California opportunities for at least 1,000 settlers to find homes they may call their own on extraordinarily liberal conditions, in a State whose fertility and climate would have made the "Golden State" a fit title for it if its minerals had not, and upon soil which needs only what is supplied — irrigation — to make it a competitor with glass hot-houses in the production of all that needs richness of soil, warmth, and evenness of temperature and moisture. It is hoped and expected that this opening of lands will mark the inauguration of a general movement, that will make the closing years of the century as notable for general prosperity and gigantic steps forward in our march of progress as the famous days of gold and gold-fever. Undoubtedly it must and will attract much attention in the East, and in the end bring a large number of new and valuable citizens to our shores; and just at this time, when the city, in fact, the whole State, is crowded with tourists and visitors, the splendid enterprise of the Crocker Estate is commenced most opportunely, for a considerable proportion of those who come to see the boasted charms of the woolly West will call their pleasure trip a business one, and settle in the new Eden.

We quote the following from the S. F. EVENING POST:

It rarely happens that the proposition of a landed proprietor to place his lands on the market possesses

any public interest. Usually it signifies nothing more than the desire of the landed proprietor to convert his land into money. Latterly, however, a strong tendency has manifested itself in America, on the part of landed proprietors, to hold on to their real estate possessions. The United States are now occupied by a population of sufficient density to make it plain to every one that the ownership of land in the early future will be very desirable.

Land is the source of all wealth. In the observation of mankind it has acquired value proportionate to the density of population. In Belgium, a country comprising less than fifteen thousand square miles, there is a population of six millions of people. Agricultural land, of standard quality, is held at from \$1000 to \$1500 per acre. This high price is referable to the fact that the ownership of land means a certainty in the way of independence, and in the direction of self-employment.

Latterly in our own State, when a landed proprietor dies his landed possessions remain intact, the heirs of the estate forming a corporation and deeding the property to it. Instead of subdividing the land they subdivide the annual rent value, or the annual result of its cultivation.

The sale by the Crocker Estate Company of 42,000 acres of land at Merced, lying subject to the best irrigation system ever constructed in the United States, and under a climate admitting of the widest diversity of production, is a significant fact. We do not accept it as an indication that large landed proprietors will immediately proceed to imitate the example set by this instance. We entertain the opinion that the tenacity of land-holding will be intensified rather than relaxed.

In the case of the Crocker Estate Company the owners of the land are influenced by the unusual circumstance that they are one-fourth proprietors in a vast railroad system, and the subdivision and settlement of the land will add value to their railroad property; and further, that they are proprietors of an irrigation system which has cost them nearly two millions of dollars, and which will become productive only by inducing water-takers to occupy the country. It is in this combination of ownerships that the guarantee is to be found of the good faith of the proposition to sell at prices and on terms of payment representing liberal concessions to the purchasers.

The experiment will be intensely interesting from another standpoint. All the fertile soils of California are already in private ownership. The whole process of inducing additional population, so far as rural pursuits are concerned, involves the problem of inducing this settlement upon lands having already developed values. Each purchaser of land expects, as he has a right to do, that his purchase will enhance in value, so that some profit may accrue to him by advancement in the price of his property. The

Division of a Great Estate into Small Farms.

climatic possibilities of location, the fertility of the soil, and the perfection of the system of irrigation at Merced, afford a reasonable guarantee that the experiment of inducing settlement upon the richest and best developed lands of the State will be a success.

Merced is in the heart of California. It is practically as near to San Francisco as the city of Sacramento. It is located among grain fields, orchards

and meadows, presenting a most pleasing aspect of great opulence. The enterprising spirit displayed in the subdivision of these lands, and the application of water to enhance their already great fertility, lifts it from the plane of private enterprise, and confers upon it the character of a great public undertaking, which should, and will no doubt, receive the full encouragement of the press of the country.

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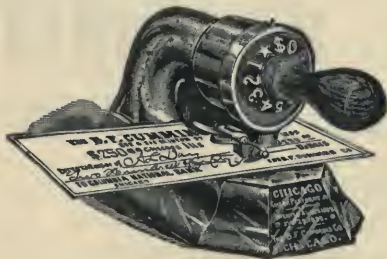
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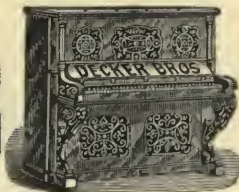
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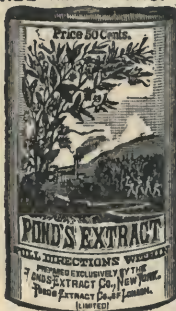
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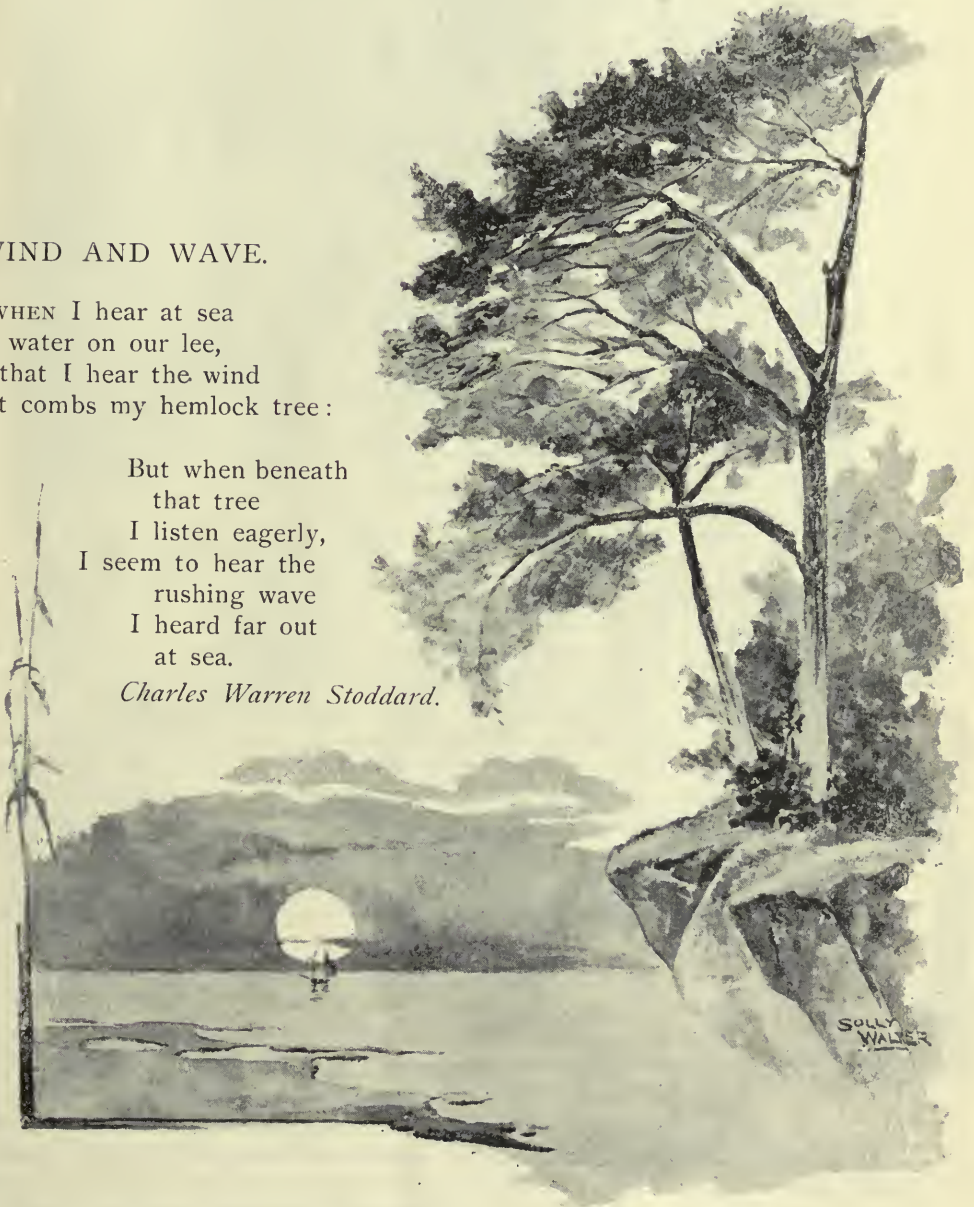
Vol. XXIII. (Second Series).—January, 1894.—No. 133

WIND AND WAVE.

O, WHEN I hear at sea
The water on our lee,
fancy that I hear the wind
That combs my hemlock tree:

But when beneath
that tree
I listen eagerly,
I seem to hear the
rushing wave
I heard far out
at sea.

Charles Warren Stoddard.





DOROTHY'S ANCESTORS 'CAME IN THE MAYFLOWER,—

SOME COMMENTS ON BABIES.



CHILDHOOD as a literary value, we are told, is an essentially modern thing. Perhaps people were always as fond of their babies as they are now, but it never struck them that there was anything especially poetic and interesting in babyhood: it was only the first stage to be passed through in becoming a grown person, and the baby was valuable because it was the rudiment of a man or woman — especially a man. “A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow, because her hour is come: but as soon as she is delivered of the child, she remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a man is

born into the world.” The mother nowadays is not so eager to see her little baby turned into a man: she “wants to keep him a baby as long as possible”; she prizes his pretty infancy for its own sake.

The exceptions, do not fail to be noted, such as the often-quoted passage about Hector’s baby and the helmet plume. And indeed, if only that which is thoroughly good should survive out of our present copious celebration of the Child, the contrast in its quantity then and now would be by no means as great as it is.

There is one branch of ancient literature the student seeking for record of child-life has hardly looked to sufficiently. Ancient books are men’s books, with exceptions too few to consider. But outside of books was the more ancient literature of folk-lore, which is largely a woman’s literature; and here is recognition enough of childhood. The most



Photo by Carpenter from Painting by Grace Hudson

—THIS BABY'S MUCH EARLIER.

perfect instance that I know of is in the pretty tale told Mr. Leland by an old Penobscot Indian woman, and translated by him as nearly word for word as possible. It is short, and will bear retelling. Glooskap is the hero-god of the Algonquins, a sort of American Thor or Odin.

Now, it came to pass when Glooskap had conquered all his enemies, even the *Kewahqu'*, who were giants and sorcerors, and the *m'teoulin*, who were magicians, and the *Pamola*, who is the evil spirit of the night air, and all manner of ghosts, witches, devils, cannibals, and goblins, that he thought upon what he had done, and wondered if his work was at an end.

And he said this to a certain woman. But she



A CHILD OF THE LATIN RACES.

replied, "Not so fast, Master, for there yet remains One whom no one has ever conquered, or got the better of in any way, and who will remain unconquerable to the end of time."

"And who is he?" inquired the Master

"It is the mighty *Wasis*," she replied; "and there he sits; and I warn you that if you meddle with him you will be in sore trouble."

Now, *Wasis* was the Baby, and he sat on the floor, sucking a piece of maple sugar, greatly contented, troubling no one.

As the Lord of Men and Beasts had never married or had a child, he knew naught of the way of managing children. Therefore he was quite certain, as is the wont of such people, that he knew all about it. So he turned to Baby with a bewitching smile, and bade him come to him.

Then Baby smiled again, but did not budge, and the Master spake sweetly, and made his voice like that of a summer bird; but it was of no avail, for *Wasis* sat still, and sucked his maple sugar.

Then the Master frowned and spoke terribly, and ordered *Wasis* to come crawling to him immediately. And Baby burst out into crying and yelling, but did not move for all that.

Then, since he could do but one thing more, the Master had recourse to magic. He used his most awful spells, and sang the songs which raise the dead

and scare the devils. And *Wasis* sat and looked on admiringly, and seemed to find it very interesting; but all the same, he never moved an inch.

So *Glooskap* gave it up in despair, and *Wasis*, sitting on the floor in the sunshine, went *goo! goo!* and crowed.

And to this day, when you see a babe well contented, going *goo! goo!* and crowing, and no one can tell why, know that it is because he remembers the time when he overcame the Master who had conquered all the world. For of all the beings that have ever been since the beginning, Baby is alone the only invincible one.

It is a pity we shall never know the author of this charmingly genial and human bit,—not even whether it was first told by woman or man. It is easiest to imagine it coming into existence as the happy thought of some dusky mother, or better yet, grandmother, while she kept the older children quiet with stories of *Glooskap*, and had a watchful eye meantime on *Wasis* as he crowed in the sun; or perhaps again in the circle of women, keeping camp in the absence of the men, and telling stories while they wove baskets or made moccasins, the babies at their feet. Easier, certainly, than to think of a warrior offering such a study of baby ways as his campfire contribution, after the rest had told tales of mighty deeds.

And this suggests that the growing participation of women in the making of books and of the conscious social life has a good deal to do with the rise of the Child to recognized importance. But one may easily exaggerate the effect of this influence. For woman's interest in children is of a pretty practical cast; she does not care so much to express childhood to the world for art purposes, as to put the world under contribution for children's direct benefit.

The worship of the Child that came in with the Christian religion has had a great influence upon our thought of childhood. Yet the child aspect of Jesus was not at first an important one in the minds of his followers. The earliest Christian records do not mention his youthful life at all, beginning only



JEE SHIN MAI ("GOD'S BEAUTY") FELT BLODGET AND
JEE SHIN QUONG ("GOD'S GREATNESS") HENSHAW

with his appearance on the public stage as a teacher. Even the latest of the accepted accounts of him has but a few meager glimpses of the Christ-child. The resurrection, not the nativity, was the great thought of early Christianity. Possibly it was the mother-worship of the Middle Ages that brought the child too within the halo of that worship. In all the great Madonnas, the artist, reverently though his brush has touched the Child, has visibly painted his picture for the sake of the mother.

Possibly, too, the great importance given to the celebration of the Nativity by its identification with the Yule feast, has had its influence. The struggle of the Christian element in the festival with the pagan element required a perpetual reference back to its occasion, a perpetual celebration of the Child. And in our own time its dedication to childhood is becoming more complete than ever before. As the taste of grown people for merry abandon becomes less, the old Yule sports that were



meant for them drop away, the Yule log, and punch bowl, and Christmas games disappear, and we turn more and more to the fresh-hearted children to make a meaning in the day. So it becomes easy to discover now many a symbolism in it that perhaps has been unconsciously felt all the centuries in celebrating it. "Peace on earth, good will to men,"—the promise of a new era, for which the world still waits and wearies, comes to seem more and more surely repeated in the wonderful re-incarnation of God in every child that is born. The more earnestly each man pants after the kingdom of righteousness, the more deeply he realizes by middle life that it is not at hand, that he will never see it much extended on earth, and the more he looks to those that come after him.

New Year's, following so close upon Christmas as to be practically a part of the same festival,—the time of new beginnings, of hope and promise,—emphasizes the dedication of this whole season to the children. And so general a devotion of effort to them,—stories and amusements for children, stories about children for grown people, children in the pictures and poetry of the season, essays and moralizing about children,—as takes place with each recurrence of the period of the closing and reopening year, the world never saw before.

But nothing that has ever happened, not even the founding of Christianity, with the direct praise of childhood ut-

tered by the Founder, has so impressed many minds with the profound significance of the child-years as modern science. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," was very early found by the Hebrew proverb collector among the current sayings of his people, and of all in the collection few have been as fully adopted into the folk-wisdom of later times and other tongues. But it is only in the light of the great scientific generalization of the present half-century that the full truth of this and like sayings is evident. For tree or man, for species, type, or race, while there is immaturity there is hope. Out of the "generalized type" may come who knows what attainment? but when the attainment is come, the very fulfillment of promise has set its limits,—the perfected type may aspire no more. And by the time one has realized that over and over and over he sees the whole miracle of the Cosmos re-wrought, the whole process of the immeasurable



SOME CHILDREN OF ASIA.

Past recapitulated in every child, he is ready to perceive that so far from the child's being important only as an incipient man, it may even be said, in a very real and scientific sense, that grown people are important only for the sake of children. It may be theologically and philosophically true that the Lord destines men and women to individual ends,

motherhood, leave behind the reptile and find the strait door to a higher life. On a long period of dependence on parents, we are told, rests the evolution of humanity, the institution of marriage, the family, everything of social value.

A writer in the Nineteenth Century lately gives account of an entertaining investigation, under the title, "Darwin-



Photo by Gertrude H. Carlton

SOME SMALL AFRICANS.

which will be developed in another life: but it is very certain that Nature, so far as her purposes, on this world and in this life, are discernible, regards each present generation as existing only for the sake of the next. And in proportion as the mature recognize that they exist for the young, their status as a race moves upward. The bird and the mammal, by the achievement of conscious

ism in the Nursery." It all began with The Luck of Roaring Camp; for in a circle of educated Englishmen, some one took exception to The Luck's rasting with Kentuck's finger. It was argued that anything so limp and gelatinous as a new-born baby,—unable so much as to stiffen its neck,—could not possibly, do anything so positive. This set the writer of the article in question

to thinking: if Bret Harte was right,—if new-born babies did have a muscular strength of hand and arm superior to that of the rest of the body, superior proportionately to the arm-strength at a later stage of development,—could anything be a prettier argument for a simian origin? Such a superior strength in the upper limbs was, indeed, presumable from the more perfect form and freer movement of the arms, which had been noticed often enough. But had the tiny infant indeed a natural power to cling? It was some time before the inquiring physician came upon an opportunity to try all the experiments he wished on a considerable number of newborn or



Photo by Miss Wheelan

PHILIP, MY KING



ALL'S WELL WITH THE WORLD.

very young babies; and his success astonished himself and all his friends. The tiny creatures, when their absurd little hands were clasped upon a slender stick, hung on and supported their own weight with a coolness and muscle that seemed incredible; the more when one remembers that it would in most cases be a year before the legs could support the body, weeks before the neck-muscles sufficed to support the head, months before the back could be held erect. The investigator took a number of photographs; and curious enough representations they give of the ridiculous mites, clinging to a rod by their hands like monkeys, and curling up their altogether useless and inferior little legs. He points out that in an arboreal species of monkeys, the baby that could cling securely to its mother while she used hands, feet, and tail, to retreat in the most efficient manner through the tree-tops, or to get the first chance at scanty fruit, was the baby that did not get dashed to earth and break its neck, or fall into the claws of prowling tigers, and that did not starve. And why, he further speculates, do hid-

ing and chasing plays interest all babies, and so early? Is it because the toddler that was prompt to reach his mother, or to hide under the bushes or in a dark recess of the hut, was very apt to be the one that grew up to perpetuate his family, in days of intertribal forays and cannibalism?

From the time of Darwin's notes on the subject, resemblances between babies and monkeys, and still more between babies and primitive man have been noticed. We do not, however, know enough either about primitive man or about babies to justify carrying such analogies very far.

The appeal to childhood for light on



the origin of religious sentiment is an instance of the difficulties. They who find in poetic personification of Nature the source of worship, point to the child as proof: the child is the natural myth-maker; to him all the world is alive and human; he attributes his own likes and dislikes, his tempers and his sympathies, to the sun, and river, and wind. On the contrary, says another school, the child and the savage are the most matter-of-fact people in the world: the sun shines because it shines, and so long as it keeps him warm, he has no thoughts or theories about it.

However it may be as to the savages, one would suppose that, with babies in well nigh every household, we could promptly settle the question whether they are agnostics or myth-makers; but



as a matter of fact we know very little about it. Possibly there is no general truth attainable, some children being naturally agnostic and some naturally mythopoetic; as for aught we know, the development of primitive religion may have been (like most of its historic developments) rather the work of specially religious-minded peoples than a general race-progress. I am disposed to think, also, that the same child passes through phases in this matter, differing more at different ages than people have any idea. And it is very certain that the theological ideas of almost all children are so far reflections of teaching as to give little idea of what they would naturally have been, or whether they would have existed at all. "This infant philos-



ophy," says President G. Stanley Hall, in an article just published,¹ "although intimidated and broken through at every point, and on the ebb at the beginning of school life, is very persistent, though as hard for an adult to get at as for an electric light to study shadows." The adult is the light that casts these shadows, however. In every instance that I have seen, the baby's theology is a more or less perverted rendering of older teaching. Sometimes it is not even perverted, and sounds startling and quaint only because it translates into blunt words the ineffable crudeness that in the parent's own theology is veiled by the accepted religious phrases. "These studies show," says Dr. Hall, in the paragraph cited above, "that the sky is the chief field for religious ideas; that God, angels, heaven, are very distinctly imagined, connected with stars, clouds, and thunder, in the most material way. For example, God is a big blue man, who pours rain out of big buckets, thumps clouds to make thunder, puts the sun and moon to bed, takes dead people,

¹*The Forum*, Dec. 1893.



birds, and even broken dolls, up there, distributes babies, and is closely related to Santa Claus."

Now let us see whether this is really the baby's own theology.

A three-year old baby is looking, with her mother, at two bright stars close together.

"Those are God's eyes," says mamma.

"God's two big blue eyes?" says baby, evidently not so much describing the stars as using some phrase she has heard about eyes.

"Yes, dear, and He says He is seeing you all the time."

Well, two stars close together do look more like eyes than anything else to a baby; I heard a little thing not a year and a half old cry "Eye!" stopping as she trotted about the room to point eagerly to Jupiter and Venus approaching conjunction. But at three years old reason is more exacting, and the tiny girl felt the weakness of mamma's statement. For full three minutes the little brain wrestled with the problem, then she turned a puzzled face. "Mamma,—where's God's legs?"

It was a perfectly logical question, and only carried out the anthropomorphism her mother had begun: but possibly our grown-up anthropomorphism is affected by the training we have received from the cherub of art in the relation between incomplete anatomy and a spiritual condition of existence,—so mamma made no answer. She said it was because she was afraid of laughing if she spoke. But it is difficult to see what, if she had been able to trust her voice never so well, she could have said.

By the time that mamma has told her little girl the thunder is God's chariot wheels, the wind his breath, the sunshine his smile, the clouds his messengers, the sky the floor of his house, and the dear little brain has fitted together all these statements, and made them reasonable as best it can, there will be a jumble of myths in it, but baby was not the myth-maker.

This incident—without any comments—occurs in a collection of several hundred notes on the child mind made by



Drawn by Dixon from Photo by Lowden

AT GRANDPA'S RANCH.

Left to puzzle it out alone, Baby G—fell back on a solution which seems to imply that she knew only too well who was usually responsible in that house for mutilated articles. She did not remember her culpability in this particular instance, but that was doubtless often the case—for three-year-old memories are uncertain affairs—when she was confronted with the evidences of her destructiveness; so she voluntarily shouldered the blame. “G— break ‘em off.”

pupils of the State Normal School at Worcester, Massachusetts, under direction of the principal, Mr. Russell,—a mere selection from a much larger number. One may easily see the record of like teaching in such cases as that of another three-year-old, recorded in the same notes, who saw for the first time a cupola on a barn, and asked if God lived in that little house. Most of us were told when little that God lived in the sky. And probably a good many of our parents believed it themselves.



If it were possible to bring all the parents of a county to the test, as Professor Barnes lately brought the school children, and make them state their theological ideas, and if it were possible to prevent their stating them in set phrases, I suspect we should be surprised.

The babies of my acquaintance,—little things under three or four years old, that is,—have been with small exception as irreligious as possible, and if it had been left to them to develop theological views, they would apparently have remained indefinitely content without any. They were in most cases given by their third year a sort of first article of theology—a statement of an all-present being called God, who watched and loved them. Usually they seemed to dislike the idea exceedingly. The little girl I used to be told of, who declared she “would *not* be so tagged,” expressed the sentiment that seems often to be in their minds towards an invisible surveillance. Perhaps it strikes them as uncanny. One little fellow much to his mother’s surprise, replied angrily to her account of a loving Omnipresence, that he would get his gun and shoot God. The

mother took the hint, and when the little sister came to the same age, offered no information about things supernatural till baby should show some signs of wanting to know about them. Up to three years old she has never shown the least sign of the sort.

If the very little people are not religious, however, they are philosophical, for they are usually seized quite early with an immense curiosity about the *causes* of things, and they will follow up a chain of “whys” till the answers perforce lead you to the First Cause. Perhaps you lay a blotter across your fresh-written sheet. “Fut did you do dat for?” cries Trottykins.

“To make the ink dry, so that I can turn over the page.”

“Fy does dat make it d’y?”

“Because the wet ink soaks right into the blotter.”

“Fy does it soak in?”

“Because the blotter is really full of very, very tiny holes, and the ink goes right into the holes.”

“Fy does it have holes?”

“Because the stuff it was made of was n’t squeezed together *tight*, like this writing-paper; it was only squeezed loosely together, so holes were left between.”

“Fy did n’t dey keeze it *tight*, like dat?”



MUD PIES.

"Because they knew people would want it to dry the ink with."

"Fy did dey know people would want it to d'y ink wiv?"

"Why, because so many, many people have written letters, and have wanted something to make the ink dry."

"Fy do dey want it d'y?"

"So that they can turn it over this way and write on the other side without getting ink on the table."

"Fy not get ink on de table?"

"Why, it would not look nice; it would be dirty."

"Fy don't we want sings dayty?"

"O, because—because nice, clean people like things nice and clean all around them."

"Fy do dey like sings dat way?"

"Well,—I guess because their mammas taught them to when they were little."

"Yes, I guess so. Fy were dey little?"



Photo by W. J. Street

ON RUSSIAN RIVER.



A PICTURE BOOK.

"Why, all the things that grow have to be little first, and then grow up big. Don't you remember how little your kitty was once, and how the little bud turned into a rose?"

"Yes. Fy did it tane into a wose?"

"Because all the little buds are made so that the pretty petals inside grow and grow, till they push the bud open, and there is the rose."

"Fy are dey made dat way?"

And what can you do by that time but skip all intermediate links that biologists might supply, and fall back on First Cause.

"Because God made them so."

I expected in the case of my especial Trottykins that the next question would be, "Fy did God make dem so?" or "Fut's God?" But it was not. She at once looked uncomfortable, and changed the subject. The fact is, Trottykins had unpleasant associations with the idea of God: it had been introduced to her in connection with "Now I lay



Photo by Lowden

"I B'ROKE MY HORSE!"



Photo by Lowden

"PAPA FIX HIM!"



Photo by Lowden

SOMETHING WENT WRONG.

me," and she had utterly refused to entertain any such suggestion as that she might die before she waked; she took her father's breath away by offering as a compromise, "If *papa* s'ould die before I wake." Had she pressed the question, however, as to the nature or origin of God, or the secret of his purposes, I was prepared to say, "I don't know." Her rejoinder to this answer was usually, "Fy don't you know?"

Now, let no one suppose that Trottykins leads you through this, or many wilder mazes of "Fys," in frivolity of spirit. After she has fairly got into the habit of it, some whys do tumble absent-mindedly off her tongue, from mere force of habit; and if she detects you ridiculing her, or finds you heedless and impatient in answering, she quickly loses seriousness and good faith in question-

ing: but my experience is that if you treat her curiosity respectfully, answer to the best of your ability, and remember that she cannot possibly have the data for putting intelligent questions when groping in a labyrinth of entirely uncomprehended subjects, you will find that she is honest about it, you will keep her sense of good comradeship, and you will make an intelligent child of her.

There is no limit to the range of their curiosity. I always tell, at this point, the story of my three-year-old neighbor, who left her play and her baby sister, Edna Belle, to find her mother, and ask, "Mamma, why is n't Edna Belle me, and why ain't I Edna Belle?" You may suppose she was the daughter of a professor of metaphysics. Not at all,—she comes of a family of practical farmer-folk. "Aunty, why are you aunty?" is a type



Photo by Gertrude H. Carlton

"LOVES ME,—LOVES ME NOT."



Photo by Dornin

WASH DAY.

of many questions I have heard from another child. They are probably not as metaphysical as they sound: the baby is struggling to get some sort of co-ordinated grasp of the phenomenon of the family circle,—a thing that always interests early, as Froebel perceived, and conditions the early thought quite remarkably,—and asks questions about it much at random. But one of the Worcester Normal School note-takers records this bit of unquestionable metaphysics from a three-year-old boy: “If I’d gone upstairs, could God make it that I had n’t?”

“Why does the kitty eat meat and the horsy eat grass?” “What makes the wind blow?” “Live cats run away,—why do they?” These are instances

of a more common type of questions. The Worcester notes record the aspiration of one child who at four years and a half had the genuine scientific zeal: “Would n’t it be nice if we could tell what makes everything and what it’s for?”

“Tell me evvysin’ about evvysin’,” is a modest request that has been made of me.

If baby’s questions sometimes seem surprisingly intelligent, he reveals his mind in other ways as the most singular jumble imaginable. His reasoning is sometimes indescribably quaint. Yet, as Preyer justly says, it is not bad logic that ails it, but want of data. With his equipment of knowledge he does about as well as any of us could.





Photo by Dornin.

"WHO CALLED?"

But he is perhaps in nothing more completely delightful than as a story-teller. With shining eyes fixed earnestly on your face, with the most infectious delight and interest in what he is telling, and with irresistibly winning trips in syntax and pronunciation which you dread to have him outgrow, he will give you some such account as this variant of the Whittington story, taken down a few days ago, directly from the little narrator's lips:—

"Dere was a little field-mouse. It lived in a field, and it ate de man's sings,—some of his sings. And de man said dere was an animal,—a little kind of a lion,—and it was called a cat,—what *we* call a cat, you know. Dat was anuvvay man. And he rode and rode

on a horse; dat was de uvvay man. And he came on a s'ip. And de man said, 'Yes, you may have one of de cats.' And de cat would *jump* on a mouse, just dat way, and *hit* it, just so, wiv hey paw, and dat [joyously] would kill it! And de mice were so many, dey were evvewhere,—in de dining-room, and in de parlor, and up'tairs, and dey would run ovay de chairs, and *sometimes* dey would jump on de table and take de man's sings. And dey would *run* away —and de hmartest —some of dem were de hmartest mice dat evay I did see; and dey would *run* so *kick* into deir holes! And de cat would run so kick, kicker dan de hmartest mice, like dat, [illustrating with his hand,] and catch dem!"

Milicent W. Shimm.





"WHOSE BALL?"

TRAVIS HALLETT'S HALF-BACK.

"WHOSE ball?" shouted a man at Miss Travis Hallett's elbow, to any one that would listen to him.

Travis did not know this man, and this man did not know her. They did not look at each other at all. They

both kept their attention fixed with very painful intensity on the field.

"Whose ball?" cried the man again, bitterly, "the other side's?"

"No," shouted Travis, so as to be heard above the noise, "no, our ball, I

think; that was the fourth down." Then rapidly, "Yes, yes, there goes their full-back down the field. *Our ball! Our ball! Rah, Rah,—*"

But the man was not listening to her any more. He had put his hat upon the end of his stick, and had climbed up in his seat, and was trying to make a noise that he could himself hear. For all the sounds that he or Travis could utter were drowned in a roar from the bleachers that split the drizzling atmosphere and set the canvas awnings vibrating, so that they shook down the rain drippings upon the crowd beneath. No one thought of sitting down. Everyone stood up all the time, and not only stood, but stood on the seats of the bleachers; and when a gain was made jumped up and down, and yelled, and threw things into the air.

Back of the fence, along the side lines, the crowd was banked half-a-dozen deep; and from time to time the coaches and others that were upon the field would impatiently gesture towards that quarter, crying out that the noise of the shouting prevented the teams from hearing the signals. Then, if one were sufficiently near, he could hear in the moment's succeeding quiet the grind of the canvas jackets upon each other, as the lines bent shoulder to shoulder, or could catch the indifferent voice of the referee droning out, "second down, three yards to gain!" or again could hear the sharp, quick tones of the captains, calling the signals; the sound of heavy bodies striking together; the quick, labored breathing; the occasional brief, hoarse shouts, muffled by the nose-guards; and then the dull and jarring crash, as the whirling wedge smashed its way through the line.

The twenty-two men and the opposing elevens were fouled and reeking with soil and sweat, their long hair was flung back and forth over their eyes and foreheads as they swayed and struggled.

By simple or whirling wedges, by end

runs behind interference, or by downright dogged smashing through the center, with eyes and teeth closed, Travis's side was carrying the ball down the field. And now they were on the twenty-five yard line, and now on the twenty, and now their left half-back had advanced the ball six yards around the end, and now the whirling wedge had crushed through for five yards more, and the goal was only a few steps away.

The crowd behind the side-lines was beyond all control now; they swayed back and forth with every fluctuation of the ball, tense and white with that excitement that hurts and sickens. Over the barrier of the fence they leaned, with outstretched arms and clenched fists, screaming and cursing as though in the battle themselves, exhorting, imploring, or applauding, by turns. Back of them on the bleachers the air was alive with the winning colors, the shouting was incessant now, and the roar of the college yell was coming up through the chaos of sounds like the rhythmic pulse of a great surge.

A man standing near the five-yard line heard the captain of the losing team cry out, "They're coming again, boys, you *must* stop them. For God's sake brace up. It's the last ditch now!"

A few yards more and the goal was theirs. But suddenly the whirling wedge seemed to have struck a solid wall, and was thrown back upon itself, spent and broken. The other side had rallied.

"First down,—no gain!" droned the referee.

Again it massed against the opposing team, moved forward, struck the line, and came to a dead lock; the teams became wedged in a solid mass that for a moment paused, wavered, and then came toppling backward to the earth.

"No gain!"

A few seconds more and the other side had the ball on downs, and from far away at the other end of the field, where were the bleachers of the rival

college, sprang up a great bellow of exultation, as the ball shot high into the air from out the brown of the battle, and went careering down the field for fifty yards.

The opposing full-back caught it near the middle of the field, but was flung before he could gain.

"Our ball again, anyhow!" screamed Travis, shaking her colors.

The ball was now in the middle of the field, close under where Travis and her party were sitting. Suddenly as the scrimmage broke up and fell apart, she saw it passed out and one of the men behind her team running with it. This only she saw; she did not see the cunning manner in which a way was opened for him. She did not see the quick, clever building up of the interference that closed around and ran with him, and that threw off the tackles of the other side as they came plunging through the line. She did not see how carefully he kept with them, adjusting his pace with theirs, and with his hand upon the nearest shoulder, twisting and turning so as to keep one man at least between him and the enemy's tackles. She only saw that a runner of her side had the ball and was gaining ground. By the time he had gotten clear of the end all but one of his interferers had left him,—either downed or broken up. For a moment he was lost sight of beneath half a dozen of the opposing side, who flung themselves headlong upon him, but the next instant he reappeared upon the other side of the group, tearing his way free of them, the ball still tightly gripped under his arm. The one remaining tackle he met with a straight arm guard that sent him reeling backwards, and then with a splendid burst of speed, headed down the field.

The cheers and the yelling were deafening; old men were standing up, waving their hats and screaming like school boys. The bleachers were frantic, and roaring from end to end; every one was on

his feet, and the thunder of the shouting was as the thunder of artillery. Those of the rival college were tensely silent, holding their breath, and digging their nails into their palms.

It might have been a touch-down from the middle of the field had not the runner slipped in trying to dodge the full-back. But he staggered an instant upon a strip of slippery turf, and before he could recover himself, the full-back flung himself at him, caught him around the thighs between waist and knee, and threw him backwards to the ground.

"Forty-yards, anyhow!" shouted Travis.

At the same time, while the teams were streaming up for the next scrimmage, a young man with a policeman's rattle jumped upon the railing of the bleachers, and raising a very hoarse voice to the limit of its pitch, inquired if there was anything in particular the matter with Adler. As one man the bleachers thundered back, "He's all right, you bet, every time!"

He of the rattle seemed to fail to understand, for he asked again, Who was all right?—and as the shout lifted itself again, Travis joined her treble to the huge gamut of sounds and cried back, "Adler!"

"Who?" asked the policeman's rattle again.

"Adler!" shouted Travis and the rest.

And this was the way they were first introduced.

Travis saw him again after the game was over, as their carriage passed close to the coach that held the team. He was just from the field. His nose-guard was flung back over his head like the raised vizor of a knight's helmet, and his long straight hair hung far over his eyes. He had not yet recovered his wind, and was panting just as you have seen a locomotive pant at the terminus of its run. He was yet chewing his gum, and was alternately shouting for a lime or a cigarette.

She remembered now having seen him before at the practice game early in the season. At that time he had been under the whip and spur of the coach. She remembered this coach as a big man in a blue cloth cap, who continually wore an expression of hopeless disgust upon his face, who never seemed pleased at anything the team could do, and who went about the campus shouting, "Play it up sharp now!" from principle. It seemed very strange now to see him delightedly slapping Adler on the back, and almost leaping in the air for joy. So she began to feel an admiration for this great Adler, and commenced to experience a share of that hero-worship which was paid by the men of his own college.

As they were all talking of the game all the way home, Travis' brother remarked to her escort, "Did you catch on to that trick of Adler's, of grabbing the runner around the waist and pulling him through the line with him?"

The escort who was opposed to football made a vague sound of assent.

"I noticed it!" exclaimed Travis.

"He's just got on to that this season," said the brother. "Jove! but that was a fine run of his," he continued. "Why those tackles could not hold him at all; they were just fruit for him."

"I will never go to see another game of foot-ball again," said Mrs. Hallett, "and I don't think your father ought to allow you to go, Travis. I don't see where it is any better than a prize fight, and so brutal, too. Time and again I saw eight or ten men pile right up on top of the one with the ball: it was just a mercy that his life was not crushed out of him. It is shameful. Some one ought to do something."

"I quite agree with you," Mrs. Hallett, said the escort; "and besides, the effects upon these young men are very bad, too; they think that that is all college is for. It takes their mind from their regular work, and teaches them coarse and brutal habits."

"And then," went on Mrs. Hallett, "what *is* the use of it all? What benefit do they derive from it? Can it ever be of any use to them afterwards? To me, it seems very silly to see twenty-two young men in the field, and twenty-two thousand around it, get so worked up over such a triviality."

"That is so," said the escort. "If it was base-ball, now, where one can see some display of science and skill, I could see the attraction; but this is a mere pushing and slugging contest."

"What fruit!" said Travis's brother, under his breath.

A week later Travis met Adler at a tennis tournament where he was the winner. She could hardly recognize the graceful young man in the white flannels and dainty-colored sash, as the dirty, gasping, canvas-clad savage of the game. There was a picturesqueness about both costumes, but it was hard to reconcile them as being the outward adornments of the same person. Later on, however, she had occasion to admire him in a full dress suit, for he fell in love with her at once, and began to call with unvarying regularity.

Adler took Travis to the theater about a month later, after he had gone out of training and was permitted to be up after ten o'clock. It was the first time he had been out with her in the evening without a chaperone. They had never been very much alone together, and so on this occasion felt very mildly and vaguely adventurous. Adler thought he had never seen Travis in better spirits.

It was a good company and a good play, but in a scene of the fourth act one of the actors was atrociously and unpardonably weak, and the audience began to laugh.

"It's too bad!" said Travis. "Why do they laugh?—it only spoils the play for themselves. When I go to a play I go to be amused, and not to criticise. I can get just as much fun out of a Wild

West melodrama or a real-fire-engine-and-live-horses play, as the very worst gallery god. Don't you know, you don't get your money's worth if you don't. It's just a matter of cheating yourself."

Adler was not listening to her at all. His eyes were fixed just above the heavy stucco mouldings at the angle of one of the topmost boxes, which was vacant, and he was in a fair way to make his teeth meet through his nether lip in his effort to keep from crying out, and was holding himself to his seat with both hands to avoid springing to his feet. At the point in the plaster ornamentation where he was looking there was a deep joint, or fissure, where two parts of the moulding had not been properly joined, and had by the settling of the building widened to form a long deep crack that reached back to the lathing and woodwork behind. Down this crack Adler saw a dull and vibrating glow of red, and out of it was curling a very faint blue haze.

Mechanically he reached underneath his seat for his hat. Then he said very quietly to Travis, "Come, let's get out of this."

She turned to him surprised.

"I'll tell you why," he said, "when we get outside; only come now, and quick,—quietly," he added as she hurriedly reached for her cape.

With one hand under her arm and half-risen from his seat, he was listening very intently for the sound of one certain word which might at any moment now be shouted through the house. He was still listening for it as he passed out into the aisle with her, and took her arm in a larger and surer grip, and braced himself for a sudden start at an instant's warning.

"Are you sick?" whispered Travis, as they moved towards the door.

Adler did not hear her, because he was measuring the distance that yet lay between him and the dull green valves marked "Exit."

One third of the way up the aisle he heard something drop with a crash, and knew without turning his head that it was the plaster cornice falling in. Then he heard what he had been listening for, and a man sitting near the boxes in the gallery jumped back over his seat and shouted "Fire!" Adler was ready, and started forward at the sound as a sprinter starts from the pistol. He was nearly half way up the aisle with her before it became blocked, and his headway checked. In the midst of the rising tumult in the house behind him he heard a little strident bell whirring, and the asbestos curtain dropped with a long whish and a bang, the iron curtain rattling down behind it. Then a fire detail with a pick-hatchet in his hand swung himself from the prompt-side of the flies over into the highest gallery, and began hastily loosening a fire-plug.

Since the first warning shout there had been no outcry, and as yet the only sounds were the whirring of the fire-drill signal, a furious chopping and pounding somewhere over the stage, and the ominous shuffle and grind of the thousands of feet. Now Alder saw the helmet and blue shoulders of a lieutenant of police above the heads of the crowd against the wall of the auditorium, and heard him shouting:—

"There is no danger. For God's sake, gentlemen, don't crowd and we'll all get safely out!"

Alder could hear him repeating this long after he was unable to see him.

Several others in the crowd took up his cry, and soon many were crying out, "Don't crowd! Don't crowd!"

So far the audience on the whole had behaved very well, and as yet there was no panic.

"It's all right, little girl," he said to Travis. "Don't you be afraid; we'll get out of this all right."

"O, I'm all right," she answered bravely.

They were moving forward slowly, and were even near enough to the door to hear the clang of the engines arriving in the street outside. A broad feather of water spurted out across the auditorium from the section of hose that the detail had screwed to the fire plug, and the fire-drill bell still whirred steadily on.

"Don't crowd, gentlemen!" cried the officer. "Don't crowd. There is plenty of time. We're all going to get safely out!"

As he was speaking the last words a whole section of plaster on the wall back of the top gallery leaned outward and fell with a great noise, and a huge cloud of dense black smoke, shot through with flickering tongues of fire and hundreds of winking sparks, came billowing out into the body of the house.

"No danger, gentlemen!" shouted the police lieutenant. "For God's sake, don't crowd."

He might as well have spoken to stampeded cattle.

Adler and Travis were now in the middle of a solid jam, mad with terror and excitement, and men and women were fighting with each other with their teeth and their nails for the life they loved. People jumped over one another's shoulders, and were borne along by the crowd like floats upon a stream. There was a fearful noise of shouting and screaming, and the sounds of the trampling and stamping of feet, and the worse sounds of blows and grappling. A thick, yellow smoke surrounded them now, choking and blinding them. Adler had to throw back his head and gasp for air, like a drowning man. Sparks and little charred chips began falling upon them from the galleries, and he could catch the pungent smell of burning hair as the cushioned upholstery of the seats burned. Then a part of the highest gallery crumbled in, and a man began to scream that he was burning; and for the first time, Adler heard the roar and

crackle of the fire. It might have been behind him or above him,—he could not tell. The smoke was so thick that he could only see for a radius of a few feet. Through the murk he could catch glimpses of struggling, shadowy forms, of clutching hands coming up from the depths below, and now and then a face would be turned towards him, horribly white and writhing,—just such sights and faces as one sees in a Doré Inferno.

The pressure of the crowd around him became almost unbearable; and what with this and the choking smoke there were times when he could not breathe. Ladies were separated from their escorts, or else deserted by them, and once Adler caught sight of a man with a sword-cane, trying with it to open a passage for himself through the press. Several of the crowd had either fainted or succumbed to the smoke; and as Adler went trampling on, driven by the momentum behind, he felt hands and arms reaching and clutching at his legs and feet. But there were other heaps that he trod upon which were quite still and inert.

At last he was vomited forth into the foyer, and still dragging Travis with him, stumbled out into a freer space, where the smoke was not so dense and the press not so close, and where he had a chance to pause an instant and determine the situation.

He and Travis had been sitting in one of the front rows of the house, so that when the rush came, although they had managed to get a considerable start, they were, nevertheless, among the last to reach the foyer. Here upon either side the stairways from the galleries led down to the common entrance of the house. When the real rush began two solid columns had streamed down these stairways, and meeting before the door had by means of the greater impetus gained by coming *down* the stairs forced a way through that part of the crowd coming from the lower portion of the house,

and had now cut them off from the entrance entirely. A greater part of those in the pit had, however, managed to make their escape before the rush down the gallery stairways had begun, so when Adler and Travis reached this point they found themselves in comparatively freer space, but cut off from further progress by the struggling columns from the galleries in front of them.

Adler cast a quick glance around him. Behind him the auditorium seemed like a furnace, and he felt the hot breath of the fire coming by puffs through the scorched valves of the doors. There was no time to lose. Outside he could catch the rapid panting and coughing of the engines at work pumping.

Directly in front of him he saw that the crowd from the galleries, meeting each other head on had come to a dead lock, and that the only chance of breaking through the masses was at their point of impact; a sudden pressure at this point might succeed in breaking up the deadlock, and bending the opposing forces outward in a V-shaped form, through which one might be able to struggle to the street beyond.

But where did he get the trained eye and the coolness of judgment that told him this was the thing to do, or what experience had given him the faculty of rapid thought in emergency, and the power of acting quickly upon it? How had he kept his head throughout the fierce excitement of the last few moments, or how had he managed not to lose his feet while he was clutched at and dragged at from behind and from below? The crush and lurch of the crowd was but the old scrimmage of gridiron field, and the confused, blind rush that enveloped him was no worse than the trained and disciplined charges of the revolving V or the flying wedge, and for one brief instant Adler thanked his God that he was a 'Varsity half-back, and knew how to use his weight and wits.

There was not one minute to be wasted now, because the heads of the brass nails on the exits behind him were fiercely hot. Adler knew just what was to be done and how he was to do it.

He stepped back to gain headway, put his arm tightly around Travis and ran in with head and shoulders bent very low. He had done this hundreds of times before in practice and match games, when his captain called upon him to buck the center, but never before had he done it with such iron determination as now. He had Travis around the waist, and was dragging her with him through the way he was opening in the crowd. It was the same trick that Travis's brother had seen him use in the game, and it worked with the same success.

He had rammed the throngs in front of him just at the point where they had met, and so great was the pressure from the rear of either column that it required only a comparatively insignificant force to break them apart,—and Adler supplied this force. You can get perfectly analogous conditions by pressing the tips of your index fingers against each other point to point. As long as you maintain them in a straight line with one another they will remain as they are, but deviate them from this position by ever so little, and they will at once break outward or inward in the shape of a V.

Adler began to be really frightened only after they got out into the street, and some one was helping him to carry Travis, who had fainted, into a drug store at the corner. He had ceased to feel brave and cool: his knees knocked together when he thought of what they had both escaped. He was quite unfit to pose as a hero, because he felt weak, and sick at his stomach, and because his hat was jammed down immovably over his eyes and ears.

But he forgot all about this, and the

world and all things visible were turned upside down when he went home in the hired coupè with Travis, with her head on his shoulder, and his arm around her waist.

Adler is captain of the team now, and next season his name will be in every one's mouth, and you will see his picture in the dailies and illustrated weeklies, and you will hear his weight and condition discussed by young ladies and gentlemen who do not know him, across supper tables, and between dances. And the year after that he graduates, and is to be married to Travis Hallett, and is to go with her to Europe for a while, after which he will go into business in old Mr. Hallett's office.

"But," said the escort, who did not

approve of the game of football, "nothing was proven. A man does not spend his life in pulling young ladies out of burning theaters. Because his football training was of service to him on that occasion, it does not go to show that it will ever be of any other material benefit to him hereafter."

"I think you will find, however," answered Mr. Hallett, rubbing the stubble on his chin the wrong way, "I think you will find that the same qualities that make a good football man would make a good soldier; and a good soldier, sir, is a man good enough to be any girl's husband."

"Which," said Travis, as she heard of the conversation later on, "is perfectly true."

Frank Norris.

TWO SUNSETS.

I.

ABOVE the vast extending mountain pyre,
Whereon the fair, dead day enshrouded lies,
Flaring in sanguine floods the funeral fire
Lights the sad watching of the western skies.

Slow on the scalloped bay the blush expires,
And shadows creep like sorrows o'er the scene,
Save where the light gleams o'er the city spires
Like glimpses of the joys that have been.

II.

Like Nature's pontiff at the altar-hill
The red-robed sun extends his beamy hand
In reverent blessings o'er the bowing lands;
While in the twilight benediction still
The abbess moon, from out the convent cloud,
In airy foldings of a snowy shroud,
Looks pale and spectral in the Autumn chill.

Ernest Malcolm Shipley.

ONWARD.

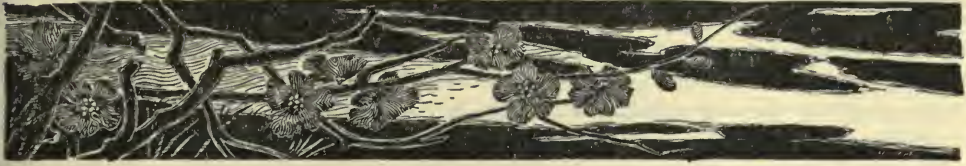
O, BROOK, that flow'st so happily,
Through bank and brae,
Along by meadows green and fair,
Upon thy way ;
O, why shouldst thou go ceaselessly
On toward the sea,
If not to know of beauties new,
To come to thee ?

O, golden clouds in sunset's glow,
When night is nigh,
And all the rosy banners blaze
Across the sky ;
O why should ye so glorious be
For all the world,
If not to tell of splendors new,
To be unfurled ?

O, soul that sail'st thy wingéd boat
Through all the day,
Upon the wondrous sea of thought
So far away ;
O, why shouldst thou go steadfastly
Across the blue,
If not to come to fairer lands,
Forever new ?

Alice Henry.





A MODERN JEWISH VIEW OF JESUS OF NAZARETH.

THE close of the civil year usually brings to the Christian world a season of comparative relaxation from care, and a rehabilitation of the old lessons of peace and good will,—lessons which the founder of their religion imbibed from a Jewish mother, herself the child of a race that had preserved the eloquent messages of the old prophets. Connecting these lessons with the traditional accounts clustering around the birth of the Son of Joseph and Mary, the world—in so far as it is represented by Christian worshipers of Deity—has accepted as final the doctrine that these messages were the special revelation of the Omnipotent, upon the occasion of Divinity condescending to manifest itself in humanity.

I shall not quarrel with any man holding such doctrine. Religion, divested of sectarian interpretation, assumes the character of universality. Thinking men behold this element of universality in all religions, and can easily tolerate the colorings of creed and sect, or the witness of an educational influence. Let the world worship as it is taught,—if such worship tends to preserve the ideals of a pure life, if it can contribute to the uplifting of human character, only a fanatic will carp and cavil. Therefore, speaking for myself, and I think for the liberal men of all creeds, the peace of society is best conserved by an exhibition of mutual respect in religion, by an expression of reverence for each other's faiths, and by the honest, because just, admission that all roads lead to salvation. That respect and reverence, I, as a be-

lieving Jew, gladly yield to Christianity, a system that I fully understand as a religion, but fail to comprehend as a theology.

The trouble is, however, that the teachers of Christianity have, confessedly, no such liberal tendencies. Perhaps it is in the nature of the intricacy of dialectics to admit no truth not proven by its own system of reasoning. It is certainly true that whilst the Jew, for instance, sees the gates of Heaven opened to the righteous, regardless of their theological professions or confessions, the Christian can vouchsafe salvation and the beatitude of a redeemed spirit only to those who have "accepted" Jesus as the Redeemer. This radical difference arises from the fact that Judaism is purely a religion,—a rule of action derived from a divine revelation, whereas Christianity is not only a rule of action tending to purify man, but also a system of dogmatic interpretation, the acceptance of which has been made a condition absolute to the grant of salvation. The result is that Christianity, a preponderant religious and social power in the civilized world, has not yet ceased putting dissenters on the defense, and so it has come to pass that since nearly nineteen centuries the mother of this great Christian faith stands arraigned before her own daughter, and is still required to answer the question of the centuries, "Why do Jews reject Christ?"

Trusting that every reader of these lines will understand that every word is written with reverence, and with a sincere admiration for the wonderful char-

acters whose lives and labors have stimulated the growth of the Christian faith, I will attempt to answer the question from a modern standpoint. First, however, let me review the position of the ancient and mediæval Jews, so that I may show some evolutionary features of this very difficult and intricate problem.

Whatever may be the historical truth regarding the life, labors, and death, of Jesus of Nazareth,—and for the purpose of this article this question is not material,—it remains a fact that the primitive church of Jerusalem was an outgrowth of Jewish sectarian teachings. The practices of the Nazarenes are reminiscent of the rites of the Essenes, and the contentions between the Jews and the primitive church were such as existed at that time between the Jews themselves. The intolerance that might have characterized the discussions between the Pharisees and Sadducees on the one hand, and the Jewish Christians on the other, simply would prove the fervency with which each side held to their received teachings. But with the infusion of Greek philosophy and Egyptian gnosticism into Jewish Christianity, with the fusion of the Jewish sects and pagan elements, with the establishment of Greek and Roman settlements upon the basis of the great Paulinian compromise,—probably the greatest exhibition of theological and diplomatical skill the world has ever witnessed,—the Jews drew back in affright. The compromise was unintelligible to them. It embraced two radical departures from their faith, that they were compelled to look upon with suspicion. The first was an interpretation of the Deity that was repellent to their convictions. God could not be aught but God,—the One, Indivisible, Eternal, and Infinite. Such clever dialectics as those by which the Gnostics of Alexandria proved that the Divine Essence gave forth the Creative Essence, from which came the world, were intol-

erable to the Jews; who argued on all subjects but the nature of Deity, until the later Kabbalists had learned their tricks from the earlier Gnostics. The Jews simply did not understand that God, the Infinite Spirit, could be reduced to a human form,—He had once said to the prophet Moses that no man could see Him and live. That large numbers of the pagans accepted the compromise between Judaism and Gnosticism, welded into an acceptable system, made no difference to the rugged people of the Book. Their sentiment was rather intensified by the second radical departure proposed by Paul,—a departure upon which no religious Israelite of the times could look without concern. It was, in effect, an abandonment of the covenantal restriction that had kept the Hebrew a separate and distinct community. His own opinion was, and is,—to a considerably modified extent, however,—that the unification of the races of man under the banner of the living God would produce the full and glorious vindication of Judaism, inasmuch as the King of the World would be a Jewish Messiah, a circumcised scion of the Davidic Dynasty, who would remain faithful to the laws and traditions of the divinely revealed system. But in this instance a Messiah was offered the pagan world, who, with Jewish teachings regarding morality and righteousness as the basis of his faith, permitted the abrogation of covenantal practices, and the complete annihilation of the old Judaic landmarks! It was, to their view, simply preposterous. Their resentment was still further intensified, we may suppose, by the attempts to read in the text of the Old Testament the Christian scheme of salvation and a number of predictions and previsions regarding the Messiah himself. This was insult indeed. Should they, the inheritors and guardians of the word, who spent their days and years in its interpretation, who received the

tradition intact from the earliest teachers through many generations of sages, would they have remained blind to the meaning of their own text? If, within the Divine economy, this man had been the Destined Redeemer, would the word not have taught them? And since no such teaching had ever come to them, who were to be deemed the true interpreters of the word, they or the Christian teachers, untutored religionists, strangers to the intuitions of Jewish traditions, unlettered in the wisdom received from the Fathers? In brief, the Jews failed to understand the aims of the Christian church, and they refused to admit them. No wonder, therefore, that during the first two or three centuries succeeding the birth of Jesus there were constant discussions,ickerings, conflicts, and mutual recriminations. No wonder that the Jewish fathers indulged in sarcasms and cynical utterances, which fortunately for the fair fame of Jewish literature have long since been expurgated from the Talmudical text; no wonder that slowly but too surely the foundations were laid for those schismatic feuds which afterwards resulted in so much misery, to the detriment of the church, and the prolongation of hatred and persecution.

The reader must understand that nothing is so dangerous to the reputation and fame of any man as the evil conduct of his followers. Had Christianity remained the downtrodden and oppressed sect it was in the time of the Roman emperors, the probabilities are that a union between Jews and Christians would have been effected. Despite their radical differences, they had much in common. They equally abhorred idolatry; they equally despised the rites of the heathen temples. They equally preached purity, charity, righteousness, and personal integrity. Had the persecution of the early Christians continued, who knows but that the history of man might have been read differently? But

when Christianity, from having been a persecuted sect, became a religious, social, and civil power, the doom of the dissenting elements was inevitable. Religion never oppresses nor persecutes, but the dominant power that is allied to it has a sword or cimeter. When Christianity became a Greek power, it became a Greek master. Unmindful of the simple, pure, and gentle teachings of the primitive church, it became ambitious of perpetuating its power, and the wheels of its progressing chariot passed in course over the crushed bodies of the unbelievers. To save him from perdition, the church smote the unbeliever on the cheek, gave him a prey to the wild beasts in the amphitheater or the Cynegeion, spurned him as a dog, set the Cain's mark upon his forehead. What bloody scheme of salvation was this! A cross in the one hand, a sword in the other? A wild beast waiting to tear the limbs of him who refused to accept Christ! Thus had theological interpretation, graven on the sword of power, converted the Judaism of the Nazarene into a murderous instrument of destruction. And what opinion could the persecuted Hebrew have of a Saviour whose followers tore out his heart in their wrath, and plundered him in their greed! The character of Jesus of Nazareth suffered in the same degree as the spirit of persecution increased. Within the ghettos to which they were subsequently assigned, excluded aliens governed by Christian laws that made life intolerable, they forgot all theological differences in the mighty suspicion that the Redeemer of such ghouls could never have been the Son of God.

The Christian of today cannot look upon this sad chapter of human history with overmuch sympathy, because either he knows very little of the history of his church, or else it is taught him only as it appears to the teachers themselves. The great wrong done the world by the church — a wrong which in God's eternal

years it may yet have to expiate — is that when it became allied to political power it uplifted the sword of persecution, and left the minority no choice between baptism or death. It has not atoned for this supererogation, even when it subsequently allied itself to the civilizing influences that brought about the Age of Reason. The Jews remained not only total strangers to the doctrine of a church that persecuted them, not only repelled its advances, fearing that the sword, the rack, and the torture, lurked behind the cross, but they even remained strangers to civilization, contenting themselves with the law and the traditions that remained the precious heirlooms of a deathless past, whose unquenchable memories were mixed with so much tears, pain, and sorrow.

If Jesus of Nazareth has himself uttered the wise maxim that man shall be known by his fruits, his followers in the long days of the dark past produced fruit that was not of their teacher's planting. That, to a Jew, is the unimpeachable testimony of history. Happily that dark past is behind us, and no matter through what potent agencies, the attitude of the church is less intolerant, if still too dogmatical to insure great sympathy. Whether I am mistaken or not, I attribute the modern attitude of ecclesiastical authority to the powerful revolution of the centuries, by which it became reduced to a mere agency for the dissemination of religious teachings. When the church, instead of holding the sceptre of power, simply ascends the cathedra, and gives utterance to the wise words of its illustrious Founder, Hebrews begin to understand its purposes. And so it has come to pass, not only that the Jew with hearty good will turns to his Christian brother, believing firmly that, as Nathan the Wise says so nobly and so sagely, what makes the Christian a Jew makes the Jew a Christian, but that the character of the Nazarene gains in strength and luster in exactly

the same proportion that his followers make themselves beloved and respected.

This I profess, without fear of criticism or contradiction, is the modern Jewish standpoint. The dogmas of Christianity are still unintelligible to us. We cannot understand the intricate scheme of salvation that places God so far without the reach of His creatures that mediation must be resorted to. We do not understand that to reach the Heavenly Father in simple, childlike prayer, a string of metaphysical propositions must be purchased or acquired. We understand and feel God our Father, the God of all the world, the Father of all His children. We have never taken very kindly to metaphysics. When Isocrates, the Greek, witnessed the Osirian rites on the shores of the lower Nile, he wondered much,—"If Osiris is God, why do ye lament his death as man; and if he be man, why do ye worship him as God?" The illustrious Greek's objections regarding Osiris are ours with respect to the metaphysical Christ.

But — let my dear reader and fellow-man scan the following closely — shorn of all theological attributes, divested of his Greek garments, disrobed and appearing in the strong light of history, the majestic character and figure of the Nazarene are intelligible enough to a Hebrew. The earliest Greek and Roman pictures of the Christ represent him as bare-headed, crowned with the nimbus, enveloped in a long flowing robe, bare-foot or sandaled, with a gentle, dreamy face, every line of which is an expression of deep spirituality. Jews do not understand such a representation. It is an expression of Greek thought. The Jewish sculptor, Moses Ezekiel, born at Richmond, Virginia, has had another conception of the Christ. He has chiseled out of the choicest marble the noble figure of a Jewish patriot, strong, sturdy, attired like a Hebrew of the period of the Galilean, — a youth with *turbaned* head, and a face flashing with

genius. That answers more faithfully to the Jewish idea of Jesus. A son of his people, his heart aflame with great intents, his ambition wholly to restore the Law, his dream that of the prophets, to bring the kingdom of Heaven to the children of earth, he preached a millennium to men engaged in quarrels and contentions. If he failed, if his life paid the forfeit, it was the sorrowful consequence of troubled times. But his teachings, as they appear upon the face of his book, not as they are interpreted by hair-splitting metaphysicians, his teachings are the genuine echoes of the holy themes propounded by the old prophets. A life led in harmony with such teachings, the same teachings given to Israel in the Law and the prophets, must needs be pure and holy. This much we understand,—why cannot all the world thus read these teachings, and thus, to quote the great words of Sir Moses Montefiore, remove the title page be-

tween the Old and the New Testament?

But that time has not yet come. Still, perhaps the merry Christmas bells do not ring in vain. Perhaps they are the perennial messengers of an era of complete peace and good will. For the present the Jew believes in God, in the law of righteousness; and is an ardent patriot in every country that has cradled him. And he holds all men to be his brethren; he holds all religion to be the potent factor of man's regeneration; he holds every prayer to be the message from the child to the Father. These are no dogmatic teachings. Exalted as has become the figure of the Nazarene, when the Jew was permitted to view it in the light of his own teachings, it may reach the full height of prophetic power, when the church shall have consented to a plan of salvation in which the acceptance of unintelligible dogmatic teachings shall be no longer a condition.

Jacob Voorsanger.





NON VISUS.

His face doth not appear;
 And human eye cannot descry
 That we two dwell anear.

Yet in the shadow-land,
 Far from the ken of sons of men,
 We two walk hand in hand.

The world hears not a tone;
 For in that tryst where none may list,
 We make our secrets known.

I neither care nor see
 What form is worn, what name is borne
 By him, who walks with me.

I only know, in rest
 And calm content my days are spent
 With this, my guest.

And yet, if men should see
 His face some day, methinks they'd say:
 "T is Love abides with thee!"

Narnie Harrison.



A BRIBE DEFEATED.

IT SEEMED evident that there would be a bill introduced at the next legislature prohibiting hydraulic mining. For a number of years, complaints regarding the condition of streams affected by this manner of gold-getting had been on the increase, and the newspapers were loud in their denunciation of the practice.

To defeat such legislation, Emery Hope was bending every effort. Owning as he did properties that would be affected to the amount of many thousands of dollars, it can be readily understood that he would be willing to spend both time and money in his endeavor to carry his point.

It was early in the fall. Mr. Hope had just come into N—, after a tiresome stage ride. The sleepy clerk had told him that there would be no train until morning, and as it was late in the evening, he asked to be shown to his room immediately after supper. His trip into the bunch-grass counties had completely worn him out,—owing not so much, perhaps, to the heat and bad roads, as to the utter impossibility of getting anything satisfactory out of the resident members elect. The result was that no sooner had he become fairly settled in the time-worn depression in the center of the bed, than he fell fast asleep.

But he was not to rest undisturbed.

The whistle of a passing freight directly in front of his open window aroused him from a troubled dream, and as the dream was very unpleasant he was glad to have it interrupted.

He sat up in bed and yawned. The light from the new moon lessened the darkness sufficiently for him to see what appeared to be something sitting on a chair by the window. He pinched himself, to make sure that he was awake, and that this was not a vision of his bad dream. But, no; for there it was—the dim outlines of a little, dried-up human form.

Mr. Hope forced himself to speak. "What are you doing there?" he said, and his voice sounded harsh and strange.

The shape seemed to shake itself. It then gave an asthmatic little chuckle, and in a voice that resembled the rattling of peas in a pod, said, "You are Mr. Emery Hope."

"I don't deny it," he said; "but who, in the name of porphyry, are you?"

"I have been waiting a long while for you to awaken," said the form at the window.

"The devil you have!" said Mr. Hope. "And to what do I owe all this?"

"You are very anxious to defeat that hydraulic mining bill?" observed the form, throwing one skinny leg over the other. "Am I not right?"

"And what if I am?" asked Hope.

"It seems a little irregular to wake up in the night, and discuss one's private affairs with such an infernal looking mummy as you are."

"But I am not a mummy," it continued. "I am the essence of the chemist Boleno, who was imprisoned one thousand years ago under a rock, on the north side of the butte called Dead Man's Finger. I will help you to defeat that bill, if you will do something for me. The conditions are easy."

"What are the conditions?" asked Mr. Hope; "for," he continued, "I believe I would sign a contract with old Harry himself to win this fight."

"You are to take my body and burn it," said the spook eagerly. "It is under a rock, just one hundred feet on a plumb line below the granite boulder that crowns Dead Man's Finger on the north side. Measure from the base of the boulder. Will you do it?" rattled the spook, bending forward eagerly.

"I won't have to shake hands on it, will I?" queried Mr. Hope.

"No," continued the other: "just promise that within one year from the time this bill is defeated you will fulfill your part of the agreement."

"Well, I promise," returned Mr. Hope. "But how are you going to be able to help me?"

"I will tell you," it replied. "You are not to try and do anything further with the members, but turn your whole attention to the Governor. Do you think it would be of any advantage to you if you could force him to return a full and truthful answer to every question you might ask him?" it queried.

"Return a full and truthful answer to any question I might ask him!" exclaimed Hope. "That *would* give me a cinch on him, sure."

"You evidently believe he has done things that he would not care to have known."

"Do I? Well, I should say so. I think he is as dishonest an old repro-

bate as ever drew breath; and he does me the honor of thinking the same of me. No. I will tell you, Mr. Essence of Bolenus, or whatever you call yourself, you will have to sink another shaft. His Honor and I would never hitch on any kind of an agreement."

"Yes, you will. To be sure you will," returned the other. "For I will give you something that will make him commit himself; once you have him, you may demand, in payment for silence, that he veto the bill. But it will soon be daylight, and I must make haste."

The little figure leaned over, and was silent a moment. It then continued: "You will find upon this window-sill a small seed, which you must put in a flower-pot, filled with rich earth. This you must be careful to water well each day. At the end of one month you will have a plant that resembles tobacco. You must then cut and dry it, and have it made into a cigar. This cigar you must give to the Governor. Any question you may ask him, while he is smoking it, will receive a full and truthful answer. You can arrange the rest."

Mr. Hope hastened to speak, but the form had disappeared, and he noticed that the dawn was approaching. He arose and dressed himself. "A mighty vivid dream," he said.

Before leaving the room he walked over to the window, and there, lying on the sill, was a small, woolly seed. He picked it up and placed it in the corner of an envelope, which he then folded and thrust deep down into his breast pocket.

The first thing Mr. Hope did, upon arriving at his home, was to plant that seed. Day after day he watched and nourished the plant, until at the end of a month he found that there was just enough of it to make one medium-sized cigar. He cut and dried the little leaves and carried them to a tobacconist around the corner, and stood watching him intently while he rolled them into shape.



"BUT, NO; FOR THERE IT WAS."

The next thing was to get witnesses to the Governor's disclosures, and these must be men of weight, who would be believed. They must also be men who would make and keep a promise not to reveal anything that the Governor might say to them.

His choice settled upon Mr. George Amret, a leading merchant of the town, and on the Reverend Samuel James, of whose church Mr. Hope and his family were members. An arrangement was made with these gentlemen, to attend him on the following day.

"You will hear strange things," he said,— "things that will surprise you greatly." He did not tell them what they were, but succeeded in getting them pledged to silence.

The Governor was alone in his office,

when his secretary announced Mr. Emery Hope, Mr. George Amret, and the Reverend Samuel James. He received his visitors cordially, and offered them chairs.

"We have come on very important business, Governor, and trust we can have a half an hour of your time." Mr. Hope waited for an answer. The Governor turned, and announced to his secretary that he would be busy for that length of time, and Mr. Hope felt that he had won the first move.

"I'll fix the old hypocrite," he said to himself; and then, aloud,— "As the matter to come before us very nearly concerns me, I trust, Governor, that you will not refuse to light a cigar with me. We will then proceed to business."

As he reached for his case, he trem-

bled violently. What if the Governor should refuse to smoke? There was one cigar on each side of the case. The one he wished to retain was held down by his thumb, the other being held toward the Governor.

It was taken, the cigars were lighted, and another point was scored.

Mr. Hope's eyes fairly gleamed as he looked toward his enemy, contentedly puffing away at the cigar that was to seal his doom.

"I will hold it over him as long as he lives," he said to himself; "and it will make tiptop political capital when the time comes to use it. His influence amounts to a great deal," dreamed Hope, "and it is a lever that I shall now be able to command. I shall get concessions that will make me the wealthiest man in the State, and—"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Hope, but I shall have to ask you to make known

your business; I am pressed for time," broke in the Governor. "Will you please tell me why you came here?"

"Certainly," he replied; "I came here to get you to tell these gentlemen and myself all about your rascality."

The Governor was thunderstruck.

Hope was no less so; but he rallied first, and mentally framed an apology. "Yes, I consider you a villain. That is—you understand—I mean I, myself, think you are a d—d rascal."

The minister sprang to his feet, and exclaimed, "What is the meaning of this abuse and profanity; do you not pretend to be a Christian man, and a member of my church?"

"Yes. That is, I pretend," answered Hope; "but I am an infernal hypocrite, and I have always thought you were the same."

The minister sunk into his seat, and Hope attempted to arise, but could not.



"WILL YOU PLEASE TELL ME WHY YOU CAME HERE?"

Something seemed to chain him to his place.

"Perhaps, while you are in a mood for talking so plainly about other people," said the Governor sarcastically, "you will tell me if there is any truth in the rumor that you have been offering bribes to members of the legislature during the past two months."

"It is true," murmured Hope, "I have not only offered them, but in two cases I have had them accepted."

The Governor seemed somewhat surprised about the plainness of the answer. "Was there anything in the charge that you accepted money from the railroad, while on the Commission?" he asked.

"O, yes," replied Hope, "several times. Once I got five hun —"

"Hold on," shouted Mr. Amret, "I have always suspected that at the time you sold me those Bloomingdale bonds,

you knew the company had failed. Is it so?"

"O, yes, it is so," he said faintly, "I heard it an hour before the sale."

The perspiration was running down his face in streams. "Gentlemen, have mercy," he cried, "force open my mouth, and take away this cigar."

He made a frantic effort to rise, and had nearly succeeded, when something struck him on the head. He opened his eyes, and found himself lying on the floor in the hotel. The sun was just peeping over the horizon, and the voice of the landlady was calling him for his train.

"Thank the Lord," he said, as he gave a parting pull to his valise strap, "that when a fellow grows up without a familiar acquaintance with Truth, he does not have to be introduced to her all at once."

Colvin B. Brown.



SILENCE.

THOU art the weapon of Wisdom, more keen than the two-edged sword;
At the tip of the tongue thou bidest, awaiting the master's word:
Yet it needs true wit to wield thee, and truer to keep thee long.
Deeper than speech thy comfort, in insult, in sorrow, in wrong;
And if in telling his love-tale, unknowing thy strength is so strong,

He uses thee not, she will quick discover

He is no lover.

Let me follow thy counsel, Silence, and end my song.

Charlotte W. Thurston.

MICRONESIA.



“END a man aloft to the fore royal yard to look out for land,” was the order given by the captain of a vessel sailing in the pleasant northeast trade winds of the Pacific Ocean, a few miles from the Equator, and in longitude 174 East.

Four days previously this vessel had crossed the meridian on which the world's day begins, thus discarding one day, and passing from Friday to Sunday. The discarded day was to have been the birthday of one of the passengers, who, under the circumstances, was at a loss to know his own age.

It was not fifteen minutes before the sailor, who was on his first voyage among coral islands, reported in doubtful tones

from his lofty lookout, “The appearance of trees growing out of the ocean.”

Another half hour's sailing caused the cry of “Land ho!” to come, this time with no uncertain sound, and a white beach was reported visible under the trees.

A coral island in the Gilbert group was soon plainly seen from the deck. In another hour the anchor was dropped under the lee of the coral reef and trees, the vessel surrounded with scores of canoes, and the deck swarming with natives.

This island, Tapiteuea by name, is twenty-one hundred miles to the southwest of Honolulu, the course and distance being the same as that from San Francisco to Honolulu.

Micronesia, “Little Islands,” is a portion of Polynesia, composed of four distinct groups, the Gilbert or Kings-



THE EDGE OF THE LAGOON.

mill, which lie on the Equator in the longitude mentioned; the Marshall or Mulgraves, subdivided into two chains, the Radacks on the east, and the Ralicks on the west, which lie from five to thirteen degrees farther north, and from two to ten degrees farther west; and the Caroline, still farther to the west, and stretching along east and west from longitude 163° to 135° east, and from 5° to 12° north latitude. North of the Caroline group, between longitude 147° and 142° east, and latitude 12° and 17° north,

Caroline Islands, and left a governor, with several officers, fifty soldiers, twenty-five convicts, and six Capuchin priests, on the high island of Panapa. In the same year the Germans claimed the Marshall Islands, each nation basing its claim upon the right of discovery, and intruding themselves upon the lawful owners without invitation: but what honor or profit can accrue to any of these governments through possession of these worthless little pin-heads of the Pacific puzzles one familiar with them.



AN APPROACH.

are the Ladrone Islands. The Gilbert and Marshall groups are exclusively low reefs of coral formation, while the two others include both coral and volcanic islands.

The native race of the Ladrone is extinct, but some of the group are used for a penal colony by the Spanish.

The Gilbert Islands have recently come into some prominence, through the act of the English government in taking formal possession of them. In 1887 the Spanish took control of the

A chain of sixteen islands, or more properly speaking, sixteen reefs, composes the Gilbert Archipelago. Upon eight of these are found from eight to thirty islets of various sizes. The name less generally used, Kingsmill Islands, formerly designated a few of the southern ones only. As the result of one islet, sometimes mistaken for the whole group, being discovered and named by one person, and another by another, each island, as well as the whole group, has a distinct name of its own. The



A SOUTH SEA HOME.

easternmost, sighted June 3d, 1765, and named Byron Island for the discoverer, was the first of this archipelago discovered. This island is placed upon the chart some fifty-five miles to the east of its true position, which is latitude $1^{\circ} 26' S.$, and longitude $176^{\circ} 50' E.$

Such poor surveying has been done, that no charts yet issued can be relied upon by the navigator. I have sailed over the designated position of hundreds of non-existing islands, while many that do exist are sadly misplaced, thus rendering navigation safe only under strict watch by day and night. It would not seem amiss for some of our great governments, with their numerous men-of-war lying month after month in foreign harbors, to spend a season in a thorough survey, for the benefit of science and navigation.

These Gilbert atolls, or coral islands, which vary in size and form, inclose lagoons of every shape, into almost all of which there is at least one passage. In the lagoon numerous coral patches rise nearly to the surface of the water, making sailing dangerous, except by daylight, when the sun is at one's back. They are, however, quiet and safe places for anchorage, with a depth from forty to two hundred feet.

The average height of the islands is about six or seven feet above the sea level. The soil, which is but a few inch-

es deep, consists of a mixture of very fine coral sand and decayed vegetable matter. Few are entirely covered with trees; they usually have barren portions that even the tide runs over at high water.

The climate is equable, as the thermometer on board ship shows a uniform height of eighty-four degrees. From October to April is called the winter; and from May to September, the fine weather season. During the latter, the trade winds blow steadily from the northeast and east, and the natives improve the opportunity to make voyages in their large proas, or canoes, to other islands of the group to visit friends or fight foes.

As we look upon these vast breakwaters of nature, the unanswered question of their origin never fails to arise. Are the various islets upon these reefs the remnants of one continuous island, which by the constant action of wind and wave have gradually been worn and washed apart; or, is the coral still at work, gathering to itself all the atoms washed upon it, until the wonderful formation rises above the sea as a new islet, which in the future will unite with the others, and the entire reef be covered with trees?

On the other hand, has there at one time been a large continent in this part of the Pacific Ocean, which has gradually sunk under the water, and as the mountain tops disappeared, the coral used them as a foundation upon which to build? Do the passages through the reefs, into the lagoons, mark the place where once a river ran? How came the natives upon these islands? Whence the cocoanut and the pandanus (screw pine) trees, and the other fifteen or twenty forms of life that are found there?

The view of a coral island, with its wonderful reef, sparkling lagoon, and forest of tropical trees, is a pleasant sight; but the interest in this is lost when we land upon the beach, and for

the first time look upon the real live heathen.

In all Micronesia the inhabitants are a brown race, with straight black hair,

The accepted theory until recently has been that the brown Polynesians belong to the Malay race. Later investigations by Judge Forander, of the Ha-



FOOD, SHELTER, AND CLOTHING.

bearing little resemblance to the woolly-haired African race found on the New Guinea, New Britain, Solomon, Loyalty, New Hebrides, and Fiji islands.

Rev. Robert W. Logan, for many years a successful missionary in the Caroline Group, in writing upon this subject, says: "The islands inhabited by the Polynesians enter like a wedge among those inhabited by the brown race, the apex being the Fiji Islands.

waiian Islands, and certain German scholars, render it probable that they may be a branch of the Caucasian race. It is thought that by means of their languages, traditions, and mythologies, the Polynesians can be traced back from their present abode, step by step, through the island groups of the Pacific and Indian Oceans to the Indian Peninsula, and onward to the central tablelands of Asia, whence the Caucasian

racers in the beginning of history emigrated westward and southward.

"In those groups in which the different islands are near enough to allow of communication, even though comparatively infrequent, there is usually a common language ; where widely separated, different languages have been developed.

"Most of the various dialects abound in vowel sounds, two consonants rarely coming together in the middle of a word, and all words ending in vowels."

lation of Micronesia is found in this one group, their number at the present time being estimated at nearly fifty thousand people. One of the smallest islands, not over two miles in diameter, has upon it some seventeen hundred inhabitants ; while Tapiteuea, a continuous island thirty miles in length, without any lagoon, has a population of nearly six thousand.

A boat approaching the shore is the signal for all in the vicinity to assemble upon the beach. Before landing, let us



THE CHIEF'S HOUSE.

The Gilbert Islanders, by far the most numerous, are a darker and larger race than the others, and bear a striking resemblance to the Hawaiians.

In any other group the attention will not be particularly attracted by great numbers, but upon landing at any of the Gilberts, and viewing the beach literally covered with natives, no one fails to ask, "Where did they all come from?" "How can they all live upon this small strip of land?" which in no place exceeds a quarter of a mile in width. It is believed that half the popu-

stand in the boat and take a survey of what is before us. At the water's edge is a throng of children of both sexes, guiltless of all covering. Behind them a throng of men, from the youth to the gray-haired, some of whom are as destitute of clothing as the children before them, and the remainder but little better off. Farther up the beach, huddled together under the trees, are the women, no less curious, but not allowed in the ranks of men. Never in one instance, in any part of Micronesia, have I seen a woman without some covering.

On my first visit to these islands, I saw at once where the fashion and name of banging the hair, so much practiced by the women of our home-land, originated. It no doubt was from the heathen men and women of Micronesia, who to prevent the hair on their mop-like heads from covering their eyes, literally banged it off in front between two stones.

The bodies of men, women, and children, are tattooed, and this cruel work is begun before they are a year old.

Being of a naturally quarrelsome and savage disposition, these heathen have engaged in such prolonged and fierce warfare, that their bodies are also covered with scars, of which they are very proud, since they are indications of their bravery and courage. Their ignorant idea of courage, which often causes their death, is well shown in the case of the young man who noticed, while conversing with us, a long native spear, covered with terrible sharks' teeth, which had been brought on board to sell, fall from its position on the rail. In his haste to catch it before it reached the deck, he received a severe cutting in the palm of his hand, from which the blood ran freely. Not the slightest attention was paid by him to the accident, neither were we permitted to look at the hand. They do not hesitate to slash open any suffering part, to let out, as they think, the pain.

The coming of numerous trading vessels seeking cobra (dried cocoanut meat) has been the means of introducing as trade the more deadly weapons, guns, pistols, knives, etc., with which nearly all their fighting is now done; whereas, in the past, spears, slings, and clubs, of their own making were used.

I was reliably informed that formerly at least seventy per cent of the deaths among the natives were violent,—from murder, which is thought so lightly of as not to be considered punishable. The relatives of the murdered one are

satisfied with the presentation of a piece of land, or a cocoanut tree or two. Although the loss of life is so great and constant, there seems little danger of depopulation. While we were anchored at Tarama, the case of a native woman giving birth to three healthy children came to my notice.

The Gilbert Islanders are more inclined to cannibalism than any others in Micronesia, and there is probably no adult among them who has not tasted human flesh.

The native food consists of a variety of fish, tortoise, cocoanuts, and pandanus. The papayer fruit, better known as the mummy apple, has been successfully introduced. Pigs, ducks, and chickens, are becoming quite numerous, and proving an additional blessing to the scanty store. The habit of destroying their enemies' cocoanut trees during their fights often reduces them to the verge of starvation.

The only fresh water is secured by the rising tide, pressing into holes dug for the purpose the rain that falls upon the island. Even this is so brackish that the natives prefer the delicious cool water from the half-grown cocoanut just plucked from the tree.

Although their grief is slight over murder, there is great demonstration of sorrow when they are called to separate. I well remember our first experience of a night made hideous. As we were sitting on deck under our awning, peacefully enjoying a pleasant evening in a quiet lagoon, suddenly shrieks, cries wailings, and shouts, brought us to our feet, and it was not difficult to imagine that we were standing near the mouth of the pit, and that these unearthly sounds proceeded directly from Pandemonium. The natives were lamenting the departure of some of their kindred, who were to take passage with us the following day. There may not have been many tears shed upon the occasion; it would seem unnecessary with

the amount of noise. Since they seem to have natural affection for their children, one cannot but wonder at their general custom of giving away their own to their friends and then adopting others.

There still remain in this group many of the disgusting forms of heathenism. Had I not witnessed their customs regarding their dead it would seem incredible. A mother will carry about with her the body of her dead child until it falls to pieces, when she carefully cleans the bones and carries them. A wife will often continue to sleep for weeks under a mat beside the body of her husband.

As navigators, the Marshall Islanders are superior, and can boast of their hydrographers. It seems impossible that the primitive chart, constructed with small limber sticks to represent currents and waves, with a shell or pebble at intersections to represent islands, and which is remarkable for its accuracy, could have been made by instinct or memory. Still, many are the unfortunate native voyagers, who, through a change of swell or obscured stars, their only compass, have lost their way, and indeed found themselves "all at sea." Many are never heard from; others have drifted to inhospitable shores only to meet with a violent death; while still others have been rescued by vessels, and landed even in China and San Francisco. Some of these, as those who have risen from the dead, I have had the pleasure of returning to their homes and friends.

It is interesting to watch the ingenious method experience has taught them of getting the water from their canoes when upset, where they cannot stand on the bottom. Several men, after pushing the canoe in a certain direction, by swimming as fast as possible, will suddenly stop, causing the water to rush out at the farther end. Before it can fill again, they are off in the opposite direction, and the same maneuver gone

through with. This is repeated until the boat is sufficiently empty to keep the gunwale above water, when the remainder can be bailed out.

Instead of pressing the oil from the cocoanuts, as in former years, the natives now cut the cocoanut meat, when thoroughly ripe, into small pieces, and expose it to the hot rays of the sun for a few days. This, now called cobra, is shipped in large quantities to the United States and Germany, where the oil that is pressed from it is used in our fine toilet soaps. For the cobra the natives receive from one to two cents a pound, while it is estimated that each cocoanut tree produces seventy cents worth a year.

Business firms, with respectable names, from Australia, New Zealand, California, and Germany, are engaged in the cobra business among these islands, but their respectability does not interfere with a great deal of business injurious to the natives. Rum, tobacco, firearms, giant powder, anything to bring them the desired cobra, is sent by them and placed in the hands of white traders, who, acting as their agents upon the various islands, stand ready to secure it. Upon the native insisting on receiving cash for his commodity, it is paid in Chilean or Mexican money, purchased by the business firm for this purpose at a large discount.

The offscouring of humanity have found their way here, where, away from all law and restraint, they seem content to pass their indolent days in the full indulgence of all their low and evil passions. In meeting such specimens of white and colored humanity, with their hang-dog looks and downcast eyes, it seems impossible that one created in the image of his Maker can be brought so low. Many of them, like the natives, with minds but slightly more elevated, use but little clothing and bear the same tattoo marks. The natives are the innocent victims of such men, and from

this class the business firms choose, often to their cost, their agents.

Many amusing incidents have come to my notice during the years spent among these natives.

A mail sent from Honolulu by a whaler, to Reverend Hiram Bingham, was delivered to some natives to hand to him, but although it came so near its destination, he never received it,— for

The natives are fond of all kinds of perfumes, and are eager to purchase what they call in their broken English, "smell." The favorite among the Gilberts seems to be kerosene oil, with which they cover their bodies when preparing for a feast or dance.

A shrewd native, when sending a box of shells to a friend in Honolulu, placed at the top a piece of red calico and the



"WHENCE COME THEY?"

the natives ate it up! Another time, as the natives could imagine no other use for some soap that had washed ashore, at the same island from a wreck, they ate that also.

We were amused by the request of a king, that had evidently learned the use of soap, who sent word through his native crew, asking us to furnish him with soap and towel with which to perform his ablutions before visiting our vessel.

remnants of a round comb and mirror. The friend took the hint, and returned new articles of the same description.

This reminds me of an old chief who would come with "a present of eggs," and announce that his wife "would like some needles, thread, and buttons."

Having only surnames, parents and children alike, with a few exceptions, call each other by these. When a youthful offspring, named for some foreigner

whom they have heard spoken to as Mr. —, is addressed by parents as "Mr. Bingham," "Mr. Walkup," "Mr. Garland," one cannot help smiling.

Children of refinement and heathenism are alike in natural propensities. There is no less mischief lurking in the eyes of a Gilbert Island boy, when he recognizes an opportunity to play a trick upon his companion, than is seen in the American youth; and he is as capable of looking as innocent after thrusting a live lizard into the bushy head of another boy, as the American lad while answering his teacher's questions from a concealed book. The boyish game most highly enjoyed is that of building a bonfire, from which they snatch live fire-brands and pursue each other, often engaging in warm skirmishes, in which their naked bodies are sadly burned.

Missionary work was begun in Micronesia, through missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, in 1852, and has been continued without intermission. Many have accepted the Gospel, and many will not. The contrast between the two classes is most marked.

I have failed to notice any benefit, with the exception of taking away fire-arms, preventing wars, and checking frequent murders and the lawlessness of some of the above mentioned white traders, through foreign government, either to the natives or the powers who have usurped their rights. If the English are able to demonstrate the value of their Gilbert Island possessions, they will do more than the Germans have done in the Marshall, or the Spanish in the Caroline groups.

Isaiah Bray.

HERALDS OF DAY.

MORNING and bugle call,
 And a fresh wind blowing free;
 Ride out, ride out with mingled shout,
 Ye knights of the day to be!
 For the red glow rises in the east,
 And the red blood in the heart;
 Light for the earth, light for the world,
 Full light for field and mart!
 The mists uplift, the woods awake,
 The birds and the waters sing,
 And music rolls through sunlit souls
 To the touch of the times a-ring.
 With sword and palm, with spear and balm,
 Ride into the regal morn;
 From the shades of wrong a wide and strong
 New day of the Lord is born.

Aurilla Furber.



"You might horsewhip him," suggested Tom Van Shyster, flipping the ash from his cigarette. "You are big enough, Jimmy, and strong enough to knock the stuffing out of him in two minutes."

The two men were standing in front of the pretty fireplace in the reading-room of the University Club, and one of them, judging by his flushed face and excited gestures, was laboring under much mental distress.

"That's just the worst feature of the business. There would be no satisfaction in lickin' such a bag of bones as Blagg. Confound it," — he continued, gazing ruefully at a copy of that morning's *'Enquirer,'* which he held in his right hand, — "what have I done to the Johnny that he should pillory me like this? It's a beastly shame. If I'd known I was goin' to drop into such a slatin' in the papers I'd have stayed in England. I've a deuced good mind to chuck the States and become a British subject. I have, indeed."

His friend trembled at this threat.

"Don't do that, Jimmy. We can't spare you, old man. You'll get over this. Nobody here pays any attention to Blagg. He's given me many a dose. Of course he ought to be tarred and feathered; but who's going to do it?"

"I don't care so much about myself, Tom, but I draw the line at my mother.

He read as follows: "What can we expect from the son of a woman who deliberately sold herself for a paltry title, and took honest American gold to gild the tarnished escutcheon of a spendthrift English baronet."

It is necessary to explain that Jimmy Bagster was an American citizen. Old Bagster, early in the sixties, accumulated an enormous fortune, variously estimated at from one to five millions. When he died, half of his estate, being community property, went to his wife, and the other half fell to Jimmy, then a freckle-faced boy of five. Mrs. Bagster, who hated San Francisco because some of the best houses there were closed to her, took herself and her diamonds to Mayfair, where, thanks to a house in Park Lane, a first-class *chef*, and the most ravishing toilets, she captured the hand and heart of a hard riding baronet. Jimmy was duly sent to Eton and Christchurch. At Eton he achieved distinction on the river, but soared no higher in his studies than the lower fifth form. At Christchurch his career was cut ruthlessly short by the Dean, who sent him down at the end of his third term. Jimmy shed no tears, and announced his intention of visiting San Francisco.

"I'm a son of the Golden West," he told his mother, "and I'm goin' to look after my property. The master's eye, you know."

So Jimmy and his valet registered at the best hotel, and occupied a handsome suite of rooms upon the third floor. Nob Hill welcomed him effusively, and Clubdom opened wide its portals. Jimmy was young, rich, healthy, and good-natured. His English accent was the genuine thing, and all his coats were cut in Conduit Street. Of course, he became the fashion. At the present writing he had been exactly six months in California.

Van Shyster pleasantly cursed Blagg and all his tribe as soon as Jimmy had finished quoting from the article in the *Enquirer*.

"It's really too bad," he admitted. "Say, let's crack a small bottle, and see if we can't evolve something out of our inner consciousness. Two heads are better than one."

"I'm afraid, Tommy, that our heads don't amount to much. This fellow Blagg has the bulge on us when it comes to heads. Hang it all, who is he, anyway, that he sneers at polo and pigeon shooting? He could n't sit a horse over a fence to save his life, and looks a regular duffer at all kinds of sport. I should like to know more about him."

"He's no friend of mine," said Van Shyster. "But McLeod over there"—he indicated with his hand a rising young lawyer—"was at college with him, and is posted. We'll find out what there is to know from him. Come over here, Mac, and tell us about Homer Blagg."

"Homer?"—McLeod sighed reflectively,— "poor old Homer. He used to be a chum of mine. Clever? O yes, but soured. He's made an awful mess of life, somehow. At Harvard we expected great things of Blagg, but he has had hard luck. He took a high degree in medicine, but I never heard of his

practicing. Then he tried law and gave that up. He has made heaps of enemies, and since he took to borrowing from his old friends, I've fought rather shy of him. He struck me for five dollars only last week. Poor Homer, poor fellow."

Van Shyster and Jimmy listened with interest.

"He's married too," pursued McLeod, "has a wife and half a dozen children. To support them he writes. I see he's been after you, Bagster. Given you a scorching, too. He's always down upon millionaires. Well, you can afford to laugh at Homer Blagg. He makes capital—bread and butter, to put it plainly,—out of your polo breeches and brown boots. Apparently the perfection of their cut is not appreciated in the woolly West, but give us time, and we'll get there. It will pay you as a wise man to join in the general laugh. You can't sue the *Enquirer* for libel, and you can't make a punching bag out of Homer Blagg, because the sympathy of your fellow citizens would be on the side of the poor newspaper man. After all, nobody you care about pays any attention to those periodical diatribes. The wise man can read between the lines the envy and jealousy that inspires them. Blagg vents his spleen upon you and Tommy here, because you're at the top of the social ladder and he's at the bottom. It's hard luck upon you, because you're a stranger to our ways, and I know you've taken the keenest interest in this polo and football. Remember to your comfort that all decent people are cordially grateful to you. When you get your bearings you'll find out that the *Enquirer* is written for the masses. They demand pungent, spicy nonsense, and the editor—very properly from the dollar and cents point of view—sees that they get it. It's an easy matter to poke fun at any manly amusement. I think it's Aristotle who says that the ludicrous is always on the surface, and men like Blagg are constitu-

tionally superficial. No, thank you, no champagne for me; I never drink before lunch. Goodby."

"Hang on a minute," cried Jimmy, "Can you give me Blagg's address?"

"He lives in a miserable flat on Mission Street. You will find the exact number in the directory."

The young men consumed their pint of extra dry in meditative silence. They both respected McLeod, whose opinions generally carried weight both in the University Club and elsewhere. Moreover, he had inspired in the simple heart of Jimmy a certain interest in the misfortunes of Blagg and his family; an interest which was doubtless stimulated by the curious discovery that Blagg occupied number 5000½ Mission Street, which formed part and parcel of the great Bagster estate.

After luncheon, which consisted of Blue Points, potted char, eggs *à la Benedict*, and a remarkable Maraschino jelly, Jimmy announced his intention of taking a walk by himself. Accordingly he selected a large, full-flavored Carolina, which he lit and stuck aggressively in the corner of his mouth, then turned up the bottom of his pants,—Jimmy always called them trousers,—screwed an eyeglass tightly into his right eye, grasped an Irish blackthorn firmly in the middle, and sauntered leisurely down the steps of the club and out into the street. On his road down town he was hailed by several of his friends, but contrary to custom continued his solitary progress until he reached the offices of his lawyer.

"I see," he began, blushing through his freckles, "that a fellow called Homer Blagg lives in one of my flats."

"Yes," replied his lawyer, "and he is one of the worst tenants you have."

"Does he know that I'm his landlord?"

"No: all your business is conducted in my name."

"Ah," said Jimmy. He settled him-

self comfortably in his chair, lighted another Carolina, and remarked genially that it was an uncommonly pleasant day.

The lawyer laughed. "You've not come here, Jimmy, to talk to me about the weather. I'm a busy man, so excuse my abruptness. I presume you are annoyed about this article of Blagg's. He goes for you without the gloves."

"He does."

"Well, you have an excellent chance to get even. He owes you a considerable sum of money. You can attach his furniture, and make it generally hot for him. He ought to be made an example of, and your name need n't appear."

"I hear he's hard up," remarked Mr. Bagster.

"The Bank of San Francisco has some of his paper," said the lawyer, in the petulant tone of a man who settles all his bills promptly upon the first of the month.

"Did they lend him money without security?"

"Humph, the wisest make mistakes, my boy. They thought the security was good at the time they made the loan. Blagg was then editor and proprietor of a society paper that had quite a vogue, and seemed on the high road of prosperity. The fellow has talent, but his pen runs away with him. He involved himself in a libel suit that ruined him, and the paper went to the bow-wows. The cashier of the bank, who was a personal friend of his wife's, took his note for three thousand dollars. Perhaps, under the circumstances, I should have done the same myself."

"I suppose the bank would be glad to sell Blagg's paper?"

"At a large discount, yes."

Jimmy sucked silently at his cigar for the space of a minute, then he spoke out boldly.

"I'll tell you what I want you to do. Buy this note from the bank, find out

all you can about Blagg's outside indebtedness, do nothing for the present about selling him up, and advise me as soon as you have the necessary information. Good mornin'."

The lawyer stared at his trim, retreating figure in astonished silence.

"Great Scott," he murmured. "Jimmy is on the war path. Nothing short of Blagg's scalp will satisfy him. Well, well, this world is full of surprises. Who, in the name of the Sphinx, would have accused Jimmy Bagster of being revengeful? I always considered him the most good-natured fool of my acquaintance."

Before the end of the week Jimmy received a note from his lawyer informing him that according to instructions he was prepared to lay before him a succinct statement of Homer Blagg's financial condition. A few more days elapsed, and Blagg received a letter from the attorney asking him to meet a client,—no name mentioned,—at his office. Thus it came to pass that Jimmy and the Juvenal of the Pacific Slope met face to face. It is pertinent to add that during the preceding week two more articles dealing with the idiosyncracies of Jimmy and his friends had appeared in the columns of the *Enquirer*. Both were the fruit of Blagg's caustic pen. Both were offensively personal. Both, if possible, more cruelly cutting than the first.

The contrast between stout, smiling, red-faced Jimmy and Blagg impressed the lawyer, who albeit was no sentimentalist, as pathetic in the extreme. Jimmy, lying back in his chair, clothed in spotless homespun, smoothing his blonde mustache and indolently surveying Homer Blagg through his eyeglass, looked the incarnation of well-groomed, well-fed prosperity. Poor Blagg, dark and saturnine, out of elbows and out of temper, sat rigidly upright in his chair, scowling fiercely at Jimmy and chewing

the cud of bitter introspection. Physically he was the wreck of a once handsome man. The habitual stoop of the hack writer had twisted his slender, graceful figure. Insufficient nourishment had hollowed his cheeks and temples. Care and disappointment had traced their indelible lines upon his sunken features, but his fine eye still glowed with the fire of intense vitality.

The lawyer addressed him in the bland tone of the advocate.

"Mr. Blagg, my client, Mr. James Bagster, holds your note of hand for three thousand dollars, principal and interest unpaid. What are you going to do about it?"

"I thought the Bank of San Francisco held it."

"They have assigned it to Mr. Bagster. My client also holds certain orders on you payable at sight, and representing in the aggregate some \$495. He wishes to know if you are in a position to meet this indebtedness. Lastly he is your landlord, and I find you are in arrears to him for over a year's rent."

"Is Mr. Bagster my landlord?"

"He is."

Blagg glanced at the two men in consternation. Then he said in a low voice, that trembled in spite of his efforts to control it.

"I am completely in your power. For myself I ask nothing, but in the name of my wife and children I plead for forbearance. Give me time! Give me time!"

"I have one more question to ask you, Mr. Blagg. What excuse can you offer for persecuting my client and his friends through the medium of the metropolitan press?"

Blagg, galvanized into passion, sprang to his feet.

"Curse you," he cried, "you have conspired to ruin me. I see the trap into which I have fallen, but I'll die game. You wish to know the motive that inspired those articles?"

He turned to Jimmy, who met his furious glance with a half smile.

"I do, Mr. Blagg. To my knowledge I never injured you. I'm a harmless sort of chap, I believe. What have I done, to bring all this unkind ridicule upon my head?"

"Ye gods!" cried Blagg. "He asks what he has done!"

"Yes, what have I done? Tell me."

"You exist," hissed Homer. "You cumber the ground. You rot at ease like the fat weed. You eat, drink, and are merry, while men with a hundred times your brains and a thousand times your energy and ability, starve! Ah, Heaven! the injustice of it!"

"Do you blame me for eatin', and drinkin', and makin' merry?"

"I blame you because you belong to a class that is trying to corrupt our Western simplicity (save the mark!) with the vices of effete monarchies. Because you are trying to introduce foreign customs and manners that may not be tolerated here. Because, in short, you are a snob, sir, from the tip of your ten-dollar shoe to the crown of your ten-dollar hat. It is not your miserable carcass that excites my spleen, but the principle you represent, the principle of monopoly and greed. Tell me of one good deed you have done, and I will beg your pardon."

"I cannot lay claim to even one," said Jimmy slowly, the same half smile hovering around the corners of his mouth. "I've had a good time so far, and in my humble way tried to give my pals a good time, and the people generally whom I've rubbed up against. It's true enough that I've not hunted out misery. I'm not built for slummin'. It may surprise you, but I'd no idea that a clever man like yourself could be knocked out in the fight for existence. There must be something rotten somewhere — some joint loose. Well, Mr. Blagg, you've answered my question fairly, and you've given me an idea or two, which, as you said in your Sunday

article, I am sadly in need of. As this is a business affair, you will allow me to pay for my lesson in my own way."

As he finished speaking, Jimmy drew an elaborate matchbox from his pocket, and extracted therefrom a vesta. Then he coolly proceeded to set alight the promissory note and the other orders. Homer Blagg sprang forward, but Jimmy, waving aloft the flaming papers in his left hand, extended a good right arm, and grasping Blagg firmly by the coat collar, held him powerless until the documents were consumed. Then he pushed Blagg back into his chair, and laughed.

"*Quid*," he said, "*pro quo*. That and *Floreat Etona* is all the Latin I remember."

"Why," stammered Blagg at length, when he had mastered his emotion. "Why, Mr. Bagster, have you heaped these coals of fire upon my head?"

Thereupon Jimmy made the longest speech of his life.

"Ask McLeod, Mr. Blagg. Really you owe this to him, not to me. Candidly, I was thinking of punchin' your head. Not on my own account, but because you wrote a lot of lies about my mother. My own father, an American, mark you, treated her badly. Sir Ralph Nimrod — who is not a spendthrift, by the way — worships the ground she walks on. I was speakin' about McLeod. He made me see this thing with his eyes. He assured me that no man of sense paid any attention to the *Enquirer*. He advised me to join in the laugh against myself. But that was n't all. He spoke about you, and your talents, and the hard luck you had had. That set me to thinkin'. I'm a bit of a Juggins, but my heart, I hope, is in the right place. I felt sorry for you and your family; and I thought to myself that a chap soured and flattened out by misfortune was not to be held accountable for every harsh word. It's queer, but if a man gives his kindly feelings a loose rein he'll ride through life a

deuced sight easier. I'll say no more, Mr. Blagg. My lawyer here will tell you that if I can help you to a more independent position I'll gladly do so. I'm not afraid of losing my money. Goodby."

Blagg impetuously thrust himself between Jimmy and the door.

"Shake hands," he cried, the tears standing in his eyes, "and may God bless you. I'll accept your material

help humbly and thankfully, hoping and believing that the day will come when I can repay you. The moral obligation can never be cancelled in this world."

The lawyer, as soon as he was alone, addressed a plaster cast of Plato that adorned one of his bookshelves.

"Truth, O Plato, is stranger than fiction. Jimmy Bagster has masqueraded as a Fool, and lo, he is a Sage!"

Horace Annesley Vachell.



THE MAGIC POT.

THE line from Dundee to Blairgowrie ran past my estate, not touching it in the slightest degree, but at the nearest point coming within about a hundred and fifty feet from its northeasterly border. There were many of my neighbors, more especially the most settled down and conservative portion, who from the first had objected to any railroad at all. Some of these had good reason for their opposition, as the route was made to pass through their prop-

erty, inconveniently cutting it asunder. Others condemned the enterprise from mere esthetic motives, claiming that it would be a disfigurement of the landscape, would prove a great disadvantage, in bringing down upon us an alien and aggressive population, which would ever remain unsympathetic with our natural desire for quiet; and in many ways would result in confusion, and disarrangement of our customary repose. With these I held little sympathy, and

moreover, could urge no pretense of personal or pecuniary interest; and therefore I looked upon the new line with extreme toleration, and even partial approval. Indeed, the construction soon began to prove an object of considerable attraction to me, as it afforded much satisfaction in the matter of watching its construction day by day, and so giving me some occupation in beguiling the tedium of hours which otherwise, at certain periods of the year, were apt to weigh heavily upon me. For it was not always the hunting or fishing season; and for many months our most vagrant population, finding the life of the country ill adapted to their passion for excitement, were wont to take refuge in the cities, and thereby left the few who remained upon their estates to become the prey of much lassitude and weariness of spirit.

And so, at last, each morning when the weather permitted, I found myself strolling over to the angle of my grounds from which I could most easily watch the work, and where, sitting upon a fallen tree, I could smoke my cigar, and lazily give myself up to observation and reverie. A little observation, perhaps, and a great deal of reverie; but never letting myself become so far lost in thought but that, in some degree, I could keep my gaze fastened on the labors of the workmen, even while letting my attention stray off in contemplation of the landscape, which at this point was very beautiful.

There was a quiet, mitigated excitement, indeed, in listening to the thud of the descending steam scoops, and watching them reappear with their running-over burdens of earth and stones; and sometimes I found myself wondering with what ease the morning hours rolled away, giving me a pretense of employment, and making the time pass very pleasantly and swiftly, with so little real exertion of the mind.

One morning I noticed that the work

of the engine suddenly stopped, and the men gathered with instant curiosity about some object that the great scoop had brought to light. This not seldom happened, for there would occasionally come trunks of trees, and bowlders of unusual size, requiring additional care for their removal. But in this case the attitude of the men was so indicative of interest and curiosity, that I felt compelled to descend from my point of observation, and approach them. What could it be that they had found? A mastodon, or some almost equally attractive relic or fossil?

But almost to my disappointment, I discovered that the strange object was simply a common iron pot. It may have lain there for centuries, buried beneath thirty feet of soil. It was singular, perhaps, that it had never been brought to light; but after all, it was merely an iron pot, unbroken, indeed, but incrustated with the rust of generations, and apparently of little use. One of the men kicked it one side contemptuously, another thought that it might possibly be cleaned and made serviceable again as part of his cottage furniture, a few others seemed indifferently of like mind,—in the end they began casting lots for its possession.

Under those circumstances, it became very easy for me to purchase their claims outright. For I chanced to notice that through the rust and adhering clay there were appearances of snake handles, not altogether inartistic in their conception; and that farther down upon the body of the pot there seemed to be figures in relief, plants and snails, and what not, in a conglomerate pattern. Only, at the basis, an iron pot, to be sure; and yet, all the same, it would probably prove a genuine antique, and with careful burnishing might even develop into a thing of possible beauty.

I therefore hastened, though with due affectation of indifference, to get it into my possession, and a few shillings judi-

ciously distributed easily effected my object. Whether the article belonged to the workmen, to the railroad company, or to the late owner of the ground, seemed of little import. It was merely an iron pot, probably of no greater value than the small sum I was paying for it. I was probably the only person who could have the taste or leisure to feel any interest in it, and there was no danger that my possession of it would ever be disputed.

I carried it immediately to my house, —not a difficult task, when the filling of earth and gravel had been emptied out, for the thing was not much larger than an ordinary punch bowl, and of no greater thickness. Reaching home, I subjected it at once to a vigorous cleaning, which finally resulted in careful polishing; and soon I became aware, to my great delight, that I was in possession of a veritable antique.

When the rust had been carefully scraped away, I found that the surface, in its unadorned portions, became almost as smooth as a mirror, and the embellishments were not merely numerous but decidedly artistic. The snake handles were twisted heads, with forked tongues and almost lifelike eyes, so cunningly did a sort of cruel expression seem to gleam from them. The bodies of the serpents ran around the rim, and finally united in twistings of the tails at either side. There were scales to the bodies, covering the whole length, and these were pictured in such full relief that they appeared almost to glisten with the motion of life, as in serpents instinct with actual vitality. And so with the sides, where embellishments of beasts and plants and full-blown flowers were so artistically portrayed that it seemed to me a Benvenuto Cellini could scarcely have exceeded or even equaled the work.

The more I labored with the restoring implements in my possession, the more I felt delighted. The plain iron shone like glass, the flowers in the per-

fection of their delineation almost glowed with color, the serpents' eyes gleamed with all a serpent's customary malignity, and it would scarcely have surprised me if the twisted bodies should suddenly have begun to writhe, and the forked tongues flicker as with the emission of a hiss.

What, now, should I do with my treasure? Of course, I must show it to all my friends, write articles about it for the antiquarian reviews, and in the end give it to the British Museum as a relic too priceless for any private person to hold. But in what manner must I first emblazon it to the world? This, however, really required only a moment's thought. It happened that there was a session of the Peace Congress being held in the neighboring city, and many of the most distinguished men of the nation were attending it as delegates, and some of these had engaged to dine with me the next day, remaining over night for greater convenience. I would bring out my treasure at dinner, reserving it until almost the end, and then extemporize a punch bowl from it. Doubtless, under those circumstances, its actual beauty would gain proper attention, and my good fortune in becoming possessed of it would be fully recognized.

My guests duly came, consisting of the Bishop of Dunstan, the Dean of St. Constantine, Lady Glenlock, wife of Sir Beverly, and Lady Clara Athelstan, young, unmarried, and quite pretty. All these were very warmly interested in the work and success of the Peace Congress, exhibiting their zeal by goodly speeches on the part of the men, and by collateral labors in the shape of fairs and societies on the part of the others. The meeting of the morning happened to have been a very encouraging one, and the whole four were filled with enthusiasm; and for a while, even at table, seemed scarcely able to do more than talk upon the engrossing subject,

paying too small attention, I thought with some chagrin, to what I had so carefully prepared for their delectation. But of course, in time, they improved.

"And so," said the Bishop, in continuance of a somewhat prolix harangue, "when at last we have succeeded in extirpating war from the whole civilized world, —"

"But pardon me, my Lord," I interrupted, "it seems to me that this is a condition precedent not easily to be brought about. Grant that nations make a rule or agreement against warfare; how is it to be enforced? Would not the refusal of any one of them to be bound by the agreement oblige the others to compel it to do so? And would not that of itself be war?"

"Public opinion — public opinion will do it," rejoined the Bishop. "How do we act in private life? There are now laws respecting the preservation of the peace, and so there were a hundred years ago. But how were they regarded then as compared with now? A century past, if at a social club one member insulted another, however slightly, a duel was of course the result. Manhood and self respect seemed to require it, — there could be no escape. But now, if a member is insulted, unless in some very flagrant form, what does he do? He simply turns his back, and refuses to have anything further to do with the offender, and the whole club justifies the self-restraint from violence. And this is scarcely because the law compels peace, for generally greatly excited men care little for the law: it is because, during the past century, a new code of social observance has grown up, recognizing the barbarity of personal violence and requiring abstinence from private disturbance. Is it then impossible that a similar rule should grow up among nations, condemning breaches of the peace as unnecessary and unholy, and frowning upon any one people making a disagreeable scene in attempting vio-

lence against another, — prompt to punish a nation, not by arms, but simply by putting it into Coventry, if it refuses arbitration of any claims against another, — and in this way creating often after awhile such a healthy restraint in favor of peace among nations, that at last war shall become almost unknown, even as personal violence in our clubs has become a thing of the past?"

"That seems very reasonable, Bishop," said Lady Glenlock, "and I suppose that in the end such a salutary condition of national intercourse must influence private life, as well, working down through the force of example until our whole society is emancipated from any thought of —"

"Ah, my dear lady," the Dean interrupted, "the reform must begin with society, working up from it, until our national interests learn to take example from what has been seen to be the magnanimity of individuals. For, after all, it is the people who make the state, and not the state the people. So let us all strive our utmost to forgive and treat unnoticed any grievance which we may think we hold against another, and so to embellish our lives as gradually to let our examples work even higher and higher, until at last, scarcely knowing how it has all come about, we find that the nation itself has been reformed, and thinks only about peace with others. Can we all do so, dismissing as far as possible any rancor against others, and for any cause whatever?"

"At least we can try," said Lady Glenlock, rather hesitatingly it seemed to me, and gazing thoughtfully into her plate.

"Yes, we can try," added Lady Clara, and I thought that her words came slowly, as though she really had something that it must be hard for her to forgive. But at least there was plainly the intention to do all that should be necessary, and in fact, she might not be acting any more self-sacrificingly than all the

rest of us. Doubtless the two fair creatures had their disagreements with others, and it might seem hard for them to forgive. But what, after all, are the quarrels of women compared with the troubles and disappointments of men? The Bishop had once felt a long while soured because of his treatment at court, he being a Scotch bishop, and scarcely entitled to the consideration he would have received if his diocese had been over the line, besides laboring under an accusation of some especial heresy in doctrine; and he attributed his slights to a high court official, with whom naturally he had the right to be greatly displeased. The Dean should long ago have been made a bishop, and probably would have been so but for the rivalry of another priest, who was a far inferior creature, but had leaped into unwarranted notoriety through a new commentary on the *Antigone*. And I had been robbed of over five thousand pounds through the rascality of an agent who had persuaded me to put my money into Paraguay bonds. Had not all of us, then, reason to feel much more greatly wronged than any women could? And yet, here we were, ready to feel placated at once, through the beneficial influences of the Peace Society.

"Let us therefore drink to our forgiving dispositions and kindly purposes for the future," I said; and at my nod the butler placed my extemporized punch bowl upon the table. "That is, you will all drink, though I can join you only in spirit, being hindered, alas, from any actual participation, by my gout. But I think that you will find the punch very good. I made it myself from an old receipt of my grandfather's. And I desire you most particularly to admire the punch bowl itself."

They all admired it, of course; they could scarcely help doing so. And they very warmly congratulated me, when I told them how I had acquired it. And then they turned from the bowl to the

punch itself, very naturally, for the aroma of all sorts of pleasant ingredients was very attractive, and as they dipped into it, a hundred times I blamed my unfortunate condition of health that prevented my participation. I could only sit one side, and enjoy the smiling faces with which they bore testimony to the success of my brewing.

In a few minutes, however, I noticed that a change seemed to come over them. The smiles disappeared, and in place of them came a queer sort of dull vacuity that passed gradually into moroseness. What was the matter? Was the punch after all a failure, and owing to some unaccountable mistake on my part in its concoction? Scarcely, for they continued to sip it with evident enjoyment. But little by little their lack of urbanity glided into an appearance of actual discontent. Soon ensued a long silence, as though each one were brooding over some not entirely forgotten trouble. At length the Bishop spoke, and it was with a somewhat rasping note, far different from his usual bell-toned utterance.

"Of course," he said, "we all desire peace throughout the world, and hope that some day our children, at least, will see it. But equally of course, there must be some limitations to its perfection. Such is simply the ordering of human nature. There are wrongs, personal as well as national, which cannot easily be passed over. When private interests are at stake, and are wilfully sacrificed through the spite and malevolence of certain individuals whose only merit is that through a domineering chicanery they have leaped into temporary power —"

"I agree with the Bishop," Lady Glenlock interrupted. "There are certain circumstances in which persons may be grossly wronged, and yet no relief can be gained through public opinion, while the law itself can afford no adequate remedy. Should we not then be allowed

to take the matter into our own hands, and through private exertions enforce the necessary relief? And in the case of a woman who may have been grossly injured, what reason can there be why she should not be allowed to assert herself, and in any manner which may appear most suitable to her? I say, most suitable to her, for we are naturally deprived of resort to the duello, which, after all, should not in all cases be set aside, being in many respects a most praiseworthy institution. But thank heaven! if pistols or small swords are inadmissible, there are other means which are at the disposal of all, and which—

“Exactly so,” now broke in Lady Clara, and I was astonished to discover in what a shrill, vindictive tone she could speak, so noted was she for her ordinarily sweet, softly-moderated manner of expression. “There are wrongs which cannot be atoned for in any way except through one’s own action. It may be carried out in what might seem an intemperate and aggressive excess, but, after all, society must be responsible for such an exercise of it. In no other conceivable way can one’s self respect—”

“As for the wrongs of women, I can scarcely form any adequate opinion of them, or the manner in which they should be adequately redressed,” the Dean of St. Constantine hastened to observe. “But it is certain that the disappointments of men, too often the result of selfish and high-handed abuse of authority, must frequently react injuriously upon the public, in placing in authority those who can have little natural claim for position; and in these cases there can be no question about the natural right of the oppressed to seek relief, even through unusual and drastic methods. A resort to these must indeed be looked upon as an inalienable right of human nature. When a candidate is deprived of a suitable

position simply because some other person happens to be tolerably well versed in certain heathen acquirements of no possible value to the Church,—or when, as in the case of my brother of Dunstan here present, insults and slights are heaped upon him merely because his theology may be tinctured with socinianism,—”

“What do you mean by that?” cried the Bishop, flaring up hotly, and threatening to lead the dispute into a different and probably more personal channel. “I deny utterly that a word or intimation of socinianism can be found in any of my writings, or that I have ever—”

“Let us go to the drawing room, gentlemen,” I interrupted, finding it becoming necessary to interfere. “Come ladies,—with me, gentlemen,” and I led the way into the next room.

But if I had expected thereby to restore peace, I found that I had been grossly mistaken. It is true, that with the sudden break up and change of location the dispute was not continued, but for all that there was no symptom of a renewal of comity. The best that I had gained was a sullen apathy. The Bishop took his seat in a farther corner, crossed his well-dressed legs and affected to study the evening paper; not however reading a line of it, but glaring wildly through his tortoise shell spectacles, and muttering to himself what I felt must be the most bitter objurgations. The Dean sat afar off, not pretending to do anything at all, but with his legs spread out before him, and frowning across at the Bishop with ill-concealed wrath. Lady Glenlock took her place at the piano, and ran her fingers excitedly through the scales, and essayed a song, evidently believing that she was perfectly disguising her feelings, and assisting to pour oil upon the troubled waters; but what calming influence of oil can be found in a rasping, heated recitative of a poor, unmetrical version of *Dies Iræ*? As for Lady

Clara, she attempted no disguise of composure at all; but passing into the conservatory, flung her hands behind her, and threw up her chin towards the ceiling, and strode to and fro like a maddened pythoness. It was a great relief to me, therefore, when at an early stage of the evening, my unpleasantness of position became relieved, as one after another, and very closely following each other, my angry guests pleaded fatigue and retired to their respective rooms, bestowing upon me only ill-tempered adieux, and none of them going through the form of noticing any of the others.

"Thank heaven for peace at last! But what of the morrow?" I muttered, when I found myself again alone.

But the morrow could be left to take care of itself. Meanwhile I must investigate and if possible, remove, the cause of the disturbance. Evidently the trouble was with the punch; could I have wrongly mixed it, or mistakenly have got some improper ingredients into it? That, at least, should be determined at the earliest opportunity, even if it required a chemical analysis; and I carefully locked up the iron bowl with its remaining contents, and then settled myself down for rest.

It was too soon for me to retire; in fact, so wrought up was I that I doubted whether I should get any sleep all night. I would sit up, therefore, and read, and meanwhile enjoy my cigar. That, fortunately, was not forbidden me; and so, hour after hour, I sat and read, and smoked, and thought, until nearly two in the morning. Then, beginning at last to feel a little sleepy, I put away my book and sought my own room, to make at least an attempt at slumber. But as I reached my bedroom, I heard the faint sound of a door opposite being stealthily opened, and turning, I saw Lady Glenlock emerging from her own room.

She had not yet undressed,—was still in her dinner costume. I turned back,

thinking she might not care to discover that she had been perceived. But as I did so, her eyes lit upon me, and without betraying any confusion she advanced at once to me. It was even as though all the while she had been waiting for me. She came straight forward, with evident purpose, and with the step of a tragic queen, and grasped me by the arm. Then, gazing into her eyes, I saw by their strange, far-seeing look, that she was fast asleep.

"Well, Lady Glenlock, in what way can I—"

"Listen!" she interrupted, in her rich contralto voice, now intensified through depth of passion. "I am seeking for you, in order that you may aid me. There are some things that women cannot do for themselves,—they must call for men to help them. You know my sad story?"

"I am aware of no sad story connected with you, Lady Glenlock; I only know that you are young and beautiful, and a great favorite in —"

"But all that is nothing to the purpose. You must have heard long ago that my husband has always been looked upon as heir to the Earldom of Innesfal. It has been held by his Uncle Mortimer, who until last year was a bachelor of fifty-five years, and always treated my husband as his successor. Upon Mortimer's death, therefore, we should have been the Earl and Countess of Innesfal. Now what does that disreputable old man do three years ago but marry. And last month there came upon the scene twin children, both boys. It is an outrage, and I feel that, in natural justice, those children should not be allowed to live. And here is where I wish you to prove your friendship and help me. Of course, I cannot myself get into the castle without being suspected, but you can. Here are two deadly pills," and she placed in my hand two little pellets, evidently made up from bread roll, taken by her from the table, and proving to

me that even towards the end of the dinner she had not been altogether in her right mind. "I wish you to visit Castle Innesfal upon some pretext, and at the first favorable opportunity administer these pills to those children, one to each. That will soon dispose of their iniquitous pretense to the succession. You will do this for me?"

"Certainly, Lady Glenlock, I will poison them both with circumspection and certainty. Within a week you will hear that they are dead, and your title secured, unless other children come hereafter to defeat your just claims. And now I beg of you, retire to your room. There can be no further action for you to take at present, and I am really afraid that you will take cold."

Pressing her hand for good-night, and receiving grateful looks in recognition of my evident acquiescence in her behalf, I gently drew her back into her room, and securely closed the door upon her. Scarcely had I done so, when the opposite door was softly opened, and Lady Clara Athelstan emerged. She had disrobed herself, and now stood in a long white gown, her hair hanging loosely down her back in thick golden clusters, the whole effect being vastly becoming to her style of beauty. She too was asleep, and she bore in her hand a long steel paper knife, that she had evidently secreted from the parlor table at the moment of retiring. Differing from Lady Glenlock, she did not appear to observe me, but passing close by, strode on with tragic tread to one of the corner rooms. This happened to be empty, and so, not trying to arrest her course, I simply followed her to watch her action. I saw her enter; and standing in the doorway, by the faint light of the hall lamp, I beheld her cross over to the vacant bed, and plunge the paper knife three or four times violently down into the bedclothes. Then, giving vent to a shrill cry of exulting triumph, she

emerged again, and then for the first time seemed to see me.

"I have done the deed," she shrieked, "and it was right that I should. Was it to be tolerated that I must submit to such an outrage, when the means of redress were in my hands? Is there any woman alive who would have acted differently?"

"I cannot of course answer, Lady Clara, unless I know the circumstances. In what way have you —"

"Hear me! You must have known about Lord Balfour's attentions to me. I love him, and we were almost engaged. But at the last moment that fiendish wretch, Grace Stanley, has dared to come between us, and alienate his affections from me. She has torn him from me, but *aha!* she shall never have him. She now sleeps her last sleep, and lies weltering in her blood, and I care not who knows it. It is sufficient that I have my revenge. And have I not done wisely?"

"In every way, Lady Clara. No woman with any self-respect could have acted otherwise. Still, I would counsel you that you should not betray any complicity in the deed, for it would be sure to react upon yourself unpleasantly. At the least, it might strip you of the fruits of your proper vengeance. Therefore, say nothing about it to anybody, but go again to your room, and enjoy that sleep of gratified justice to which you are so plainly entitled. I will be up early in the morning, will have the body removed and buried, and the blood-stains washed away, and doubtless, all will then go well."

So I escorted her back to her own place, and transferring the key, managed to lock her safely in. Scarcely had I succeeded in this, than two other adjoining doors flew open, not cautiously, but with violence, and the Bishop and the Dean came together almost on their respective thresholds.

"Ha!" cried the Bishop, fire blazing

in his eyes, "we meet at last! The insult that you have cast upon me—"

"If you mean my reference to your well-known socinian proclivities," the Dean retorted, "permit me to say, that though I do not approve of placing too much stress upon theological aberrations, yet that the offense has been clearly proved I must still affirm, and—"

"You must disaffirm it then at once, or feel my vengeance," the Bishop yelled forth. "By the gods!—and when I swear by the gods I mean of course the gods of Rome, and would have you put aside that sneer, for there can be no profanity in swearing by those who have never existed, as I am entitled to the use of the strongest language upon such an occasion as this,—by the gods, then I say, it ill becomes you who have been so strongly suspected of arminianism—"

"This is too much!" the Dean shouted. "By St. Jerome! and if I swear by a man who has really existed, I would have you know that, as in our Church we do not acknowledge his saintship, it must not be imputed for a sin, but simply as a necessary relief for feelings that need the strongest expression,—by St. Jerome! I would have you to learn that such an insult as this cannot be borne, and that if I were a layman,—"

"Let not that deter you, sir. There are cases in which even churchmen have the right to maintain their honor, and he is base and cowardly in the extreme who will not acknowledge it. And have I not fighting blood in my veins, justifying me through ancestral proclivities to take any manly action that I may choose! There was once a Bishop of Dunstan who rode in full armor at the head of his yeomanry during the sixth Crusade, and whose blood runs in my veins,—"

"And there was a Dean of St. Constantine, related to me through the past, who fought in the wars of the Fronde. It seems to me, my Lord Bishop, that we are both entitled to indulge in some

variation from the mawkish pretenses of toleration that the present age affects. Had I a sword by my side, at this very moment, I would —"

"There are swords hanging in the library below," thundered the other. "We can easily find them, and we will see whether your presumption of valor will allow you —"

"Pardon, gentlemen," I interrupted, seeing that the necessity for interference had arrived. "You are both right in some respects, and wrong in others. I certainly admit your natural privilege to seek for redress, through mutual blood-letting, to avenge the insults you have both received. But it seems to me that this is scarcely the time or place for the settlement of any such difficulties. What say you about tomorrow morning? At nine o'clock, I would suggest, immediately after an early breakfast? You can meet behind the fir copse adjoining the fish pond. I will act as second for both of you, and will provide swords of convenient size and equal length. You can then fight it out to the death. And I will procure a grave to be dug in advance, so that the fallen one can be buried, and so satisfactorily put out of sight without delay. I will have it dug of double width, so that you can both be buried there, if necessary. Now what do you say to that?"

"It is well," the Bishop answered.

"It is the proper way," echoed the Dean.

And so, with little more persuasion, I induced the sleeping theologians to retire again to their respective apartments, locked them in, and after a moment or two of delay, in case of new perplexities arising, regained my own room. But, as may be imagined, I had no sleep for the rest of the night, preferring to maintain a studious watchfulness from my chair, with the wakeful stimulant of many cigars, and was intensely relieved when, after a while,

morning began to break, and no further disturbances occurred to molest my quiet.

Our breakfast was a very late one, all of my guests coming down loiteringly, and with every appearance of having passed through heavy and unrefreshing sleep. And one and all complained that their slumber had been very much broken, and beset with the strangest and most terrifying dreams that they had ever experienced. In what these consisted, however, they were unable to tell. It was sufficient that there had been confusing pictures of riot, bloodshed, and murder; and one and all gave repeated expression to the hope that such unhallowed visitations might never again be experienced by them.

"I too have been troubled almost the whole night," I said, and as may be imagined, very feelingly. "But I do not think that any of us will be likely to suffer the same annoyances again. I thought at one time that it might be something about the atmosphere of the house; but why after all last night, more than any other time? No, it must have been the punch. Something has very likely got into it that should not. I have already sent for our family physician to come and analyze it. He is a very expert chemist, besides having a number of other accomplishments too numerous to mention. And if I am not mistaken, even now I hear his chariot wheels."

In fact, at that moment, the doctor's gig drove up to the door and he descended. Without any delay I stated the case to him, took down the iron pot, and we all gathered around awaiting his verdict. Upon his first glance at the pot, the doctor smiled one of his grave, meaning smiles, and tapped the vessel lightly upon the rim.

"Yes, the very same," he muttered. "No, gentlemen, it was not the punch. I can tell even now, by the pleasant odor, as well as from what I know about the hospitality of this house, that the

punch was very excellent, and in its nature, taken apart from the associations, perfectly harmless. Only under present circumstances, I would not touch a single glass of it for a week's practice. The fault lies wholly in the bowl."

"The bowl, doctor?"

"Exactly. You may not know that I am something of an antiquary by taste, particularly as regards Scottish relics, and all my life have been studying into them, in a desultory way, and this iron pot happens to be an old acquaintance of mine; not that I have ever seen it before, but that its diabolical reputation is very familiar to me. It was described in old chronicles many centuries ago, and no one knows when it began its infernal career of mischief. At times it seems to have been suppressed, but ever to come up to the surface again when required for some satanic work. And I would advise you now, my dear sir, if you have a dry well anywhere upon your estate, no less than forty feet deep, to drop this miserable thing to the bottom and throw in stones up to the level of the ground; or, in default of that, to carry it out ten miles to sea and there fling it over, filled with stones, in case its own weight may not be sufficient to sink it properly."

"But why —"

"Because through some possible necromancy in its inception the pot has the terrible faculty of poisoning anything that goes into it, to the production of untold crimes and misfortunes. It is said that in past times persons drinking from it have felt forced to atrocious actions, from which in a sane condition the mind would have recoiled with horror. And this, no matter what might be the contents. Doubtless if filled by anyone with malevolent purpose, its contents would be made as noxious as possible, in order to ensure greater certainty. Its very outside surface gives suggestion of what might often have been put into it. But doubtless also, anything — the

purest wines, whatever is most innocent,— would prove an equally powerful incentive to violence, so infernally potent is the influence of the thing itself. Fill it with spring water, even, and there is no knowing but that a man drinking from it might straightway go off and murder his dearest friend. I speak about the outside surface; have you given it any close examination?"

"There are snake handles,— so much I have noted. But those should be harmless. It is a very admissible form of decoration, even in the finest examples of modern porcelain."

"Yes, but the rest of it. See this network of ornamentation running over the whole surface. There are sprigs of yew, branches of hemlock, bunches of henbane,— whatever in the vegetable world has the reputation of being most harmful is here portrayed, and, as you must admit, with much artistic dexterity. Then there is the horrible filling up from the animal world,— points and protuberances which at first sight may

seem obscure, but which, when explained by competent authority cannot but strike one with a creeping horror, and after that can never be forced out of one's sight. Here are eye of newt, — toe of frog, — wool of bat, — tongue of dog, —"

"Why, doctor, you go on as if you were reading from a catalogue."

"And rightly. They have already been catalogued by a wiser man than any of us. Here are adder's fork, — lizard's leg, — scale of dragon, — tooth of wolf, — nose of Turk, — Tartar's lip, — finger of birth-strangled babe, — liver of blaspheming Jew —"

"But, doctor, do you really mean —" I cried, a light beginning to break in upon me.

"Precisely. This is neither more nor less than the witches' cauldron, well known in the history of Scottish demonology; and with which the immortal Shakspeare has so wonderfully embellished his supernatural imaginings in Macbeth."

Leonard Kip.



LOVE.

ANGEL of Love, for these films are faint to cover
 The flash of thy raiment enwoven of burning gold,
 And thine eyes once rapt in gaze on the Primal Lover,
 Pierce with a light no gossamer dream can fold,
 Lo, thy dim brother of Earth, with the voice of pain,
 Would thy wayward, wandering angelhood arraign.

For alas! with the groping palms and the heart of desire,
 Fast fettered he lieth along our laboring sphere,
 Nor uplifteth his brows from the rock, his mouth from the mire,
 Till the dulcet beat of thine opaline plumes is near;
 And then, with a cry commingled of longing and wrath,
 The dusk of his visage confronteth thy glistening path.

"It is I who arraign thee, O Love, thou slow to deliver,
 It is I, in the woe of the bondage thou only mayst break,
 Thou, who hast trailed thy pinions in sin's foul river,
 And burdened the flight that was sped for my sorrow's sake.
 Were thy breath unchilled by mine own wan atmosphere,
 How swift might it melt the gyves that oppress me here!

"O silvery sandals, sped for my heart's desire,
 Sped from the gates of pearl for my spirit's lack,
 How have ye lost your winglets of eager fire,
 And forgotten the sunbeam path and the sphyry track!
 Defiled, defiled with the stain of mine own gray dust,
 Yet linger, linger,— ah, betrayers of trust!"

But as yet from his vehement throat the complaint is driven,
 The rain of thy tears hath balmed his passion with peace.
 From the face of the hoary cliff are his wild words given
 In chastened echoes that sweeten as they increase,
 Till only a wistful melody fills thine ear,
 O Angel of Love, who smitest thy breast to hear.

Katharine Lee Bates.

FINNEGAN'S ABSALOM.

I KNEW him from the time his birth, twenty-four years ago, shook the nurseless and physicianless frontier community in Jack County, which was then on the foremost edge of advancing civilization, to its foundation.

Finnegan had been a respectable clerk in his native Ireland, at a starvation salary, and Mrs. Finnegan a poor dependant who acted as nursery governess and general slave and scapegoat in the family of a coarse, unfeeling, well-to-do relative.

They had loved each other long and faithfully, but timidly, and dared not venture marriage on poor Finnegan's pittance of salary. But things come to people—even so far off as Ireland—who wait patiently long enough, and do not die; and when this pathetic couple were middle-aged a legacy came to Finnegan,—without apology for its tardiness,—which enabled them to marry, and with which they immediately came to Texas, of all places, and bought, of all things, a cattle ranch.

However, Fate appears sometimes positively ashamed to be unkind to such innocents, when they are delivered over into her hands; and the Finnegans were as prosperous as most of their neighbors.

Their loneliness was dispelled in the course of a year or two by the arrival of a son, the only child of this gentle pair, and the or'nariest baby that ever howled the roof off a shack. At two or three years old, when he got to be expert on his feet and with his fists and his voice, he made the ranch-house so hot that the boys were glad to give it the cold shake, and be out on the range or in camp; and by the time he was four he ran the ranch, whaled and hit anyone that interfered with him, and made himself such a terror that not a Mexican

would stay on the place. Finnegan had to build a mess-house for the men, although the headquarters house had not long since been made large purposely to have them all together.'

The foreman, who was myself, and the cowboys only stayed for love of Mrs. Finnegan,—Aunt Mary, we called her,—and I was always losing my best hands on account of the little cuss.

He was smart enough; he did n't lack enterprise and savey. He learned to ride—and ride like the dickens, too—before he was six. He used fairly to roar and cavort because the men would not stand still and let him rope them. He practiced on every animate and inanimate object about the ranch; and by the time he was eight he could ride a cutting pony that was just lightning, and rope a calf, or even a yearling, with the best of us.

In the course of a couple of years things got very much worse. Heretofore we had only to stay away from the headquarters house to be rid of him; but now, on his pony, he haunted the camps, the outfits, and roundups, and was the most everlasting, lively, ingenious torment.

When he was about ten or twelve, I remember he was in camp one day, where we were moving about, getting ready to go to a roundup. He had a new California rope he was awfully tickled with, and he kept riding up behind the men, roping them, jerking the noose tight around them, arms and all, so they were helpless till he got done whooping and laughing, and slacked up on them.

I saw Frosty get out his big-bladed knife, as sharp as a razor, and when the kid, after awhile, threw his rope over him, Frosty slashed it smooth in two at

the point where it lay for a moment on his saddle horn. Robbie went back almost out of his saddle, as he braced backward for the jerk that never came; and when he saw his new California rope cut in two he yelled with rage.

He ran his pony up to Frosty's, and raised his quirt, blubbering like a great baby:—

"You cut my ro-o-ope! I'll ki-i-ill you!"

"You little gadfly," said Frosty, catching his arm, "you touch me with that quirt, and I'll pull you off your pony and wear you to frazzles with it. I'll stripe you up like a zebra,—I'll skin you. You'll get it once in your life, if I'm fired for it before sundown. Now cut loose and quirt me if you want to!"

But the kid did n't want any more. He had had a taste of the sort of thing that would have cured him all along; and he went off as quiet as a lamb, and never did monkey with Frosty any more.

He followed Alex McRaven's outfit along one day,—Alex was one of my wagon bosses,—and kept up his usual tricks of roping the riders, stealing things out of the mess case, and charging into the middle of the *remuda*, scattering the horses in every direction.

Finally Alex, a slow, serious Scotchman, but as hard to turn as a buffalo bull when his blood is hot, jerked him off his pony, and gave him a regular Scotch Covenanter thrashing.

Those who witnessed the spectacle say it was a most pleasing and diverting one,—Robbie howling like a pack of timber wolves, with grief, terror, and amazement, Alex thrashing away conscientiously and methodically, almost with tears in his eyes, as he reflected that Aunt Mary would execrate him, and Finnegan fire him immediately; but determined to finish the Lord's work at any cost to young Finnegan's anatomy or his own feelings. When he had done, he hog-tied the bellowing vic-

tim, dropped him in the wagon like a pig, pulled the little saddle off his pony, and turned it into the *remuda*.

Toward evening the outfit came to headquarters, and Alex untied the entirely extinguished Robbie, set him out of the wagon without looking at him, and after putting the pony in the pasture and the saddle in its place, went to the mess house.

Not a word was ever heard from headquarters about this awful, treasonable deed, any more than there had been about Frosty's little scrap with the kid, which made us all wonder if Robbie had n't some decent points about him, and if plenty of thrashing might not, after all, make a man of him.

At sixteen the boy had a little brand of his own,—all stolen except what his father had given him, for he was beginning to be the most audacious, skillful, and successful thief in the Panhandle. His earlier, and always his most extensive stealings, were from his father; and from them he graduated into a regular full-fledged rustler.

The foreman of the Quarter Circle Z ranch met him one morning, skirting around their pastures with his rope out and swinging, and Robbie had a very lame explanation of why he was there. He had always a branding iron in his boot, or about his saddle.

He mavericked his father's calves more freely than any others, and under the very noses of the old man's cowboys; and it was this heartless ingratitude, and his poor old father's untiring love, and inexhaustible admiration and fondness,—a tenderness which followed and protected the young scamp from the consequences of his rascality, and which refused to see or hear anything wrong about the boy,—that suggested to some one the descriptive title of "Finnegan's Absalom," which immediately stuck, and entirely superseded his proper name. I don't believe half the people in the Panhandle—to which new-

ly opened country I had come to ranch for myself, and they had followed later, when he was about twelve — knew that his name was Robert Emmet Finnegan.

When he was about nineteen, the old folks gathered him up rather suddenly and sent him to college. He had got to be a big, fresh-colored, rather fine-looking fellow, with an investigating blue eye, and a peevish under lip; the kind of fellow all the girls naturally go wild over, but no man could see without wanting to kick, unless his legs were paralyzed.

I knew the whole Panhandle to a man thirsted for his blood, and yet he was safe from bodily injury, for the sake of his poor old father and mother. But everything could not be borne; the old man was gently but firmly offered an alternative; so off to college Absalom went.

An account I incidentally overheard one day ran like this:—

“Say! Finnegan’s Absalom’s gone off to college.”

“No!”

“Yes. Country got too hot for him, and Finnegan sent him away.”

“What was it?”

“O, they said he swung too long a loop for them, and they was n’t going to stand it any more.”

And this was a clear statement of the case, in cattle vernacular.

He was two years at college, spending his vacations at San Antonio and other cities. Then they had to bring him home. In the first place, his prodigality was about to ruin them; the cattle just would n’t hold out. Then, too, it was judicious to withdraw him when they did, instead of waiting for expulsion.

Shortly after Finnegan’s Absalom was sent away to Austin, the Finnegan household had acquired a new member. This was a half Mexican girl of about fifteen, whose parents, attempting to cross the treacherous Canadian at night,

when the river was up, had missed the ford, gotten into the quicksands, and been drowned,—a thing easy enough of accomplishment in the Canadian, even in daylight, and without an extra big stream.

Ysabel was the offspring of one of those strange, incongruous unions you see sometimes on the frontier, where such odd jetsam and flotsam from the great sea of life are drifted and tossed together in fantastical combination.

Her peregrinating father had long been a sort of institution in all North and West Texas, in the guise of the harmless, necessary peddler.

A Yankee of the Yankees, selling patent churns, new-fangled household implements, and recipes for making everything in the world you would n’t want—in Texas—including all sorts of perfumes, marvelous cements, furniture polish, and fancy temperance drinks. A man of iron muscles and tremendous will power, there seemed to be a lack in him that prevented him from using his remarkable and varied forces except to the most trivial ends. A crank, that lacked but a balancing touch to be a genius; full of strange contrivances and inventions, a devourer of all books and papers, author and admirer of all sorts of wild social, financial, and political schemes.

Only a little weight, a touch of continuity, a little sequence in his ideas, persistence in any one line of thought or effort, and he might have been a statesman, a financier, a leader of men, and left his mark upon his time and place, instead of one of Fate’s blank cartridges—an adventitious Bohemian, blown idly hither and thither by every little gust of destiny.

It was in one of his outbursts of reforming social conditions, wiping out prejudices, and breaking down race distinctions, that Jason Tuttle married Felice Gomez.

This girl was of a Mexican family of

some traditions, a little property in land and cattle, and much pride, refusing to associate upon terms of equality with the run of the poor Mexicans in the country, and insisting apoplectically upon Castilian blood whenever such a matter was broached. They had some teaching, and a few old Spanish books which they read persistently; and not one of them could be got to confess to the understanding of an English sentence by so much as the turning of an eyelash.

The funny part of the matter came in in the attitude of the Gomez family toward this marriage. They were furious. They proceeded to regard the connection as little better than a disgrace, and to cast Felice off, in the most correct and edifying old Spanish manner.

And so it came about that when, sixteen years later, Tuttle and his Mexican wife were drowned in the greedy, faithless Canadian, that has stolen away so many lives intrusted to it, their fifteen-year-old Ysabel was left as utterly alone and forlorn as a little woodpecker or squirrel, orphaned before yet old enough to leave the nest; and the kind-hearted Finnegans, hearing of it, went and got the child, and brought her home. Her position in the household was a mixture of adopted daughter and petted, indulged servant.

Being the only child, Ysabel was much educated and trained, in the most singular, erratic, and contradictory manner, by her strangely assorted parents; her mother watching and laboring incessantly to the end that the child should read and speak only Spanish, and grow up an ideal Spanish señorita; and her father feeding her active brain upon the most emancipated literature, and industriously pumping the most advanced of his radical ideas into her receptive mind. It spoke well for the girl's native force and judgment that she really found out some things, formed some ideas, and drew some conclusions

of her own from this bewildering process.

When she first became a member of the Finnegan household she was a slender slip of a girl, quiet as a little shadow, but with ample promise of beauty if any eye had looked discerningly at her. And in the two years that elapsed before the son and heir came home, that promise bloomed into a most opulent fulfillment.

Her form was pretty and graceful; but it was a curious air of individuality, a strong personal and original note in her bearing, despite its still demureness, that piqued and attracted. And then, the rich red shining lambently through her creamy cheeks and breaking into open crimson on her full lips, the big black eyes, with their long fringes down-cast, and the flashing white teeth that helped to make dazzling her rather rare smile,—all of these were calculated to inflame the susceptible masculine heart.

All the unattached cowboys and cattlemen in all the adjoining counties cast approving eyes upon this glowing beauty, and some had endeavored to do a little covert sighing at her shrine; but the old people, who had come to be very fond of her, were now as careful and watchful of her as of a daughter; and Ysabel herself was a model of demure discretion.

When Absalom came home and found this enchanting creature in the house, his instinct was just to reach out and take possession of it,—to have and please himself with it. Was n't it, the same as everything else on the ranch, his?

For once the old people opposed him stoutly and unflinchingly, and prepared to send her to a convent school at Trinidad. Upon the heels of a long and somewhat stormy interview with Ysabel, in which he found her as determined in her views as the old people, and entirely satisfied to go away to school, he flung in upon his parents with the announcement that he was going to marry her.

At first blush this seemed as terrible to them, with their strict old world ideas of caste, as that he should entertain less honorable intentions toward her. But their resistance was, as usual when the boy wanted anything, short-lived, and their final capitulation entire.

Of course everybody's notion of the matter was that Finnegan's had simply gotten another adoring slave; and squadrons and battalions of her masculine admirers, with their weapons and munitions of war all cleaned and primed, were breathing fire, and waiting to defend her against the wrongs and insults they felt sure would be heaped upon her attractive little head, or avenge them in large quantities of the very best blood her wronger and insulter had about him.

Vain solicitude! Ysabel needed no defense.

As with all the women of her race and class, marriage made a great change in her. From being nobody, with nothing to say, she became suddenly very much somebody, with a great deal, entirely to the point, to say. The dignity of her titles, her possessions and position, was strong within her, and she showed herself entirely capable of managing not only Finnegan's Absalom, but Finnegan himself, in a daughterly and deferential manner, when he gently counseled her to a conciliatory policy toward the young bully.

Capable of managing Finnegan! She was only too able to manage the entire ranch, and could have run the whole Panhandle, financially, politically, and socially, had she ever got any sort of cinch on it.

It was not for nothing that she was the daughter of her father, with her mother's balance-weight of unpretending, dogged persistence. Finnegan's didn't know itself. The ranch was gradually metamorphosed, and run on a plan that came directly from behind those black brows of Ysabel's. And

its transformation partook humorously of the dual strands intertwined in her nature. Through her suggestion a live, hustling young business man was brought from Kansas City to do the clerical work, and the handsome stationery upon which he wrote with his typewriter the able and diplomatic letters evolved by himself and Ysabel in conclave, bore a neat lithographed head which read, "Rancho del Santa Cruz. Graded Hereford cattle; Merino sheep; Imported Norman-Percherons. Cattle and sheep grazed and herded on shares."

The cowboys used to assert that the cows on remote ranges were mysteriously aware of the stern regime, and forbore straying off to the Salt Fork for the purpose of bogging up as heretofore; that they came meekly in, unper-suaded, at branding time, and presented their calves to be monogrammed; and that even the infrequent maverick — that Arab of the plains who owns no master — showed a chastened joy and pride in having Ysabel's rapidly increasing brand — Y T F, over a Roman cross — singed on his unfettered ribs, and sported it thereafter as a decoration, not a badge of serfdom.

Absalom had his allowance — a liberal enough one — and was not permitted to overrun it; and the place emerged from debt, as time went on. Ysabel's besom made a clean sweep of sweaters, loafers, shirks, abuses, and all sorts of superfluities, which had accumulated like barnacles upon the easy-going old Irishman and his soft-hearted wife; and the Finnegans were on the road to wealth.

She relapsed, almost immediately after her marriage, into her beloved mother tongue; and compelled her husband, if he wished to hold communication with her, to speak and understand Spanish. It was as comical as it was amazing, to see how she tamed him. When he sought — in the early days of his subjugation — to relieve his overstrained heart by abusing his father and

mother, saying to them what he would not dare to so much as look at her, he met with a violent and unexpected check.

Ysabel was tenderly and gratefully attached to the old people. She would roll those great black eyes on him, fairly nailing him, and with her arm stretched straight out at him, would ejaculate in her sonorous Spanish:—

“What, ungrateful one! Wilt thou speak so to my honored father and my beloved mother! Go hence with thy evil words! Take thy face away from me, till I have patience to look upon it! Go!”

And Absalom would stand irresolute, evading those compelling eyes, making desperate efforts to get himself to the point of revolt; but always doing, eventually, as he was bidden. This fellow, the holy terror of an entire section, was thoroughly broke to all sorts of gaits

and any kind of harness, by a little, soft, plump scrap of a girl that would n't weigh more than a hundred pounds!

He that was bellicose is meek; he that was insolent is polite; he, the arch tyrant of Finnegan's, speaks civilly to his inferiors; he that thought it brave to blaspheme, and witty to be profane and impious, goes to mass—ay, to early mass—of a raw and nipping February morning!

All these wonders were worked simply by the ascendancy of her strong, intent spirit over his noisy, ungoverned weakness.

If she doss n't convert the goods she has on hand into a man, it will not be from lack of skillful, intelligent, and persistent effort in its evolution, development, manufacture, manipulation; and further, if she does n't finally achieve her idea of a Spanish gentleman, it will only be because the stuff was n't there.

Alice MacGowan.

WILLIAM T. COLEMAN.

THE story of a life can be told only in parts, each observer sketching out his impressions, until, when the time is ripe, the historian puts the parts together and produces the whole.

For forty-four years William Tell Coleman was so identified with the best interests of California that everyone interested in the affairs of the State knew him by name, and was more or less familiar with the part he played in its history. The story of his connection with the Vigilance Committee has been related, both by himself and others, and the reader will have no difficulty in satisfying his curiosity in that respect.

Well known as Mr. Coleman was, and prominent among men, and easy of ac-

cess, his character was peculiar and difficult of analysis. With abundance of friends among all classes, his intimates were few; commanding the unbounded confidence of so many, his confidants were not included in his social or political acquaintances; an agreeable converser when the conversation was once started, he was not given to idle talk, or to talking on subjects that he considered were of interest only to himself. He was always well informed on current events, rather extracted than volunteered an opinion on them, and usually gave his opinion free from prejudice or bias.

Mr. Coleman came to California a young man, twenty-five years of age; and on landing was surrounded by conditions

peculiar to a new, unsettled, and unknown country, to which an excited mass of people was rushing, with ill defined ideas of their future course, and freed from responsibilities and community influences. But his early environments were such as had developed a self-trust, which became in after life a prominent feature of his character. He accepted his surroundings and made the best of them, and never hesitated to act at all times so as to create confidence in others; and he aimed rather to guide the currents and steer clear of rocks and shoals, than to breast the floods or oppose the avalanche of events. He was politic and persistent, rather than impetuous or combative.

The material in him proved in after life to have been fundamentally of excellent quality. From this good stock the varied experience of his youth, the hard physical work on his grandfather's farm in Kentucky, his life with the lumbermen of the North, and his good common sense and hard-earned education, evolved a compactness of character which stood him in good stead in after life.

Appreciating his own deficiencies, he sacrificed a good deal to overcome them. By means of money saved from his earnings he passed through the St. Louis University, and received the degree of bachelor of science. Previous to this he had gone with honor through the schools, had studied hard at home, while at work, and at all times when and where he could obtain the chance. It was no play with him, as he had at the same time to earn his own living.

The character of the man is formed largely from the experience of the boy, and he is fortunate if he can then obtain that experience and absorb those principles which will enable him to stand hard knocks and come in contact with lowering environments, and yet retain his integrity and keep his individuality clean and untainted.

Mr. Coleman, so closely identified with the history of this State and events on this Coast, and who has done so much to shape the destiny of this State, will undoubtedly receive a truer estimate of his worth from the hands of others better qualified than the writer, and time will enable a more correct estimate of his character to be made in the light of events, the result of which at this time can only be foreshadowed.

About thirty-three years ago I met Mr. Coleman on the Sacramento steamer. He had just returned from the East on the overland stage. He had been absent some time, and was very much interested in what was going on in the State; his conversation was general, but was directed more for the purpose of eliciting than giving information. The impressions he made on me at that time were very distinct, and were not subject to radical change in after years. He had just completed a most trying and exhausting stage journey of many days and nights, which must have tested him physically, yet he showed very little fatigue, and was bright, cheery, and agreeable.

About four years had passed since his last command of the Vigilance Committee, and although at that time he was the citizen "*sans peur et sans reproche*" I should have never known from his lips that he was that citizen. A man of good physique, above the average height and well proportioned, he did not impress me as being a man to command, or a leader of men in turbulent times; but in a remarkably well-developed head he had keen, observant eyes, that flashed out over the whole horizon of observation, and absorbed all that was within range.

In walking, he usually had a slight stoop, and he held his head in a meditative attitude. His features in repose appeared thoughtful and reflective, but brightened up with a cheerful smile on recognizing an acquaintance, or acknowl-

edging a courtesy. Mr. Coleman was at his ease among men, yet remarkably sensitive and modest, and never obtruded or announced his own presence. His pride was great but silent, and although he keenly felt an offense, he quickly forgave.

All men do not view an object or a person with the same eyes, and consequently the impressions of the writer,—who was under no obligation to William T. Coleman, and to whom William T. Coleman was under no obligation, except as between man and man, bearing mutual respect,—can be taken only for what they are worth in the minds of men able to judge character fairly.

There was a constant gentleness in Mr. Coleman's character, which time rounded out. Yet the outbursts of expression due to his impatience of meanness or improbity were genuine, and enlarged one's appreciation of his manliness. I never understood him well enough to make his traits fully harmonize, and there seemed a lack of homogeneity in the component parts of his mental constitution.

Reserved, apparently timid, and occasionally reticent, he displayed rare courage when needed, a conspicuous discernment, and, in intercourse with men, frankness and urbanity,—and no man in San Francisco ever commanded more confidence, and no man respected that confidence more than Mr. Coleman.

He made no display of executive ability,—he possessed that quality without display,—and while he seemed to have no conceit in himself, his apprehension was quick and rarely at fault.

The Vigilance Committees of 1851 and 1856 need not be dwelt upon in this sketch; their histories have been written. But to the student of the peculiar times that made these organizations necessary William T. Coleman, the central figure, has become an historical character.

After the rough elements of those times had departed, and a new and

equally rough element had in 1877 made the Committee of Safety a necessity, Mr. Coleman was again the chosen leader and president, and in that organization as vice-president the writer had an opportunity of observing his methods. The impatience of those anxious for action did not disturb the deliberateness of his thoughts, and the deliberateness of his thoughts, did not weaken the confidence others reposed in him.

His rebuke to the impulsiveness of many of the men who had enrolled, and presented themselves armed with rifles and revolvers, ready for immediate action, was marked and emphatic:—

“I do not want firearms in the hands of an undrilled crowd. Take them home, and bring back pick handles.”

Mr. Coleman was a trader in 1849, and soon developed into a commission merchant; his energy and acumen were phenomenal, and his business grew to great proportions. It was not long before the house of William T. Coleman & Co. was known and respected throughout the commercial world.

His relations to his subordinates were generally courteous and considerate, but he expected and exacted strict service, and with all his quietness of manner he was an autocrat, respected but feared by his competitors in trade. He always took a direct and personal interest in anything produced in California or on the Pacific Coast, and was largely instrumental in developing the canning interest, and for years he controlled that interest on this Coast.

Throughout the whole of his career in San Francisco he interested himself in all the local issues, and attended public meetings. In national politics he was a liberal and consistent Democrat; in local government he believed that affairs should be removed from politics and placed in the hands of business men of integrity and ability. He believed in the principles of civil service reform, and that every man should be qualified,

and should prove his qualification by a proper examination for the services he was to perform.

His name or the name of his house was found on the subscription lists of all aids to public enterprise or to charity, and his private gifts were liberal, yet tempered with good judgment. He was not altogether a disbeliever in fatality, and retained the fear of recurrent periods being unpropitious.

It is inconceivable to most men that while Mr. Coleman was willing to take the risk and bear the brunt of the leadership of two Vigilance Committees and one Committee of Safety, he declined not only nominations for Mayor and for Governor, but refused absolutely to accept any public office. The life of a public officer, however high, was not congenial to Mr. Coleman; and only a crisis could make him assume the position of leader, and then only as a duty thrust upon him, and to be given up as soon as the duty was performed. He repeatedly expressed his aversion to holding office, and his conviction that other men were better fitted for it than himself. He was honored by election to the Presidency of the Society of Pioneers and of the Chamber of Commerce, with both of which institutions he was so closely identified that his declination was not considered.

Although not an easy or eloquent speaker, he expressed himself clearly and briefly, and was always listened to with attention. The endorsement by Mr. Coleman of any object of public interest was at one time considered essential for its success.

His manner of accepting great responsibilities was in consonance with his character. He assumed them as an existing condition, created by the circumstances of the times, and without questioning the authority whence he received his trust. The people of San Francisco in trusting him did better than they knew, and today enjoy the

fruits of that act,—although I doubt if they fully appreciate it.

To the ordinary citizen and the merchant his unpretentious appearance in the street, in his country house, in the Chamber of Commerce or Merchants' Exchange, made him inconspicuous. He was simply a merchant among merchants, or a citizen among other citizens, and the great duties he had performed seemed forgotten in the everyday life. The commercial success of his house made him, like other merchants, the subject of adverse criticism, and it would have been strange indeed if he should have escaped this penalty of success.

The inauguration of a line of clipper ships between New York and San Francisco by Mr. Coleman, one year before the second Vigilance Committee was called into existence, evidenced his faith in the growing commercial importance of San Francisco. It was induced by his belief that vast quantities of cereals would be produced in the two great valleys of this State, which must find a market in Europe, and would furnish return cargoes to ships coming to this port. These clippers were built expressly for the long voyage around Cape Horn, and for this trade carried an unusual amount of canvas. They were commanded by the most skillful navigators, and made remarkably short passages. Mr. Coleman probably foresaw at that early period that the business of raising grain would develop into immense proportions, that a market would have to be found for California wheat, and that the wheat itself must be moved at a minimum of cost,—and he knew that in order to encourage the growing of this crop, assurances must be given that all the wheat raised would be transported cheaply to an unfailing market. Yet clear as was Mr. Coleman's conception of the resources of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys, it is not probable that he then conceived that 800,000 tons of wheat would ever be offered for export in one season.

He always expressed confidence in the producing capacity of this State, and believed that with fair encouragement it could be made self-supporting and independent, as far as producing and manufacturing were concerned, and his faith in this respect was never shaken. He said, "With the high seas free to all, with a harbor unexcelled, with natural products to export, with port charges fair and reasonable, and a climate friendly to industry, San Francisco can and must for all times control the commerce of the State."

He was liberal and enterprising in business, and outside of business speculation he took a personal pleasure in finding new markets for the products of this State.

The announcement of the failure of the house of Wm. T. Coleman & Co. was received with surprise and general regret by the business men of this city. The failure, unlike many, did not drag down a number of other business houses, and created no panic. The house had stood on its own bottom, and thus fell.

The compromise suggested by Mr. Coleman was generally accepted. Some refused to compromise, but sent in receipted bills with expressions of good will. For nearly four years Mr. Coleman devoted his efforts to paying off his old indebtedness, in which he succeeded,—not forgetting the receipted bills.

An honorable man and an honored citizen,—by his commercial failure the last few years of his life were saddened, where with such an honorable career they should have been at peace.

Without any special ailment his system broke down. His friends noted his changed physical appearance, although his cheerfulness, courtesy, and courage remained true to him, and he died in this city on November 22, 1893, at the age of 69. The same modesty and simplicity he had shown during life he desired at his funeral. The ceremonies were in accordance with his wishes, even to the omission of pall bearers.

San Francisco can pay no tribute to William Tell Coleman equal to his worth.

A. S. Hallidie.





A DARK night, and the sky hidden by a mass of hurrying clouds. A raw, chilly wind, the ground all mud, the tall grass and trees dripping from heavy rains. Just emerging into a dark cornfield from still darker woods a young man, his clothing drenched and mud-stained, his face haggard and desperate, and his whole attitude as he leaned heavily against the rail fence telling of utter exhaustion. He was worn out. For more than two hours he had been flying for life over a country imperfectly known to him, though familiar to his pursuers.

More than once he had been compelled to retrace his steps when every moment was precious, and every step through the yielding mud required an effort. Worse yet, there was no possibility of throwing the followers off the trail. Every step left its plain impression, to be followed as fast as horse could trot, and capture meant sure and swift death,—no wonder he was desperate.

Turn which way he would, Gilbert Hazelton could see nothing before him but speedy and disgraceful death. Never to see the sun again, nay, not even a friendly face! Was this the end of the bright hopes with which he had kissed his mother goodby only two short months before? It seemed like a far-away dream now. He had lived ages of fear and agony since then, gone through unspeakable humiliation and dread.

He had been accused of murder, tried for his life, found guilty, and sentenced to death. His letter to his friends must have miscarried, for they had not come to his relief. Poor and alone among strangers, who persisted in believing him identical with the tramp who had murdered poor David Westford, Gilbert had yet fought bravely for his life. Some few had been convinced of his innocence, and his lawyer had succeeded in obtaining a new trial in which new witnesses might at least prove an alibi.

But when this word went abroad, the townspeople were furious. They had seen more than one undoubted criminal escape through some technicality. Were they now to see the murderer of poor David Westford escape through the easily bought perjury of some worthless companions in crime? They vowed it should not be. Last night at dusk groups of stern-looking men stood before the jail talking grimly together, and a whisper in the air warned the sheriff what was coming.

The jail was old and rickety. He could not defend it, and his resolve was quickly taken. In the early dusk the prisoner was sent out by a side door, under charge of the sheriff's son, while the sheriff himself remained to make sure mob violence did not make a mistake and seize some other victim. But treachery carried the word to the mob,

and they were soon in hot pursuit of the fugitives. In this emergency the boy, who was firmly convinced of the prisoner's innocence, released him, demanding only a promise to rejoin him at a place appointed, and himself turned back to throw the pursuers off the trail if possible. Gilbert fully intended to keep his promise, but in the darkness he missed his way, and the bloodhounds in the rear caught his trail.

Now for two hours, which seemed two eternities, he had been running for life, and the unknown country and horrible mud had completely exhausted the little strength that two months of confinement and terrible anxiety had left him. Nothing but utter desperation could have driven him another rod. But when a shout came faintly from the rear he pushed forward with a great effort across the strip of cornfield, through the fence, and out on a well traveled road.

To one less utterly worn out this would have given a glimmer of hope, for here at least the mud had become liquid ooze, which retained no footprint. The pursuers would not know which way to turn, and must watch both roadsides to see that he did not turn aside. But he was too tired to use the advantage, and when, after running a few rods, he slipped and fell, he lay there a full minute too utterly exhausted to rise. What was the use, when his utmost endeavors could only put off death for a few moments? Why not take one moment for rest and thought before the end came?

A farmhouse stood a quarter of a mile farther on, and as he lay there panting, exhausted, waiting only for death to overtake him, his hopeless glances fell upon its light. How placid and peaceful looked the lamp, shining serenely through the parted curtains! Doubtless a happy family were sitting around it, father and mother, sturdy sons and pretty daughters, laughing and talking, and never dreaming of the dark tragedy enacting so near. Would they care if

they did know? Would they come to his aid if some instinct should tell them? And then he suddenly scrambled to his feet, resolving to make one last effort for his life. He would struggle on to the farmhouse, and appeal to the quiet family circle. They *might* give him concealment. It was but death if he failed, and it would be no less if he did not try.

It took all the strength this last faint hope gave him to carry him to the gate and up the cinder walk, whose hard, dark surface would betray no footstep. Yet his heart failed as he reached the door, and leaned, utterly exhausted, against the door post.

"If I only knew there were women inside! A woman would be merciful. But it may be some stern old farmer, who will only order me off and set the dogs on me."

The window was but a step away. He crept to it, and looked between the curtains. A plain, neat farmhouse kitchen, and two women, evidently mother and daughter, sitting by the table before the fire, the mother sewing, the daughter reading aloud. No one else in sight, yet Gilbert gave a smothered gasp and fell back in despair.

"David Westford's mother and sister! That settles it!"

He had seen both faces at the trial,—the elder, sad and patient under its silvery hair; the younger, pure, pale, and clear-cut, thrown into strong relief by the dark eyes, long jet lashes, and heavy black braids.

He stood there still, hopeless and helpless, when there came a sudden break in the clear voice within. The girl had ceased reading. He looked in, and saw her pick up a pitcher and come toward the door. A moment more and she had come out, all unconscious of the man so near, gone straight to the pump, on which the lamplight shone, and was filling her pitcher. Nerved by desperation, Gilbert stepped toward her.

"I *will* appeal to her. Why should n't

I? I did not kill her brother. She may pity me. She is a woman, and they are half Quakers I have heard," he muttered, — and aloud "Miss Westford, help, for God's sake!"

The clanking of the pump ceased. The girl looked around with a startled air. "Who spoke?" she demanded.

"A fugitive, utterly exhausted with flight from a bloodthirsty mob. They are close at my heels. I can't go farther, and I am doomed unless you have pity and give me help or concealment."

"Who are you?" she inquired, and with a dreadful sinking at his heart he gave his name, "Gilbert Hazelton."

She uttered a sharp cry, and looked away where the distant lanterns were gleaming through the corn-field—the pursuers on his track.

"I must ask mother," she said, and snatching up her pitcher swept past him into the house.

He heard her quick voice, and Mrs. Westford's startled outcry, and in very desperation followed her in.

The old mother met him, white-haired and venerable. "So thee can seek shelter here, of David Westford's bereaved mother?" she said, bitterly, wonderingly.

"Why not? I never harmed you or him," he urged desperately. "As true as there is a heaven above us, I am innocent of what is laid to my charge. It will be proved when my friends come. But that will be too late unless you help me."

"But I do not know it now," Mrs. Westford wavered. "Thee speaks fair, but do not all criminals the same? A trial was given thee, and thy innocence was not proved. Why should I save the murderer of my boy?"

Gilbert fell into a chair, too exhausted to stand. "You will know when it is too late if you refuse me aid. Madam, will you *risk* it? — risk feeling that you might have saved an innocent man, but instead let him go to his death?"

"Ernestine," cried the old mother piteously, "what ought we to do? How

can we risk a life-long remorse, or how can we risk letting David's murderer go free to break other hearts as ours are broken? What does thee say?"

The girl stood in the open door, her glances alternating between the pleading face of the fugitive and the lanterns coming along the roadside.

"We must decide quickly, mother," and her clear voice quivered with feeling. "He may be innocent. It hardly seems as though a guilty man would come here — to David's home — for shelter. And if we are accessory to his death — mother, it is murder for them to take the law into their own unauthorized hands. Our choice lies between one man, who may or may not be a murderer, and a score who will surely be if we do not hinder."

"Then thee says save him?" Mrs. Westford asked doubtfully.

"I dare not refuse it, mother. Do you?"

The old lady hesitated, then opening a corner cupboard, took out a pair of handcuffs — relics of the days when David had been deputy sheriff, and earned the enmity of tramps and evil-doers — and held them toward Gilbert.

"If thee will put these on, that we may have no fear from thy violence when the mob are gone, we will conceal thee safely, and when the search is over send thee back to thy lawful guardian. That is all. I cannot place myself and my daughter at the mercy of one who may have none. Will thee consent?"

She was only prudent. Gilbert bowed silently and extended his hands. It was his only chance for life, and it would be the height of folly to object. Yet a faint color came into his face as the cold steel snapped on his wrists, rendering him helpless, — yet scarcely more so than fatigue had already made him.

The hesitation of both was over now. Ernestine bade him remove his muddy shoes, while she swiftly closed the door and drew down the blinds, and the mother hurried into another room. Thither

Ernestine beckoned him to follow, pausing only to thrust the shoes out of sight.

At the door she turned. "It is David's room," looking keenly into his face. "Come in!"

Did she think he would draw back? Guilt itself would hardly have done that now, with the pursuers so near.

"If David can see, I know he is willing," Gilbert answered quietly.

It was a small, plainly furnished room. Mrs. Westford had drawn the bed from the wall and thrown back the last breadth of carpet, revealing a tiny trap-door. At his entrance she opened it, and motioned him down.

"It is only four feet. You can drop that far," said Ernestine encouragingly. "There is no outer door. You will be quite safe."

Her mother smiled sadly. "How many frightened fugitives have slept there in safety! But that was years ago — before the war. Thee need not fear. Now — but stay, thee must be faint. I will bring thee food and drink."

She hurried away, and he swung himself down. It was not very easy, with his manacled hands, and Ernestine helped him. His heart thrilled at touch of her cold, trembling fingers.

"She shrinks from my touch. She thinks my hand stained with her brother's blood," he thought bitterly.

But another glance at the pure, pale face relieved him. She was listening anxiously, and said with hurried kindness, "There is an old bed down there. Look, while I hold the light down. There! Even half an hour's rest will help you. But you must eat and rest in the dark, for this cellar extends under the kitchen, which is carpetless, and has cracks in the floor. Here comes mother."

Very hurriedly Mrs. Westford passed the well-filled dish and pitcher to him, reporting the mob almost before the house.

"Cover up, quickly, Ernestine. I am going to wake Harry."

That was her youngest son, still sleeping soundly upstairs.

She hurried away, and Ernestine quickly lowered the trap-door and pushed back the bed.

Shut down in the darkness, Gilbert groped his way to the old bed, and sank down on it in utter exhaustion. He could do no more, be it life or death. He heard the girl's quick steps, the closing door, the louder steps directly overhead, and a slender spur of lamplight came down through a crack. She was back in the kitchen, — and there were stern voices indistinctly to be heard without. Ernestine heard them more plainly, and stood with clasped hands and pale face, praying silently, but O so earnestly, that the innocent, if he were innocent, might be saved, when her young brother came rushing down stairs just as there came a thundering knock at the door.

Mrs. Westford had told him no more than that a crowd of men with lanterns were approaching, and it was in perfect good faith that he flung open the door and angrily demanded their business. They soon satisfied him.

"The tramp that murdered your brother is at large, and we are hunting for him. We have looked all up and down the road, for we know he came this way, and it looks mightily as if he had slipped into your premises and hidden somewhere. Your folks will have no objection to our searching, I reckon?"

"Not a bit. I don't think he would stop here, but if he did I hope you'll catch him and hang him to the nearest tree," the boy answered fiercely.

The fugitive, plainly hearing every word, shuddered, but he had no idea how many times that old house had been searched in vain for hunted souls or he would not have feared. Harry knew the secret of the long unused cellar, but never dreamed that his mother and sister could know anything of the hunted tramp-murderer, and so had no idea that he could be in the house. So the out-

buildings and premises were thoroughly searched, while Ernestine and her mother looked on with pale, quiet faces and wildly beating hearts, and the fugitive lay and listened in the darkness. Then the men rode on, grumbling and cursing the sheriff for letting the prisoner escape. Harry fretted a little, never guessing that his every word reached the ear of the man whom he would willingly have surrendered to his murderers, and then went back to bed.

Silence settled on the old farmhouse, and Gilbert actually fell into a light doze from which Mrs. Westford's soft call aroused him. Half asleep, he made his way to the trap door, and was helped up. Ernestine in cloak and hat stood waiting.

"Mother thinks it best that you should be back in safety before daybreak," she said simply. "I can drive you over very soon."

"I hate to let thee go, dear," her mother said anxiously.

"It is only for an hour, mother," reassured the girl; "and we can hardly trust Harry. He is only a boy, and so impetuous and bitter."

Mrs. Westford sighed. "It seems to be a duty,—and surely our Father will not let thee suffer for doing thy duty. Well, go. My prayers shall go with thee. But be careful, child."

The light wagon and bay pony stood at the door. The prisoner was helped into the back seat and Ernestine sprang in before. The big watch dog followed at her call and curled up under her seat, and Gilbert felt that however kindly these women might feel they were not disposed to run any useless risks.

"Good by, mother. Don't fret," was Ernestine's parting word, and Mrs. Westford's earnest "May God protect thee!" showed her uneasiness. Yet she added a kindly word to the prisoner, "And may He bring out the truth! I hope we shall see thee free before all the world right speedily."

Then they drove away into the darkness. Ernestine spoke little; her heart beat too fast. She half apologized for taking the dog.

"The roads would be so lonely, coming back," an apology which he readily accepted. Could he resent her prudence when she had given him his life? But he could not help being intensely thankful that the dog had been asleep in the barn when he approached.

Their trip was but half done when lanterns gleamed ahead, and wheels and voices were heard approaching. "The mob!" was his first thought, and Ernestine whispered hurriedly, "Down under your seat till they pass!" then with a sudden joyful change in tone and manner, "O, it is the sheriff! Thank Heaven!"

The sheriff it was, looking anxiously for his charge, but with little hope of ever seeing him again alive. Ernestine turned quickly.

"Your wrists, please," and the manacles fell off. "There! You need not tell that part unless you wish. It was only—but you understand. Mother had a right to be cautious, you know."

And then the sheriff was hailing them, and as much surprised as delighted to find his prisoner in such hands. The transfer was soon made, and with a kindly word of farewell Ernestine hastened back to her anxious mother.

At the new trial Gilbert Hazelton had no difficulty in proving his own identity and was triumphantly acquitted. Of all the warm hand-claps and congratulations he received, none gave him more pleasure than those of Mrs. Westford and her daughter.

"You must come and see us," Ernestine said blushing. "I know we were not over polite to you, mother and I; but come again, and you will find that we can be civil."

And he did come—not once but many times,—and at last carried sweet Ernestine away as his bride.

Ada E. Ferris.



ADIOS, SAN ZANJA!

AGES ago an unknown anchorite
Dwelt in the mountain cañon's depths profound,
Born of celestials on the heaven-kissed height,
Nourished by sun and mist on light and sound.

Ever he paused upon the threshold stone
 Of his abode, and weeping, looked below,
 Seeming to hear the wild flowers' dying moan,
 Longing to save, yet daring not to go.

Then came the dusky sun-race ; with rude hands
 They traced a wandering path, and led him down
 To banish drought and hunger from their lands,
 To touch and bless them and their children brown.
 How thrilled his heart at the new mission found !
 Gladly and faithfully, as comes the sun
 Along the heat-scorched vale, to all around
 He carried life, and O what love he won !

The flowers caressed and kissed his hurrying feet,
 The birds sang ever fondly at his side ;
 The trees sprang quick to shield him from the heat,
 For all drank blessing from his willing tide.
 Old padres grave, amid their Mission bowers,
 Chanted his praise above the sacred wine,
 And Spanish maidens, in soft twilight hours,
 Bent for his kiss beneath the gleaming vine.

A century passed ; his toiling had but traced —
 Like love of Jesus in a world of sin —
 One thread of Paradise amid the waste.
 Too great the task ! The desert closed him in ;
 Strange ingrate hands cut down each sheltering friend
 Defiling streams flowed in from every side ;
 The sun drank up his strength. Then came the end ;
 Vile Progress triumphed and St. Zanja died.

Died?—No! A transformation wondrous, grand!
 No more a weary monk in ancient guise,—
 See! at the mountain's foot a hero stands,
 Electric lightning flashing from his eyes.
 Freemen have laid him arteries of steel
 O'er all the valleys, and his mighty heart
 Sends life-blood leaping through, and thousands feel
 Those throbs of power in many a thronging mart.

Silent for aye the murmured twilight song,
 Gone the cool shadows where the alders bend,
 But a glad spirit rolls the world along
 In grander measure to its destined end.

B. C. Cory.



"THE TREES SPRANG QUICK TO SHIELD HIM FROM THE HEAT."

FAMOUS PAINTINGS OWNED ON THE WEST COAST. XIII.

FROMENTIN'S "SIMOOM." OWNED BY MR. IRVING M. SCOTT.

AMONG the French painters of Oriental subjects,—and that means a very large proportion of all French painters of modern days,—Eugène Fromentin holds prominent rank. Not that he was one of the great masters who found schools and make epochs in art, but that he did put into his canvases the something more than the mere reproduction of the scene represented, that makes the world recognize the hand of the master and the imagination of the poet. It is possible the French occupation of Algiers has been a costly thing,—that all the French policy in the Orient, all the “partings for Syria,” have resulted in little commercial or political gain. Even so, France may be content; for the Orient has inspired her artists with its dreamy beauty, and taught them how to make their canvases glow with the rich sunshine of Africa and the gorgeous colorings of Oriental life.

Eugène Fromentin was born at La Rochelle, in 1820. He studied under Cabat, and in 1842 made a journey to the Orient, which lasted four years. From that time no subject could win his brush long from Oriental themes. Algiers and Egypt have divided his love; but best he liked to paint the open desert and its wild horsemen. His horses have all the vigor of Schreyer's with far more of naturalness,—and the *Pays de Soif* stretches away in his canvases in all its terror.

Like Bridgman, Fromentin found the brush insufficient to picture, as he was moved to do, all the charms of the East,

and was impelled to adopt the pen as well. His books *Un Été dans le Sahara* (1856) and *Une Année dans le Sahel* (1858) have been published in many editions; perhaps the latest, a beautifully illustrated volume containing both, under the title *Sahara et Sahel* (1887).

Fromentin became an officer in the Legion of Honor, and received large sums for his paintings,—850 guineas for his “Rendezvous of Arab Chiefs.” He died in 1876.

The picture that represents Fromentin's work on the Pacific Coast is a good example of his style. The coloring is not vivid, only the sandal of one of the horsemen in bright red giving a bright spot. The robes are of the unbleached yellowish white, and the air is gray with the coming sandstorm. Jarves makes a mild criticism on Fromentin's work, that his atmosphere is “apt to be thick and unbreathable,” but since that is the very idea of a simoom, the criticism does not hold here. This painting is now to be seen at the Loan Exhibit at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art.

Perhaps it may be well to close this note,—material for which has largely come from Clement & Hutton's, “Artists of the XIXth Century”—with a quotation from Henri Houssaye, there given:—

Forgetfulness will never come for Eugène Fromentin. He will be marked in the beautiful and strong French school of the nineteenth century, not among the grandest painters, but among the charming masters of the second rank, who are more pleasing to the greater number than are the powerful creators and the austere lovers of the beautiful.



A REMINISCENCE.

L. A. Reminiscence. O. G. S. K. 1884.



WE were a party of three. Two (the other two) were artists. Otherwise I doubt if we should have taken the trip, for to people without much money traveling abroad seems a good deal of an undertaking. But with an artist the first question is, "What is there to sketch in a place?" then, (if a lady,) "Can a woman go there?" If these inquiries can be favorably answered, an out-of-the-way town and an inexpensive hotel, or perhaps, more properly speaking, inn, are tried, frequently with more satisfactory results than the well-known "first-class hotel."

We had already visited Antwerp once, and as we bade adieu to friends among our fellow-passengers, who, as a matter of course, had decided upon the hotel, we turned, with the pleasure one feels in greeting an old friend, to the "*Fleur de Lis*."

Pleasant indeed it was, after a ten days' voyage, when one was compelled to share a tiny stateroom with a friend, to be shown to a room immaculately neat, containing two great four-post bedsteads, either one of which would have more than filled the stateroom, an open fire-place almost as capacious as the beds, and best of all, a broad, deep-seated window looking out into a square courtyard with walks half hidden in ivy, and a picturesque dove-cote in the midst, that almost proved more tempting than breakfast to the artists. The chimes of the cathedral as they sounded each quarter of an hour seemed to come from the courtyard.

At the entrance we were greeted

most cordially by a bright little woman, and I experienced the same sense of mortification at my lack of "culture," that I did when the hackmen at the stations hailed each passer-by in his or her native tongue when offering a carriage, as "Madame" sharply reproved a negligent servant in Dutch, called a gay "good-morning" to a passing friend in French, and turning again to us, inquired in remarkably good English for our health since last we visited Antwerp. She was a most attractive little person, this same Madame, and evidently the manager of the *Fleur de Lis*, although her mother was nominally the hostess. Not yet in the thirties, her pretty blue eyes overlooked nothing, from the sanded floor of the quaint but most comfortable dining room to the snowy curtains of the great beds. Her fair brown hair was wavy, and her pretty figure petite.

"O, yes, I am here," she said in response to the remark that it was pleasant to find her still with her mother. "You see, mademoiselle, it is impossible that I leave my mother, though my husband thinks that I should be with him. I ask him what would he think if I left my mother to be made a fool of. For she is over sixty, my mother, and there is a young man my age who wishes to marry her. Of course, all he wants is the house, for the house has always made a good income, and she has money, my mother, and yet she believes that he loves her. She, who might be his mother,—and she would marry him if I left her, and the house would be his though it has been ours for generations, and always it has had the best reputation. So it is that I cannot leave my mother. She shall not be made a fool of."

"Mademoiselle," said the little Madame, coming into my pleasant room that evening as I sat in the twilight, "do you know the name of the freight clerk on your steamer?" And then in a sudden burst of half-timid confidence, very different from her usual self-contained manner, she continued. "O, you are from New York, and perhaps sometime you have seen him, my husband; and to think it is more than a year since he left me, and then he was angry. I was not yet twenty when I was married, mademoiselle, and my husband was fifteen years older. He is an American, my husband, but he lived here for many years, and now he is freight clerk on a New York steamer.

"He thought I was pretty, and he liked to dress me up and take me to the theater. He always bought me such pretty gloves and roses. Ah!" she said, with a deep breath, as if inhaling their fragrance, "I never went to the theater without roses, and always we had a box. It was only in a box that my husband would take me, but when the people would look at our box, that did not please my husband. 'What are you doing,' he would say, 'to make all the people stare at you?'

"But I could not help it," she said, with an impatient shrug of her pretty shoulders. "'What can I do,' I say to my husband, 'if the people will look at me?'

"But he was angry, my husband, and said the last time that we went, 'I take you away from here. It is time you went to New York.'

"'I shall not go,' I said. 'I must not leave my mother.'

"'You will go with your husband,' said he.

"'And leave my poor old mother to sell herself to that boy,' I cried. 'Never.'

"'The time may come,' he said, 'when you will wish for your husband, but remember this, he will not come to you.' And then he left me for New York.

But, O, Mademoiselle," she continued, "perhaps he too may be sorry. He always was kind, though he was so quick in his speaking; and never I hear the whistle of the New York steamer coming in, but I think, perhaps he may come in that vessel."

It was with an almost guilty feeling that I bade goodnight to the little Madame; for in spite of coming from New York and by the line that employed her husband, I knew nothing of him, and had little hope I could help her. Still, I had taken his full name and address when in New York, in the hope of—I knew not what, in case I ever should meet him.

But we had just arrived in Antwerp, and our plan was to travel a year, in Normandy and Brittany during the summer months, and make Paris our headquarters in winter, so I feared I should have little use for the address.

After leaving Antwerp we met a number of artists, and as usual all compared notes, and gave each other the benefit of their experience. We were strongly advised to spend the autumn, if possible, at St. Jacut, a most fascinating spot, formerly a monastery, and still, I think, a convent, but now so much reduced in circumstances that during the summer the sisters make a sort of hotel of the great building. One father is there to take the head of the house, while the mother superior and



the sisters have charge of the domestic affairs, the latter performing all the service. It was some months before we thought of going there; so late, in fact, that we supposed most summer guests would have left, and did not deem it necessary to write before hand to engage rooms.

A most beautiful drive by stagecoach brought us, just as a gorgeous sunset was fading from the sky, to the gates of the convent. But here, an unexpected difficulty awaited us. True, they did not, like good Mr. Petter of "The Squirrel Inn," demand if we knew the "the Rockmores of Germantown," but before the door was opened the question was put through the crack, "Who of our acquaintance is there to recommend you?"

We hesitated. The friend who had advised our coming had forgotten to mention that any such introduction was necessary, otherwise it would have been a most simple matter to have brought vouchers from former guests and friends of the convent. But what could we do to induce these inhospitable doors to open?

At this moment the procession of sisters returning from vespers in the chapel separated at the door, dispersing to their various duties in the house, and a familiar voice exclaimed, "Mademoiselle!" while our little "Madame" from Antwerp, sadly changed in the somber garb of a sister, grasped both my hands and gave me a most cordial welcome.

"*Entrez, Mademoiselle,*" said the sister who had so faithfully guarded the entrance, "Sister Agnes shall show you your rooms."

And to our rooms we were preceded by "Madame," as we still thought of her; but at the door she left us, her duties demanding immediate attention. The room was without carpet, but the floor spotless, and the single bed snowy white. Above it hung a crucifix, (I still possess it, for they allowed me to buy it,) and at its feet was the "*benitia*" for

holy water. One chair and a washstand completed the furniture of my room, but the view from the window was sufficient to console the most beautiful for the lack of a mirror.

Just before retiring, as I mused upon the strange events of the day, a gentle knock came at my door and Madame entered.

"What is the meaning of this?" I exclaimed. "You have had no bad news, I trust!"

She burst into tears. "O, mademoiselle!" she sobbed, "my husband is dead! I ought to have been with him. He was ill before the steamer came in, but rather than come to me went to the hospital. Then he found he was dying, and he knew then that he wanted his wife. I went the moment I heard he was there, and in spite of his being so ill I was happy once more, so happy to be with him again; and he too, mademoiselle, seemed to be happy. For a while they thought he was better, then suddenly he died. He was gone, mademoiselle, in that little time, and nearly two years since I had been with him," and again her tears burst forth.

"How did you leave your mother," I asked, not attempting to comfort her.

"My mother!" she exclaimed, anger flashing from the eyes that a moment before were flooded with tears, "I call her no longer my mother. In that one little week while I was at the hospital, when my husband lay dying, she married the boy who coveted her money. It is never again I shall see her.

"It is better so, perhaps," she added more quietly, and rising as the retiring bell sounded. "It is not like the chimes of our beautiful cathedral, that little bell of the chapel, but never I hear it strike without thinking of Antwerp. Ah! I love Antwerp, yet there I could not stay and hear the steamers come in, knowing they never would bring me my husband! But — *bon soir, mademoiselle!*"

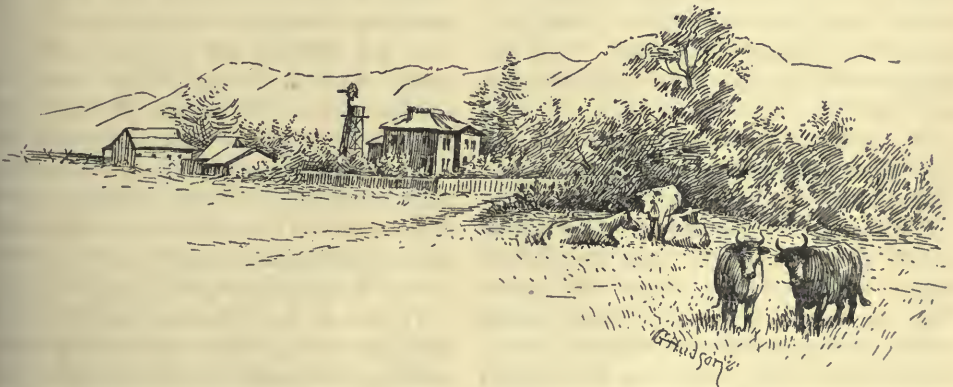
Laura Brace Bates.



A MODERN KNIGHT.

THE day doth break for him, and on the hill
 Of young endeavor stands he, strong and free,
 With dauntless eyes that through the mists do see
 The fiery contests that awaits his will,—
 The arrows of his hope unbroken still,
 His arms in purpose forged enduringly.
 With joyous thirst for battle swayed is he,
 And laureled conquests all his fancy thrill.
 May bold temptations strike his gleaming shield,
 To prove that 'neath the armor stands a man
 Who on the evil looks nor fears to yield.
 May fiercest battle all his courage fan,
 That carrying his colors through the field,
 He shall uphold the name "American."

Bertha Monroe Rickoff.





KAIANA AND THE SHARK-GOD.

GREAT many years before ever a white man trod the shores of Hawaii Nei, there lived in a little village on the Kona coast of Hawaii a fair child, who was the cause of many changes in both land and people, to say nothing of the religion of the country.

Melekule, or the "Golden Flower," was the only child of the chief of the village. She was born in the happy days when the Hawaiian had but to put forth his hand and take from Nature the food which she had lavished upon this favored land. Toil and want were both unknown. The sea was full of fish, the trees hung full of fruit,—and what more needed they for life? And so, since toil was not, the people were happy and innocent, and lived at ease.

Melekule grew up like a flower among the ferns and trees of her native village. Pele saw her not, and so she feared nothing, but spent long days wandering around in the forest, and down upon the sea-beach. Here she passed her happy childhood: here she spent her life,—and here she sleeps her last sleep.

But before she fell asleep for the last time she saw strange things, and wept many bitter tears.

True child of the tropics, she was as much at home in the sea as on the shore. Many happy hours she spent floating on the sparkling waves above the coral that tinted the water in thousands of different colors, her lithe limbs swaying in the rippling water as if they

were but bits of the gorgeous seaweed that the waves brought from afar to fade upon the coral rocks of the island.

When tired of floating on the waves she would take the surf-board and swim far, far out beyond the breakers; and then, turning toward the shore, would come flying in on the crest of a mighty wave, which would cast her laughing and shouting with glee far up on the white sand, from which she would again swim out, to return on the next "*wai nui*" that should come in.

There were few young people in the village, so she had lived alone until she cared but little for other company than she found in the flowers and birds, and had no desire to meet with the other maidens under the *luau*, where they told tales of the youths whom they had met, and perchance loved.

Melekule scorned all their talk of love. Why should she care to win the heart of even the grandest among the villagers? She loved better to swim alone, far out where she could see the wide sea which stretched away, away to the land where Lono had gone, and from which he would some day return. She would like to meet him; but the youths who lived here in the little vale were but mortals, who knew no more than she herself, and who had been no farther toward that bright horizon than she had been. Not many of them had swum so far out, for they saw nothing to be gained by steering out toward the sunrise. The fish were found nearer shore, and so they whispered one to another, the Shark-God had said they must not go beyond his sight.

They had never seen him, this great god, but he had his *kahunas*, or priests, and they had said it was his will that the simple islanders should remain near the

shore, and that did they disobey his command, he would be near to punish, by carrying them to his cave and turning them to sharks.

Melekule was rather sceptical, and did not fully believe in the Shark-God. She had heard him talked of all her life, but had never met anyone who had seen him, and there were no traditions that he had ever made himself known to his worshipers, and she did not much believe in him. Now Lono was another sort of a person. He was well known to many who had met him, and there was one old man who claimed that he had played with him in childhood, but this was doubted. At any rate there was good reason for believing in Lono, but to her there seemed to be no good reason for belief in the Shark-God, so she did as she chose about keeping within the bounds set by the kahunas.

She grew up, a tall, slim maiden, whose brown limbs were like bronze models of beauty, and whose face was one to set fire to the hearts of any youth of the race who might meet her. But no matter who fell in love with her, she cared just as much for one as for another, and that was very little. She mocked and scoffed at each one of the young men who came to offer her a home in his hut, and laughed to scorn the idea of her marrying anyone.

"When Lono comes, then I will wed, but till then I like best my free life on wave or sand. Were I to wed with one of you I should be but a slave. I should have to dress the fish, and find the bread-fruit, and gather the golden ball of the orange, and spend the day in the huts; while now I may roam as far as I choose,—may pass the day in play, may swim far away until the land is but a shadow on the face of the water behind me. Which of you would give up his free life to become a slave?"

"But a maiden is not a man. Men are free, but a wife should be at home when her husband returns, to do what

he may ask of her. Would you have him toil and seek for the food?"

"Nay. Nor will I. I am free, and free I will remain, unless I meet some man who is as was Lono. Then will I gladly wait upon him and give up my dreams of freedom, but for any of the youths of my race I care not and will not be slave for any."

With this answer they had to be content. Soon one and another had asked her to come to his hut and been refused, until they had all fared the same. Then she was let alone. The old men prophesied that she would come to grief, but little cared Melekule for either the old men or their predictions. She was free and happy, and cared not what they thought of her.

But this was not to last. One day as she swam far, far out beyond the outer line of breakers she saw a young man swimming toward her. He came up beside her and greeted her with "Aloha," to which she responded, wondering meanwhile who he could be. She had not seen him until he was close by, and knew not from whence he came, but she felt sure that he did not belong to her village, for she knew all who lived there, while this man she had never met before. Had she met him she knew she would have remembered, for his eyes filled her with a strange feeling, half joy, half fear, as he looked into her own.

Those eyes were strange to her. They were dark as were those of all her race, but they had a light which she had never beheld shining in any other eyes. The face in which they were set was also like her own in coloring, but with an expression different from all others she had seen. He seemed familiar and yet strange. She was as if on the verge of recognition, but yet could not quite remember where she had seen those eyes, that face, before.

He kept beside her for some time, and she found that he was an even better swimmer than she. He floated

as if he were a fish ; the slightest movement sent his body flying in any direction desired. She found that she could not outswim him, even if she so wished, and she was not so sure that she did so wish. He was different from anyone she had ever met before, and she had a strange desire to know him better. To all her questions he would only say, "Some day, not now," so she learned nothing of him, neither name nor home.

At last she turned toward home, and he swam beside her. They kept together until near land, when he darted ahead, and in a few moments was lost to sight. It seemed to Melekule as if he had sunk in the water ; for though she was watching eagerly to see which way he turned after leaving the water, she saw nothing.

She went home with a strange feeling of loss in her heart. She had never cared before whether she ever saw a man again or not ; but now she hoped that she might soon meet this one, and then she determined to learn who he was and where was his home.

The next day she again found the stranger by her side when far out to sea, and again he kept with her until they were near shore, when he disappeared. She had learned nothing more of him than she did the day before.

For days and days the same thing happened. She would swim out alone from the beach, and when she was far out would find him swimming toward her. And all this time she had learned positively nothing of him. At first he put her off by saying, "Perhaps," or "By-and-by," but at last he frowned upon her when she ventured to ask him anything about himself, so she had learned to leave the question to be solved by time.

Now, among the lovers whom she had turned away with scorn was one who did not accept his dismissal so calmly as did most of them. He loved her and was willing to wait for her. He felt sure that in time he would win her.

This was Kaiana, a young chief who had come to the village when but a child. His father had been one of the slain in the last battles, and his mother had sought safety for herself and child in this little village, far away from the scene of her sorrow.

Melekule had spoken to him as scornfully as to the others, but either he loved her more or was more determined to have his way than the rest were. At any rate, he had not given up hope of yet winning her.

He had kept away from her, thinking that she was more likely to wish for him in his absence than to turn to him when he was beside her ; but though he had not spoken to her for weeks, he knew of her new habit of spending all day far out on the sea. Curious to know what she had found to attract her, he followed her one day, at a distance, but still near enough to see that she was joined by some one. Whether this some one was male or female he did not learn at this time, but he found that they swam to a little island and there landed, and spent the long hours reclining upon the sand. The next day he followed Melekule again, and found that she and her companion, who came from he could not see where, again turned to the little island, scarcely more than a rock, and again spent the day together there.

Troubled at the knowledge that the girl he loved was each day meeting a stranger, and spending hours at a distance from home, he determined to seek the little island first the next day, and hidden in some nook, learn who the stranger was.

He accordingly arose at an early hour, and swam away to the island long before the hour when Melekule and her companion were accustomed to land there. Finding a secure hiding-place among the rocks, he waited their coming.

At last they came, and he found, as he had expected, that Melekule's com-

panion was a young man. He was too far from them to hear what they were saying, but he saw that the stranger was young and handsome, and seemed devoted to Melekule. He did not feel so sure of her feeling for the stranger. At one moment she seemed to cling to him, the next she shrank from his side as if in fear.

The two rested for a long time, unknowing of the jealous eyes which were peering out at them from among the rocks and bushes. At last they entered the water and swam away toward the village, which from this distance seemed but a few dots under the trees on the distant beach.

Kaiana waited until they were out of sight before he came from his concealment. When he did so, he could see Melekule far off in the distance, but of her companion he could find no trace. Much surprised at this, he also swam away to his home.

Day after day he preceded the lovers, for that they were lovers he felt sure, to their trysting place. Sometimes they would seat themselves so near his hiding place that he could hear what they were saying; sometimes they kept near the water's edge, and then he could only guess at their conversation; but he learned enough to know that the stranger was urging Melekule to go with him to his home, while she was trying to persuade him to go with her to her village before she went with him. This the stranger seemed reluctant to do, but Melekule steadily refused to go away from her friends with him, unless he first went to her home with her.

For several days the discussion was kept up. Melekule was deeply in love with the stranger, but she dared not go with him unless he told her something of himself and of his home. She had never learned even his name. He told her she could call him "Ka Moi," or "The King," but whether he was a small chief from some other part of the island,

or whether he was a slave, she knew not. For this reason she was steadfast in her refusal to accompany him she knew not where.

Kaiana kept his watch over the girl he loved, and hoped that something might arise to help him win her, even though she now seemed lost to him because she loved another. He listened to as much of the conversation as he could catch, and formed a pretty clear idea of the case. It was evident to him that Melekule was not very deeply in love with the stranger, but still if he should do as she wished, that is, should go to her village with her, and prove himself to be some one of consequence, doubtless she would then follow him to his home. Kaiana was trying to devise some plan to prevent this all the days he spent in watching the two on the island. Each day he had watched them swim away for the mainland, and each time he decided to keep his eyes on the strange man and see where he landed, but each day he lost sight of him before he reached the land.

There seemed something strange in this. How was it that he vanished in a moment? Several times he had seemingly sunk, and while Kaiana watched for him to rise he had not been able to get a glimpse of him. The first time this happened, Kaiana felt sure that he had been drowned, but no, the next day he appeared as usual beside Melekule on the rock. The superstitious native began to feel that there was something uncanny about this young man, who came no one knew whence and disappeared none could find out whither nor how.

One day, when the two reached the island, where Kaiana was already hidden watching for them, they seemed to be in an angry dispute, but sat down so far from his hiding place that he was unable to hear what they said. For some time the quarrel raged, till finally Melekule arose in anger, and throwing

herself into the water swam rapidly away toward her distant home. At this the strange lover also dashed into the waves and swam after her. Reaching her side, he seemed trying to make peace with her, but in vain. She vouchsafed him, seemingly, no reply, but hastened away from his side. He followed for a few moments, and then suddenly grasping her arm he turned away, forcing her to follow him.

Kaiana was astonished at the act, and for a moment lost his presence of mind and stood upright, watching the struggle in the water. Melekule caught sight of him and screamed loudly for aid. The stranger seemed trying to drag her beneath the water, while she struggled to keep afloat and to tear her arm from his grasp.

Kaiana shouted to encourage the girl, and then threw himself into the sea and followed them with swift strokes. He came rapidly up with them, and was about to seize hold of the stranger, when he was horror-stricken to see a number of sharks come rushing through the water, which foamed behind them so swiftly they came. He cried out despairingly to the two who were but an arm's length from him, warning them of the death that seemed to be even then striking at them.

He had, at the first sight of the sea-wolves, turned instinctively back to escape, if possible, by retracing his way to the island, but better thought came on the instant, and he turned again, resolved if he could not save the girl he loved, he would die with her.

What was his astonishment to see that the sharks had surrounded the two, and instead of devouring them, were swimming around them, as if taking charge of them, and escorting them whither they wished to go.

Melekule seemed to have fainted at the sight of the horrid monsters, and she lay supported by the arm of the strange lover, who, apparently, had no

fear of the sharks, as he was holding his hand upon the ugly snout of one of the largest of them. As Kaiana watched, fascinated by the sight, the stranger threw the arm of the senseless girl across the back of one of the sharks, and supported in this way she was carried swiftly away toward the distant land.

As they passed away from the island Kaiana watched them, stupefied by the strange sight. He watched until at the same place where the stranger had disappeared each day, he saw the whole company—man, girl, and sharks—sink, to rise no more.

The place where they disappeared was just off a high rocky point, that made out into the water something over a mile from the little village where Melekule was born. The point was steep and high,—nothing living could climb up its precipitous side, and the water below was a hundred feet deep, so that there was no place where the two could have landed unseen. They must certainly have sunk below the surface, for they had vanished from sight in a place where there was no possible way for them to leave the water for the land.

Kaiana waited for some time, but seeing nothing of the couple whom he had watched, he concluded that the girl must have been drowned, and that the mystery was too deep for him to solve alone. He therefore started for his home, and in a short time reached the little hut beneath the tall trees in which he and his mother had made their home since their arrival at this place.

He entered the hut, and first carefully shutting close the bark curtains which covered the opening of the hut whenever the occupants wished to be alone, he told his strange story to his mother. He told of the many times he had gone to the island to watch Melekule and her lover, and of the strange way in which he had lost sight of that lover each day at the same place—a place where it was

impossible for any human being to get away without being seen, unless he went below the surface of the sea. He then told her of the scene of that day, of the quarrel which had taken place, and of the seizure of the girl by her lover, (which seizure was by no means anything rare or wonderful in those days,) and of the guard of sharks which arose between them when he tried to rescue her from her captor.

Kapooloku, the mother of Kaiana, was the daughter of one of the greatest of the old kahunas. She herself, at her old home, was considered no mean sorceress; but since coming to her new home she had kept her supernatural gifts carefully hidden. Not even to her son had she divulged her former powers. Not one here knew that she was more than a poor widow, who had sought refuge in a strange village from the power of her enemies. She had thought never again to perform any of her old works of enchantment, but for the sake of her son she would even do this,—so she told him to leave her for a time, and when next she saw him she would tell him where and with whom he would find Melekule.

She shut every opening of the hut and proceeded to her enchantments. All night she wrought, and when morning came she tottered from the hut, worn and haggard, but victorious. Calling Kaiana to her, she besought him to put aside all hope of ever winning Melekule, but when he told her that in winning her for his bride lay the only hope of happiness for him, she yielded to his prayers, and agreed to aid him in gaining his wish.

Meanwhile the whole village was agitated at the fate of the lost girl. Though Melekule had always been used to staying from home all day, she had never stayed out through the night, and her parents were sure some harm had come to her.

The weeping mother came to ask

Kaiana if he had seen the girl, but he gave her no satisfaction. He did not wish to tell what little he knew, and his mother had told him he must wait until evening for the information she had promised him.

When evening came, he went to her hut. She rose from her bed of grass, and seating herself beside him, said:—

“Kaiana, my only son, for all the years of thy life have I dreaded the coming of this hour. When thou wast but a babe on my breast, Melekane, the wisest of all the wise men of our race, foretold that on thee was to fall the honor of freeing our land from the dominion of the great Shark-God.”

“But, my mother, what have I to do with the Shark-God? It is of my love I would hear thee speak.”

“Yea, it is of thy love; but she is now in the cave where dwells that dread god,—he who holds dominion over the seas, and who has forbidden that any should go beyond the bounds which he has set for them. If they dare do this, then has he power forever over them, and may, if he choose, drag them below to his caverns, and they in the form of sharks must do his bidding,—destroying even brother or father, if he shall so command. He it is that has taken thy love to his home, but not to devour her, or to make her his slave—a shark. He loves her even as men love, and has taken her away that he may win her love.”

“And has he so won it?”

“That, my son, I know not.”

“But how shall I know, and what shall I do to save her from his power, if she longs to return to earth?”

“This shalt thou do. First, to the cave thou shalt go, to learn from her own lips if she would return to earth, or would remain with her grim lover in the ocean cave.”

“But how may I go to the cave? Will not the sea cover me, and how shall I then live?”

“Nay, the sea covers but the mouth of the cave. If thou wouldst see again the girl whom thou hast said is thy love, thou must go to the cave in which the great god has hidden her. But fear not; I have a spell which can preserve thee from his angry power. If thou but doest as I bid thee, thou shalt come out of the cave in safety. No shark has power to harm thee while thou shalt hold the charm I will give thee. Learn from Melekule which she will do,—remain below with her new lover, or return to earth with thee. When thou hast learned this, then thou shalt know what to do.”

“But if she should wish to return with me? What then can I do?”

“Nay, that I cannot tell; but if she should so desire, the only way to conquer the Shark-God is to get his living girdle, without which he has no power over either shark or man. But how thou art to get this I cannot tell.”

“If it is the only way, I will get it. I will rescue Melekule or perish. I know not how, but I will save her if she wishes to be saved.”

Kapooloku then bound the promised charm upon his right wrist, telling him that while he wore it no shark would molest him, and not even the god himself could kill him unless he first laid aside the charm.

Kaiana set out on his dangerous expedition. He went first to the beach near the high point at which he had seen the Shark-God bear Melekule below the water, and here he entered the waves, swimming rapidly to the place where they had vanished. Again and again he dove down, seeking for the entrance to the cave, which his mother had assured him lay behind the rock, but his search was in vain. He was almost despairing, when he rose for the fifth time without having seen anything that led him to believe there was any cave there. But as he lay exhausted, waiting to regain his strength for another effort, he saw a

shark rise from the depth a little to one side of where he had been trying to find the entrance. This shark was followed by another, and another, until five had arisen in the same place. Feeling sure that he had found the entrance he had been seeking, he swam to the place where they had risen. The sharks saw him and swam toward him, but at sight of his charm which he wore on the wrist they turned as if in fear, and passed rapidly out of sight. He dove down, and saw a light before him, which he knew must be the entrance to the cave he sought.

And he was right. He found himself inside the rock wall, floating in a lighted cave of immeasurable extent. The walls were bright with crystals and the cave was as light as day, but from what source the light entered he could not discern.

Far, far back under the island he swam, seeking for the chamber where he should find the lost girl. He felt sure there must be land near, for if the Shark-God could exist in the water, Melekule certainly could not, and of course the god must have had some place in which to keep her. And he was right in so thinking, for soon he passed around a sharp corner in the rocky wall and saw before him a scene of enchanting beauty.

Not even the fairest part of his native isle was more fair than this spot. Flowers filled the air with sweet odors, strange trees waved their feathery branches in the perfumed air, bright birds flew about among the green branches, and filled the ear with their melodious songs. The ground beneath his feet was soft and green, the air was balmy and mild, and far up he saw the sky smiling down upon the fairy scene. He knew by this sight of the sky that the lovely spot was not beneath the waves, but must be in some dell which the foot of man had never before trod. But he had not time to spend in admiring the natural beauties of the scene: he must find the girl for whose sake he had come.

He pressed forward, finding with each turn that new beauties were presented to view. At last he saw a little glade where trees bent down to shadow over a little pool, and here, close beside the glassy lake, lay the form of Melekule.

As he drew near she awoke with a start, and seeing him standing beside her, she cried:—

“Oh, hast thou come to save me? I thought I should never again see the face of a friend, but thou hast been more than friend if thou hast come to this dread spot to seek for me.”

“I loved thee, Melekule, and if I could never see thee more, life had no charms. I felt that thou wouldst not be happy with thy strange lover when he told thee who he was. Dost wish to return to earth with me?”

“Alas, that can never be. No power can rescue me from the hands of the Shark-God. I am rightly punished for my sin in casting aside the love I knew was true, and seeking that which I felt at the time was dangerous. I loved and I feared the new lover, but I felt pride that a stranger should seek me and wish to carry me to his land. But alas, I little thought that his land was one where never maid had trodden the soil, and from whence none might ever return to tell of its beauties. When I knew who it was who had taken me from home and friends, I felt that I had never loved him,—but it was too late. I knew not when he brought me here; I only knew that he had called his shark guards, and that they were bearing me away,—away from all I loved,—and I knew no more. When I awoke I was here, and I knew not how I came nor how I could escape: but thou hast come to save me.” And she wept with her great relief.

Kaiana was not so sure of saving her as she was, but he said nothing of his fears. He made many inquiries about the habits of the god, and learned that he had visited his captive but once

since bringing her here the day before. He learned that the “living girdle,” of which his mother had spoken, was living indeed. It was a shark in form, but was of living flame, and the fires were ever burning fiercely. The light from its flaming eyes seemed to dismay the hearts of whatever living thing it fell upon, and he never laid it aside, so far as she saw; he had worn it while he was trying to win her on the little isle, for she had seen glimmerings of light from under his tapa girdle, and had often asked what it was, but had been silenced as she was when she asked his name or native place. He had worn it without a cover while visiting her that morning, and had left the place still wearing it around his waist.

Kaiana was troubled at her report, for if the only way to rescue her was by the power of the girdle, it was necessary to get it away from the god; and if he always wore it, there seemed to be no chance of getting it from him. Had he been likely to take it off for a time, Kaiana would have had a chance to steal it; but when it was on the body of the wearer it was seemingly safe from all attempts.

While Melekule was telling him of her captivity, and expressing her anxiety to escape, a sudden stir among the trees showed that someone was coming. Kaiana hid behind the ferns, and in a moment the Shark-God came from the bushes and sat down beside Melekule. He spoke softly to her and tried to take her hand, but she would not look at him, nor allow him to touch her. He seemed displeased, and in a few moments left her again. Kaiana then came from his concealment and told her he had a plan to propose by which they might secure the girdle of flame, and by so doing be able to escape from the cave.

He told her that if the god came back soon she was to receive him in a more friendly manner, and allow him to rest beside her. She was to sing to him,

and if possible to lull him to sleep. Kaiana had noticed that he seemed weary, and thought it was possible that he would require sleep the same as a mortal would. Melekule promised to do as he wished, and soon they heard the god returning. Kaiana retired to his hiding place, while Melekule prepared to receive the god with smiles. He came to her side with a scowl upon his face, but as she smiled upon him his brow cleared, and he soon sat beside her, listening to her soft voice and gazing into the depths of her dark eyes, and fondly imagining that he saw the spirit of love dawning for him behind the brown lids.

"Wouldst like me to sing thee a song of my village?" she asked, and his eyes brightened at the thought that she would not have been willing to sing for one she hated, and that if he but waited a little he would win all her heart, and she would care no more for the land which she had left forever.

He sat on the green grass beside her, with his head resting against a tree behind him, and Melekule sang a song which she had often sung under the green branches of the guava tree beside her father's hut, while the other maidens sat listening around her. It was a song of love, and the soft strains lulled the senses of the god, and he lay listlessly watching the light as it glinted upon the dark hair of the girl he loved, and who seemed to be at least willing to try to love him. Kaiana watched them, hidden behind his leafy screen, and to his joy saw that the god had begun to close his eyes. Lower and lower sang the cooing voice, until the weary god sank down beside the tree in slumber. For some time neither Melekule nor Kaiana dared make any move, but the god slept on, and at last Kaiana crept from his leafy covert and stole toward the sleeper.

Stooping over him he beheld the fire-girdle, but how could he remove it? The flames wound around and around

the body of the god, and Kaiana feared that they would burn a mortal who should be so presumptuous as to touch the girdle. As he stood gazing the song died away, and the god moved as if about to waken. Melekule began to sing and he slept again, but Kaiana still stood wondering how he should secure the prize which was to enable him not only to leave the place himself, but to carry with him his loved one.

At last he thought that the god was sleeping as soundly as he ever would, and that if ever he could get the girdle he could now. He seized it by the clasp and wrenched it away, but still it clung to the sleeper at one end. The god was waking, so Kaiana gave it another jerk, though it seemed to be burning his hand to the bone. But the burning ceased the moment he held the flaming belt in his hand, free from the body of the owner. The jerk he gave the girdle to free it had awakened the sleeping god, who sprang to his feet, but was still too dazed to know just what had happened. While he was getting his ideas together Kaiana had made haste to fasten the girdle around his own body, and when the god first caught sight of him he stood erect with the flames rising nearly to his breast. They were not flames to their wearer, only to one who had touched them without the right. The burns which Kaiana had received in getting the girdle into his possession had been healed at once when he held it in his hands, free from any other body.

When the god saw that his talisman was gone, and not only lost but gained by another, he gave utterance to a terrible cry. He sprang forward as if to assault Kaiana, but he knew the power which the girdle had given the man, and so paused.

"Is there aught which will buy back my girdle from thee, Hawaiian? I will do whatever thou mayst demand to regain it. It is of no use to thee, but without it I am lost. Without it I must

go deep into the earth and serve as slave to my brothers and sisters of the fire and water,—Pele and Tane,—who have hated me for many days, but who had no power to do me harm so long as I wore the girdle, clasped around me by my mother, the great queen of both earth and water, who has now gone to meet my father in the sun, his house of fire. If I gain not my girdle again, I must serve my sisters and brothers until my father comes to take from them their power over all which now they rule. It may be many weary ages before he comes.”

“I will give back thy girdle when I am safe at home, if thou wilt give me a promise, and swear by the great sun, the home to which thy father and mother have gone, to keep that promise.”

“What dost thou ask?”

“Thou shalt swear never again to send thy slaves, the sharks, to seize a Hawaiian; shalt promise never again to take one from the land and cause him to become a shark to serve thee; and shalt swear to allow me to pass with my love, Melekule, safely up to our home; and then shalt promise never again to show thy face to mortal man or maid, either on land or on water—never again to have dominion over any of my race; but to keep to thy deep cave here, and keep thy slaves from our land, or from the waters which surround our land. If all this thou wilt do, I will give back the fire girdle; but if thou promise not, then I keep it and show it to prove that thou art no more god, but must serve Pele till the end of time.”

“But if I swear all thou askest, what then? I shall have no slaves at all, and a god with no subjects is of little consequence. Where shall I get the slaves which are required?”

“How thinkest thou?”

“I will take only the Hawaiians who have done with Hawaii. Give me those who die to your land, and I will make them to live again in mine until the time

when my father and my mother come to change the land and the water,—when all shall pass away both of the gods and of mortals. Let me have but dominion over your dead, and I will let the living go free.”

Kaiana thought that if but the dead were enslaved it was little matter. As it was now, many of those who lived were taken by the Shark-God, but it would be no matter if he got those who were done with life, so he agreed that it should be as the god asked.

The god then took them to the entrance of the cave, where they were met by a throng of sharks. The savage wretches seemed enraged at sight of their former king, and but for the protection given him by Kaiana he would have been attacked by them. He was immortal but not invulnerable, and had they attacked him they could not have slain him, but could have mangled him and rent him. But they obeyed Kaiana as they were used to obey the god, and he thrust them away, and ordered them to sink below and trouble them no more.

When the three reached the shore Kaiana made the god repeat his oath, and then took off the girdle, and the god clasped it about his loins and rushed away. He kept his oath, and the Hawaiian race feared him no more, after they had heard the strange tale told by Kaiana and Melekule.

And their story made more than one change in the religion of Hawaii. The natives judged that if one god could be resisted and defeated by man the others could also, and so they fell away from their old worship of the gods and goddesses, and in a hundred years the land was a land without a religion.

From one after another they turned away. The great Pele kept her worshipers longest, but at last even she lost her power, and the land stood waiting for the new faith which the Christians brought to its people.

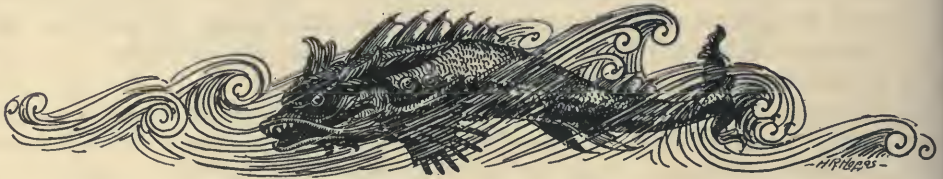
The first skepticism which rose was caused by the victory which Kaiana won over the Shark-God ; but when one disbelief enters into a country it spreads, and soon it had destroyed all faith. When the gentle Hawaiian was shown that a mortal might be as keen of wit and as strong of arm as a god, it took but little more to prove to them that no god had power over them unless they gave him that power.

Kaiana had not only won his wife by his victory over the god, but he freed his race from the chains of superstition. Not entirely,—for it has been but one generation since they worshiped the gods, and prayed to the idols, but in another hundred years they will have lost the last shred of superstition. They still fear the Shark-God in storms at sea, and still strive to propitiate Pele by gifts and offerings when the fire moun-

tain spouts out its deadly flames ; but they are overcoming their fears, in great measure, and the grand-children of those who now sacrifice to Pele in moments of danger will know that it is no god, but some natural force, which sends the lava spouting and flowing from Mauna Loa, and which sends the feared scarlet fish to the shore at long intervals,—and not the Shark-God, who thus gives notice that he will soon have one of the royal family among his slaves, the sharks.

Kaiana and his beloved Melekule lived long, and when they died they left many children to tell the story of the victory which Kaiana won over the Shark-God. The great-grandchildren of Kaiana still live in Kona, and still tell of the search for Melekule, and of the way in which their great ancestor freed his people from the dominion of the great Shark-God.

Mabel H. Closson.



A CONTRAST.

WILD winter reigns, where late sweet summer shone,
 The naked land clanks bitterly her chain,
 Bewails her splendid past in fierce refrain,
 With icy tears, with sob and gust makes moan.
 Here winter smiles where sea and sky are blown
 To bluest bloom as far as sight can strain,
 The upland slope, field, valley, wood, and plain,
 A sunlit sea of green again has grown.
 Each cañon close eternal roses keep,
 On wet, salt paths pale pink sea-mosses glow,
 Along the sands great glad waves laugh and leap
 Forever, while the west wind whispers low ;
 The loving waters lip the land, and creep
 With coy caressing as they come and go.

Juliette Estelle Mathis.

AFTER THE FIRE.

I.

PERHAPS of all the occupations by which men seek to win gold, there are none so fascinating, so elusive, so encouraging to all the gambler's faith in luck, as well as to the woodsman's innocent and healthy love for nature, as prospecting for gold quartz indications in the mountains. The murmuring fir whisper of the secret hidden by their roots for uncounted centuries before prying man came tapping the stones with his little hammer; and to his excited mind the clear waters reflect a yellow light, and the sound of their tinkling is the ringing of the gold he seeks.

As long as fifty years ago it was known that there existed, somewhere between the Sixus River and Port Orford, a rich ledge of gold-bearing quartz. Small, broken fragments had been picked up by hunters now and then, and rich deposits of black sand could be found in all the outlets of the streams that run over the beach to the sea at very short intervals along the shores of Oregon. Black sand is quartz decayed and worn away from the gold, which is washed with it down the swift streams. Many people were quite content to work a little, and capture the gold they could see in the sand by a simple contrivance of wooden troughs, and a copper plate with a quicksilver coating, to hold the shining flakes as they were washed over it. But others wanted a real mine, and spent a deal of money and hard labor hunting for the home of the gold in the near mountains, where the springs all had their fountain head. A goodly amount of gold was found and mined, but never a ledge such as all the old miners and geologists knew existed somewhere in that neighborhood.

At one time a great excitement was raised by the return of a party of prospectors with all their pockets filled with the richest specimens of gold-bearing quartz that had ever been found in the State. The stone was dark, very much decayed, but the gold was in thick streaks, yellow and unstained. They were jubilant; they had found the ledge. They stayed in the little town of Port Orford over night. They took a great many drinks, and had built a large city, with all the modern improvements, before morning, when they again started for the find with increased numbers and large hopes. The hopes were dashed to pieces when it was found that the ledge was only a detached fragment, and could be rolled out of the earth with two crowbars, and leave no sign behind it of where it came from. The boulder was much the size and shape of an ordinary cook stove, but from it was taken nearly two thousand dollars worth of gold.

This find, of course, greatly increased the interest in Curry County gold deposits, and many men and much money have parted company in searching for the lost ledge, as it is called. Lost it is not, for it has never been found,—though that was twenty-three years ago now, and men are still climbing and digging about among the fallen pine needles and the great boulders of those rugged mountain sides.

The theory is, that some heavy landslide has in past ages covered the place with earth and stones that have increased in depth as the vegetation grew upon it. Mighty trees have grown there, and furnished shelter and homes for the great elks and bears that were hunted by the Indians a thousand years before the white man heard of Oregon, or came there to banish the Indians to their

narrow reservations, and utterly exterminate their noble game, the elk. Not, perhaps, until the demands of some future civilization shall build railroads through that region, and wholesale blasting away of the mountain sides take place, will nature's hidden store be revealed.

About three years after the discovery and disappointment above related, a young man drifted into Port Orford, with no particular aim in life as yet, but looking for one, he said. He had been a sailor, but tired of the sea after a few hard trips over it in various far-pointing directions from his fisher's home on the coast of Maine.

He was fired with ambition to discover a gold-mine by the stories told him by the loafers around the store, or the choice spirits who tilted their chairs back against the wall, and expectorated into the fireplace or thereabout, at "Louis's." None of these parties had as yet found a great deal of gold, but they could tell a newcomer just how and where it could be done, with but small outlay and much patience. Humphrey Mason thought he could afford the one and cultivate the other with practice. So he talked the matter over with another aimless fellow like himself, who, having had some experience in the matter, was the leader of the small expedition they organized.

It consisted of two sturdy little mountain ponies, one carrying some provisions and a few tools, the other carrying the adventurers each in turn. They themselves carried guns and well-stocked cartridge belts. The last and least of the party carried nothing but his own faithful little body on four of the most tireless legs that ever belonged to a dog, who had justly earned the reputation of being the best hunter in the country. They started out with high hopes, and to Mason at least the whole journey was a delight. He had never been on a hunt after big game before,

and his young nerves thrilled with delighted anticipation over the stories of panther, deer, elk, and bear, that Billy Kane told him of the region they were passing over.

At the side of the sawdust mill road that reached into the firs about six miles from the coast, they paused to look into an elk pit dug many years before by the Indians. When covered carefully with brush these pits were unnoticed by the great beasts in their stampede through the timber, when started in the right direction by the wily red man. One of the herd would be sure to fall into the pit, and be dispatched at leisure.

It was a clear day in the early spring, and filled with all the delightful sounds and scents of promise made by that season in its tender moments. The browns and dull yellows of the road stretched away down the shadowy aisles and lost themselves around the groups of ponderous stumps, which were being covered with a swift and loving tangle of bright new vine leaves—velvety blackberry and russet poison oak. Mosses covered the rotting roots and fallen chips, making all haste to cover up the trace of man's devastating presence. The mill to which the road led had long before been burned, and had not been rebuilt; the virgin forest was left untouched except in its immediate vicinity, where the best trees had been removed. Beyond, they stood tall and thick yet in the little valley, and their ranks covered miles of rugged hillside and farther purple mountains, to their tops yet whitened by late snows.

Some latent instinct of the woodman seemed to wake in Humphrey Mason's breast, as he swung along behind the plodding pony, and listened to Billy Kane's high nasal monotone. He felt as if he were thoroughly awake for the first time, and could see things as they were. He did not analyze the feeling at all, but a keen joy penetrated him,—

a sense of youth and its possibilities, of the joy of simply being alive, — as the road suddenly narrowed to a bridle path, and the shining surfaces of the breast-high Oregon grape-leaves twinkled the reflected sunlight into his eyes, and burdened the air with the sudden sweetness of its early bloom. Soft, broad leaves touched his cheek from their slender, elastic stems, and recoiling, left there a tiny fleck of brown dust and a pungent suggestion to sneeze, which he obeyed with such emphasis that the startled pack pony trotted ahead for several paces, and Toby came back from an excursion in the brush to stand on a log with one paw lifted, his whole manner a visible question.

Humphrey's father had been a fisherman all his life, and had married a girl from the pine region, who was homesick all the rest of her life, as she looked out over the gray sea, and dreaded its power over her husband and sons. This one had inherited the love of both his parents, but never until now had he fully known the charm of the whispering forest, with its endless change and suggestiveness. If he had been more ignorant than he was, or less intelligent, he would have remained a sailor; but some strong sense of personal liberty, and some pure-mindedness, revolted from the sailor's slavery on the sea and his license on the land.

At the end of two days they made camp, in the shelter of a great boulder on the mountain side. They hung their provisions to the branches of a tree, and had a bed of fir boughs cut for their tent, a camp-fire started, and the coffee pot yet to fill, when Kane called to Mason from the brook, where he had gone with that useful vessel, to come and see the bear tracks, yet fresh in the soft sand.

"So you will know them next time," he said. "That bear has been here since yesterday, but it is too late to go after him tonight, any how." So a welcome

sleep soon came to the men, wrapped in their blankets on the fir boughs, and to Toby curled near the warm ashes of the camp-fire.

Mason woke early the next day, and his thought was of the bear, as he hastily pulled on his boots and went down to the brook again. He found a number of additional tracks, made evidently during the night. Toby, who had followed him, soon started the trail, and went bounding up the hillside with sharp yelps. Mason hurried up the bank, and as he snatched his gun and buckled on his cartridge-belt told Kane that he was going to get that bear before breakfast. He ran after Toby with all possible speed. When he reached the top of the ridge the dog was barking in the next ravine somewhere, out of sight. He followed the sound up and down hill, over fallen logs and through the brush, for a longer distance than, in his excitement, he could calculate, before catching sight of Toby rushing over a little rocky plateau, to disappear down the other side. He followed close, and heard below him a great commotion of excited barks from Toby, but could see nothing but the dog, with rigid ears and tail, watching a place where the brush was trampled about a thicket. Mason raised his rifle and fired into the place. A crashing was heard, and a black bear rushed out from the other side, and, taking advantage of a fallen tree, ran up the mountain side, with the swift, ungainly motion of his kind.

Mason fired again and hit the creature, who only ran the faster, after raising himself an instant upon his hind legs, as if to ward off a blow. Dog and man kept close behind, and in the next open space another shot brought the bear rolling over and over several times down the hill, into the brush.

Mason approached the place with less caution than enthusiasm, and was surprised to come suddenly upon the bear ready to charge at him, and only twenty

feet away. He fired instantly, but too high, and the big black animal with gleaming teeth and fierce growls of pain and rage was coming. It looked to him as large as an elephant, and to drop his gun and swing himself up into the branches of the nearest tree was a thing quicker done than written.

The bear tried to climb the tree, but whenever the sharp and active claws were clasped about its trunk, the prudent but brave Toby would be ready to nip the hind leg sharply. Bruin would lose his hold and give fruitless chase, but another trial would end in the same way. The bear's shoulder and breast were wet with blood, and the trampled grass spattered with it everywhere about, before the exhausted and dying animal at last sank to the ground and paid no more attention to Toby's bites. Mason descended with caution, and reloading the gun put a bullet through the shaggy head before approaching to examine his game. He was filled with wild exultation, and executed a fantastic breakdown to an accompaniment of wild yells. Toby was composed, now the bear was dead, and lay panting with his tongue cooling.

After a time Mason reflected that Kane must have breakfast about ready, and looking at the sky was surprised to see the sun at high noon. So he and his companion refreshed themselves with a drink from the brook and started toward camp, but found the distance long. He had taken no bearings as he came, and now simply went in the direction he supposed the camp to be.

They climbed innumerable hills and scrambled down again, the man believing that they would see the great hollowed rock of camp from the top of the next one. Toby knew better, but said nothing about it only once; then he stopped in front of Mason, whined, and wagged his tail in an insinuating manner. Mason thought he was only tired, and gave him an encouraging rub along

the back, and a cheerful word. After more than two hours' hard climbing they came to a little space among the trees, where Mason stopped and again looked about in a slightly bewildered manner, which was greatly increased when his glance fell into the cañon below upon the carcass of the bear, and Toby sniffing about it hungrily.

He made an emphatic ejaculation of disgust, and joined Toby, to whom he confided a remark exceedingly uncomplimentary to himself; but Toby, while no doubt agreeing with him, only looked at the bear and licked his chops.

Mason considered the suggestion a good one, and kindled a little fire, upon which he broiled some clumsy steaks for himself, after feeding the dog. He did not enjoy his meal very much, notwithstanding the praise he had heard of the delicacy of bear meat. He skinned the carcass, and hung the pelt over a branch, and secured some of the best meat with strips of rawhide to the same place, before starting again, this time from a different side of the ravine.

He fired at small game occasionally, and hoped to hear an answering shot from Kane's rifle. None came however, and it was late in the day when again, to his surprise and alarm, he found that he had made another long circuit, and come back to the bear again. There was the pelt over the branch, and the meat tied to the tree.

He considered the matter, then built a huge fire of the loose branches about against a dead stump; then he started straight away from that, keeping it behind him as far as he could see it. But after a time he lost sight of the smoke behind a spur of tall timber. Clouds hung over the sky. Toby whined now and then, and kept close to Mason's heels. After a time he saw a light through the trees ahead. He shouted. No answer; and after a painful descent he was again confronted by the remains of his camp-fire and the bear.

It seemed to him that there was some sort of devilment in the matter,—not knowing that a man lost for the first time in the woods invariably gets confused in the points of the compass, and travels around in a circle,—but decided to stay there for the night, as it was now late. So the fire was again kindled to a lively blaze, and the same supper prepared, and the thoroughly tired man was soon asleep on the branches he pulled about him near the fire.

He awakened, stiff with cold and over-exertion, the next day, which proved itself in a manner but a repetition of the one before. The weather, too, was changing to a chilly rain, almost snow. He was completely bewildered, and after three days of fruitless search he tied a piece of the bear meat around Toby's neck, cut a hole in the skin, and drew it on over his head for protection, as he had no coat, and started to go with the brook down to the sea, where, following the coast, he would soon find some dwelling. His matches were nearly gone, and he had but few cartridges left. What he at first thought was a huge joke on himself was hourly growing more serious, and he felt that the brook was his only hope. He thought Kane must be lost, too, or dead, else why did not he hear his gun?

A real storm came up, and lasted several days, while man and dog were toiling down the devious way of the little brook, swollen to a torrent by the rain. At night they crept under the sheltering bearskin for mutual warmth, sharing the raw meat together. Mason shot a coon one day, and Toby preferred that to bear straight; but the man could not stand the flavor, though the bear was bad enough.

At last the stream entered the Sixus River, and soon they found an Indian shanty, where the half-famished man got some food and dried his clothing. When the storm abated, he procured some matches and a little jerked elk

meat, before continuing his slow way back to Port Orford, stopping to rest frequently and sympathize with poor Toby, who limped close behind with his tail at half-mast.

It was nearly midnight of the eighth day after being lost that he arrived in Port Orford, and knocked at the door of the one little hotel. The worthy and kind-hearted old landlady had retired, but soon appeared to shed the comforting rays of her candle upon the strange figure on the doorstep. It was soiled and wild-eyed; the bearskin in which it was clothed was dripping with wet. She started back in affright. "Mein Gott! Mein Gott! Who is this?" she exclaimed.

He soon explained to her satisfaction, and was cheered by the comfort of fire and food. For many days thereafter he was the hero of the place, as he sat and rehearsed his adventures and hardships during those long eight days.

Meantime Kane was supposing him dead, killed by the bear, and that Toby had shared his fate, for no trace of either could he find, nor could hear answer to shot or shouting. The rain had fallen in torrents and enforced his stay in camp, where he grew so morbid over the loss of his comrade and dog that he feared to go home lest the people should think he had killed Mason for the little money he was known to have. In his excursions into the timber between showers he forgot to look for gold, in his intense anxiety to find some bit of torn clothing or sign of a struggle. At last, about six miles from camp, he found what was left of the bear and the soaked ashes of the camp-fire. A mighty relief came to him then. After all, Mason might not be dead. And he started for home in haste, to get help to search.

The first living thing to give him greeting was Toby, who almost wagged himself in two with delight.

Mason came in sight next, and Kane greeted him with a flood of profane

ejaculation and question, and at the end of the soon-told tale he reiterated them, coupled with the utterance of a profound conviction that he would never go into the woods again with any sturgeon-livered son of a sea cook, who would get lost the first time he got on the other side of a brush pile.

"Say, young salty, are you rightfond of bear meat?"

"Did you find any gold in the Sixus as you came down?"

Mason bore all their chaffing with good nature, and the stalwart, fresh-faced young giant won many friends and a good word, when needed to get the contract for carrying the United States mail from Crescent City up the coast some eighty miles.

II.

At this business, in which there was no little danger during heavy weather from slippery trails, falling timber, and quicksands in the many streams to be forded, (there were no wagon roads; all travel and traffic was carried on by horseback,) Mason learned far more of woodcraft than he knew when starting out on his unfortunate prospecting tour. He soon grew to be one of the surest riders and best shots in the county.

He was seldom out of sight of his loved sea, which broke at his feet all along the cliff-top trails, and across the reaches of wide sands, where the narrow road lost itself anew after every south-west wind that piled the heavy breakers in masses of foam across them.

His day of rest, Sunday, was passed at Port Orford, with a family who lived in the old fort-house,—a relic of past struggle with the Indians, who at one time made that region a bloody battle ground. A regiment of soldiers was stationed there, and with these, the officers' families, and the people gathered about the trading station, there was once much more of a town there than at the time of which this narrative treats.

The wooden houses were yet all standing, however; among them a hotel and a hall for public meetings, all except four or five alike empty and deserted, but for the swallows that had built their nests in them. In and out they flew everywhere, through the broken windows, filling with their soft blending cries the pleasant twilight air of early summer, and almost darkening the air as they darted in ever narrowing rounds above their undisturbed houses before entering them for the night.

In the deserted hall, where, during war times, men with hate in their hearts for their fellows had listened to burning words, and answered them with the wordless tumult of passionate applause, the swallows had marshaled their forces the strongest. To every projecting edge, to every plank and beam in the roof, their nests were clinging,—made in all shapes and fancies that suggested themselves to the nimble architects. In convenient corners they would be three and four stories high; others double, with an opening at each side. They formed altogether a community prosperous and happy, for they had no poor nor aristocracy in that little city of a thousand homes. It was quite the pride of the people to take a stranger there to see them, and the little creatures had been undisturbed so long that they did not object to close inspection.

All this innocent pride and happiness was rudely broken one Saturday by the visit of an Indian family containing two or three half-grown boys, whose tendency to mischief and original sin found a whole afternoon's gratification in throwing down all those nests and killing the unfortunate birds they contained. No one noticed what was being done, and their work was complete before they left,—fortunately for themselves, before it was discovered, for the quiet folk of that little place regarded the destruction of their pets as a public calamity.

None of their number felt the outrage so keenly, and with such bitter outcry against its cruelty, as little Bessie Riordan, the daughter of Humphrey Mason's host in the old fort-house. She was the only child in the place, and had grown up more shy and sensitive than if she had had the company of other children. Seeking society in the life of all things around her, she had come to have a great sympathy with the swallows and their affairs; had watched the nests grow in the old hall by ones, by dozens, and by tiers. She had even helped by mixing the mud for their use on the banks of the brook, where the tiny tracks were the thickest in the soft clay, and sitting quite motionless while the little masons collected their loads almost at her feet, and sometimes lost them again, while they fought out some disagreement with a neighbor artisan. She had watched the starting out into independent life of each new family with a joy that was only equaled by the feathered parents themselves. She picked up the young who were crowded out of the close quarters too soon, and if possible restored them; if not, she tenderly kissed the unresponsive, sickly little frights, and put them where she hoped the busy parents would hear their cries for food.

Is it any wonder, then, that as he strode over the fields, as a short cut home to the supper he knew Mrs. Riordan would have ready for him, Humphrey Mason should find a tumbled and sobbing little figure flat on its face in the clover by the fence?

He had never seen her in tears before, and the sight filled him with alarm. When at last he could ascertain from her broken and passionate words what the matter was, he was much relieved in mind; but possessing much kindness of heart, and the tact that goes with it, he only expressed indignant sympathy, while coaxing and half carrying the exhausted girl to the house.

At the supper table her tear-stained face seemed only to irritate her mother, who, after several uncomplimentary remarks upon her silliness and her appearance, at last said she was glad the pesky birds were dead, such messy things they were,—and now, perhaps, Bessie would stay at home a little more, and finish that patchwork quilt. Whereupon Bessie rose from her unfinished supper and went out of the door, with her chin quivering and eyes blind with tears.

"Why don't you let the child alone? She would have eaten her supper," said the father.

"Child! She is fourteen years old, and ought to know something more than to climb about the way she does. She cares about nothing but birds, and bugs, and tadpoles, and all sorts of weeds and trash she brings in, to litter up the house for *me* to clean up."

In spite of her irritability,—which was in reality a sort of expression of her sympathy,—the mother grew anxious about Bessie, when she did not answer her calls nor appear when night came. "She's always prowling about and ain't afraid of anything in the dark," she exclaimed fretfully, as if to be afraid of that indefinable Something in the dark was a thing commendable in the extreme.

At last Humphrey abruptly put an end to Mr. Riordan's aimless gossip over the fire and his pipe, by getting up and going out. Under all his talk of other things there had been a feeling of tender sympathy for Bessie, between whom and himself there was a shy comradeship, intermittent on her part, and unobtrusive on his. She had sometimes ridden one of his horses around the wide yard or down the old road to the shore. Once they had together disobeyed the mandate of Mrs. Riordan, and galloped a mile or so down the sand, but only to return more leisurely and repent, when they beheld what a fit of anxiety that

timorous matron had fallen into. But during that ride she had shown him from the shore a little cave in the face of the cliff twenty feet or so from the top, but hidden. She had called it her retreat, and when her mother grew too insistent about the patchwork quilt,—which it seemed was a matter of some years' standing,—she would go to this place and hide.

Now Mason thought she had probably gone there, but he did not want to betray a knowledge of the place. It was reached by narrow footholds among the stiff, wind-flattened shrubs that clung to the crannies of the cliff, and when he had swung himself down a little distance he called her name, and thought he heard a faint answer. He went on, and soon saw her light dress against the darkness of the little space.

"Bessie! I thought you were here. Won't you come in now? You are cold, and the mother is anxious."

He took her little cold hand, and drew her up. A long sigh trembled from her lips, and then she said with intense feeling in her tones:—

"Humphrey, it was those murderous little Indians that did it,—old Tib's

boys. O, I could kill them; if I had them here I could throw them down the cliff! Just think, they *tortured* those poor birds,—strung them on sticks, and left them to die!"

"Never mind, they shall be punished. I will stop at their camp on Flora's Creek, Monday, and cut off their ears. I'll bring 'em to you next Saturday,—see if I don't."

When they reached the top of the cliff, she was still trying to wipe the falling tears away with her sodden scrap of a handkerchief. He drew out his own, and wiped the face that looked so very small and white in the dim light, and obeying a sudden impulse of tenderness, he put his arm around the shivering little figure, and swept her along to the doorstep, where he bent suddenly, and kissed the little cold cheek before he opened the door, and told her, with a sudden assumption of paternal solicitude, to hurry in and get warm.

He went down town, and reflected on the way that perhaps that last little attention had been a trifle too much. Her mother had said she was nearly a young lady, so she might resent it.

Quien.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]



ETC.

THE Hawaiian tangle, bad enough in itself, is almost hopelessly obscured to the public by a cloud of newspaper recrimination and dispute as to facts, relevant and irrelevant. The first essential to any honest opinion about it is to recall clearly which things are certain and which in controversy. A good many of the controverted points have little practical bearing on our duty as a nation.

FIRST, it is unquestionable that our representative and marines aided in the overthrow of the constitutional government of Hawaii. The three facts that are not denied are, that American forces were landed on the soil of a friendly power without its permission and against its protest; that our minister formally recognized the revolutionary organization as the *de facto* government of Hawaii before it had obtained actual possession of the government; and that this recognition was used by the revolutionists as evidence that they counted on the backing of the United States to obtain the surrender of the government, and that it was expressly upon this intimation that the government control was surrendered. These undisputed occurrences constitute a breach of international comity of the grossest sort,—a sort that undoubtedly calls for disavowal and reparation. But what reparation is practicable, or whether any is practicable, is a more complicated question.

IT is further charged, and some evidence of grave import is given, that this aid of our representative and forces was given to the act of revolution in accordance with previous understanding,—was, in blunt language, the result of conspiracy against a friendly government. This is emphatically denied, and by men of most reputable character. A part of this controversy concerns official correspondence, which is not yet in evidence, and which newspapers are discussing on the strength of mere rumor; a part rests on the personal statements of the parties concerned, which are profuse and conflicting; and the part that has been most of all before the public concerns the question whether the American marines were landed honestly as avowed, for the protection of American interests, or whether it was really done in support of the revolution. Evidence of considerable weight is offered on either side concerning the real purpose of the landing of the troops, and sheer conflicts of veracity occur.

A second point that is in controversy concerns the ability of the Provisional Government to have established itself without our help. It is passionately urged that it could have done so, but it is impossible

now to say with any certainty whether it could or could not. It is most probable that the revolutionist organization would either have obtained control at cost of bloodshed, or that it would have made terms of some sort with the monarchy.

Now neither of these discussions affects, one way or the other, the certainty that the revolution was accomplished with official American aid, nor our duty of reparation. Both have a very important bearing on the extent of our responsibility, and the question how far we should go in trying to make good the wrong. If it could be clearly shown that there was no pre-arrangement, but only an impulsive impropriety on the part of our minister, and that the interference was not of decisive effect, and did not alter the result, the incident, we should think, might very properly end with what has very properly been done,—the expression of the regret of the State Department, and the offer of diplomatic intercession on behalf of the injured party. If, on the other hand, it becomes finally evident that the revolution was, as charged, undertaken under assurance of United States backing, and could not have succeeded without it, our responsibility becomes exceedingly grave, and the question of just action in the last degree perplexing. The rigid rule of justice would probably in such a case require that restitution should be made at any cost: but the idea of the use of force to reinstate a government with which our own can have little sympathy, and dislodge one that we have much sympathy with, would make the course of rigid legal justice almost impracticable. To use arms, in short, to carry out a duty disagreeable to itself, is something that a nation can hardly be expected to do. Yet, on the other hand, a mere diplomatic apology for so gross a wrong as this is, in case the charges are proved, without undoing the wrong, is absurd: there would be no creditable way out of the situation brought on us by the action of our representative.

THE comparative merits of the two Hawaiian governments—the undoubted corruption and weakness of the monarchy based on the popular will, on the one side, and the grave objections on the other to an oligarchy of even the best men, without reference to “the consent of the governed”—was none of our concern at the time the first interference occurred. It is not now, on a strict construction of our duty to the government we have wronged: a wrong to a bad man is as bad in law as one to a good man. Practically, it must modify to a consid-

erable extent the temper in which our government could deal with the Provisional Government, even were it not necessary to take public sentiment into account in a nation like ours. As it is, there is no question that a desire to side with what is practically an American colony in Hawaii against Kanakas, together with *amour propre* wounded by the idea of withdrawal and apology, is the kernel of the popular outcry against the Administration's Hawaiian course.

Now here is an exceedingly complex and delicate situation, with a plain demand of honor pointing in one direction, and the natural sympathies of the nation in another; and serious questions of fact, which should determine how far we are involved, and what the limits of our action should be, waiting to be conclusively determined; and while all this is pending, rational action is made difficult by a hurricane of irresponsible assertions, denunciations based upon conjectures, recriminations in very bad temper, and an utter failure to discriminate the essential points of the situation. It is a pity.

IT IS hard on this coast to enter into the feeling against football that has appeared in many Eastern papers, for the reason that the dangers and abuses they denounce have not appeared here. It is said in enumerations of football accidents, that a student in California was killed in the game. The accident happened; it happened many years ago, in an old-fashioned campus game, without training, without exciting competition, and in consequence of a heedlessness on the part of the young man himself. He might as easily have met his death by heedless moving about on a yacht, or on a street crossing.

It had no bearing on the present intercollegiate contests. In these, there has been no such roughness here, so far as to rouse questions of the safety of the game; nor does it seem likely there could be with such umpiring as we have had, especially such as Washington lent California in the recent California-Stanford contest. The gambling connected with it is, undoubtedly, a very grave consideration. It has not been found, so far in this State, that football men failed in scholarly standing, nor that the time given to training interfered seriously with work. There is good in the loyalty to their *Alma Mater* that is sometimes inspired by these visible contests in men that would not be inspired with it in better ways. And as long as the public, including the press, glorifies the winning college in these contests, sends it the students, gives it the endowments, severe criticism of the faculties that allow them comes with bad grace from press and public.

THE Midwinter Fair has kept steadily on its way, in spite of the doubting Thomases, and has grown far beyond original plans. Already the strange peoples and costumes begin to make a showing on Market and Montgomery streets. Before another issue of this magazine the formal opening will have been held and the Fair begun in earnest. The proverbial Californian welcome will be taxed to the utmost, from present appearances, to entertain its guests. It is a pleasure to note that the anxiety so far shown has been lest California's visitors should not be served with the best samples of her products, and that there has been no complaint of raised prices or any disposition to make out of the stranger within our gates the small immediate gain that costs much in injured reputation.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Stedman's Nature and Elements of Poetry.¹

IN these days it is refreshing to turn from the microscopic analysis of particular poems, to those abiding questions of art which many an age of intellectual life, from Plato's to our own, has tried to answer. Not that we expect a final settlement, for the beauty of art, as of religion, is the impossibility of a final utterance. It is with such questions Mr. Stedman deals in this series of studies, delivered at Johns Hopkins University, under the Percy Turnbull Lectureship of Poetry. Apart from its subject mat-

ter, there are two things which make the book valuable to a widely varying class of readers,—its clearness, and its attempt after scientific accuracy.

To the non-professional reader, the higher criticisms of poetry are, to some extent, apt to be under ban. The student may lay siege to some redoubtable sentence; but time for such struggle is denied most of us, even if the inclination retain its original force. But Mr. Stedman all honest lovers of the art can follow; it may be at a distance here and there, but that is because of the difficulty of the ascent, not from a loss of the path.

When Aristotle says "Poetry is imitation through imagery, and its end, delight," there is at least a

¹ The Nature and Elements of Poetry. By Edmund Clarence Stedman. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co; 1893.

question about how clear the illumination of the subject is. Take that famous modern dark saying: "Poetry is a criticism of life, under the conditions fixed for such criticism by the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty." The words of Matthew Arnold are worth pondering over, but that "lucidity of soul" he so lauds in critic or poet is hardly induced in the reader of his famous dictum.

In the first lecture, "Oracles New and Old," Mr. Stedman has gathered the most noteworthy attempts to define poetry. There is the Greek, with its insistence on dramatic content, and with its fine sense of form; the Romantic movement, with its insistence on passion; Ruskin's luminous haze, and Wordsworth's saying: "Poetry is not opposed to prose, to which the true antithesis is verse, but it is the opposite of science, or matter of fact." Then he deals with the whole school of transcendentalists, who feel its spirit keenly, but in whose large utterances we miss a clear appreciation of its form. Mr. Stedman does not add to the riddles. He assumes much of the transcendental thought as to the poetic spirit, but "the poetic spirit must become concrete through utterance" to become poetry, "which is rhythmical, imaginative language, expressing the invention, taste, thought, passion, and insight, of the human soul." In his exemplification of his definition he treats the relations of verse to prose, and of poetry to its kindred arts.

While the thought is not new,—how could it well be,—the wealth of illustration is nowhere more enjoyable; and through the whole book, indeed, this fitness of illustration is surpassed by only one other aid in the clear-cut rendering of the thought, that aid is given by his masterly characterizations. Take this for example. He speaks of Dante: "His heart was strengthened for judgment, his manhood for hate, and his vision was set heavenward for an ideal." In such high words as these, those speakers who will follow Mr. Stedman in study of the various forms of the poetic art may well find their inspiration.

One of the moot points in any such a task as Mr. Stedman sets before himself is the definition of beauty, or rather the whole attempt to analyze that which, by its nature, eludes all dissection. His treatment of this part of his subject is perhaps the most original portion of his work. Accepting that for the artist, as artist, there can be no denial of matter, he says in substance the following: "The impression of the light, color, sound, etc., of an object is the result of personal sensation, caused by vibration. The quality of the object from which the vibrations emanate is operative in determining the vibration, and therefore, in determining the sensation. Beauty is that quality of the object, operative in regulating those vibrations, which through sensation enforces upon intelligence a perception of fitness or perfection." Stripped of all its gracious illustration, those words convey but dimly the thought of the author, but may serve to indicate his method.

Mr. Stedman deals at length with the varying presence of the personality of the poet as determining the great school of poetry, and with the nature of the poetic imagination. From these last chapters, as indeed from the whole book, comes that best helpfulness; for he sends us back to the poets with a clearer vision; a vision, cleared not only by contact with a mind that interprets into the language of its own generation the laws of poetry, but also by contact with a serene faith in the persistence and advance of poetic beauty, which recognizes that science and poetry, as science and religion, are at war only in the minds of those to whom these mighty words are of value rather as party shibboleths, than as differing forms of the one attempt to apprehend the fullness of truth.

Abnormal Man.¹

THE Circular of Information, Number 4, 1893, of the Bureau of Education, is one of much general sociological interest. It is not so much a treatise on the subject indicated by its title, as a digest of the existing treatises, and a mass of data. Society is classified for its purposes as follows:

(1.) The normal class, who greatly exceed all other classes in number; these, in every community, constitute the conservative and trustworthy element, and may be said to be the backbone of the race.

(2.) The dependent class, supported by charitable institutions. In 1880, the number of such persons in the United States was 123,626.

(3.) The delinquent class, found in prisons and reformatories; in 1880 this numbered 70,077.

(4.) The defective class,—the insane and feeble-minded; and also the deaf and dumb and the blind. These numbered 82,806.

(5.) Persons of genius or great talent.

The total number recorded of the dependent, delinquent, and defective classes was thus under half a million; but of course there are a great many more that were not sent to institutions: but in any case, the number of such people is very small compared with the enormous trouble, expense, and danger, they cause to society,—the delinquent class especially, though the smallest.

The chief cause of criminality, the authorities quoted agree, is criminal parentage and association, and the neglect of children by their parents. No great impression, it is thought, can be made on it, till society recognizes its right to take children from improper parents, for education in the rudiments of civilization and decency.

As to the influence of education in diminishing crime, European authorities differ a good deal; their figures seem to show, on the whole, that elementary education increases crime, but makes its character less brutal, while higher education lessens

¹ Abnormal Man. Being Essays on Education and Crime, and Related Subjects. By Arthur MacDonal. Washington: Government Printing Office: 1893.

crime noticeably. The American authorities are well agreed that education lessens crime. In a number of European countries education and crime have both increased; but in these countries there has, also, been a great increase in the use of alcohol, which is sufficient to account for the increase of crime.

The majority of criminals reported from American institutions had an elementary education, but there were also a good many illiterates; 84 per cent claimed some religion, Catholics being most numerous, but Protestants not far behind, and Jews very few; the majority were natives of the United States, but not of the State where they were convicted,—“this confirms the well-known migratory tendency in criminals,”—were children of poor parents, and city dwellers; most of them had good health. The majority were considered by the reporting institutions as criminal through circumstances, and not essentially different from other men: 35 per cent, however, were regarded as of criminal propensities.

A brief digest is given of a number of important European books, including the subjects of Hypnotism and Crime, Alcoholism and Crime, Criminal Societies, (the Mafia, *e. g.*,) etc. Insanity and Genius are also discussed. A very long and full bibliography occupies more than one third of the volume.

Briefer Notice.

WE noticed in our last number a group of calendars for 1894. Two others have been received since. *The Tucker Calendar*, by Elizabeth S. Tucker, is one of the always pleasing groups of child-studies in water-color, with which we are familiar in calendars. In this, the pretty child-figures are brought into connection with various pet animals. The *Chinese Lantern Calendar* is ingenious, and meets the desire for novelty. It consists of four delicately colored leaves, lantern-shaped, and decorated with quaint Chinese groups. The calendar is divided into three-month parts on these lanterns.

Books Received.

Lyric Touches. By John Patterson. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.: 1893.

The Chinese Lantern Calendar, 1894: San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.

The Tucker Calendar, 1894. *Ibid.*

Told by the Colonel. By W. L. Alden. New York: J. S. Tait & Sons: 1893.

Indoors. By Samuel How. New York: Warren, Fuller & Co.: 1893.

The Spanish Missions of Alta California. San Francisco: W. K. Vickery: 1893.

Vagrant Fancies. By Frances Grant Teetzel. Milwaukee: 1893.

The Soul of the Bishop. By John Strange Winter. New York: Tait & Sons: 1893.

The Larger Life. By Henry Austin Adams. *Ibid.*

The Curb of Honor. By M. Betham-Edwards. *Ibid.*

Eleventh Report of State Mineralogist. Sacramento, Cal.: State Printing Office: 1893.

A String of Amber Beads. By Martha Everts Holden. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.: 1893.

The Delectable Duchy. By “Q.” New York: Macmillan & Co.: 1893.

None Such? By Emory J. Haynes. Boston: The North Publishing Co.: 1893.

Congressional Manual. By J. Howard Gove. New York: C. W. Bardeen: 1893.

The German Declensions Simplified. By William A. Wheatley. *Ibid.*

Our Village. By Mary Russell Mitford. New York: Charles L. Webster: 1893.

Low Tide on Grand Pré. A Book of Lyrics. By Bliss Carman. *Ibid.*

Ninth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology. By J. W. Powell. Washington: Government Printing Office: 1892.

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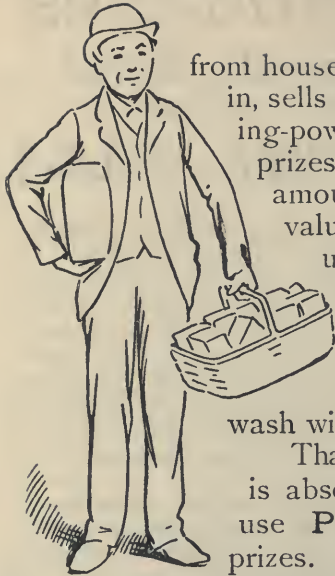
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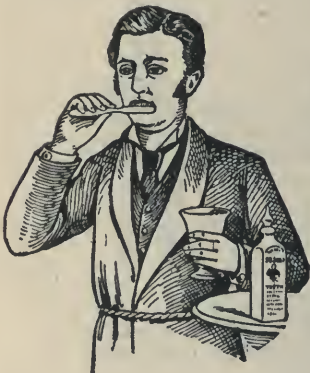
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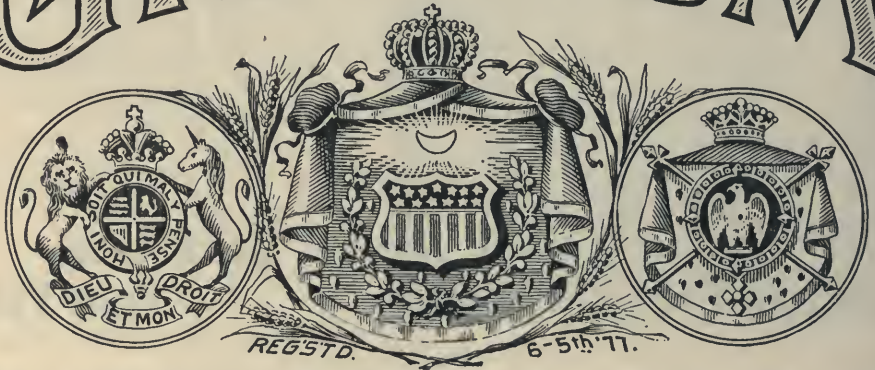
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CONTENTS OF RECENT OVERLANDS.

NOVEMBER.

- The California Midwinter International Exposition, *Phil Weaver, Jr.*
With 14 illustrations.
"The Man Beyant," *Alice Gray Cowan.*
Homesickness, *B. S. C. M.*
A Fatal Doubt, *Clara Dixon Cowell.*
Tobogganing in Middle Georgia, *Caroline LeConte.* With 6 illustrations.
Psyche's Wanderings. I-V, *F. W. Cotton.*
After the First Rains, *Ella M. Sexton.*
Famous Paintings Owned on the West Coast. XI. Reynolds' Princess
Adelaide. With illustration.
Sun Dials, *Elizabeth S. Bates.* With 5 illustrations.
The Claims of Theology as a Study for Young Men of Liberal Education.
Frank Hugh Foster.
Tales of a Smuggler, *S. S. Boynton.*
The Indian Question, *C. A. Huntington.*
The Rain, *Silvia Lawson Covey.*
Housekeeping in Lima, *S. R. Bogue.*
Our Year, *Isabel Hammell Raymond.*
The Guarany. Concluded, *James W. Hawes.*
The Perfumed Valleys, *Lillian H. Shuey.*
'Tis Jackson That's Riding Today, *William J. Shoup.*
Verse of the Year, II. Etc., and Book Reviews.

DECEMBER.

- Gardens of Christmastide, *Ella M. Sexton.* With 9 illustrations.
The Advertising Page, *W. H. McDougal.*
The Soul of Kaiulani, *Mabel H. Closson.*
Netje, *Marie Frances Upton.*
In the Stronghold of the Piutes, *Jones Adams.* With 8 illustrations.
The Higher Law, *Wilbur Larremore.*
The Bagley Kidnaping, *Marie Allen Kimball.*
With Pick and Shovel, *Henrietta R. Eliot.*
Where Mother Is, *Elizabeth A. Vore.*
The Whistling Buoy, *Lester Bell.* With 9 illustrations.
Christmas, *Aurilla Furber.*
Psyche's Wanderings. Concluded, *F. W. Cotton.*
When Eternity Speaks, *Nelly Booth Simmons.*
The Petaled Thorn, *Ella Higginson.*
Famous Paintings Owned on the West Coast. XII. Gerome's "The
Sword Dance." With illustration.
The Cataract Birds, *Theron Brown.* With illustration.
Butterflies That Come to Town, *Mary E. Bamford.* With 5 illustrations.
The Life of St. Alexis, *Arthur B. Simonds.*
The Voice of California, *Emma Frances Dawson.*
Verse of the Year, III. Etc., and Book Reviews.

What sets this monthly apart from all other periodicals on this coast is its high literary quality. The preservation of this standard reflects the greatest credit on the editors. How rich the magazine has been in articles that mirror far Western life, is best appreciated when one looks over the bound volume.—*San Francisco Chronicle*, Dec. 25.

1894



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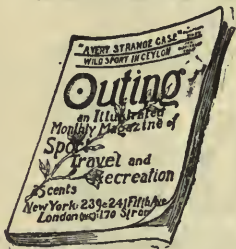
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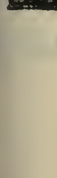
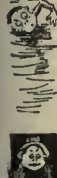
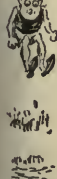
In the papers o'er and o'er,
But had gotten somewhat muddled
As to what each thing was for.

So when she had a bilious turn,
She took some Pyle's Pearline;
She scrubbed the floor with Sozodont,
But could not get it clean.

And for a torpid liver
She took Sapollo,
And put Castoria in the cake;
She got them muddled so.

Jay Kaye.

From New York Life, April 20, 1893.



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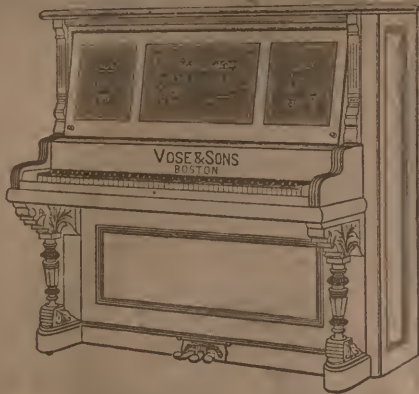
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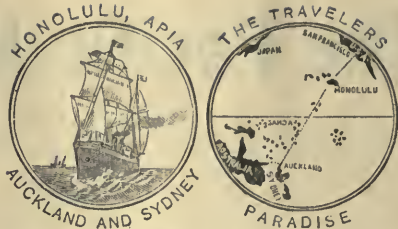


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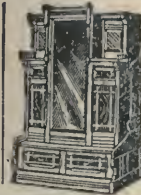
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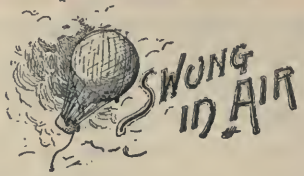
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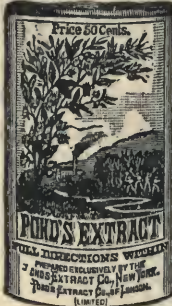
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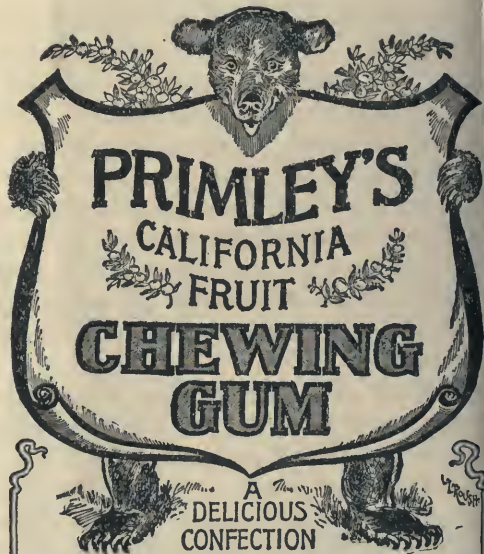


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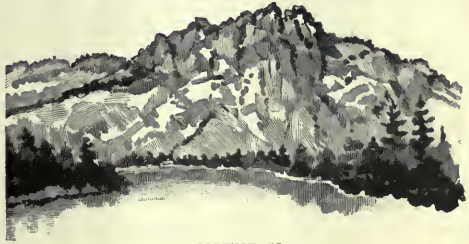
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Overland Monthly

Vol. XXIII. (Second Series).—February, 1894.—No. 134

LINES ON THE EVERGREEN STATE.

BEYOND where peep the alders
from the haze,
Where dew-cups' gold wealths all
the winding ways,
What happy scenes rise on the vision's
range!
The blossoming hops in generous
yield,



MOUNT SI.

That stand like Plenty's phalanx on the field;
The garden's scented tilth, the homely grange,
The streams sedate that o'er the meadows stray
In chapel glades to lisp an early prayer,
Where feathered throats in glad, wild morning
air
Pour out the dedication hymn of day;

The far lined forests that forever roar,
Like some vast thing, along Pacific's shore,
Where flaky-maned the water war-steeds charge
Fiercely the bowlder-girted beach along;
Or, beat and baffled, the retreating throng
Falter and stumble from
the cliff's rough marge;
Above there float like
bergs on Zembla's seas,



MOUNT TACOMA.

Stainless and splendid in the diamond glist,
The chaste, white mountains o'er the valley
mist,

Mute and eternal in a great wide ease.

Ernest M. Shipley.



THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

I.

WHEN June's bright blossoms scent the air,
 A silver loop she glides;
 Calm, peaceful rest is everywhere,
 No turmoil in her tides.
 The fisher boat rocked on her heart
 At anchor gently moves,
 The sea-gulls hover o'er her face
 As still as brooding doves.

And mists sweep up, the sun gleams bright,
 His beams shed dazzling glory,
 Then back again reflect the light
 To peaks and mountains hoary;
 Kind Nature throws a mantle o'er
 Her bosom broad and deep;
 The noble fir trees at her brink
 Stand motionless, asleep.

Old Ocean, noiseless, joins her flow
 With trembling, calm embrace,
 No angry billow breaks to show
 Their placid meeting-place;
 And, over all, the azure sky
 Reflects its image clear;

The angel Peace has spread her wings
And made her dwelling here.

II.

BUT when December sweeps her breath,
And in these winter days,
When Nature stands all bare and shows
Dead foliage through the haze,



'Tis then the noble river wakes,
The god of storms to greet,
And rushing downward, boils below
The dull lead clouds and sleet.

Her angry, yellow-crested flood
That roars two States between,
High-foamed and vengeance-breathing comes,
A noble water queen ;
And blinding spray, and hiss, and roar,
And storm-tossed hills of water,
Proclaim her lineage to all,
Old Ocean's royal daughter.

She meets her father at her gates
With grim and fierce delight,
His green, salt kiss her forehead greets,
The wild gulls shriek in fright ;

And noble ships strain mast and sail
 As outward-bound they fly,
 The mighty torrent under keel,
 Great cloud-banks in the sky.

And restless ever, free as air,
 She races in her play;
 God help the fisherman who goes
 Upon her breast today.
 For home, and child, and waiting wife,
 Small recks the mighty river,
 Nor death nor life shall stay her course,
 She crashes on forever.

John R. Rathom.



Photo by Watkins

MOUNT HOOD.

WHEN God foresaw the littleness of men,
 And all our need of object-lessons, then

He smote the pulsing, pregnant womb of earth,
 And bade the plain be cleft to give thee birth.

He caused thy rugged head to rear on high,
 Where clouds and sun make war within the sky;

And unto thee the mission grand was given
 To show how lowly earth may reach toward heaven.

Carrie Blake Morgan.



Photo by Dobbs, New Whatcom.

AT THE FALLS.

SOFT-sighing breezes, honey-scented air,
 Red-breasted robins, humming birds, and peace,
 Reign in this paradise. Can aught compare
 With such sweet ecstasy, such gifts as these!

Ah, 'neath these leafy trees, this bower rare,
 The soul stirs with the tremor of the leaves,
 And while the roaring waters lull the glare
 Of worldliness, Love's bosom heaves;

A gentle zephyr lifts the load of care
 And wafts reflection to some distant clime,
 To far-off dales where youth was wont to share
 The transient pleasantries of life's springtime.

A playful trout leaps from his shady lair
 And glints his jeweled fins above the pool;
 Great bumble-bees, low murmuring here and there,
 Lead Sleep within the pale of Nature's rule.

Deep, dreamy music, throbbing everywhere,
 Each languid spirit of a dream enthalls,
 And Nature smiling on a scene so fair,
 Day dreamers slumber at the Whatcom Falls.

Frank C. Teck.

MOUNT BAKER.

THOU sphinx that sittest at the Opal Gate,
 That lets the ocean in to Puget Sea,
 Keeping thy silent watch o'er time and fate
 Thro' clouds that veil thy grandeur mistily,
 Or with the sun's fierce halo on thy brow;
 Furrowed by lava, rugged, stern, and white,
 Thou wert a marvel to me once, but now,
 Majestic sphinx! I read thy secret right.



God, let me be a mountain when I die,
 Stung by the hail, lashed by the terrible rains!
 Let lava fires surge, turbulent and high,
 And fierce with torment, thro' my bursting veins;
 Let lightnings flame around my lonely brow,
 And mighty storm-clouds race, and break, and roar
 About me; let the melted lava plow
 Raw furrows in my breast; torment me sore,
 O God! Let me curse loneliness, yet see
 My very forests felled beneath my eyes.
 Give me all Time's distilléd agony,—
 Yet let me still stand, mute, beneath the skies;
 Thro' storms that beat and inward fires that burn,
 Tortured, yet silent; suffering, yet pure,—
 That torn and tempted hearts may lift and learn
 The noble meaning of the word *endure*.

Ella Higginson.

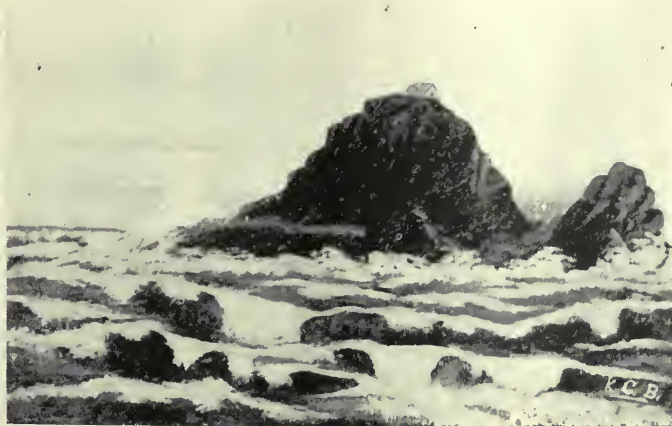


Photo by Barrows, from Painting by K. C. Bashford.

COPALIS.

HIGH above the wild Pacific, rising solemnly and lone,
Looms the rugged rock, Copalis, like a mountain built of stone.

Break the heavy waves against it, roaring through its caverns wide;
Caverns worn by maddened waters and the moon-enchanted tide.

All around are curling breakers, sifting spray, and flying foam,
Where the slim sea-otter gambols and the gray gull has a home.

All around is fierce commotion, pale forms reaching toward the skies,
Sounds of awful cannonading, haunting moans, and battle cries.

Clinging to its craggy summit, fastened down with massive chains,
Bathed in summer's golden sunshine, drenched in winter's driving rains,

Rests a low, quaint hut, the dwelling of the brave Copalis Jim,
Rests the hut whose door is opened, opened never save by him.

From this airy habitation keen black eyes peer on the seas,
Raven locks are tossed and tangled in the sighing ocean breeze.

Night and morn he scans the billows marching grandly far below,
Night and morn he sees them lifting bristling peaks all white with snow.

Day by day he keeps his vigil, caring naught for any man,
Watching ever with the patience that the otter hunter can.

Oft his swarthy face grows eager, oft his rifle darts its flame,
And a dying creature struggles from that quick, unerring aim.

Oft when midnight winds are calling, in his mind sad thoughts arise,
Thoughts of her who held him captive by the magic of her eyes.

In his dreams she stands before him as she stood in days ago,
Ere his heart had grown more hardened than the rock he dwells upon.

And he hears her laughter ringing like the echoes of a lute,
Through the forests, dark and somber, down the vales of Quillayute.

And again he sits beside her, speaking tender words of love,
With the fragrant flowers surrounding and the waving green above.

But the thunder of the breakers and the seabird's piercing scream
From the ledges, brown and jagged, break the vision of his dream.

Ah! Nawanda, false Nawanda, with your artless maiden grace,
Think you never of your lover living in that lonely place?

He, whose fondest hopes were shattered, now a hermit, mute, alone,
Far away on bleak Copalis, on a mountain built of stone.

Herbert Bashford.



AUTUMN ON THE COLUMBIA.

AUTUMN is round us everywhere ;
The climbing roses wear a look
That says they wither with a fear
That summer has the world forsook ;
The ether floats the thistle-down ;
The hills are gemmed with golden-rod ;
The laurel's ever-gleaming crown
From tall, red pillar looks abroad ;
The birds, belate, their voices tune
To notes we never heard in June.

The herds upon a thousand hills,
The flocks that seek the evening fold,
The music of the lessened rills,
The waning sunset's red and gold,



Photo by Watkins.

FOOTBRIDGE AT THE LATOURELLE FALL.

The leaf that flutters to the sod,
 The flower that fades upon its stem,
 The mountain ash and golden-rod,
 The forest's frost-touched diadem,
 Reflect the fullness of the past,
 As freighted barks reach home at last.

The latest shocks are still afield ;
 The rains have robbed the pastures new ;
 The crescent moon's inverted shield
 Is sinking 'neath the western blue ;
 The stars come glinting, one by one,
 From out the overbending arch,
 And myriad eyes, when day is done,
 Review the constellations' march ;
 All Nature's humblest things delight
 In restful wonders of the night.

The noisome creatures, where are they ?
 Distorted things, chimeras dire,
 That know of neither night nor day
 And care not for celestial fire !
 They, as the angels, are not seen,
 Though oft-times felt to mortal sight,
 For shapes of dread, or heavenly mien,
 Seek deepest shade or purest light ;
 We only know that night-time brings
 The rustling of the angels' wings.

S. A. Clarke.



PORT TOWNSEND.

ABOVE the waters of the inland sea,
 Whose tides, like rushing troops of cavalry,
 Omnipotent, bear down from ocean's breast ;
 And surge, and roar, and leap from crest to crest,
 Until exhausted on Olympia's sands,
 This city of the Sound resplendent stands.

Above the swelling and the ebbing tide,
 She shines refulgent, like a jeweled bride.
 The sailor, in his lumber-laden bark,
 As down the Sound he sails, in light or dark,
 Keeps well to larboard, that his eye may rest,
 Upon the shining city in the west ;
 And when, in sunlight, she salutes his eye,
 She seems a radiant city of the sky ;
 But if his prow approaches in the night,
 He sees, in fancy, heaven's celestial light.

Adown the gulf, a score of miles and more,
 Port Gamble nestles on the western shore ;
 The Indian, in his light canoe, may ride
 The distance in one ebb or flow of tide.
 These forests, dark and dense, of fir and pine,
 Through which no ray of sun may ever shine,
 Give up their tall, symmetric masts and spars,
 To bear the sails of Commerce and of Mars
 Through every sea,—to dominate the wave,
 Defy the tempest, and the wind enslave.



There, night and day, are heard the buzzing saws,
And day and night, without a rest or pause
The engine toils, and flames of furnace glow,
And workmen, in their shifting, come and go.
No Sabbath bell is heard along the shore ;
But echoing song: "Ye—Ho," of stevedore.

In autumn days of eighteen, sixty-two,
When balmy breathed the winds, and skies were blue
At noon ; at morn in haze ; at even, red ;
And strewed the ground with fallen foliage, dead ;
Through dark and trackless woods, from Madison,
A stranger hailed the camp, with guide and gun.
A youth was he, scarce from his mother's "strings" ;
Without that caution which experience brings ;
But fearless, energetic, rash, and bold,
Inured by summer's toil and winter's cold.
Across the wild peninsula he came ;
No idler he, nor in pursuit of game ;
Nor pilgrim poet, woodland muse to court ;
But pressing on to Townsend's shining port.

A bark lay moored, and waiting for her load ;
Upon the quiet bay she lightly rode ;
Her painted skiff beside her lay afloat ;
Its painter slightly held the little boat.
No rest nor food the traveler bespoke ;
But from his drowsy mood the skipper woke,
And questioned him when next would ebb the tide,

And what the craft that he could safely ride.
 "At midnight, tide is on the ebb," said he,
 "But naught to take you safely o'er the sea."
 Up spoke the bos'n: "'T will be clear tonight,
 The tide's a boomin' and the skiff is tight;
 So if the youngster'll meet me at the dock,
 We'll drop off down the Sound at twelve o'clock;
 And morning's sun will sure be first to see,
 Port Townsend on the cliffs, the skiff, and we."

At midnight, on the dark and silent shore
 The sturdy boatman rested on his oar;
 His skiff, with every speeding wave and swell,
 Responsive to their motions, rose and fell.
 The youth adroitly leaped into his place,
 And keel and tide commenced their midnight race.

Oh silent night, in soft, September air!
 Oh grand and lovely Sound, beyond compare!
 The crescent moon has vanished in the west,
 And all the stars are mirrored in thy breast.
 O'er the horizon's rim, the Pleiades
 Reflect their brilliance in the glassy seas;
 Orion holds his gleaming saber high;
 His jeweled belt with splendor lights the sky;
 While Aldebaran shines with ruddy glow,
 And Sirius flashes diamonds from below.

As down the smooth but rapid tide they steer,
 The shadows of the forest disappear,
 And pulse of engine, sound of busy mill,
 No more are heard; but all is hushed and still.
 The skiff is held with firm and careful hand;
 And rides the fleeting waters far from land;
 Till naught attracts the youth's admiring eye,
 But visions in the dark, ethereal sky.

He sees, in serried ranks of bright array,
 The myriad army of the Milky Way,
 And longs for rank, for honor and renown,
 The victor's trophy and the laurel crown.
 His youthful ardor sweetest hopes impart,
 And wakes the dearest mem'ries of his heart.
 "Oh darling one! may sweet thy dreaming be;
 And whilst thou'rt slumbering, dearest, dream of me."

And now, remote from land, the fresh'ning breeze
 Grows chill, and higher swell the rushing seas,
 And every wave the following wave o'ertakes,

And every crest of bounding billow breaks ;
 The porpoise, sporting in the hurrying tide,
 Exultant springs, and shows his glist'ning side ;
 No ship displays its welcome signal light ;
 But lonely is the sea, and long the night.

Then in the darkness just before the dawn,
 From wave to wave the boat is speeding on.
 And all the stars from heaven are lost and gone.
 Oh horror ! What dread anguish fills the soul ?
 What doom impends ? What demon has control ?
 A fog, more dark than night, with sudden fall,
 Enveloped boat and sea with sable pall ;
 And all the waves and all the waters free,
 Went hurrying onward to the open sea.

The youth, though oft in common danger tried,
 Now sank appalled ; within him, courage died.
 "O Heaven !" he cried, "O send some fav'ring wind,
 For, in this dungeon darkness, I am blind."
 Then daylight dawned, but denser seemed the wall,
 That hung about them like a funeral pall ;
 And all the waves, and all the waters free,
 Went hurrying onward to the open sea.

At last the youth in frenzied accents cried,
 "Reverse your oars and row against the tide."
 Then turned the little boat, and stemmed the stream,
 But gliding with the current still they seem ;
 They drift along, but whence the course, or where
 The port, no human wisdom could declare.
 The day is drawing on apace, but dark
 And dense the fog that shrouds the little bark ;
 And still they drift in labyrinths obscure,
 Each moment seems to make destruction sure.

Then thoughts of home assail his anxious mind,
 Of all that young ambition left behind,
 A mother's admonition, and a sweetheart's sigh,
 A pledge to conquer destiny or die,
 To win success, whate'er the effort cost ;
 And now, in this Sahara, he is lost.

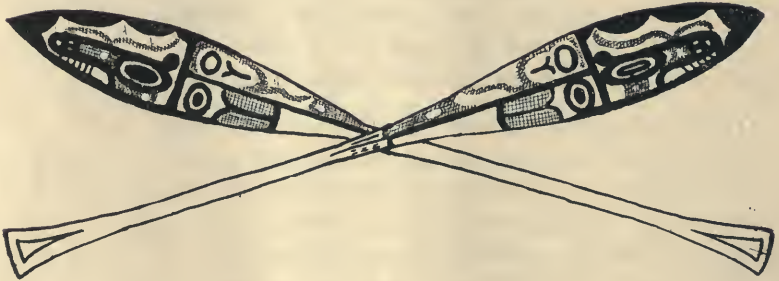
He sees in fancy, 'neath the waters pure,
 His image, floating without sepulture,
 And down among the shells and mossy stones,
 Lie, all unburied, his unquiet bones.
 In wild dismay he sinks, in dumb despair
 His lips invoke the Deity in prayer.

What welcome sound salutes his list'ning ears?
It is the loon's lone cry the wanderer hears;
That piercing larum note, so near and shrill,
Revives his courage; all his senses thrill.
Then struggling rays of sunlight catch his eye,
And in the heavens a glimpse of azure sky;
Then fair the wind, and bright the beam of day,
Dispersed the misty shadows far away;
And all the world and all the waters bright,
In beauty stand revealed in living light.

O wretched prisoner of the sea, behold!
The battlements of heaven shall now unfold,
And on the heights not raised by human hands,
See where yon fair celestial city stands,
Port Townsend, where the shining water flows,
Invites to rest, refreshment, and repose.

O night of nights! so fraught with peril dread,
When effort seemed in vain and hope was dead!
Oh, day of days! when rescued from the wave,
A Paradise seemed opening from the grave.
O sweet the day! Thrice ten the years have sped
Since there the stranger laid his weary head;
But never can the picture of that spot,
Engraved in grateful memory, be forgot.

Leonard S. Clark.





TO BEATRICE.

RIGHT royally her womanhood she wears
 In golden and unyielding purpose bent
 To grow to her soul's stature. She was meant
 For great conclusions, and her earlier years
 Were moulded with long silence and with tears,
 So lofty that her look of scorn is sent
 Through each mean impulse in small hearts, content
 With lesser comfort such as never bears
 The forging iron of a master hand.
 She stands alone. No spirit doth command
 With life's one talisman her longing heart;
 And comfortless, she cannot understand
 The royal state, nor why her path doth start
 From lesser heights and lowlier souls apart.

Bertha Monroe Rickoff.



A CASE OF HEREDITY.

"YE don't go much on hered'ty, eh? Be ye married? No? I thought likely. Now, young man, let me tell ye there 's whar ye 'll git left bad some day. Jest take my 'dvice, an' ef ye ever do make up yer min' to pull in double harness, jest you prospect roun' an' fin' out 's much 's ye kin about the gal 's parients. Size 'em up an' down 'n fore an' aft, an' ef ye kin git back a gen'ration or two an' take in a few gran'parients, ye 're jest thet much ahead."

Old Teeters drew the cob pipe from his mouth and, knocking out the ashes on the clay hearth, laid the pipe beside the little cotton tobacco pouch on the mantel. From one pocket of his overalls he then drew a jack-knife, and from another a plug of tobacco, from which he whittled a generous mouthful, saying, as he did so:—

"You, Jake, you go tell the old 'oman as I 'low the harth'd 'pear a heap more hospitable ef 't was dec'rated up 'ith a pitcher of cider and a basket of glory-mundys, flanked by a pan of them there fried cakes I seen 'er cookin' arter dinner. We don't nowways want'er leave 'n impression on the gintlemen 't we 're famine-struck on this 'ere ranch."

Jake grinned, and raised himself from his wooden stool, one side at a time, gave an automatic hitch to his suspenders, and shambled away to deliver his father's message. The "cruiser" of our party nudged me, whispering:—

"The old man's getting ready for business. I see it in his eye. 'T won't be bears this time, neither, nor the size of California grape vines. "It 'll be his heredity story, sure pop,—the primest one in his whole stock. I say, you fellers are in luck."

We were a jolly party of four young men, on our way to take up a timber

claim in the Cascade Mountains. The "cruiser," for whose knowledge of stakes and corners, as well as his services as guide, we were obliged to pay a snug little sum of money, had brought us to this log house at the foot of the mountain, where we were to spend the night, and from whence, in the morning, leaving our horses behind, we were to struggle on foot up the steep mountain-side, cutting our way, as best we might, through dense bracken, bramble, and fallen logs, to our prospective "claims."

Old Teeters, the owner of this mountain ranch, was quite a character in his way, and noted for his yarns. Born and reared in the Maine forests, he had lived at different periods in his life in Kentucky, Arkansas, Texas, Missouri, and California, bringing up at last in Oregon, where he had sojourned fifteen years. Here, he informed us, he intended to stay until he "pre-empted" a "two-by-six claim down in under the ground."

The varied character of his shifting abodes was evidenced by his dialect, in which the "cracker" and Missouri vernacular mingled with his native Yankee, and these were still further enriched by Pacific Coast mining camp slang.

His wife, although also a native of Maine, had, through her long residence among the "Webfeet," acquired in such perfection the clear complexion, generous avoirdupois, and leisurely movements, of this take-it-easy land, that she might easily have been mistaken for a native Oregonian. She appeared presently, with a smile of hospitality upon her face, bearing in one hand a big earthen pitcher, filled to the brim with sparkling cider, and in the other a tin platter, heaped with the golden-brown circlets which her husband, in the language of

his boyhood, had designated as "fried cakes."

Jake followed with the basket of apples. These he plumped upon the hearth-stone with such clumsy decision that a big "glory-mundy," leaping from its place, knocked out a ruddy wine-sap, and both went roqueting into the gleaming ashes under the andirons, from whence they were rescued by the cruiser's alpenstock.

YA'AS, [resumed Old Teeters, when the cider had been freely circulated in earthen mugs; and each guest had been duly urged to "make himself at home" with "glory-mundys" and wine-saps and fried cakes,] I never bothered much 'bout hered'ty myself when I was your age. Fact is, I did n't rightly know 's thar was sech a thing — leastways not by that name. "Tuk arter," we used ter name it in them days. I knowed what folks was aimin' at when they 'lowed one kid tuk arter 'is paw, an' 'nother arter 'is maw, or further back yit arter a gran'paw 'r uncler some sech ancestor; an' I knowed same thing was true of animals, but I never once dreamt its bein' a science, an' havin' a high-falutin' name. But when we lived in Cal'forny, my woman she jined a female temp'rance s'ciety, 'ith a long string o' cap'tal letters fer its name, an' they hed supyrintendents fer everything under the light of the shinin' sun, an' they 'pinted her Supyrintendent of Hered'ty.

She come home clean dumb-founded, — fer she hed n't no more idee what hered'ty wuz than the man in the moon. But my woman 's clear grit, I tell you, ef she ain't 's flashy as some, an' she did n't perpose to flunk, nor let no one know she was ign'rant. So she ast me ef I knowed it, an' I had to own up as 't was new to my v'cab'ly likewise, an' she sez, kind o' down in the mouth, —

"Well, I'm in a purty fix, but I've done 'xcepted the awfice, 'n I'm bound to hang on to 't some way."

She 'n I went ter skule together down in Maine, an' I used ter help 'er thru all the hard sums, an' I jest 'lowed 's I was too old to go back on 'er now, so I borrowed a dicksonary o' the schoolmarster an' set out on a hunt fer thet thar name. She had her 'pintment writ out on paper, so we could get the spellin' of it all solid, an' I jest opened the gret book an' went in. I'll be derved ef I would n't ruther hunt deer with a brass band a playin' in the woods, than try to run down a word in that mixed-up mess in the dicksonary! But I hung on tell I bagged my game; but lawzee, when I got it 'twas like pickin' up a fightin' haige-hawg barehanded, fer the def'nition bristled out with a heap more big words, and not a one of 'em did I un'erstan' more'n hered'ty itself.

Then my woman, she says, "Wa'al, we've got to look them up, too, an' the sooner we set about it the quicker we'll be thru."

So I put in all my noon-spells, an' she throwed in her spar minnits, an' I wore my socks 'ithout darnin' an' the kids ran ragged an' dirty a spell, but at las' we run' it down, an' sensed what it wuz.

I was plumb mad, you bet, to fine out arter all thet hard work, that every earthly thing it meant was jest "takin' arter."

Some way, though, it had got so kind o' set in my head 't I kep' on studyin' 'bout it in spite of myself, an' when a colt showed some uncommon kink in its dispersition, or the calf of a plumb gentle cow tuk to kickin' over 'ts milk when 't was bein' broke, fust I knowed I'd be a studyin' what critter on the ranch it tuk back arter. Then the old woman, she sent off an' got some trac's on Hered'ty, — leaflets I b'lieve she named 'em, — but I did n't take much stock in them things. They was too all-fired one-sided, — too down on beer 'n cider 'n sich, — even wanted to make out a case agin terbacker.

"You were n't going to have your cider 'n tobacco cut off, even in the interests of Heredity — eh, Teeters?"

"You bet not. 'S no use bein' a fanatic on no subject,—but I'm a far-minded feller an' becaze I did n't 'gree with 'em 'bout cider 'n so on I did n't go back on hered'ty, not by no manner o' means."

"Did you ever meet up with any striking case of it,—anything to back up your theory, so to speak?" queried the cruiser, with a side look at us.

"Plenty of 'em,—the woods is full of 'em,—but the clearest case of hered'ty I ever see was Old Sanctuary's dā'ter,—ever hear me tell about her?"

"Seems to me I've heard you mention her,—but these gentlemen,—perhaps they would like to hear the story?"

With one voice we expressed our desire to hear it, and Old Teeters proceeded.

OLD Sanctuary lived neighbor to us when we fust staked out our claim here, an' 'e lived by us till he passed in 'is checks. He was by all odds the orneriest cuss the sun ever shone down on. I used frequent to study about his meanness, an' fin'ly I figured out thet the Creator jest lumped up all the low-down meanness 't He'd trimmed off of ever' other critter He'd made, 'n made 'em up into one man, an' sent 'im down to earth 'n order to be ready fer duty in case anythink happened to Satan,—an thet that ar man was Cephas Sanctuary. Ef you could single out two from the pile of meanness 't he hed a corner on, as bein' a leetle wuss 'n all the balance, them two was his cruelty an' his good 'pinion of 'isself. Ef he'd been a Texan or an old-time Californian, an' hed n't ben the blamed coward 't he wuz, he'd a made an A-Number 1 footpad or desp'rado of some sort; but bein' a mossback from way back, he contented hisself with abusin' all them as came nat'rally in 'is way — sech as 'is woman

an 'is kids, an' the animals on 'is ranch. Folks used ter say 't they'd 's soon die an' go to torment direct 's to be one o' Ceph Sanctuary's dumb critters. How he ever come to get 'er 's more'n I was ever able to figger out,—but his woman was one of the nicest-mannered, soft-spoken women I ever see, and she was purty as a picter. She hed soft goldeny hair 't looked like sea-waves with the sun shinin' on 'em, an' her skin fer all the world like the inside o' them big shells,—pink an' white all runnin' into each other like,—an' 'er eyes was blue 's the sky, an' whenever she'd look at ye, you felt jest like she loved you better'n anybody; an' 'er voice sounded like water runnin' over moss-covered stuns. She was good as she looked, too, an' not a sick or sufferin' critter fer miles aroun' but what loved the very groun' she walked on.

A purty life she led with old Sanctuary — you bet — an' she growed so thin an' pale 't ever'body said 't she'd lay in 'er grave fust notwithstanding thet Sanctuary was old enough to be 'er father. But fer oncet Prov'dunce swung roun' to the side of the good an' the down-trodden.

["Is not Providence always on that side?"]

Not much 't ain't. It's giner'ly the weak an' pious as goes to the wall, an' the ornery as thrives best in this world. I don't say how 't is in the next — thet's a kentry I aint ben prospectin' in yit. But 's I was sayin' Prov'dunce tuk the right side in this case, 'n let Sanctuary git 'is brains knocked out by means of a kickin' mule 't he was abusin' at th' time.

Arter thet the pore woman might 'ave hed some peace 'f 't had n't ben fer her dā'ter Betty. Betty was as like her maw in looks as two pea-blossoms on one stalk, but purtier ef anythink. Seemed like she did n't worry none over nobody but 'erself, an' so all her stren'th went to help on 'er good looks.

But the curious part was that in spite of her purty face an' innercent coaxin' lookin' eyes, she hed her paw's dispersition's perfect 's ef it had ben made to order. She did n't pear from the very fust to hev no idees beyond makin' of 'erself comf'able an' lookin' purty; an' the pesky part was that she could n't seem to be comf'able 'ithout pesterin' of somebody else. She kep' all the other kids in a constant stew, an' 'erself lookin' all the time as innercent 's a spring lamb. Ef 'er maw'd give 'er the baby to tend a spell 't was sure to yell bloody murder afore she hed it five minutes, an' her maw'd hev to leave 'er work to quiet it down. They do say she used ter pinch it er somethin' jest a purpose to get shet o' tendin' of it.

She made life a burden to 'er schoolmates with 'er sly underhand meanness, fur ye see with 'er han'some face an' the lady ways she could act out when it suited 'er, she could git to be a fav'rite with ever' new teacher, an' 't would take 'em nigh the term out to find 'er out.

Ef Prov'dunce hed kep' on in the right way an' let her foller 'er paw right soon, pore Miss Sanctuary might 'a' ben livin' now, an' takin' comfort with the balance of her childern. Speakin' o' them—thar's whar hered'ty tuk another tack. The cur'ous thing 'bout hered'ty is, you can't never know whar it'll break out next. Ever' one of them other kids was humbly 's all git out, but ther dispersitions was A Number 1, jest like their maw, Prov'dunce havin' backslid into its old track. Betty lived, an' at last worried 'er maw plum into 'er grave.

Ther wa'n't much of any prop'ty lef' when Miss Sanctuary died, fer what with the keep of a big fam'ly an' doctor's bills, an' buyin' finery fer Betty, the little 't old Sanctuary lef' was nigh run through. Fine clothes Betty would have 'f the balance o' the fam'ly hed to go hungry to git 'em fer 'er. Ther wa'n't no use of her maw's refusin' 'em to 'er.

She'd find some way to pester 'er tell she give in. An' when 'er maw was lyin' sick on 'er bed an' the neighbors takin' keer of 'er, an' 'lowin' ever' hour would be 'er last, Betty'd just rig up an' go off to a dance as cool 's a cucumber.

The fust thing she did w'en 'er maw died was to go in debt fer a suit o' mournin'. She told Lize Green she got it because crepe looked awful sweet on anybody 'ith her hair an' complexion. Then she got a place to wait on table at the hotel in town, an' let the other kids scatter roun' the neighborhood whar-ever they could find anybody to take 'em in. She might 'a' got married right off 's soon 's er maw died, fer thar was half a dozen young fellers so moonstruck over her purty face 't they was jest dyin' to have 'er, but she tole Lize 't she wa'n't goin' to marry none but a rale gintleman with some style about 'im, an' money enough to buy 'er rale silks an' di'monds. She did n't make no bones o' telling Lize right out that she went to the hotel to work so 's 't she'd hev a chance to meet up with some sich gentleman.

Well 't wa'n't long tell a consumptive fellar from Portland come up thar to spend the summer, an' boarded at the hotel; an soon it got noised about 't he was wuth a hunerd thousan' dollars ef he was a cent. An' when Betty foun' thet out she set her cap fer 'im direct. He wuz old 'nough to be 'er paw an' one foot 'n the grave, 's anybody could see; but thet just suited Betty, fer she 'lowed to ketch 'im an' git 'im to will all 'is prop'ty to her, and then the sooner he died the better. So she managed to git his table to wait on, an' she'd take pertick'ler pains to see thet he allus hed all the chicest cuts o' meat an' all the nicetid-bits ther was to eat, an' she'd look so sweet an' sad-like in her black mournin' gownd, an' 'pear so modest an' shy an' skeered o' all the rough men, thet Goldrain—thet was the feller's

name—'lowed she must be a rare born lady what had met up with some gret misfortune, an' was 'bleeged to face the world fur the fust time. So his symp'thy got roused up middlin' soon. It's a heap easier fer a man's symp'thy to git to workin' over a purty gal 'n 'tis over a humly one, ye know. So when she 'lowed he 'd noticed 'er a good bit, she spied out his fav'rite balc'ny whar he used ter set an' smoke arter supper, an' she made it in 'er way to let 'im find 'er thar accidental one evenin' in the moonlight, with her hankercher to 'er eyes, an' playin' the lone orphan to a dot.

So he made bold to speak to 'er an' ask 'er what was the matter, 'n ef he could n't do nothin' fer 'er. An' so she tole 'im a pit'ful story—made up out of hull cloth—an' looked at 'im bashful an' pleadin' like out o' them big soft eyes, an' the job was done.

When the folks at the hotel suspicioned how the land lay,—knowin' old Sanctuary, an' how like 'im Betty was,—they 'lowed 't was a plumb shame fer a rare gintleman like Goldrain to be tuk in that a-way. So they tried to put a flea in 'is ear an' let 'im know what 'er paw was like. But lawzee! 't was lockin' the stable arter the horse's stolen. He was jest ravin' mad at 'em fer darin' to name 'er to him, an' told 'em flat-footed thet he did n't care a rap who 'er what 'er paw was; thet she was a lady as was too good to clean 'er feet on sech's they was, an' he give 'em to un'erstan' thet ef he was a sick man he could han'le a shootin' iron yit, an' so 't would be plumb safe fer them to keep their jaws shet 'bout Miss Sanctuary.

They was married right soon, an' boarded at the hotel long 'nough fer Betty to queen it over them as had ben down on 'er, an show off 'er new silks an' jewelry, an' then they went back to Portland an' we did n't hear no more of Mrs. Bettina Goldrain fer quite a spell. (She 'd named 'erself Bettina to him,

thinkin' as Betty was too common, an' he nicknamed of 'er Tina.)

So 's I was sayin' we did n't hear no more of 'er either good er bad, tell one spring nigh a year 'n a half arter they was married, who should come ridin' up to our door in a shiny livery rig but Goldrain hisself. It seems the doctor hed tole 'im that his only chance fer livin' a spell longer was to summer up in the mountings some'ers, an' he 'lowed to s'prise Betty by buyin' back her paw's old place. He said she allus spoke with so much feelin' of her "old mounting home." My woman she hed all she could do to keep f'om crackin' a smile when he said thet, but he looked so pale an' sick like that she would n't hurt 'is feelin's fer nothin', so she jest kep' still an' let 'im go on.

Ye see its jinin' me, an' bein' a right good stawk ranch I 'd bought in the old man's place 'n I did n't care pertickler 'bout sellin', but knowin' he hed plenty o' money I named a whoppin' big price, 'lowin' to hev a margin to come down on, but I 'll be derved ef 'e did n't snap the offer right up an' come down with the spot cash, an' nigh smother me with 'is thanks into the bargain.

He felt plumb dis'pinted when he foun' I 'd tore down the old house, for he said he 'd 'lowed 'to "restore" it fer Miss Goldrain, an' he axed me to describe it to him so 's't he could rebuild it near like it wuz. Waal I 'lowed I was in a fix, fer I could n't noways have the face to tell him what an ornery tumbledown old flea-roost it was,—but I pulled myself together an' tole 'im I wa'n't no hand to describe nothin' but I 'lowed 't was jest a plain five-room cottage finished in nat'ral wood. At thet my woman she could n't stan' it no longer, 'n she jest stuffed 'er hankercher in 'er mouth an' coughed an' ran out the room. But Goldrain did n't suspicion nothin', an' he went right on an' wanted to know what the "style of arch'tecture" was,—

was it "Queen Anne" or "Old C'lonial", or what. An I tole 'im 't I 'lowed 'ef 't was either one o' them 't was "Old C'lonial." Ye see I was mighty sure 'bout the "old," an' I knowed as no Queen would ever hev tuk up a res'dence in a old shanty like thet.

So the very next week a hull lot of workmen came down from Portland, an' sech a house's they built made the kentry stare. I reckon thar wa'n't another such nearer 'n Salem, an' inebbe not short o' Portland. It hed seven rooms and he ruffed it all over, sides an' all.

["Roofed the sides?"]

Thet's what,—kivered the hull biz with shingles clean down to the ground—an', Jimminy Crickets! the number o' little balc'nys, an' gables, an' dormant winders, an' porches thet stuck all over it, was a caution to see. An' he hed a fire-place in nigh every room, with harths made o' little squar shinin' bricks all colors o' the rainbow, an' bigger ones up the sides, with flowers an' things stamped on 'em, an' shelves an' lookin' glasses an' all manner o' gimcracks to top 'em out. My woman an' me, we used to go over nights arter the workmen was gone an' set on the balc'nys an' 'low we was 'stocracy from way-back.

AT THIS juncture the old clock on the mantel with leisurely strokes—as became a fifteen years' resident of Oregon—toll'd out the hour of nine. Old Teeters started.

"Jupiter Crickets!" he exclaimed, taking a fresh pull at the cider, and wiping the stragglin' gray hairs about his mouth with a red cotton bandana, "I must be gettin' on,—I must so. I'd no idee 't was so late, the gintlemen 'll be plumb tired out listenin'."

We assured him to the contrary, and he proceeded.

WA'AL, I'll skip all thet 'bout ther movin' in, an' my woman goin' to see

Betty an' comin' home plumb beat with the sight o' so much fine furniture an' style, and pass on to 'is las' sickness, fer thar was whar Betty's hered'ty come out strong. Thar's one little sarcumstance though I ought to tell, fer the cool gall of it. I did n't know nothin' 'bout it at the time. My woman kep' it to 'erself fer fear I'd bust out an' make a rumpus ef I knowed it,—but she's boun' to keep peace with 'er neighbors ef she hez to lie down an' let 'em walk over 'er.

They had n't ben moved in ther new house more 'n a few days, when Betty come over one mornin' when I was gone to town, an' my woman was alone in the house, an' she says, smilin' sweet, "Miss Teeters, I've got a little word o' business with ye, an' the sooner said the better."

An' my woman, 'lowin' 't was about milk an' eggs 'n sech, says kind o' laffin', "Well, I reckon our business won't amount to no gret thing,—but, however, say on."

An' then Betty she says—cool's a cucumber an' still a smilin':—

"I ain't got Goldrain to make 'is will yet, an' so I hed to come here to keep on the right side of 'im tell he does. 'T was mighty hard to keep in an' not let 'im see how mad I was at his foolin' away money an' draggin' me back to this old rock-roost in the back-woods, but I hed to do it tell I git the will. Goldrain don't have no manner of sense 'bout spendin' money on his 'Tina's he calls me,—why the price o' thet house'd pay all the expenses of as fine a fun'ral's I'd be called on to give 'im, an' buy me an elegant mourning outfit into the bargain. Besides all that, now that he's come out here to the mountains he's like to get strong enough to hang on all winter, an' I'll hev to nurse 'im agin, an' put up with 'is disgustin' coughin' an' raisin' fer months yit. Ef I'd hed any idee of 'is hangin' on this way an' bein' so stubborn about the will, I'd never 'a'

married 'im. I'd a waited 'a' bit longer fer another, an' mebbe bigger fish yit, to bite. Now what I want to say to you, Miss Teeters, is this: You know's well 's I do thet thar 's things 'bout my paw 't I would n't want Goldrain to know,— thet is tell I git the will,—an' he don't know 't I've got a relation in the world. I told 'im I hed n't when I was playin' the friendless orphan (thet was prime fun, Miss Teeters: when Goldrain dies and I git his money I'm goin' on the stage, sure). Thet 's what I hated to come back here so fur,—fur fear he'd git to hear about the kids. I kin manage 'bout all the outside talk purty well, fer I'm sech a devoted wife 't I would n't noways let a invalid like him stir out 'thout my bein' along o' him; but you livin' neighbor so might git a chance at 'im when I was n't by. So I come to say thet ef Goldrain ever gits so much as a hent 'bout my fam'ly from you'uns you'll be plumb likely to fin' all yer critters pizened off, an' like 's not yer buildin's burned down into the bargain, not to mention powder in yer cook stove or somethin' that-a-way. You knew my paw, an' ever' one says I take arter him 'cept in looks, an' so you know me!"

An' with thet, my woman says she smiled jest as sweet 's ef she'd been sayin', "A pleasant mornin' to ye," an' says, "Goodby, Miss Teeters, I hope you'll be real neighborly," an' sailed out o' the house 'thout givin' her so much 's a chance to answer her.

But someway Betty could n't git Goldrain to make 'is will, an' one day she got so riled thet she could n't hold herself no longer, an' she jest up an' told 'im to 'is face thet ever'thing in the world she married 'im fur was 'is money, and she says,—

"What d'ye 'low I wanted of a old, worn-out, coughin' rack-o'-bones like you be, ef it wa'n't fur the money?"

My woman she heerd 'er say it, an' she 'lows she won't forgit right soon the way Goldrain looked. She says he

fell back jest like somebody'd shot 'im, an' says, kind o' gaspin' like, "Tina, you're crazy—you don't mean what you say."

An' Tina jest stood an' luffed, fer all the world like 'er paw used to when he see some helpless critter gittin' worsted in a fight, an' she sez, "Yes, I do mean it, ever' single word."

An' he, still lookin' dazed-like, says, "But you've been so kind an' lovin' to me allus,—it cayn't be."

An' she, still laffin' says, "W'y, you ole fool, how was I to git any money if I was n't lovin'?"

An' at that my woman says he jest straightened hisself up, an' looked like a ghost, with two balls of fire a burnin' in its head, an' he says, all hoarse-like, "Well, you won't spend no more, I kin tell you thet."

An' then the blood bust out of 'is mouth in a stream, an' my woman 'lowed he'd die right thar,—but he did n't.

Waal, she went over ever' day to help nurse 'im, fer she 'lowed she never felt so plumb sorry fer any livin' thing's she did fer him; an' arter hearin' Betty talk thet-a-way she was skeered lest she might try to make away with 'im. But I tole 'er she need n't be the least mite afraid o' thet,—fer thar agin her hered'ty come in,—fer she wuz a coward, same 's 'er paw, an' she wa'n't goin' to let the law git a holt of 'er. She seen, too, that she hed overreached herself, lettin' her temper git the best of 'er, an' so she tried to make up fer it by bein' sweet 's ever; and she 'lowed thet when he got 'round agin', ef he ever did, he'd forgit all about his threat of not givin' her money.

But he did n't. Ye see he had some hered'ty, too, an' it was the very stout-es' kind made; fer it was Scotch. Ef you know anythink 'bout thet blood, you know 't when the Scotch "worm" once does "turn" nothink in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, 'll turn it back

agin' tell it gits ready. Wa'al, that was Goldrain's kind, an' I never see nothin' finer in the way of hered'ty than the fight that went on between Betty's kind an' the Scotch kind of it.

He was good's 'is word, an' drew in the purse strings so tight thet Betty did n't get another new gownd or bit of finery tell he died, an' he went so fur as to make the housekeeper buy all the family supplies, so's't Betty could n't git no chance that-a-way.

Wa'al, he got up from thet sick spell, an' soon's the fall rains set in they went back to Portland agin', an' we 'lowed we'd seed the last o' Goldrain this time fer sure. But it beats all nater how a consumptive kin hang on, 'speshly ef he's got 'is Scotch up, like he hed. Ye see, he could n't will away his wife's thirds, nohow, an' so he went to work to see how long he could live, an' how much money he could spen' afore he died, so's t' make them thirds as scant as possible.

Lize Green worked fer 'im up in Portland thet winter an' she tole my woman about it. She says he tuk to drinkin' an' gamblin', an' Betty she 'd foller him to the s'loon,— club, though, I b'lieve they called it thar, (an all-fired tony place. Goldrain would n't go to no other kind I reckon). Wa'al, she'd go arter him an' fetch 'im home nigh ever' night. Lize asked 'er oncet why she follered 'im so, ef she did n't care nothin' 'bout 'im. An' she said she did n't want no old drunken hulk comin' in at midnight and trackin' mud over 'er carpets, an wakin' 'er up out of a soun' sleep with 'is coughin'. Besides thet, ef she got him home arly he'd spend less money gamblin' an' a third of all she saved that-a-way was hers. Ya'as, Betty had a long head, you bet, 'speshly in lookin' out fer number one. Then she got a heap o' comfort showin' herself off before all them dudes at the club, an' posin' fer an injured down-trod wife. She did n't like nothin' better 'n to go

thar 'n drop 'er eyes shy 'n sad like, with now an' then a side glance at some of 'em, like she was jest hungerin' an' thirstin' fer a bit o' symp'thy.

You might 'a' thought it strange thet Goldrain would 'a' come home with 'er ever' time, but he was thet proud thet he would n't hev no public row with 'is wife, an' he did n't dare resk what she might do ef he refused to go with 'er. So whenever she come he'd jest put on 'is hat an' offer her 'is arm, an' go out's peaceable's a spring lamb. Then he 'd forbid 'er ever to come agin, but course she did n't care a rap fer that, an' so it went on.

Well, he hung on tell Spring agin, an' they come back here; but the journey petered him clean out so's't he never lef' 'is bed agin' arter he got here. Of course, bein' the nearest neighbor, my woman was over thar a good bit helpin' to nurse 'im an' takin' jellies an' things. He would n't hev no hired nurse. My woman 'lows 't was bekase he could n't bar to hev no outsiders sense how 'is wife treated 'im; fer 't was plain to see thet spite of 'er meanness an' his stick-in' it out 'bout the money thet he hed n't got all over lovin' of 'er by no means. I used ter 'low thet ef somethin' would happen to spite 'er purty face, he'd git cured; fer 't was 'er face he loved so'n not the soul inside. But lawzee! it seemed the older she growed an' the meaner she got the purtier she was.

One day when the fever was high on 'im, an' he'd ben a tossin' on the bed an' could n't seem to git no no rest, my woman says Betty come near 'im fer somethin' an' he put out 'is han' pleadin'-like, an' says: "Tina, won't you please kiss me jess once? It's such a long spell since you kissed me, an' I sha'n't bother ye much longer."

An' Betty luffed, an' tuk a holt of 'is hand an' she says, "Ef you'll pay me fer it, I will."

An' at thet he growed pale in spite o' the fever, but I reckon the touch of 'er

han' made 'im hungrier 'n ever, an' so he says, "How much do you want?"

An' she says, cool an' business-like, "I'll kiss you fer a thousan' dollars!"

An' he hesitated a minute, an' Betty she ran 'er han' soft like thru 'is hair, an' at that he looked up an' smiled an' says "Tina, you was jest a foolin' me, I know,"—an' tried to draw 'er face down to 'im.

But she jerked away and says "No, I mean jest what I said."

"Well, then," he says, des'prate like, —fer the fever was burnin' of 'im up an' he hed n't no more stren'th than a baby, —"kiss me, an' I'll give ye the money."

An' she says, "A bird in the han's wuth two in the bush; you'll hev' to write the check fust."

An' ef you'll b'lieve it, she went an' got 'is check book an' a pen, an' put 'er arms roun' 'im and held 'im up in bed so 's 't he could write! An' he looked at 'er a minnit strange-like, an' then he wrote 'er out a check, his han' tremblin' so 's 't he could n't hardly hold the pen, an' gave it to 'er; an' she jest jumped up an' waved it in the air, an' says triumphant like, "Now I kin git my mournin' made up in time!"

An' then she says, "O, I forgot," an' put her head down to kiss 'im.

But he put up 'is han' sudden, an' growed pale's death, an' says, "No, I don't want it now, I can't take it that-a-way, Tina."

An' he turned 'is face to the wall, and begun cryin' softly like a little grievin' child.

My woman says ef 't would 'a' done 'im any good she could 'a' gone up an' taken 'im in 'er arms an' kissed 'im 'er-self; but of course she knowed it would n't. My woman's that tender-hearted that she can't kill a chicken, but she 'lows 't would 'a' done 'er proud to 'ave ketched Betty jest then, an' twisted 'er purty white neck plumb in two. An' I don't blame 'er fer feelin' that-a-way neither.

Next mornin', when she went over he was still livin', but lyin' too weak to speak. An' thar set that heartless critter by 'er husban's bed, workin' on 'e mornin' bunnet! An' fer all my woman knowed Betty so well, she 'lowed she never see anything quite to ekal that fer Simon pure gall, an' she motioned her to come in the other room, an' then she let out on 'er at las'. She 'lows she 'a' hed to spoke 'er mind then, ef she 'd knowed ever' critter on the place 'd ber pizened next day, an' the house burned down an' her with it. She axed 'er w'y she did n't git the coffin and let 'im lie in it a spell to see 'f 't was a good fit, an' w'at more she said I don't rec'lect but w'en my woman does fine 'er tongue she kin make 's good use of it 's anyone.

But do you think she could faze Betty? Not much! She jest luffed in 'er face, an' said he 'd knowed all along 's he 'd got to die purty soon, an' what 's the use o' makin' any bones of it? She said she hed to set there so 's to give 'im 'is med'cine, an' what 's the use wastin' time? fer the doctor said he could n't possibly live over night, an' she hed to hev 'er things ready!

Fer a mercy, he did die that very artemnoon. An' Betty hired a speshial car, an' invited all 'er fren's to go down to Portlan' in it to the fun'ral. From all 'counts they hed a high time on the way, but they say soon's Betty got among her tony Portlan' fren's she jest looked and acted like a heart-broken widder. Lize Green says she hopes to die ef Betty did n't rub up her face with mullein leaves to let on like she 'd been cryin' hard. The hull thing was the owdaciousesest piece o' business I ever hearn tell on. Ef I was n't knowin' to the fac's I would n't darst believe 'em.

HERE Old Teeters paused to fill his pipe for his bed-time smoke.

"What became of Betty after that? And the house he built up here,—is it still standing?" I asked.

"No; it burned down 'bout a year ago,—folks says Betty set it on fire to git the insurance, an' I 'low 't is true; fer ever' one knowed the house an' ranch was worth more sep'rate than together. Betty she married agin 'fore three months was over."

"Did she get a good husband?" asked the cruiser, with a side wink at us.

"Waal, speakin' o' thet, I 'low I 'll hev to own up thet I ruther slandered Prov'dence at the fust, fer it did take another turn to the side o' justice in this case. The feller she married turned out a reg'lar blackleg,—mean, an' ugly

an' jealous into the bargain. They say he would n't so much as let 'er speak to any other man, or hardly let 'em look at 'er; an' ef Betty can't have men-folks to admire 'er she might 's well be dead an' buried, fer all the 'pleasure she gits out o' life. They say she's 'fraid as death of 'im, an' thet he's spent all 'er money, an' led 'er sich a life thet her beauty's all faded out,—plumb gone. No, I did n't give Prov'dence no fair show, fer a fact. But don't you forgit what I said in startin' out, young feller. Ef yer goin' to marry, don't yer no-ways go back on hered'ty."

Ella Beecher Gittings.



NIGHT WIND.

THE wind came and cried out unto the night,
 Beneath the moon and clouds, the cries of earth;
 The sweep of all the prairies in its voice,
 The depth and heavings of the wide, wide seas,
 The gloom of mountain valleys, low and dark,
 The brave desire of trees on barren heights,
 The longings dim that live in soft, gray mists,
 Farewells that white sails fling to setting suns,
 And tales of ages that the desert sand
 Gives forth in silence to the listening palms
 That lean their scattered ranks along its edge;
 The marshes' lowly peace, the strength of rocks
 That stand against the passion of the waves,
 Controlling by endurance, loneliness
 Of shorn fields lying in the autumn dusk;
 Earth's pathos and earth's patience and earth's power,
 These spake the wind unto the listening night,
 And hearts that waked and hearkened heard and knew.

Aurilla Furber.

NORTHERN SEASIDE RESORTS.



LOOKED at from the Western ocean, the shore of our continent presents a generally mountainous outline, the Coast Range, as it is called, being thrown up at no great distance from the sea, while in many places it laves its feet in the surf. The altitude of these mountains is not great,—about two thousand feet, with here and there a peak of sufficient elevation to merit and receive a particular appellation. The coasting steamers in good weather run so close in shore as to afford a view of these hills, which on the coast of northern California, of Oregon, and of Washington, approach very near the ocean, having long green ridges stretching down from their summits, separated by rugged ravines crowded with trees of many species. In some higher altitudes are seen large bodies of timber of the different pine families, redwood, fir, cedar, and spruce; the more open hillsides being dotted with oaks, invariably contorted by the prevailing winds. Near the beaches may be found the *Pinus contorta*, which, when it has secured a sheltered place takes the liberty of growing straight.

From a vessel's deck are frequently seen herds of cattle grazing on the grass and herbage kept succulent throughout the year by the mists which the trade winds daily drive over them. This condition, united to the cool mildness of the climate, makes the western side of the Coast mountains a region favorable for dairying, as it is for cattle-raising and lumbering. The soil, which is excellent, produces vegetables and fruit in perfection. But owing to the rough and broken character of the mountains, com-

munication between the coast and the interior is difficult. Good harbors affording sea approaches are rare, and owing to these joint obstacles to settlement, an otherwise delightful portion of the Northwest is but slowly coming into favor. This reserve made by Nature of some of her choicest demesnes is really a matter on which we may congratulate ourselves. Time enough when the fatness of the valleys has jostled their own rightful denizens out of place, to explore these magnificent sea frontages for homes, where the absence of fatness is more than compensated by the presence of grandeur united to beauty, and where intrusiveness is discountenanced by the impossibilities of the place itself.

* A summer spent in visiting the seaside resorts between the forty-fourth and forty-seventh degrees of north latitude will give a good knowledge of the peculiarities of the northern coast, and of the pleasures to be enjoyed at this distance from the tropics. It is true the attractions do not cease or diminish still farther north, but may be found all about the Straits of Fuca, the Fucan Sea, and the Gulf of Georgia; but for the purposes of this article I prefer to keep within certain limits.

To begin with Astoria is unavoidable if you have entered Oregon by any of the overland routes, or by the mouth of the Columbia. In either of these cases you have the opportunity of adorning the chambers of your memory with more noble and beautiful views than it will often fall to your lot to find in one hundred miles of travel, as you steam from the mouth of the Wallamet to the city by the sea named after the New York fur trader.

Astoria is not in a strict sense a sea-

side place. It is, on the contrary, ten or twelve miles inside the bar of the Columbia, and fronts the Washington shore of the river, which is here half a dozen miles in breadth, with a volume that makes it resemble an inland sea. The town is built upon the side of a steep point formed by a deep inlet where the waters of Young's River unite with the Columbia, except that part of it which is supported upon piles, and consists of wharves and fishing establishments, a by no means small portion of this municipality. The residences fringe streets that pursue wavering lines over greater and lesser hills to the summit of the point, or which run parallel with the river. But while the unpracticed pedestrian is compelled to stop to get his wind quite often in exploring Astoria, he is rewarded for his exhausted oxygen by the grandeur of the view he takes in while he recovers his breath. It is not my intention to attempt a description of the scenery about the mouth of the Columbia, the object of this article being to suggest to the readers of the OVERLAND the pleasures awaiting them when they come to spy out this part of the Pacific frontage for themselves.

As I have said, Astoria is not strictly a seaside resort, yet it has some of the features of one. It is a sort of capital for all the several resorts in the vicinity; and many persons prefer the partly inland climate to that of the coast. Perched on the covered balcony of a west-end house, one may pass the whole day in idle enjoyment of the scene before him, which, as a river view, is unsurpassed anywhere in the world. To be at its best, however, the day should be in July, after the rainy season is past, and when the summer flood of the Columbia has gone out over the bar, leaving the blue beauty of this majestic stream unclouded by dissolving mud-banks, and undisfigured by drift. On such a day you may swing in your hammock, or recline at ease in your exten-

sion chair, and mock at weariness, while your eyes wander dreamily from Tongue Point to the Capes, finding ever something new and ideally charming in the panorama. Perhaps the prettiest scene of the day is when the fishing boats start down the river, a hundred or more at one time, their white sails flashing like birds' wings against the blue of the river, or momentarily catching a ruddy tint as the sunset light flares up behind Cape Disappointment, tinging the ripples that dance about their bows. Into the midst of this white-winged fleet every now and then forges the long black steamship just in over the bar from coastwise or foreign ports, trailing after it its longer black streamer of coal-smoke, and saluting the custom-house with a harmless shot as it passes our balcony. Our dreaminess turns to curiosity then, and our handkerchiefs flutter as the passengers, glad to be in from the sea, regard us with friendly gaze. Perhaps we take a stroll down along the wharves and search among the arrivals for a familiar face.

As everyone has read Irving's *Astoria*, it is quite the thing to seek to know the location of Astor's old fort; but it is now built over, and the little cove where the Dolly was put together and launched, in front of it, is also so disguised by piling and plank roadways as to be unrecognizable. For reference you turn to your latest edition, and smile as you read of Duncan McDougal's espousal of the daughter of King Comcomly of the Clatsops, trying to fancy the scenes enacted here over eighty years ago.

One feature of the great river is that it seldom releases him who falls into its embrace; and so it happened that one of the partners of the Northwestern Company, to which Astor's interests were sold out, was drowned in crossing it not long after the transfer. A visit to the cemetery on the hill above the town will reward us with a look at the oldest tomb of civilized man in all this Northwest.

The stone is somewhat crumbled and moss-grown, but the inscription is still legible, and reads :

IN
MEMORY
OF
D. MCTAVISH
ESQR.
AGED 42 YEARS
DROWNED CROSSING THIS
RIVER
MAY 22D, 1814.

From this hill you obtain a very satisfactory view of that part of the Coast Range which lies to the south and east of Astoria, and which throws up a group of peaks that, seen from the Columbia, seem to constitute a single massive mountain, and is known to most persons as Saddle Mountain. Its true name is Necahnie; and it forms one of the most picturesque elevations in the mountainous regions of the Northwest, its blended outlines making a sharp peak at one extremity, a domed peak at the other, with a lower but greater bulk connecting them. In the foreground are the foothills covered with timber, descending gradually to the level of the sandy plains that abut upon the sea.

Astoria has no beach or speed tracks, no means, in fact, of touring for pleasure, except such as depend upon boating of some sort. Besides, except the passenger steamers which run on the river above this point, and during the summer "season" venture below as far as Fort Stevens on the Oregon side, or Fort Canby on the Washington side, there are only the sort of steamers called tugs available for passenger service. These inelegant but more seaworthy craft are made necessary by the heavy waves encountered about the mouth of the Columbia when the wind is fresh and the tide coming in against the current.

If we wish to get to the seaside from Astoria we embark in one of these tugs, either for Tansy Point where there is a railroad wharf, and where we take pas-

sage for different points on Clatsop Plains and Clatsop Beach; or we steam over to Baker's Bay on the north side of the river, and take a train there for points along Ilwaco Beach.

The Seaside, on Clatsop Beach, is the oldest fashionable summer resort on the Oregon coast. To the visitor who is curious about the history of a country, the Clatsop Plains are full of interest. Neither will the student who is not indifferent to how the world was made, is unmade, and made over again continually, fail to find this corner of Oregon interesting. The plains have been formed by the action of the sea and river, being a deposit of sand divided by lagoons and small lakes, a portion of the peninsula being still tide land. They extend from the Point Adams Lighthouse south about fifteen miles, and have a breadth of from one to seven miles. To the south the land rises gradually towards the Coast Mountains which are covered with timber, and which send down numerous streams into Young's Bay and the Pacific Ocean. One of these small rivers has a historic interest, as being the stream on which the United States explorers Lewis and Clarke wintered in 1805-06. To stand upon this spot inspires one to re-read the story of that winter, and strengthens the imagination to behold the discomforts of the party, detained not only by the weather in so cheerless a spot, but in spite of the weather having to hunt and dry the provisions which were to supply them on their homeward journey, to wade the lagoons, and carry home the carcasses of elk, deer, and bear, on their backs, or to make salt from sea-water to preserve the meat. What time they were not doing this, they were endeavoring to acquire enough of the Chinook language to enable them to obtain some information about the country from the squalid Clatsops that crowded their very limited quarters. It is a fact which surprises

one that the chiefs who visited Lewis and Clarke could give them the name of every trading vessel which had up to that time been on the Northwest coast, with the name of its master.

One never fails to find in any Indian habitat legends to fit the topography of the country, and the most interesting one I have ever heard of in this region is, that away back in that remote past which forms the proper atmosphere of such tales, a vessel which carried a large amount of treasure was driven

has been discovered. Had any treasure been deposited, as related by the Indians, it would be interesting to know what became of the men who placed it in hiding. No record of their adventures has ever come to light, the nearest approach to an explanation being another story told by the Indians farther in the interior, who relate that a party of shipwrecked men many years ago had come up the Columbia and attempted to go overland to California, but had all been killed except one man named



Photo by Eldredge, Crescent City

ON THE OREGON COAST.

ashore below the mouth of the Columbia, whose crew saved not only themselves but a box supposed to contain much riches. This box was taken to Mount Necahnie and buried with great ceremony, one of the crew being slain and his bones placed on the casket to keep away the natives, whose superstition would not allow them to violate the burial-place of the white man. Like the story of Captain Kidd's buried treasure, this legend has induced several parties to search for the casket hidden on Mount Nechanie. So far, nothing

Soto, who was held a captive by the Cascade Indians until he was an old man, when he died.

There is nothing improbable in either of these tales, but indeed the evidences of an ancient wreck have frequently been found on Clatsop beach, in greater or lesser quantities of beeswax which had become imbedded in the sand. Some persons have mistaken this wax for a rare mineral. It is, however, often found in the manufactured forms, as, for instance, altar candles. The wick has rotted out, leaving the orifice filled with



Photo by S. B. Crow

POINT ADAMS LIGHTHOUSE.

sand which is easily removed. This was, undoubtedly, part of a cargo intended for the early Spanish missions, and it may have been the crew of this wrecked galleon to which Soto and his shipmates belonged. The proverbial obliterating power ascribed to sand fails to apply at Clatsop, where a good deal of history of one sort and another is indelibly inscribed in this fugitive substance, and where may be seen the foundations of a village which was the home of a very primitive people who subsisted upon raw mollusks.

Three or four miles down the coast from Seaside is Tillamook Head, a high promontory which overhangs the sea; and about one mile out from this headland Tillamook Lighthouse, erected only a few years ago on a rock which seems designed by nature for such a purpose.

The height of Tillamook Rock is eighty-eight feet, and of the tower forty-eight; yet in some winter storms boulders of the size of cannon balls have been thrown quite over the top, such is the force of the waves which beat about its base. The party of nine men placed on the rock in October, 1879, to prepare the foundations of the lighthouse, first made a shelter for themselves by drilling holes in the rock, to which they fastened ringbolts with canvas tied to them as a temporary protection from winds and waves. The next step was to quarry out a sufficient space in a nook on one side for the erection of a shanty, which was bolted to the face of the cliff. They had then to cut stairs in the rock to reach the top, which, when leveled off, was about the size of a city lot. While excavating the stairs they were sometimes

compelled to work on staging suspended from the top of the rock, with the brine dashing over them; and at other times the weather was such that on work could be done. But worse was to come, for in January huge waves dashed to the very top of the rock, and fell in masses of water on their canvas house, threatening to carry it away. By this storm their supplies were swept away, while for more than



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TILLAMOOK ROCK AND LIGHT.



THE WATER SUPPLY AT GEARHART PARK.

two weeks there was no connection with the shore, no boat being able to come to their relief. They were at last rescued by a ship which passed near enough to be signaled, and which picked up a line cast from the summit of the rock. This line being fastened to the mast of the vessel, conveyed provisions to the prisoners of the sea. The corner

stone of the lighthouse was laid in June, 1880, and in February, 1881, the light was kindled,—a month too late to save twenty lives that went out when the *Lupata* went ashore within a mile of Tillamook Head, and so close to the rock that the creaking of her blocks could be heard, with the voices of her officers. A bonfire was hastily built to

warn off the vessel, but too late, and she went on the rocks. Such are the tragedies of the great deep.

To the ordinary pleasure-seeker the attractions of seaside are hunting on Tillamook mountains, fishing in the pretty rivers Neahcanicum, Elk, and Lewis and Clarke, with boating and bathing. Horses can be used to a considerable extent, but driving on the sandy or marshy plains is not much of a pastime, although there are some really fine farms in favorable situations, which

into high favor. It is modeled after the plan of Pacific Grove in California, having a large hotel in modern style in connection with an extensive tract of woodland, which is sold in lots to those who prefer cottage homes of their own, or who annually encamp for a few weeks at this place. The approach to the beach at Gearhart Park is over shifting sand-dunes; but this difficulty is obviated by plank walks leading to the bathing places. The beach here seemed to me the least desirable of any on Clat-



Photo by M. Coers, Astoria

LIGHTHOUSE AT CAPE DISAPPOINTMENT.

make roads necessary, of rather primitive fashion.

The beach at Seaside is not extensive, and is roughened by bowlders and driftwood, but is comparatively safe from the strong wind that sucks into the opening made by the Columbia, eighteen miles farther north. The climate here has the usual morning fog, or rain of mist, which redeems it from drought nearly all through the season, although the months of July, August, and September, are agreeably clear and mild all along the coast.

Gearhart Park, a few miles north of Seaside, is a resort which has come into existence within a few years, and also

sop Point, being too boldly exposed to the wind. But the grove, a fine piece of woodland, compensates for this defect. It has been cleared of underwood, and has walks laid out with a good taste which has not destroyed the effect of the natural forestry, but, on the contrary, reveals its beauties. As at Pacific Grove, the Chautauqua Association has an auditorium in this delightful retreat, on the steps of which I sat during an hour, enjoying the flickering sunshine falling between the branches of the noble old trees, and discussing with a friend, not literature, but ghosts! not of the uncanny kind, but those that, like the sunshine between the branches over



Photo by Mooers

BAKER'S BAY AND FORT CANBY.

our heads, flicker in and out of our consciousness at unexpected times, leaving a not unpleasant impression behind. A friend or two, some books, and the *dolce far niente* of this place, are sufficient means to a satisfactory summer holiday at Gearhart Park, although at the height of the season the latter feature is broken in upon by restless crowds in search of gayety rather than repose. Other places there are on Clatsop Plains, where one may find rest and contentment in close neighborhood to the sea, and where every summer may be found the inland population seeking it.

On the north side of the Columbia are a number of resorts, to reach which from Astoria the tourist steams, as I have said, about a dozen miles to Baker's Bay, stopping at Fort Stevens *en route*. The jetty thrown out by the south channel of the Columbia has caused the north channel, close under Cape Disappointment, to be filled with the sand thrown over by the current of the river to the north side. This was formerly the entrance used by sailing vessels,

which, in the early part of this century, came in under the shelter of the Cape and anchored in Baker's Bay, where they lay in safety. Now to get into the bay at all, with a steamer, requires care not to run down or run into a forest of piles placed in the shallow water about Sand Island for the convenience of the fishermen, who hang their enormous nets here to dry. As the seines are cast at night, and the fish taken to the canneries in the morning, one may see during the afternoon many boats dancing on the tide, whose oarsmen are fast asleep in them, apparently oblivious of the danger of being carried out to sea, as very many are every year, and lost despite the faithfulness of the life-saving station at the Cape which has saved not a few.

Passing Fort Canby, our steamer lands us at Ilwaco, where a train awaits our arrival and carries us to our destination, whether it be Seaview, Ocean Park, Long Beach, Sealand, or Oysterville on Shoalwater Bay. Ilwaco Beach is about twenty miles long, and unobstructed by

rocks or drift for the greater part of that distance, so that driving is one of its chief pleasures. I studied its features for two weeks last summer, and found it, aside from the good driving, the least interesting sea-beach I had ever visited. Day after day when the tide was out there was the brown level stretch of sand extending northward out of sight; the sea, bluish green and foam-lined, lazily rolling against it on one side, and on the other a bank of sand, with here and there a log protruding from it which invited the pedestrian to be seated and yield to the spell of inaction which the scene flings over the beholder. What a naked, spiritless coast scene! To the south of my position (at Long Beach,) the green headland of the Cape stands with its feet in the sea. Some large rocks and boulders are scattered for a little distance above that, and then, nothing! Not a shell, or wading bird, not even a rope of kelp on the sands, or a bit of colored seaweed to catch the eye; only the ever-restless, but at this season unimpassioned, sea. Even the wind has ceased to buffet us, and only the free motion of our clean-limbed roadster makes a breeze to quicken the blood in our cheeks.

Still it is a picture full of quiet power and suggestiveness. Great possibilities are lying dormant here: tempest and terror only await for the spirit that broods over the face of the waters to utter its command, and lo, the shore trembles with its assault. So dull, so apathetic, is the soul at times, to be roused by the breath of emotion to ungovernable discords. Today nothing more moving is in sight than a few straggling clam-diggers, and even they are spiritless, for the fresh-water floods of last winter have destroyed the young mollusks near the Columbia.

The sea to me is not an object of love. It is an emblem of remorseless strength used without love or pity. It is cruel, cold, often beautiful, but never to be

thought of with a tender longing. So we turn away from the beach and plunge into a forest pathway overhung by shrubby cliffs on one side and a wealth of arborescent beauty on the other. A cool green light sifts softly through the interlacing branches, a delicate fragrance of ferns and woody plants and flowers pervades the air that breathes over us as we bowl along. Ah, to linger in these sylvan woods with the friends of our choosing, to dream, to utter our soul secrets, and bare our hearts as we never can in the glare of a work-a-day world! What is the charm of Nature that so wins our confidence when Humanity fails?—our loving mother Nature, to whom we refuse no secret, on whose bosom we yearn to lay our heads when weary of the strain and stress of living.

On we go, pausing a moment by a cool and shaded spring, following roads little traversed by visitors to the beach, over marshes bridged or crossed by sandy highways, through thickets of spruce, hemlock, alder, elder, willow, crab-apple, wild rose, and spirea, emerging now and then on little plains, grass-covered and sheltered round by dense groves of spruce, where the air is sunny, yet soft and cool. And so home.

It is this amplitude of choice in a day's pleasures which constitutes the popularity of Ilwaco Beach. A trip to Sealand or Shoalwater Bay, by rail, or a drive along the shore of that beautiful sheet of inland water, to reach which you must take a delightful route through a forest rank with the growth of centuries, and which leads you, if you choose, to that novelty,—a cranberry farm. And speaking of edibles, the oyster of Shoalwater Bay, fresh from its native bed, is the most delicious morsel to be found anywhere,—small, delicate, dainty, delectable.

Boarding houses and private cottages, with some quite capacious mansions owned by Portland people that come

here to summer, make this beach populous from the Cape to Sealand several months of the year. In addition to those features of the peninsula which make it a comfortable residence at any time, it offers, as does Clatsop, the attractions of good fishing and hunting in the vicinity. Porgies and rock-cod are taken in the salt water, and brook and salmon trout in the small rivers debouching into Shoalwater Bay, while elk and bear furnish

lumbia. South of these, on the Oregon coast, are several points where the inhabitants of the Wallamet Valley repair for an outing during the warm weather, namely, Tillamook Bay, Nestucca and Salmon Rivers, Yaquina Bay, and Siletz River. Of these, Nestucca and Yaquina are the principal resorts. The latter, a seaport of some consequence since the advent of a transcontinental railroad and steamship lines, takes the lead. The



Photo by Cherrington, Salem

CAMP ON THE NESTUCCA.

good sport for huntsmen on the headwaters of these streams. In the late autumn months ducks, geese, and snipe, resort in great numbers to the marshes about the bay. Deer are no longer numerous, but are occasionally taken away from the vicinity of the settlements, while pigeons and other game birds are plentiful in their seasons.

These are some of the most prominent characteristics of the coast country and seaside resorts near the mouth of the Co-

initial point of the railroad is at Yaquina City, four miles inside the bay, but Newport is the watering place. It is a pleasant little town, on a plateau elevated some distance above the beach. A comfortable steamer plies between the two towns, and a roomy hotel crowns the cliff at Newport. The name Yaquina is said to signify "smoky water," and was given to the bay several generations ago by the Indians who were witnesses of a great forest fire, which denuded the



NESTUCCA BEACH. PROPOSAL ROCK IN THE DISTANCE.

coast mountains for miles, and which for weeks darkened the sky with smoke and embers. The country is covered with a second growth of shrubby timber, that in contrast with the original forest, gives it an appearance of baldness.

The general direction of the bay is east and west, Newport being on the north shore. There is a hotel also on the south shore, and visitors are divided between North Beach and South Beach. The jetty which the government has constructed at Yaquina is on the south side, and on it lies the wreck of the steamer *Yaquina*, carried there by the force of the wind in the winter of 1889. There is a good deal of picturesque coast scenery in the neighborhood of Newport. At Brasfield's, ten miles below, we see seal rocks, natural bridges, and towering cliffs. There is a lighthouse at the entrance to Yaquina Bay, and another with a first-class light on Cape Foulweather which is visible from here. Fishing is good at this point, and the central valley towns are supplied from Yaquina. But the beach is not interesting, the "sea agate" alone is an object of search on the sands. This rare "agate" is a small clam petrified into a pellucid stone that holds a little water in its center, visible to the eye and audible to the ear.

As curios they are much sought after, and command a good price. The rock oyster, a soft-shelled variety of the genus *Ostrea*, is found in the rocks of this part of the coast, and always exercises the intellect of visitors with presenting the problem of how it got there. Let the naturalist come forward and explain that "hard sum," — also how it enlarges its stony cell as it grows.

North of Yaquina is the Siletz Indian Reservation, extending about thirty miles along the coast, and eastward to the summit of the Coast Range, with a small reserve known as the Grand Rond, just over the mountains. These reservations hold the remaining representatives of these warlike tribes, whose hostility to white men made Southern Oregon a battlefield from 1851 to 1856. Their characteristics may be studied in a modified form by summer visitors at Yaquina, who desire a lesson in evolution and heredity.

Camping parties find the coast of Nestucca more attractive than at Yaquina. The bay at this place is only a small inlet at the mouth of the Nestucca and Nestachee rivers; but there is a grand forest here and many fine coast views. The most prominent local object is an immense rock standing in the

dge of the ocean, and only connected with the shore by other submerged rocks, which at times are bare and afford a pathway to the promontory,—known as Proposal Rock an appellation slightly more novel and cheerful than the oft-repeated and tragic Lover's Leap.

The interest attached to this rock lies in the fact that it has apparently been moved from its original situation. It is a problem for the study of cataclysms. Extending out into the sea for some distance beyond Proposal Rock, is a submerged forest, the trees still standing erect. But it is on shore that the story of a gigantic land-slide is most easily and plainly written and recorded. Extending back from the sea for a mile is a tract of land worthy to be made a show place by the government. Large trees are standing on naked roots which must have once clasped fallen timber of enormous diameter, pieces of which are still remaining in their embrace. A horseman could ride under them, or a party could make a camp beneath them. They began to grow generations past on the

rotting trunks of trees which must have rivaled the sequoias of California, and which had been thrown down at one time. As the giants decayed and soil formed upon them, these later trees sprung up in that soil, sending their roots down the sides of the prostrate trunks and finally into the earth, growing stronger from year to year until that on which they had first fed had turned to dust, leaving them supported as upon many curiously curved legs. The present effect is one of great beauty, wild vines garlanding these roots with a grace no art could imitate, and mosses wrapping them in sheaths of velvety softness and many hues, which the moist atmosphere of the coast constantly feeds.

Salmon River, Alseya Bay, Siuslaw River, Umpqua River, Coos Bay, Coquille River, Port Orford, and several smaller inlets, have attractive features, which in time will make them better known to tourists and pleasure-seekers. Meanwhile there is room for all who come, and sport as well as space.

Frances Fuller Victor.



AFTER THE FIRE.

III.

SHE did not seem to remember it, however. The next Saturday, though he did not bring the Indian boys' ears, as she half hoped, and wholly feared, he would, he did bring a large cage, in which was an aggressive green parrot in a furious temper over its long horseback ride from Crescent City, where he had purchased it from a sailor.

Peter, for such was his name, soon found a warm place in Bessie's affections, but she could never induce him to leave off a bad habit of swearing. He connected that manner of expression with Mason's presence alone, and evidently had an unforgiving heart under his brilliant feathers.

Life and time slipped quickly by in the uneventful monotony of the little village, interested only in its own small affairs, and cut off from the whirl of the outside world. The next two years came and went by Humphrey Mason, with nothing consciously to mark them in his memory except the changes in the weather. These materially affected his comfort and safety during the long rides through beating winter rain and wind, which at times forced him to pause until their fury was spent.

Several times during the second winter the southwest wind grew to a hurricane, against which no man could stand upright, but must crawl on hands and knees to shelter. It snatched the combing tops of great breakers, and dashed them over the town until the cisterns were filled with salty water unfit for use. The whole harbor was one roaring mass of surge, that broke against the cliffs until they trembled, and slid into the devouring element with a noise like the clashing together of runaway worlds.

The sea birds were driven ashore in multitudes, exhausted and bruised, the terrified cries adding much to the horror of the war of sound. The timber and roofs of the vacant buildings were tossed about like toothpicks, to the terror and danger of the dwellers in them, others, who barricaded their doors and put out their fires, expecting with every fresh blast to hear their own roofs par and leave them shelterless.

The beautiful forest back of the town was almost destroyed, the centuries-old trees being torn down as a scythe cut off the weeds by the roadside. One standing a little exposed would first yield to the mighty force, and lose its foothold in the rain-soaked earth, striking as it fell another,— that one another and so on, until several could be seen going down at once. The appearance of their tattered and broken ranks standing amid the ruin of their fallen comrades was a desolate thing to see; and a terrible labor it was for a horse and rider to fight a way through that tangled mass of fallen trunks.

It was late in the second winter, just after the last and worst wind-storm, that our hero was obliged to leave his horse some miles distant in the timber and carry saddle and mailbag on his shoulders through the tempest, which was spending its forces in occasional fierce blasts, that obliged him to lie flat and hold to the bushes or dodge flying fragments from the writhing branches overhead. It was late at night when at last, tired and muddy, indeed, he reached the fort-house, after delivering the scanty mail to Uncle Sam's sleep agent.

He opened the door of a long, low room at the end of the house, where he entered boldly to remove his heavy

stained oilskins before going to his room. He shut the door behind him, and taking off the top-coat, tossed it into a corner in the darkness. To his surprise a startled rustling came from that corner, and a hissing sound that seemed to repeat itself all about him.

He hastily felt in his inner pockets, with his fingers numb with wet and cold, for matches. Striking one, he looked about with eyes half blinded by the sudden glare that flickered only an instant and went out, but he dimly saw a tall, pale shape, with wide, waving arms outstretched. It repeated the hissing, and a sharp sound like the snapping of a pistol made him start. Dropping the matches he called out quickly, "Who's there? What in the dickens are you up to?"

No answer.

He felt about on the floor for the lost matches, and came in contact with some odd thing that moved away; and again came that sharp snap, so close to his ear this time that he recoiled promptly and tumbled over a heavy body that struck him sharply behind the knees.

"Hello!" he shouted, and then the connecting door opened, and the light on the lamp Bessie held revealed Humphrey seated helplessly upon the floor, and all about him were standing solemn gray pelicans, who, as the light flashed upon them, lifted their wide wings and snapped their heavy mandibles together in a threatening manner.

He looked at them in silence a moment after he got on his feet, and under his breath mentioned the name of a race that modern theology has decided does not exist. Bessie leaned against the door in helpless laughter, in which she could not but join.

"Here," he said, "I am after all sorts of hard times and narrow escapes, to be spared to death and nearly eaten up by these blamed things. Where in the name of Davy Jones did you find so

many of them? That old rooster there on the bench is the most uncanny beast I ever saw."

Bessie told him, between her spasms of laughter, that they had been driven inland by the wind, and had taken refuge on the sheltered side of the house, where they sat helpless and exhausted. She had felt so sorry for their forlorn state that she had driven them through the door into the unused room, where they had stood in grotesque dignity for the past two days.

"I suppose you will fatten them with the hens."

"No, indeed, they will be glad to go back to fishing when the wind goes down."

"They must be nearly as hungry as I am now," said Humphrey, as he divested himself of the rest of his superfluous clothing, while Bessie held the light. "I could eat one of them easily."

"Well, go wash your face, and you shall have something to eat."

He performed a hasty toilet, and brushed his hair before the little glass in the living-room that answered for the entire family.

"There, do I look better?" said he, turning his weather-reddened face, which was shadowed by the dark promise of a beard, toward her.

Bessie's appearance and manner baffled him sometimes, and he found it difficult to be perfectly at ease with her alone. She had rounded out into such a tiny and complete womanhood so soon, her red lips curved into such subtle and teasing smiles, that his own efforts in that kind of amusement were apt to seem profitless and stale. Now she regarded him critically.

"You are yet pale from your fright at the pelicans,—the poor dears,—but you will feel better when you have some coffee, and can tell me about your trip. It must have been very hard this week."

"Don't you think I am a 'poor dear,' too?"

"Yes, I think you would make a *very* poor dear, even if you were a pelican."

While Humphrey ate his supper, he related the incidents of his journey to Bessie, who interrupted him with occasional soft bursts of laughter that nettled him a little. He was tired, and he was not intending to be funny; he could not see why she should laugh. The truth of the matter was that Bessie had been getting nervous as she read alone by the fire, waiting for him to come,—the Riordans parental had gone to bed some hours before,—and her laughter was in a great measure only the expression of her relieved feeling.

When he grew red and silent, she said, apparently to the dishes in the little cupboard, "O, he was *so ridiculous* on the floor among the pelicans! It was worth sitting up to see." Then turning to him, she continued, "Truly, I am sorry you have had such a bad time. And poor Billy there in the timber without any supper! Will you take some one and get him out the first thing in the morning?"

"Yes, Joe Austin and Jim Barker will go with me: we will take axes and cut a way for him to get out. He can climb, I tell you, that horse; he walked fifty feet after me on a fallen log today."

"If that Joe Austin is going, I hope you will make him carry Billy's breakfast and all the axes, and make him do all the disagreeable work too?"

"Why?"

"Because he is a pig."

"You don't seem to like Joe?"

"No, he is the hatefulest —"

She paused, and a bright color flamed under the pale skin.

"Why, what has he been doing?"

"I—he came up here to dig those post holes, and would come in for water every few minutes. I just hate him! That is all."

This was given with a young girl's emphasis, but no questioning brought any further reason for her expression;

and as her listener turned over in her mind the character of the man in question, he thought that she might have reason for disliking him in the natural instincts of her womanliness. All women would dislike Joe, he fancied, simply because they could n't help it. But speculations of all kinds were soon lost in slumber for tired Humphrey, who must waken early in the morning.

After a hasty breakfast he started with the others to rescue his faithful horse, who was impatiently waiting for his coming in the still falling rain. It was not until their labors were completed and they were returning that Joe began on the favorite topic of his own irresistible charm for all womankind, but remarking to Humphrey that *he* did not know how to make the most of his opportunities.

"There you are," said he, "a lovely blonde young beauty, and the only one in sight of that plump little girl of Riordan's, and you don't know how to make yourself agreeable to the feminine heart. Now, if you would take some lessons from me, I warrant she would be in love with you in a week."

"When I want to make an infernal ass of myself, I will take lessons of you. Why don't you try your own charms there? The curves of your legs would take her fancy, and her eye would dwell in joy on your fine, large ears, though they are yet too small for your real character."

But the unwarned boaster continued "I did n't need to try my charms; they are evident enough: and it was a sweet word she whispered in that same large ear that's next to you, my boy. Her red mouth is as sweet as it looks,"—with a leer intended to look knowing.

A swift recollection of Bessie's words of the night before came to Humphrey and with them a knowledge of how the man could and did annoy her. A vain boaster, from whom he had heard countless lies about every woman he knew

ut they had not stayed in his mind an instant. He had had a gentle mother, and possessed more natural refinement than she had inherited than most men of his class are capable of, and at all times his man's manner of speaking of women had disgusted him. Just now he saw Bessie in his mind, with her innocent clear eyes, her tender heart, her pale, wild-flower face, and the smile on her lips. The idea that this coarse brute should say that he had touched the humiliated Humphrey with a swift and overwhelming anger, to which he was seldom moved by anything; but when roused he was apt to be sudden and fierce, ruling the strong young frame, and striking terror into the hearts of those who had offended.

He flung himself off his horse, and snatched Joe's ax away, flinging it into the brush, and squaring the man about so suddenly that his habitual exaggerated erectness was but limp surprise.

"Now," said he, "you are going to take back that lie, and take a whipping besides for annoying that little girl. Say you lied, you miserable forked lizard! I'll punch you if you don't," and he shook the protesting little gallant until he was breathless.

"O, I say!" he gasped, "can't you take a joke? I just wanted to see how you felt about it."

"You'll find out. What did you say to her last week while you were there? You wriggling little reptile!"

"None of your business. I said what I pleased."

"I have no doubt you did. But it did n't please her, and it does n't please me."

Joe struggled, and swore an assorted volley of oaths, while his angry assailant slapped him about.

"Do you take back everything you said?" inquired Humphrey, holding him up by the collar.

"I said it was a joke."

"Say it was a *lie*."

"Yes," gasped the shaken one.

"Well said. Now if I ever hear you mention her name again in any of your fool talk, I'll give you some more of this." And he dropped Joe in the muddy road, and strode ahead after Billy, with his anger still seething within him.

The fact that he had beaten the too talkative Joe was nearly as much of a surprise to him as it was to that unworthy himself, as he limped along behind, and poured his profane lamentations into the unsympathetic ears of Jim Barker, who felt that such a course of treatment had long been needed by Joe, but had prudently refrained from taking the responsibility of administering it upon himself.

Mason could hardly tell why he had been so angry; he had heard Joe say worse things about other girls, and they had passed out of his mind as quickly as they entered. But now his temper had gotten so far ahead of him that he felt ugly all day, saying very little to any one, and even answering some question of Bessie's in as few words as possible, though he was thinking of her most of the time, and comparing her with other young girls — all more or less flirtatiously inclined — whom he met every week on his regular route.

He was a handsome young fellow, and those other girls did not hesitate to let him know that they thought so. He wondered what Bessie thought of him. She always made shy fun at his expense, and that little ready smile of hers did not say anything he could understand. Just then she spoke to him, and the puzzling smile appeared when his answer was so inapt and brief. He felt as if she had detected his mental question. He hoped she would not hear why he had whipped Joe.

IV.

The habit of comparison he then formed continued, and the results, it

seemed to him, were all in Bessie's favor. Her manner to him was so child-like and open that he was never even tempted to waken her coquetry by any of the compliments with which he was ready enough to other girls.

Things remained in this quiescent state until Peter, the parrot, had been a member of the Riordan family for two years, during which they had moved out into the timber clearing at the end of the mill road. There the making of butter and the tending of fowls occupied much of Bessie's time. Mason had taken up his abode with another household in Port Orford, but spent part of his Sundays out on the little farm, where they were always glad to see him. Bessie said so, with the same clear, unconscious look. He was picturing just how that look would be one afternoon in the late summer, while he was allowing his horse to choose his deliberate footsteps in that direction. He had not said to himself that he wished to woo Bessie, but the feeling was potential, and liable to sudden development by an unexpected impulse, as his anger was. Just now he was feeling an emotion not as yet deep, and so new to his experience that he did not recognize it as jealousy. It had been roused by a chance remark that would not be forgotten, as he moved slowly through the heat that quivered over the dry brown needles of the hundreds of fallen tree-trunks, which stored it in their resinous depths, to emerge heavy with pungent, slumberous odor. Tall tiger lilies bloomed in the dusky shade, or flared into and blended with the curious light from the great red sphere that hung in the sky. Only an occasional echoing rattle from a woodpecker's bill broke the silence brooded over by that great copper-colored light in which all inanimate things seemed to feel and obey an improper command to hush, to listen for an unknown something that was coming. So intense and real was this feeling that Humphrey

started when a bluejay that had been eating the clear red berries from a delicate plant in the shadow of a bridge flew or from under Billy's hoofs and screamed discordantly on a branch above. He observed that it looked bright purple in the unearthly light.

The thick smoke that had hung over the sky for the past two weeks seemed closer and more oppressive as he advanced. Many miles of timber were burning in the interior, and as he neared the clearing he saw fine ashes deposited on the leaves everywhere: he could see them falling through the motionless air by looking up. Each tiny surface caught the red glare of the sunlight, and presented the appearance of a shower of fire.

A sudden idea of what a terrible thing a fire would be among all those dead trees came to him, but was forgotten when he saw Bessie seated on the little piazza, and near her a figure who was waving a wide straw hat before her face and his own at intervals. This person rose as Humphrey approached, and greeted him cordially, but seated himself by Bessie's side again, much as if he had a right there.

Charley Lorillard was well enough in his way, but it irritated the other man to see his little gallantries. He acted toward Bessie as if he were an old and trusted friend of hers,—quite confidential, in fact. How long had he been coming there and fanning her with his hat? the other reflected, as he led Billy to the brook for the drink he begged for.

When he returned, Charley was preparing to take his departure. It seemed that he had taken dinner there and enjoyed himself immensely, to judge from his manner. He was going home to drive his stock out of the woods pasture; he was afraid of the fire; with the wind in the direction it was, there was no telling how soon it might reach them.

"There is no wind," said Mason.

"You better think there is wind where that fire is! Look at your hat."

It was powdered thick with ashes like fine salt.

When Charley had disappeared, Bessie turned to Humphrey, who stood above her on the piazza, his hat still in his hand, and his face flushed with the heat.

"The air feels cooked, does n't it? Let us sit here; I can breathe better than in the house."

He obeyed silently; then turned to her and said abruptly:—

"What is Charley Lorillard coming here for, I should like to know?"

"That is just what he asked about you when you went to water Billy," was the unexpected reply.

"He did, did he? We must be here on the same errand then. What did you tell him I came here for?"

Now if Mason had failed in awakening Bessie's coquetry, Charley had succeeded in doing so by a continued fusillade of small compliments and meaningless gallantries, as foreign to Humphrey's straightforwardness as a linnets song would be to an eagle.

"You said —" began Bessie. "I told him that I thought you came to talk to Peter, and reason with him about his unreasonable dislike for you. Do you know that he will yet swear if I talk to him about you?"

"Who, Charley?"

"No, *Peter*."

"So you talk to Peter about me; and what do you say to him on that subject?"

"Peter is over there in the corner; you might ask him about it. But warn you that he is in a bad temper."

"So am I. If he told me anything unpleasant that you said of me I might wring his neck."

"If you are in a bad temper, perhaps I had better keep quiet too."

"Bessie —" and his voice took a different tone. She turned toward him and in the pause that followed the in-

scrutable smile curved up the red lips again.

"Do you remember the night after the swallows were killed, when you hid in the cave?"

"I remember the day the swallows were killed indeed, and I also remember that you promised to bring me the ears of the little wretches who did it. You did n't, though."

"I am going to bring you Charley Lorillard's ears the next time I come, I promise you."

"I think very likely he will bring them himself, so you need not take the trouble. I don't want his ears, anyway. I did want the others. However, I forgave you because you brought Peter."

Peter, hearing his name, muttered to himself sleepily. Bessie brought him out, and opened the cage door. "There, my cherub all in green, come out if you like, but beware of this man; he is bloodthirsty and dangerous."

They watched Peter's deliberate exit and his slow climb to the top of his cage in silence. During the time Bessie slyly noted the outlines of Mason's face, the curly hair, the strong brows, and thick eyelashes. She seemed to see him in a new light today, she thought, —and then the bright eyes suddenly lifted, and she turned her confusion quickly, woman-like, by speaking to the bird. "Peter, say something to me. You have not spoken all day. Say something pleasant; it will be a change for me."

"Was n't Charley pleasant?"

"Do you think you are?" she retorted.

What was the matter with her, he thought; she had never talked so, nor looked so before. He, too, found refuge in Peter. "What does Bessie tell you about me, Peter, old boy?"

Thus addressed, the bird turned one yellow eye on Bessie, and then the other, as if in an effort to remember. "Sweetheart!" he murmured doubtful-

ly, then more fondly, in a curious imitation of her voice.

Mason turned around with a look of triumph. "Oh, you need n't think he means *you*; it was my question he answered," she said quickly.

"I wish I could ask you a question that you would answer that way, you dear little girl!"

"Sweetheart!" exclaimed Peter with emphasis.

The four young eyes met over Peter's cage, and as the color went down from Mason's brown cheek it seemed to rise in hers, as if the same heart had sent it. She could not avoid his look, nor speak, though her lips moved in the effort.

Humphrey suddenly seemed to realize some unspeakably precious thing whose existence was before unknown. "Bessie, Bessie, I love you," came the words, before he had thought them even.

Still she did not speak, and Mr. Riordan came around the house, and seeing Humphrey came to greet him, and begin a talk that promised to last indefinitely.

Bessie slipped away, but came back after a time with her mother, who assisted actively in the conversation, while Bessie sat on the low step, where Humphrey could see only the curve of her cheek. She did not look at him until, after getting all the small gossip that Mason had to give, the elder woman said suddenly.

"Well, I hear that you are going to housekeeping before long?"

"Yes?" he answered in surprise. "Well, I hope to some day. I don't know how soon, though."

He met Bessie's eyes, and they were full of scorn and anger. What did it mean?

"I have n't seen Annie Drew for some years, but she was a very pretty little girl then," continued Mrs. Riordan. "I suppose we won't see much more of you, when you arrange to spend your Sundays in Ellensburg."

"What has Annie Drew and Ellensburg to do with the matter?"

"Why, we have heard from several people lately that you were to marry Annie Drew and live with the Drews in Ellensburg."

"Nonsense. I am going to do nothing of the kind! I am looking forward to something quite different. I will tell you about it the first thing, if it goes as I hope it will."

Bessie got up and went away with a cold, hard look on her face, and he did not see her again until he was ready to go. Then he found her at the back of the house, and would have taken her hands, but she drew back.

"Bessie, do you care for me? You certainly did not believe that story about Annie Drew."

"I don't know why I should not believe it. I suppose it amuses you to make love to different girls."

"I don't do it. I never made love to but one, and not much of that yet."

"You are mistaken, Mr. Mason, if you think I will accept your love-making after you have been saying the same things — and far more — to others."

"Bessie, who told you all this stuff?"

"I have heard it from different ones as coming from Annie Drew herself."

"No!"

"She did not deny that she was engaged, when Auntie Brown asked her about it after she *saw you* kiss her one night while in Ellensburg. Joe Austin said that she *told him* that she was going to marry you."

"O, he lied," cried Humphrey, in a great rage. "I will make him swallow it tomorrow!"

"I know Auntie did n't, for she *saw you*," retorted Bessie, ominously quiet.

"Bessie, I swear I am *not* going to marry Annie. I never dreamed of falling in love with her."

"What did you mean, then, by what Auntie saw in the hotel hall in Ellensburg?"

Humphrey was in a corner. Mrs. Brown *had* seen him kiss the noisy hoyden, who was always attracting his attention when he was within hearing. He remembered the incident as a perfectly harmless one in itself. But how he was to make Bessie see it so was a difficult thing to undertake, coupled with Annie's evidently deliberate misrepresentation of his very free compliments to her florid good looks.

So he made a fatal pause, and then said helplessly: "How can I make you understand? There was really nothing at all in that."

"Well, you can tell Annie Drew that there is really nothing at all in *this*, either,—and tell her the truth. Good-night."

And she was gone into the house so quickly that he had no further time for any appeal.

V.

HE FOUND his way to Billy through the early darkness, and started home without a farewell word to the others, so furious that he galloped through the murky night at a pace that soon covered his horse with foam, and made his own head throb with the exercise, and the heavy heat that grew more oppressive in the timber. It was absolutely dark there, to human eyes. No ray from a star, no reflection from a cloud, only the thick blackness, and the pungent scent of smoke.

Billy shied violently soon after they reached the sawdust road, and Humphrey thought of a panther as he heard the crisp dry rustle of the leaves behind. Billy grew almost unmanageable, snorting, looking back, and plunging. His rider turned him for a moment and fired his revolver into the darkness. By its flash he saw a dark shape in the yellow road, which sprang aside with a thud of soft feet, as he caught a gleam of shining eyes. Then he knew it was a pan-

ther, driven in by the fire from the mountains, and his interest in getting home equaled Billy's, neither knowing but that those stealthy feet would bury their sharp claws in their backs before they could get out of the woods. But nothing further was heard of the great cat in the short time they were scampering home.

After the horse had been cared for, Humphrey walked home, and the storm of his mingled emotions came up within him again. The strength of his love for Bessie was a surprise to him, just as his occasional fits of anger were; but this emotion had stirred up depths that his anger had never reached. He felt that it had been with him from the beginning, and only just now a door had been opened, and he had been shown himself.

With the trivial thing that had come between them he was filled with anger and a sense of impotence. He believed he could have explained it if Bessie had not been so angry. He would prove it was not true, if he had to make Annie write and say so. That however would be the last resource, for he had been a fool, and said many things to her that he felt slightly ashamed of when he tried to remember them.

When he turned on the door-step and looked again into the night, a sudden stab of fear went through him, as he saw the dull glow low in the northern sky. What if the fire should unexpectedly reach them out there in the narrow clearing? Surrounded as they were by fallen timber, they would surely be suffocated. He felt that he must go back with an urgent warning, but being assured by people who lived far up the coast where they could note its progress that the fire was confined to the mountains and yet at a safe distance, he was less anxious, though he rose and watched that angry light several times before morning.

Then Humphrey did a thing which

was wise in itself, but which an older man would have hesitated over, and any man with anything in his motives to conceal would not have done. He went to "Auntie" Brown, and while that matron was getting an early breakfast, and her gossip-loving husband in the barn, he walked into the kitchen and in a few bold words explained the whole of his trouble and its complications, concluding:—

"Mrs. Brown, I have done nothing nor made any misrepresentations. I was a fool to be sure when I was kissing Nan Drew,—and was by no means the first fool who did it, as you must know. Nan's a good enough girl in her way, but a silly thing. I never thought of marrying her, nor said so to any one. I cannot explain the affair to Bessie; she won't hear me, and I don't see how I could, anyway. Girls *are* queer; still, I don't know that I can blame her so much; I suppose I should n't have liked it if the story had been from the other side. But I would have believed her, if she had told me anything I might have heard of her was not true."

"I don't know whether you would or not," said worldly-wise Mrs. Brown. "You would be different from most men if you did. I believe you are honest in what you say," she continued, "and my advice is for you to be as frank with Bessie as you have been with me. I can't say that you won't have any trouble, but I will say a good word for you when I can."

She gave him a merry smile and a cheery goodbye when he rode away. That somewhat lightened his heart, but it was with many a backward glance that he watched the vast sea of hoary smoke where from the mountain beyond he could see its great extent.

Every day of the next six was full of the thought of Bessie, and he burned with impatience to get back. Annie Drew he ignored entirely, and even refused to go to a dance at Ellensburg the

night he stayed there, which was a most unprecedented action on his part. His impatience grew greater during the last two days, and if he had known what was going on at the Riordans' and at Port Orford, his anxiety would have been greatly enhanced.

The air had grown hotter and the smoke more dense rapidly after that eventful Sunday; but still on Tuesday afternoon the most of the Port Orford people were sure there would be no danger for them. A great political meeting was to be held at Ellensburg the next day, and a large number of the men were going down to attend. The timid women of the household did not like to be left alone with the possibility of danger, but the men made fun of their fears and went anyhow.

Those left soon began to feel the need of some precaution, for that night the sky was lit with a broad glare until morning, and occasional bits of burning twigs would sail over our heads and out to sea. Daylight showed ashes covering everything like a fall of snow, mingled with myriads of blackened leaves and bits of wood. Lights in the houses had been necessary for several days, for the sun was but a dull red stain creeping across the copper sky, and giving an indescribable feeling of depression and menace. No cry of sea-birds on the sands, nor murmur of insect life in the air. The swallows and all other land-birds were silent,—gone.

VI.

FROM the heads above the town flames could be seen, and early in the afternoon a strong wind from inland sprang suddenly out of the vast silence, whirling bits of fire with a deluge of cinders and ashes high overhead. They grew thicker fast, and soon were falling everywhere, as the wind grew stronger, whirling about in sweeping gusts, carrying dust, loose trash, and burning fragments

in a wild dance over the doomed town. The wind would sometimes part the great curtain of smoke, and the fire could be seen coming close now, leaping like some living thing, licking up the dry leaves and dead trees, springing up the resinous trunks of those yet standing. In the great heat they seemed to catch fire all over at once, and flare up into the thick air like great torches.

Grass and dry weeds in the fence corners caught and burned quickly. The wreckage from the houses blown down the previous winter soon caught, and added to the great heat that now seemed almost intolerable. Foxes, coons, and rabbits, ran about distractedly among the hurrying people as if seeking from them some relief.

A small party of Chinamen were camped a mile or two below town, where they were black sand mining. They quit their camp, which was, from its location with the direction of the wind, entirely out of danger, and came to help those who needed it. With their aid some bedding and such valuables as could be hastily gotten together from the burning houses were carried to the wet sand of the shore, where the most of the women followed, and with their household stuff were covered with wet blankets from the rain of falling fire. Their shelter was soon shared by timid wild things. One woman found a litter of wild rabbits nestled close to the pet cat she was holding in her lap. Though the wind was shut off by the bluff, the heat there was increased by the burning piles of bleached driftwood, reflecting the heat and color from the yellow cliffs above until the breaking seas looked crimson as blood.

When the empty hotel caught, the wind carried the broad sheet of the flame across the street, and flicked it over the edge of the bluff in derision at the crouching and nearly suffocated people below. That center of heat seemed to form a great whirlpool of

fire in which ashes, burning timbers and torrents of flame, went whirling around with unimaginable velocity and uproar. The few men left in town were struggling as best they could to save something more, but at this point they were obliged to hold on to a fence post or throw themselves flat on the ground, while everything combustible in reach of the mad whirl was soon reduced to ashes.

When at last it died down for lack of further fuel, it was found there was but one house left. It stood by itself, and the owner had nailed wet blankets to the roof as soon as the sparks began to fall, and had managed to wet them a time or two after. With strength and courage born of the danger, he and his wife had saved the house of five rooms that contained the postoffice and village store, and in them that night were sheltered all the homeless ones.

The last to arrive, late at night, was a little old lady who lived on the heads. That day she had been entirely alone, and no one could get to her while the danger was greatest, because of the burning trees that fell between. But she had carried buckets of water up a shaky ladder, and climbed about over the roof, extinguishing the burning shingles, and squeezing out with her hands the flames that would start from her fluttering skirts. Fortunately for her the struggle had not lasted long, and she had saved her house. But her clothes were burned through to the skin, and she was speechless when at last some one came to look for her. It was many days before she could speak, and tell of her struggles during those few hours. All who fought the fire that terrible day, and breathed the flaming, smoke-thickened air, lost for a time the power to speak above a whisper.

Into this fire-blackened scene of desolation the astonished politicians returned the next day. Tents were put up, and lumber sent for to Coos Bay im-

mediately, so the people were beginning to recover themselves a little when Humphrey returned on Saturday evening. His first breathless inquiry was for the Riordans.

No one had been able yet to reach them. The sawdust road was still afire, and could not be gone over, even on foot. Jim Barker had tried it that day, and found the long bridge cañon still impassable, on account of the great tree trunks still burning in it. Humphrey was half wild with anxiety, which was shared by Mrs. Brown. He walked out for a little distance, but was obliged to return after suddenly sinking into a cavity of hot ashes and fire, which was caused by the burning of the tree-roots.

He determined to get there the next day, if such a thing were possible, and started early with thick boots on his feet, and carrying a long, stout stick or pole, with which he cautiously felt his treacherous path. It was a trip full of danger, fatigue, and anxiety. Little gusts of hot wind would whirl the dry ashes and smoke into his face, until he would be blinded for a time. Great tree trunks lay smouldering across the path, to be gone around cautiously, where every step held a possibility of sinking into a subterranean furnace, where the resinous roots were burning with fierce though stifled heat.

He found all the bridges burned, of course, and with no little trouble made his way over the streams. The long bridge had spanned the deepest and steepest ravine; the only place it could be crossed within two miles was where the stream formed a deep pool. How he was to get across this place was puzzling him from the beginning of his task; but when he came in sight of it he saw that one of the great girders still stood, blackened and roughened by the protruding spikes with which the flooring planks had been secured, but not divided. He tried it cautiously, and then crossed on the narrow way, his

sailor practice doing him good service.

Beyond this, and near the little clearing he so longed to reach, another great tree lay across the path, one end over the ravine and the other in a thicket of upturned roots. Everywhere a crossing seemed impossible, and after several thwarted efforts he decided to use the pole he carried, and vault over at the narrowest point, taking his chances about landing in a comfortable place on the other side. He got over easily, but dropped in a pile of ashes that flew up and blinded him. In his efforts to get quickly away from the fire he could sharply feel through his boots, he stumbled and fell a little beyond, bruising himself and burning his hands, arms, and face, painfully before he could see to reach a safer place. At last he saw the brook that ran about the little clearing; he dashed the water over his burning face and smarting eyes before hurrying up the bank to see—nothing.

Not a sign of life nor human habitation anywhere, only the little plain, brown and bare, except for the few blackened timbers where the house and stable had been, and the cooking stove that stood out by itself. Beyond was the gray and black fringe of the burned timber,—desolate, silent. It seemed to him for a moment that the whole world was in mourning. Near the ashes of the stable was the carcass of a cow. The sight of it made him suddenly sick. What would he find next?

He tried to shout, but no sound came from his parched throat. His eyes yet smarted, and he was seeing everything blurred; he rubbed them, and again tried to shout, this time with better success. He listened with bated breath for some answer. There was a long pause, and then a high, sharp voice close by, said with disinterested precision:

“Go to the devil—devil—devil!”

He looked around, and saw Peter's green plumage on a stump, and greeted him with intense relief, knowing that

the others must be there somewhere.

"Hello, Peter! where are the rest of your family?"

"Peter dear? Sweetheart? Go to the devil!" was the unsatisfactory reply. But Humphrey soon found a path leading down to the brookside, on the other side of the clearing, where he almost stumbled into the arms of Mr. Riordan, who had heard his voice and started to see who was there. His hearty grasp of the blistered hands made their owner wince, though the answer to his hasty question was that they were all safe.

On some bedding in a sheltered hollow in the bank lay Mrs. Riordan, and Bessie was fanning her. She had been prostrated with the heat and the fright, but was greatly cheered by Humphrey's coming. Bessie, too, came forward and greeted him gladly, not seeming to remember that she had parted from him in anger a week before.

She noticed immediately that something was the matter, and he had to admit with reluctance that he had ashes in his eyes, and was burned some. Mr. Riordan's eyes were also greatly inflamed by his recent experiences, and he had noticed nothing. But Bessie was all sympathy when, after she had brought a basin and towel to remove the black, she could see the great blisters on his hands and arms where the shirt sleeve had been burned through. She helped him wrap them up in oiled cloths, with a pity that was almost tenderness. He could only say earnest words of commonplace thanks in return, for both the elder Riordans were talking to him at once.

With rapid question and answer he was soon told how, when they had known some time before the fire reached them that it must inevitably come, they had removed all their small belongings to this shelter by the stream, and covered them with wet blankets. The horse was tied to a snag in the stream when the fire reached them, and he was

saved; but the cow, poor bewildered thing, suffocated in the midst of her wild struggles and fright. The heat had been terrible for a long time, for there had been but little wind to hurry the fire on. Bessie and Mr. Riordan would emerge from under their blankets at intervals, and throw water over them again, not forgetting to treat the trembling and wild-eyed horse in the same way, as he stood to his knees in the brook. Sometimes burning cinders would fall upon him, and for a moment stick and burn; then he would give the fearful cry of agony and terror that once heard is not forgotten.

"Yes," said Mrs. Riordan, "we are all saved but the cow; even Peter and the cat. Peter has done nothing but sit on a stump and swear since, but the cat has been catching all the confiding little squirrels and wood creatures that shared our shelter. I am provoked with him."

VII.

BESSIE and Mr. Riordan prepared a meal over a campfire presently, the former spreading a cloth over a table and setting the plates, "quite as if they had not been burned out at all," Humphrey said. He took an early opportunity of asking her—very close at hand indeed—if she did not think his eyes looked better. She glanced critically at them, and said she thought they did, but impartially added, as she moved to put something straight at the other side of the table, that "they lacked a good deal of looking handsome yet."

"They can yet reflect something handsome, you would see if you would look closer."

"You must have had a good deal of experience in making pretty speeches lately."

"I have come a hard journey to see you today, Bessie, and I think you might give me a kind word."

"I will give you some hot coffee, and

that will do you much more good," said the practical Bessie; and he did find it comforting in a degree, though she allowed no further opportunity for tenderness that evening. Yet tired Humphrey soon forgot his burns, and even his love in the deep sleep of youth and exhaustion.

The next day the burns were better, and the love had wakened full-armed, and confident that before another sunset a more satisfactory understanding would be reached. A short time after breakfast, when Bessie announced that she was going to feed the fowls, Humphrey followed her down the stream a short distance where they were moving about in a querulous, high-stepping manner, as if they had not forgiven their little mistress for tying their legs together and putting them in a place of hot, wet darkness for a long and tiresome period. They acted as if they believed her to be responsible for the generally unpleasant state of things, standing aloof with heads held very high, indeed, ready to be off at the slightest aggressive movement on her part.

Mason watched them, and listened to Bessie's even tones, as she told of their various interesting characteristics. He was turning over in his mind how he would make a certain statement in the most effective manner to bring the understanding between them upon a more comfortable and secure basis than it seemed to be. His love had given him more insight, and he felt the subtle remoteness in her manner that had not been there before. He believed Annie Drew or Charley Lorillard were to blame for it,—which the most, he did not know,—and was about to begin his investigation by a blunt question to that effect when they heard the voices of men across the brook.

In a few moments two blackened and dingy travelers waded across a shallow ford and joined them on the trail to the Riordan's camp. One was a man who

lived on a stream in the heart of the burned timber district, with a native wife and her several children. The other was a young man whom Mason knew very slightly, as a hunter, trapper, and keen horse-trader, who was sure to get the best of every bargain he made. Just now Mason determined that he should do him a favor without being conscious of it. He would make him tell the news he wished Bessie to find convincing, and she could not question the truth of this man's statements, he was so personally interested.

They listened with interest to an account of the adventures of these newcomers, who had been hemmed in by the fire and obliged to take refuge in the stream, standing in the water up to their necks, and occasionally dipping their heads under to keep from being overpowered by the heat. The children sitting in the shallow water were joined by coons, foxes, and squirrels, that waded about them, all fear of humanity and each other lost in the great danger that threatened all alike. Herds of elk came dashing madly across, only to be turned by the fire on the other side, and go aimlessly down stream, and frightened deer swam about them, seemingly unaware of their presence. When they could at last make their way through the track of fire, they found in several places piles of dead elk that had probably run until exhausted, and been suffocated and burned together.

"And a great loss, too," said the younger man. "If I could have their horns in San Francisco, I could sell them for ten dollars apiece. A chap from there told me he would give a twenty for two fine ones. That is how I came to be caught by the fire at Somers's,—I was hunting for them. I could pick them up by the dozen now, but when in calamity could I get them out of the timber? Besides, I can't wait. I have got to be in Ellensburg the last of this week."

"Yes," said Humphrey, "I hear you are wanted at the Drews, next week."

"I intend to be there, too, if I don't get lost."

"What's going to happen anyhow? horse trade?"

"No; the old man is going to take me for a son-in-law. He thinks Annie will get even with me for that lame horse I sold him two years ago,—and maybe she will. I am willing to try it."

This was what Humphrey wanted him to say, and he directed a meaning look at Bessie; but her indifferent glance rested upon the speaker, and he could not see that she was in any way impressed. But Mrs. Riordan was, and congratulated the young man, saying in continuation that as Miss Drew was a great favorite, he must have made a good deal of heartache among his rivals when he won her hand.

Then Bessie looked at Humphrey with an elaborate expression of compassion which he found very irritating.

"I don't know about that," said the prospective groom, in answer to Mrs. Riordan. "We have been engaged two years, and I have n't had the heartache any myself."

The latter part of this statement set Humphrey to wondering if the organ in question would have been disturbed had the owner known of some things said by and to the object of his affections, and he decided that it would not be shaken out of its self-sufficiency by any such trifles as that.

The elder man said he must push on to town, and get a few necessities for the "old woman" and the children; they had been living on meat without salt for more than a week.

"How does it come that you are not on the road, Mason?" he asked.

"I told Jim Barker to take the mail down if I did n't get back. It was pretty rough getting out here yesterday, and I got burned some."

"You will not go back with us, then?"

"No, I'll wait a while yet."

"Well, I don't know but it is well worth while." The younger man slapped him on the shoulder, and grinned in a manner intended to be knowing, as they made their adieux.

VIII.

BESSIE did not seem inclined to give Humphrey any chance for explanations, but he was a young person of promptness and determination, and after a time said boldly that he wanted to talk to her,—suiting the action to his words by guiding her up the path and over to the other side of the clearing, where they sat on the bank and watched the water fall coolly over a big flat stone into an eddying pool.

"This is an excellent place to fish. See them in the pool there!" Bessie exclaimed with enthusiasm.

"The fish I want is not very far away, but I don't seem to be a lucky fisherman," said Humphrey clumsily. He knew it was clumsy, and hated himself accordingly.

"Perhaps you don't have good bait," was Bessie's instant and apparently innocent reply.

"Perhaps not. Perhaps it does n't dance around enough, nor sing pretty ditties, nor fan them with its hat, nor make a fool of itself generally enough!" answered he with scorn so earnest that his metaphor—which was a form of eloquence with which he was very little familiar—got quite mixed.

"Perhaps it is not—may be it is a little stale, some fish are particular." She suggested this with a most impartial manner, tossing a pebble into the pool, scaring the trout into the shadow, and bringing Humphrey's native directness to the front in self-defense.

"Bessie, is it possible that you still believe that I made love to Nan Drew, or thought of marrying her?"

"I knew last Tuesday that this man

who was here today had gotten ahead of you."

"Who told you that?"

"Nobody told me that, but Charley Lorillard told me that Jimmy Watson—who is a cousin of his—is going to marry her next week."

"Did he say Watson had gotten ahead of *me*?"

"No: I said that,—putting two and two together, you know."

"O, the dickens! And Lorillard was here again Tuesday?"

"Yes; he wanted us to go up to his place away from the fire; but father thought we had better stay, and save what things we could. It was very kind of Mr. Lorillard, but I am glad we did not go now, though I was frightened when I knew we could n't get away."

"O, he is a cherub! I too am glad you did not go with him. I think if I had found no traces of you when I got here, I should have gone crazy. Bessie, I want you to tell me if you are going to marry Lorillard or me. I can't stand this sort of thing."

"What sort of thing? I have not been thinking of marrying either of you. Why should I?" she answered, in great apparent surprise.

"Because I love you. You know it. I love you more and better in one hour than that shallow Lorillard would or could in his whole life. I can't tell you how much. I have n't practiced pretty speech making as much as he has."

"Oh, have n't you?"

Bessie's face was hidden in her hands that were supported by her knee-propped elbows. He paid no attention to the tone of her short remark, but continued, "I have loved you ever since that night you released me from the beaks of the pelicans."

She laughed. "Do you remember I told you that night that I thought you would make a very poor dear?"

"You have never been very good to me," despondently.

"Not as good as Annie Drew, I suppose."

He reached over and pulled the propping hands from under her chin, and surprised a laugh on the hidden face that disappeared quickly. He remembered Mrs. Brown's advice, to be as frank with Bessie as he had been to her.

"Dearest, Annie hid my hat for a joke, and when I found it I chased her up the hall and kissed her. Half a dozen people saw us, as we made a good deal of noise. There was no intention on either side to make it a sentimental occasion. When she let Mrs. Brown believe she was promised to me, it was another one of her ideas of a joke. Won't you forgive me? I will promise never to kiss but one other girl while I live."

"You should n't make any promises, unless you know you can keep them."

"Won't you forgive me?"

"I think you had better ask Jimmy Watson to forgive you. He is the only one I know who cares about it."

"Bessie, I love you. Why do you treat me so? Either tell me that I have no show or that I have."

There was a long pause, during which the red curve of her cheek was all he could see of her averted face. Finally he reached one bandaged hand and gently turned her chin toward him, until his eyes met and held hers. They were beautiful always, and now all his honest, warm young heart was in them, pleading better than his tongue could ever do.

"How long have you loved me?" she said.

"Always, I think." He answered with a lover's certainty.

"No. You only began to care for me the day after the pelican scare, and you never really cared very much until you were a little bit jealous of Charley Lorillard. Is n't that so? Now confess."

He promptly settled this exact truth, by flatly contradicting the whole thing.

"No, it was when I kissed you the

night you cried over the dead swallows. Don't you think it is time you should begin to return a little of my feeling?"

She took the fingers from her chin and held them under her hands.

"I was very angry at you last week, Humphrey, because I thought you were trifling. I have not been so angry since old Sal's boys killed the swallows; and when I found you had been telling me the truth after all,— I — well I was sorry about it,— and then when you came out through the fire and were burned and nearly blinded, I began then to — to know —" Here a sob came and choked off the rest.

Humphrey gathered the little figure close to him in speechless joy, kissing the half hidden face, the tiny ear, and soft rings of hair about it.

"You dear stupid! You did not know how near I came to crying over you while I was helping to bind up your burns. Did you?"

"You darling! If I am dear, I am

content to be stupid. Was that why you wanted to cry over me?"

"No."

"Is that the reason you cried now?"

"No! Humphrey, if you grow stuperider you will *not* be more dear,"—drawing back with dignity,— "and I never, never would have forgiven you about Annie Drew if you had denied it, and had not told me about it yourself. Now we will never mention her again."

The clear, innocent eyes and red lips came very close, as soft arms crept slowly around his neck, and all further explanation was unnecessary.

All things else about them but the murmuring brook seemed but types of desolation and despair,— a vast Doré landscape of black and gray, hopeless, still, mystic, awful.

In their hearts and happy eyes was the love that achieves all things worthy, and in the voice of the brook was the hope and steadfastness of the world that makes love possible.

Quien.



IS IT PRACTICABLE TO REGULATE IMMIGRATION?¹

IN other words, are not the "expellant influences of Europe" coupled with "the attractive influences of America" too strong for us to resist? A recent examination of certain Congressional records and official documents suggested the disquieting question. In answer, the appended extracts from that record may or may not appear conclusive; but they certainly warrant the question, which in the light of more than fifty years of experiment — and failure — cannot well be deemed premature! Great as the evils of unrestricted immigration are admitted to be, history has yet to record any real restriction. The various barriers erected at Castle Garden and elsewhere do not seem to have deserved the name. They have had about as great an influence over the rising tide of immigration as that which is commonly ascribed to the familiar domestic utensil of Mrs. Partington, when applied to the waves of the Atlantic.

The materials for a history of our foreign immigration are abundant and accessible, needing only to be compiled and arranged. Indeed the full significance of the subject can hardly be estimated until we realize that it has a history, that the difficulties of today are practically the difficulties of twenty years ago, of thirty, and of fifty years ago, and that these difficulties and the ultimate peril are foreshadowed in the annals of the eighteenth century.

In tracing the record of immigration, it would be convenient to divide the past century into two periods of nearly equal

¹No such thought has been apparent in recent discussion. It is generally assumed that immigration evils will be corrected, and various remedies are proposed. But practical men manifest great distrust of the remedies. During the recent debate in Congress an experienced member of the House declared that the present laws are of no practical use, and that the examination of arriving immigrants was a mere farce. In short, the remedies don't reach the disease.

length. The evils of immigration and its perplexities were first recognized about 1838, and since that time there have been frequent attempts to discover a suitable remedy. The half century of national existence prior to 1838 witnessed no efforts to regulate and no practical experience with the problem. It was a period of theory rather than fact, or rather the period when theory preceded fact.

But this period of theory should not on that account be ignored, as it had no small influence on subsequent events. Tradition ascribes to the earlier part of the nineteenth century, or the close of the eighteenth, the origin of several abstract political maxims, which have been thought to indicate our true immigration policy, and enable America to fulfill her responsibilities to "the human race." According to one of these maxims, the country was destined for the "asylum of the oppressed." Another, still more sweeping in scope, made it incumbent upon us to be "the refuge of the nations." In this practical age and period of stern fact it seems odd that these vague generalities should retain much force or vitality, yet they are constantly to be encountered in current literature.

The age responsible for them, however, was one of protest and revolt. The colonies of Great Britain had furnished a "refuge" and "asylum" for the victims of religious intolerance and political proscription, and such victims America was always to welcome. But to apply to present conditions the terms referred to seems almost absurd. And as has been so apparent in recent discussion, it involves a very plain matter in a hopeless confusion of thought. It is a condition which confronts us, not a vague and irrelevant theory. We are now afford-

ing an asylum to the insane, to criminals and paupers, instead of to the "oppressed" classes of the old world. As for "refuge," the word has become equally inappropriate. A paper read before a prominent workingmen's association some time ago bore the significant title, "The Refuge of the Nations or the Refuse—Which?"

Perhaps one reason for the perennial recurrence, so to speak, of the phrases in question, is the possible association they may have in our minds with the great leaders of 1789,—with Jefferson, for instance, or Washington himself. No association of the kind could be more misleading, however, or less warranted by facts. While the supposed views of these statesmen may have had considerable weight, their real ideas, although they have a direct bearing upon immigration, have been entirely overlooked.

It is most unfortunate, as well as singular, that such is the case. For to our Revolutionary era and its teachings we may turn with especial confidence. The signers of the Declaration and the framers of the Constitution did not confine their attention solely to the need of their own generation. The nature of their task compelled them to anticipate its results, and gave them an almost prophetic insight into the country's future. And so we find the leaders of 1789 debating many questions that have since come to assume great practical importance,—hence the special value of their writings.

Prominent among the questions referred to was that of immigration, and the views of our ancestors on this subject would surprise a generation accustomed to the extreme liberality of the present system. Indeed, it is safe to say that in no respect have we made so wide a departure from the principles and traditions of 1789 as in encouraging or permitting indiscriminate foreign immigration.

Not that the problem had then as

sumed its present proportions. The journey from Europe to America a century ago occupied almost as many months as it now requires days, and arrivals were numbered by the hundred instead of by the hundred thousand. But the matter very soon became one of anxiety and apprehension, as the writings of Washington,¹ Hamilton,² Madison, and others clearly reveal. These statesmen evidently favored a very gradual immigration as best adapted to a rapid and complete assimilation. Nor was such a feeling confined by any means to the conservative members of the Federalist party. On the contrary, Thomas Jefferson, the oracle of modern Democracy, believed in careful selection and restriction. That great statesman, in fact, clearly foresaw and predicted some of the very evils which unrestricted immigration has brought in its train.

Perhaps the best way to point the contrast already alluded to between 1789 and 1893, is by aid of the imagination, picturing to ourselves the effect of certain features of our civilization upon the minds of Washington or Jefferson, had they the opportunity to behold them. Were these statesmen to return and visit some of our large cities at the present time, they might have reason to think they stood on foreign soil. They could walk for miles through the French quarter, the German quarter, the Italian, Spanish, Bohemian, or Chinese quarters, where a knowledge of foreign languages is actually of more value than their native tongue. Vast "colonies" of these people would appear before their bewildered eyes, inevitably taking the color of their surroundings, retarding the process of assimilation, and complicating in every way the moral, social, and political problems of the surrounding community.

Subsequent to the administrations of Washington and Jefferson, a considera-

¹ Sparks's *Life and Letters of Washington*, Vol. xi. pp. 2 and 392.

² *Works of Hamilton*. Published by order of Congress; Vol. vii, pp. 774-6.

ble period elapsed before immigration claimed or received much attention. Prior to the discovery and application of steam, it had not assumed much practical importance. Some fifty years ago, however, the interest of the people began to awaken, mindful perhaps of the forebodings and warnings of a preceding generation.

The real history of immigration, as already stated, may be said to date from 1838, a period midway between our own time and the close of the Revolution, and we have no trustworthy record of the condition of affairs at an earlier date. But in 1838 Congress began a series of examinations into the abuses of immigration and naturalization, which, renewed from time to time, finally culminated in the labors of the Ford Committee of 1889.

With such a record at our disposal it is easy to ascertain the impressions and experience of those of our predecessors who have attempted to grapple with the problem within the period referred to. It seems to be frequently if not generally assumed, that only of late years has any considerable portion of our immigration been a positive injury, or even a doubtful benefit, to the country. Unfortunately, facts and figures disclose too plainly the fallacy of such an assumption. A few brief extracts from the first report on the subject will serve to disclose the condition that prevailed more than fifty years ago, and this report may be taken as a type of its class. It bears, in fact, a strong resemblance to those of a subsequent date, so that only brief portions of the latter need be quoted.

On July second, 1838, there was submitted to the House the result of the researches of a select committee of that body, prefaced by the following remarks:

To enable the committee to obtain all the information which was accessible, the following interrogatories (among others) were propounded to the Mayors of the respective cities of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Charleston, and New Orleans:—
 . . . What proportion of the immigrants bring

with them the means of subsisting themselves and families? What proportion are paupers? What proportion of the inmates of poor houses and penitentiaries are natives?"

From the replies to these and similar questions the committee states "it is estimated that more than one half the pauper population, and that the most helpless and dependent, are foreign." The proportion of foreign to native population in the whole country at that time was less than five per cent, but of course this estimate does not apply to the urban population, where, then as now, the foreign element predominated, comprising, however, not more than fifteen per cent of the inhabitants.

In 1838 there were in the almshouse at Philadelphia 1505 Americans, and 1266 foreigners; in that at Boston, 596 Americans and 673 foreigners. On the twelfth of June, 1837, there were in the almshouse in the city of New York 3074, of which number three fourths were foreigners, and of 1200 admitted at Bellevue 983 were aliens.

While in 1838,

By the report of the resident physician it appears that of 1209 admitted to his department, only 206 were born in America. In the year ending in August, 1836, there were received into the Boston house of refuge 866 paupers, 516 of which were foreign. . . . At a recent date it appears that the number of convicts confined at Sing Sing, New York, was 800, 603 of whom were foreigners.

A prominent official of New York, designated by the Mayor to make a report to the commissioners, stated that of the entire number entering the port of New York for the first part of 1838 two thirds "were without any occupation, or even the pretense of one."

During the first three quarters of 1838 no less than 38,057 aliens that had no occupation (a very large proportion of the whole number) "were cast upon the citizens of New York." To the question, How is the expense of the transportation hither of such as are poor defrayed? the answer is, "It is impossible for us to ascertain what number are actually forced or hired to leave their own country" but,—

The superintendent states to me that he has seen one of the passenger ships filled with paupers

alone. When entire cargoes have come out, it has been ascertained that the parishes have paid their expenses. An English gentleman recently stated that he had seen the poor marched down in droves from the poor-houses to the ships. It is stated on authority that the passage of more than 30,000 persons have been paid in England, Ireland, and Scotland, to enable them to leave there for America."

From the foregoing citations one is driven to infer that at the period of the first inquiry a large proportion of the immigration was of a highly undesirable class, and the general prospect far from pleasing. But despite the agitation which followed, and the attempts that were made to improve matters, the lapse of a very few years found similar conditions prevailing. During the session of the twenty-eighth Congress, a resolution was introduced in the Senate, directing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of immediately modifying the naturalization laws, to prevent the recurrence of the gross and extensive frauds upon the ballot box that had recently been perpetrated, and to prohibit the further introduction of paupers and convicts into the United States. Some of the speeches made on this occasion indicate the unmistakable need of the proposed action. This took place in 1845. In the following year resolutions of a similar purport, passed by the Massachusetts legislature, were introduced in the House by Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, which led to a protracted and at times a heated debate.

Some ten years later the discussion reopens, and while differences of opinion were manifest as to the proposed methods of securing relief, the existing abuses were freely admitted, and a voluminous report was submitted on evils of foreign immigration, and recommending changes in the naturalization laws. Once more in 1869 and 1870 the question came up, and Senators Davis, Frelinghuysen, Bayard, Thurman, and others, took part in the ensuing debate. Finally, we had the investigation of 1888. Its revelations are too fresh in the public mind to need more than a

passing allusion. But any one who may feel disposed to refresh his recollection, or comprehend the serious nature of the present outlook, will find interesting information in the report, furnished by his Representative to Congress, on the importation of contract labor.

As has been already intimated, the most casual acquaintance with the records suffices to disabuse the mind of an impression that only recent immigration has been deleterious in its nature. The statistics to the contrary are too clear and circumstantial. For a long time past very many of the immigrants to this land have been unwholesome, undesirable, unwelcome additions to its population. Serious and disturbing, however, as such a conviction must be, there is another consideration involved of vastly greater consequence and importance. A noticeable monotony pervades the history of immigration. The earliest and latest reports evince a strong, one might say an ominous, similarity. In 1838 we had paupers and "assisted" immigrants. More recently it has been paupers and "contract laborers,"—a choice of evils, truly!

The real significance of a comparison, therefore, and the real gravity of the problem, consists in the fact that the *situation has continued virtually unchanged*, so far, at least, as any efforts on our part are concerned. And whatever changes have occurred in the character and volume of immigration, from time to time, have been for the worse and not for the better. A steady increase in quantity has attended a perceptible deterioration in quality. The committee of 1838 was justified in thinking and in stating that their report "presented a combination of facts that cannot fail to arrest the attention of the American people, and to establish the necessity of immediate legislative action." "Legislative action" was taken repeatedly, then and at subsequent times. But so partial and temporary has been the relief afforded, that the

committee of 1889 found the condition of affairs to be about the worst in our history.

What has been accomplished since that report? Measures designed to afford some relief were passed by Congress during the session of 1891, although without adequate appropriations to enforce them, and various individuals have been debarred from landing. But by this time we are well aware that the undesirable classes are not numbered by units or tens, but by hundreds and by thousands. Will further legislation reach the latter? No question can have a more direct and immediate bearing on American civilization.

As for the law lately passed, (March, 1893), it is open to very serious objections. Some of its provisions have been tried and found wanting. When the bill in its present form came up for passage in the House, all the remarks made, with but a single exception, indicated the lack of confidence in the proposed remedy. One speaker lamented that the bill went so short a distance in the direction it professed to go. Another member, thoroughly familiar with the subject, said in summing up the defects of the bill that it was not worth passing. But even were adequate laws passed, the question of vital import to the country is, whether such laws will be enforced and made effective. Many stringent regulations appear in the annals of immigration, but no radical or permanent reform. Agitation, legislation, superficial and temporary improvement, recurrence of the evil when public attention is diverted, about describes the situation.

Perhaps the exclusion of the Chinese may be instanced as one exception in the long list of failures to regulate immigration. Chinese exclusion is somewhat of a misnomer, as the constant arrivals from Mexico and British Columbia plainly bear witness. That the entrance of the Chinese has been greatly checked, however, may freely be

conceded. Restrictive laws were framed at last that seem to have met the test of constitutionality. But it required (1) a struggle of years on the part of a whole section of the country, that was (2) practically a unit on the Chinese question. And then (3) the Chinaman had no vote.

No treatment of the subject would be complete without at least passing reference to the published report of the special Treasury Commissioners who were detailed to investigate abroad the mysterious influences that underlie the present criminal and pauper immigration from Europe. The same papers that published, some time ago, outlines of this report, contained also accounts of the united efforts of press and pulpit in New York City to reform and purify the social and political atmosphere. Much stress is laid in the commissioners' report upon the organized system and combination to transport beggars, criminals, and imbeciles, to this country, in which foreign officials are largely implicated. This, however, is no new thing. The *friendly* governments of Europe have engaged for years in this work, and are responsible in no small degree for the social condition of our large cities; although when these same conditions precipitate an outbreak like that at New Orleans, the same governments manifest much surprise as well as horror at the occurrence.

This commissioners' report does not contain any especially novel features, though it indicates the persistence and deep-rooted nature of the evil. It is referred to here, because in the columns of the press it stood in such striking antithesis to the accounts of the union of press and pulpit to promote municipal reform.

In an article published two or three years ago the writer endeavored to show that many of the greatest industrial and social problems of our generation—intemperance, Mormonism, etc.,—are traceable largely, in some cases almost

entirely, to unrestricted immigration. The past and present character of that immigration revealed in the official record and in this latest report, shows too plainly why its influence on intemperance, polygamy, the relations of capital and labor, have been so profound and so pernicious, to say nothing of the more obvious effects upon pauperism, insanity, and crime.

And the injury will continue and increase until the character of immigration has *radically* changed. The municipal reform of our large cities, in particular, recently advocated so earnestly, cannot

make much headway while thousands of criminals, paupers, and contract or unskilled laborers, continue to pour in. As was suggested in the former article referred to, the undertaking of various proposed municipal reforms, without reckoning with the chief cause of the trouble, resembles an attempt to cleanse the stables of Augeus, with the difference, it may be added, that the stables were cleaned by turning on the stream,—the cities, when it is turned off.

Is it practicable to regulate immigration? and if so, why have we thus far failed?

John Chetwood, Jr.



LINCOLN'S FEDERAL TOWNSITE.

PORT ANGELES is a town of vicissitude, story, and romance. It lies upon the most remote harbor of the Northwest, discovered by Juan de Fuca in the year 1592, while cruising up the straits now bearing his name in search of a northeast passage to the Atlantic. He encountered a dangerous gale which threatened destruction to his entire fleet, when a kind fate directed him into the sheltered embrace of this ideal harbor, where the waters are always calm. In gratitude to a higher power De Fuca called this harbor "El Puerto de Los Angeles," The Port of the Angels.

Port Angeles enjoys the distinction of having been laid out by the federal government under Lincoln's administration. The exceptional qualities of this Port of the Angels as a naval harbor, and its desirable location in the Straits of Juan de Fuca, opposite the

British fortifications at Victoria and Esquimault, attracted government attention to it; and early in 1862 President Lincoln ordered the reservation of the land bordering on the bay of this harbor for "military, naval, or other purposes." Congress further emphasized this by making it a port of entry for the Puget Sound district, with Victor Smith as collector of the port. A portion of this reserved land was later caused by government to be surveyed into town lots and sold at public auction, bringing \$40,000. Thus ill-starred Port Angeles sprang into being, a child of romance with the fate of an unfortunate lover.

The honest pioneer element that has been to the West what the yeomen are to England, was not here, and Victor Smith's ability was taxed to the uttermost to uphold this little community, and give the town the standing his pro-

gressive spirit craved for it. The malice of enemies assailed him, and he was called to Washington, D. C., to answer charges preferred against him. While he was there the custom-house records were seized by citizens of the rival town, Port Townsend. On Smith's return in a revenue cutter, he demanded their surrender at the mouth of the cannon, and conveyed them back.

A season of rain followed. Streams fed by the mighty Olympic Mountains, back of the town, overflowed their banks, surged through the village, and washed the frail lumber custom-house out into the harbor, where for several days it sailed around, an ark without a dove. Enterprising Port Townsend landed the coveted prize, and made it securely hers by an order from government.

Meantime Victor Smith had perished in the Brother Jonathan, wrecked off the Californian coast. Its able supporter dead, its subsistence as a port of customs lured away, pretty little Angeles was a deserted village, her harbor of refuge was unruffled, and only the voice of birds echoed among her forest aisles.

In the year 1886 yet another freak of fate came to her in the founding of a co-operative colony by George Venable Smith, who looked upon this federal townsite as especially adapted to putting his communistic ideas to the test. He worked up a membership of 2,000, raised capital to launch his colony by subscription and a membership fee, then proceeded with a thousand colonists to Port Angeles, where, under the name of "Puget Sound Co-operative Colony," they started eleven industries, and for a season prospered. Labor rather than capital was made the basis of their operations. In this Port of the Angels money was not plenty; the colonists rose above the money question, however, by making a legal tender of their own, a paper currency valuable in general merchandise at the colony stores.

This associated partnership attracted to the colony malcontents and radicals of every kind. An unhealthy feeling existed, from which sprang up sects of free-thinkers, free-lovers, agnostics, anarchists, the most promiscuous element of outcast society ever banded together in any land. Two years later as a natural result the colony was broken up by internal dissensions. The discontented colonists departed; the property reverted to those who had the hardihood to remain, and passed from co-operation to a corporation. A railroad that never came was her next excitement. Rumor proclaimed that Angeles would be the coast terminus of the Union Pacific. Again a motley crew of that scourge of the West, the town boomer, invaded her port to angle for the biggest fish. Then ensued such a varied career as no town of its size can boast. Only a portion of the original government townsite had been platted into town lots; the remainder, 4,000 acres, extending back from the harbor into the forest and hills, was unsurveyed, and settlement could not be made upon it. The ax of the homeseekers waited the action government could not be brought to take, till desperate with deferred hope, patience exhausted, with one concerted movement they rose in their might, formed a squatters' association, advanced, and in July, 1890, jumped the reserve. The ringing blow of the ax, the crash of falling trees, the buzzing saw, animated the solitude where these people toiled on, till 2,000 rude little cabin homes rose up in a wilderness of pine and cedar. And how they worked! With a faith that government would hear their call as honest settlers and legalize their act,—as it did in accord with their demands.

To hasten the survey and appraisal of the entire townsite, Secretary Noble, while on a visit to the coast over a year ago, was induced to come to this town. A strange scene spread before him: the woods were full of men felling



PORT ANGELES.

rees, clearing plats of ground, building rude houses, working with the zeal of men intent on having a home. Secretary Noble was affected to tears at these evidences of sterling industry under manifold misfortune. His kind heart was in sympathy with these sons of toil. He gave the order for immediate survey and appraisement, so that these people could get a title to their homes after paying for their land at its appraised valuation. When the Secretary's ship sailed out of the harbor the men threw down their axes, and have been resting ever since.

The appraisement was completed last summer. The squatters were able to get title to their homes by paying the nominal appraised value, and the unoccupied lots were advertised and sold at public outcry to the highest bidder.

Here was the peculiar spectacle of government departing from its usual form of disposing of land in quarter sections, and using the methods of the townsite boomer.

Again Angeles was agitated, again disappointed; another railroad wave was sweeping over her. It came from the East this time, with the unpractical project of bridging Puget Sea. This visionary scheme infatuated her citizens. They offered half their lands and personal service to the projectors; but like all her prospective good, it came to naught.

After many Western towns pass the inoculation period, and the boom fiend has departed, they gradually assume healthy activity. Let us hope that this will be the case with pretty Port Angeles.

Herbert Heywood.



FAMOUS PAINTINGS OWNED ON THE WEST COAST. XIV.

E. L. WEEKS'S "STREET IN CAIRO." OWNED BY THE SONS AND DAUGHTER OF THE LATE CHARLES CROCKER.

THE painting chosen this month for the OVERLAND'S series is by an American artist, though this fact might not appear from the inspection of the picture itself. Mr. Weeks, like many of his artist compatriots, sought the artistic Mecca, Paris, and there imbibed the prevailing style of the French art of his time. This means, almost as a matter of course, that he also traveled in the Orient, and that Oriental subjects largely engross his brush. French art, from the middle of this century to the present time, has been prevailingly Oriental. The unartistic modern garments of Europe have driven figure painters afield for their subjects,—into the nude, or back into the past, or abroad, where flowing robes and bright color have not been banished. Millet, it is true, found subjects for his brush nearer home, but Millet's aim was not for beauty alone; and even Millet could hardly have gone above the peasant into the bourgeoisie and upper classes, and found pictures to paint.

This argument must be qualified by the admission that the genius can find beauty anywhere, but surely the man of talent only is limited as has been said.

Edwin Lord Weeks was born in 1849, in Boston. His masters in art were Jean L. Gérôme and Leon Bonnat, and soon after he went abroad his canvases began to appear regularly in the Salon. In

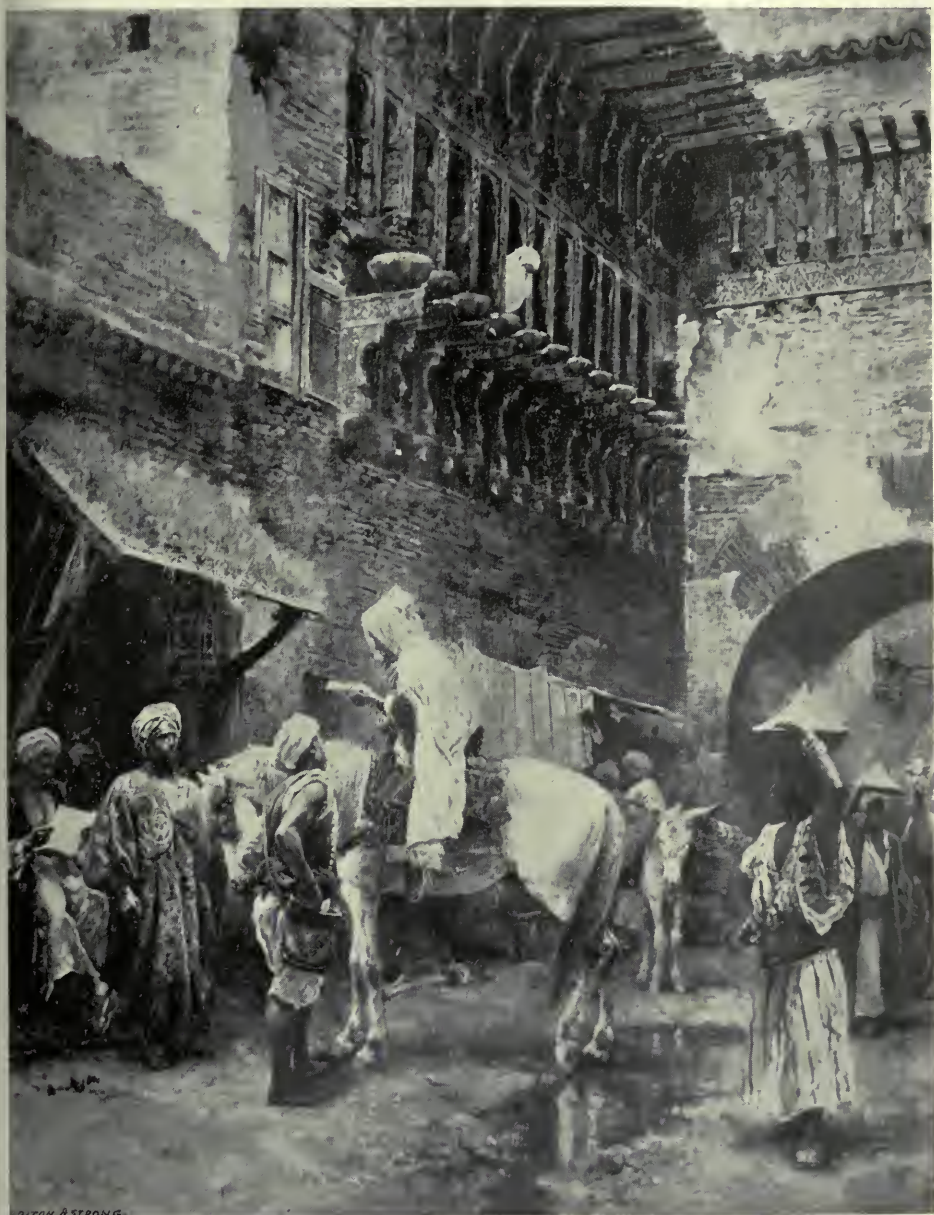
1876 he sent "An Arab Story Teller" to the Centennial. His "Moorish Camel Driver" appeared in the Salon of 1878, and the "Departure for the Hunt, India," painted in 1884, is now in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington. At the Salon of 1885 he was given honorable mention for his "Prayer in the Desert."

The local example of his work is a good specimen of it, and shows him an apt pupil of his master, Gérôme. Its title suggests a comparison with Gérôme's picture by the same name, and may be pardoned, perhaps, for liking Weeks's work better; it has less of the languorous atmosphere of Oriental ease, though that may be accounted for by supposing that the time of day is different,—the present picture being evidently of a morning or evening time, when there is movement and life in the streets.

The picture, at any rate, is better adapted to black and white reproduction than the Sword Dance, the example of Gérôme's work given in the December OVERLAND, where the beautiful tone of the original, especially the transparent quality of the beam of sunlight, proved difficult to bring out in printers' ink.

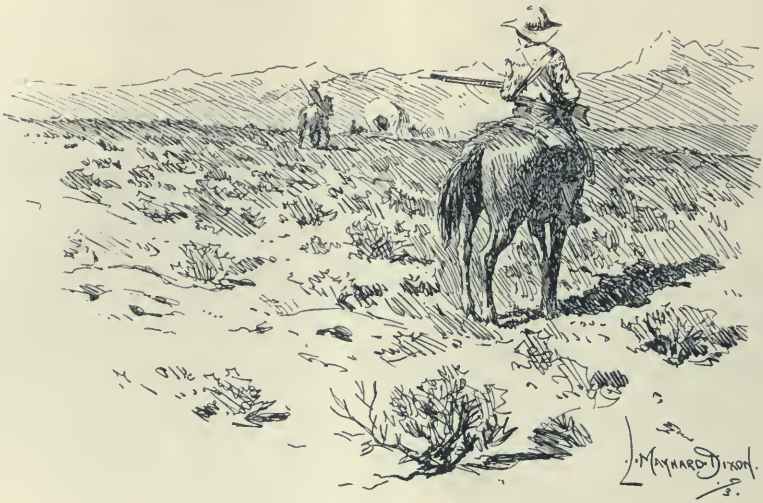
But, however the picture may be placed as compared with the work of Gérôme or any other artist, it is sure to be given favorable attention, even among the fine collection of paintings that adorns the Crocker mansion.





W. H. STARRS

WEEKS'S "STREET IN CAIRO."



A STORY OF THE OREGON TRAIL.

IN MAY, 1851, in Sangamon County, Illinois, about one hundred wagons gathered together to cross the plains to far-off Oregon. The train consisted of both horse and ox teams, with about one hundred and fifty loose head of fine American horses. I was then eight years old, and my father's wagon was second in the line, which was led by a Captain Clark, who had crossed before. Captain Clark had with him his mother, his two brothers, and his sister Grace, and a young fellow named John Spray. The Captain, his mother, and Grace, usually rode in a family carriage in the lead, while the two brothers, with Sperry and other boys, in the saddle, were kept busy during the long, tedious trip in driving and herding the horses. Little did this happy caravan know what was in store for them.

As camps were made and left, and time wore on, it became necessary that the loose horses should be started ahead each morning to graze, while the herders looked out for suitable camps for nooning and for the next night's halt. Each party that had loose stock was expected to furnish its share of the herders. It became the task of "little

Jim" to accompany Captain Clark, with his brothers and Sperry, and the mother and sister in the carriage, each day, morning and afternoon, as they drove ahead of the band of horses, to wait at some good grazing and watering place for the slow ox teams.

Everything so far had been prosperous. The train began to think nothing would happen; that it was attended by luck. In the last of July, in the mountains of Idaho, it became very hot; and when the road reached and followed along the banks of the Snake River, in a country where no rain fell in summer, we found the dust very deep. For weeks Indians had at nearly every camp made visits; they seemed peaceable, and only wanted to swap their ponies for some of the fine mares. They would offer as high as five ponies for one of the sleek, well formed horses of the train. No fear was felt of these visitors, for our company was large, and well armed and equipped, and another still larger train was just ahead, only twenty miles away. As many camps passed, without accident or incident outside of the ordinary happenings of camp life, the Captain may have become somewhat careless.

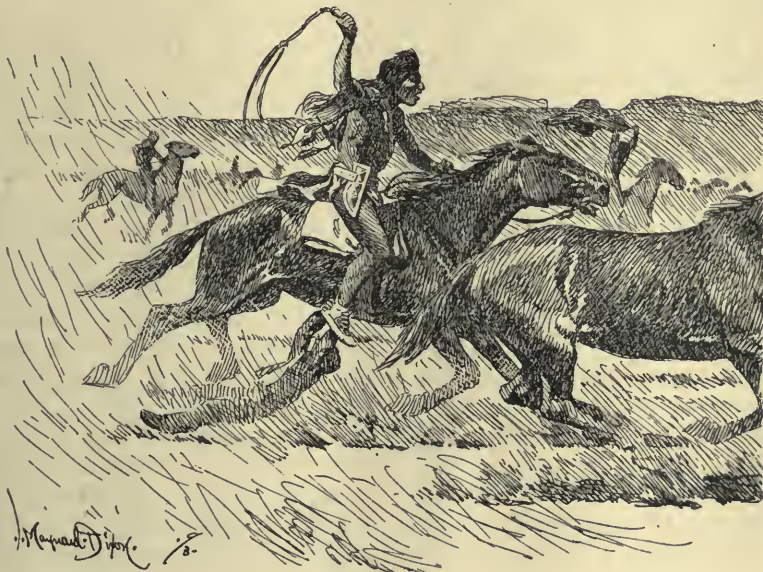
One day the advance party—the Captain, his mother, and Grace, the two Clark boys, Sperry, and little Jim—had made their noon stop to wait for the train, just upon the banks of the Snake River. A sharp bluff rose close by, leaving only room around its point for the emigrant road, some five yards wide. In the beautiful grassy prairie, at the foot of this bluff beside the road, the horses, carriage horses and all, had been turned loose to graze. Everything was still, with the deep quiet of a July day in this region. The Captain had taken his gun and gone down the river for a duck hunt. The Clark boys and Sperry were just under the bank asleep. The mother and sister sat in the carriage, knitting. Little Jim, down by the river, was making himself a willow whistle, when he heard Mrs. Clark call, and went up the bank. She said to him, "Go tell the boys to come up and look after the horses," and pointed out a band of Indians coming down the steep mountain side, and apparently making for the horses, but still a long way off.

While Jim was trying to wake the sleepy boys, she called again, urging them to come quick. The boys started

very reluctantly, grumbling that she was always afraid of Indians. As they came up the bank they saw what looked to the frightened little boy like a hundred Indians in war paint, armed with bows and Colt's revolvers. They were riding around and among the horses, swinging their blankets, and every one was giving the blood-curdling war-whoop of the Snakes.

The four boys ran to the carriage, then, scarcely knowing what they did or how, with only the instinctive idea that they must save the horses, threw themselves in front of the now frantic mass of stampeded horses mingled with yelling Indians, with the idea that they might turn them back. The mother and daughter had sprung from the carriage, and were near by.

It was only the work of a few minutes. The Indians had come for this fine band of horses, and have them they would. As the moving mass surged down on the people in front of it, a well-mounted Indian leading the stampede, and all following in the wild, terrific race, Archie fell by a shot, and Grace by another; the mother was shot by a hideous painted Indian, who put the



revolver up to her breast, while little Jim clung in terror to her dress; then the boy found himself in under the rushing mass of trampling feet, choked with dust. He clutched and caught hold of something above him, and pulled himself partly up, to find that he was clinging to the heel of a mounted Indian, one of the last to pass. The dust was so thick that the Indian did not see the boy,—else this story had never been told. On rushed the wild mass in a perfect cloud of dust and smoke. Jim realized that off to his left was the river, so blindly under the dust he groped his way, till he came to the bank.

Down this and along it he ran, the war-whoop and the awful rush and clatter ringing in his ears. He ran until he gave out, and crawled or fell into a briar clump, where he lay thinking himself the only one saved, and wondering what to do; for he expected the Indians to come after him, and even heard them distinctly. He knew the train must come near this bank, so he lay and waited. Now he did hear, unmistakably this time, some one tramping on his track, close to the clump in which he lay. He peered out and saw John Sperry, perfectly wild with fright, holding in one hand a cocked derringer.

“John! John!” he called.

John stopped short, looking around to see where the voice came from, and the little boy crept out from the briars. Each told the other how he had escaped, and John said that he had seen Grace shot. They now knew that they were all that were left. They climbed up the bank and espied the train, about a mile to the east. Thither they ran as fast as young, frightened legs could carry them.

Their tale caused the wildest excitement. All the young men hastened forward to the scene of the tragedy. The Captain, who had heard the shooting, and hurried back, reached the spot at the same time. They found Mrs. Clark, Grace, and Archie, thrown over the

bank on the rocks below. Going down, they found Archie dead, but the mother and daughter were still breathing. Mrs. Clark died that night; Grace, after months of suffering, recovered.

An odd incident was that the feather bed, containing \$3,000 in twenty-dollar pieces, which had been in the bottom of the carriage, was found to have been ripped open, the feathers emptied out on the ground, and the tick carried off, while every piece of money was found lying untouched among the feathers.

The train now came up and made camp. Messengers were sent ahead to the other train, which stopped and sent men back to join in pursuit of the Indians, and recover, if possible, the valuable horses. A party of about thirty-five took the trail. They crossed a waterless desert, and climbed a mountain, from the top of which they could look down into a beautiful valley, dotted all over with the tepees of Snake Indians. On the banks of the placid stream were grazing the fine American horses,—so near, and yet so far.

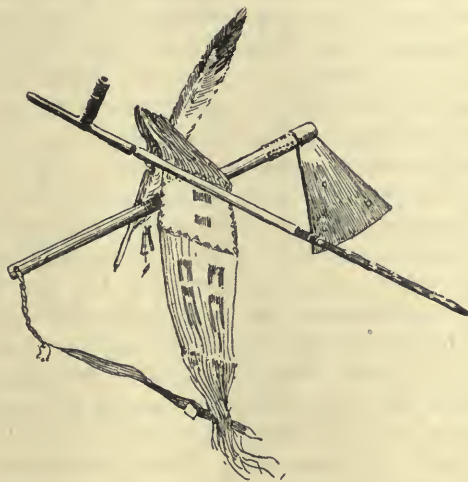
As the party showed itself on the summit it was greeted by a volley from the Indian pickets. A straggling running fight followed, and the attacking party was driven off, with one killed and two wounded. After a consultation they decided to take the back trail. They buried their dead comrade, and started back, carrying the wounded men on their horses. After a day on the road, one of the wounded men, Powell, who had been shot through the bowels, gave out completely. He knew that he must die in any case, and begged so piteously to be left that at last they made him as comfortable as possible in a clump of trees, with a cup of water at hand, and bade him a long goodby. None of the party ever heard of him again. When they reached camp his brother was frantic with grief, and wanted some one to go with him to show him the place. After talking it over a long time no one

was found willing to venture back; it was almost certain death to attempt it. So, after the last sad rites for the dead left on the banks of Snake River, the train moved on.

It reached Oregon in the early fall without any other mishap. Some of the

members of the company are now living in the Willamette Valley, prosperous farmers and thrifty business men. Little Jim and his brother Henry are the well-known Huffman Brothers, of Eugene, Oregon, known all over that State and Idaho.

J. B. Rhinehart.



THE DISAPPEARANCE OF JUDGE WATSON.

IT HAS seemed to me strange that in the many years that have passed since the following incident, no one but myself has ever referred to it in print. At the time it happened, what now comprises eight counties in the State of Washington was all Stevens County. That included nearly the whole of Eastern Washington. The same Spokane River was there, no doubt, but it was long before the white man had discovered it. It was before James Glover, "The Father of Spokane," had set foot on Washington soil. It was before the whites had located land for farming purposes. There were three or four log huts and stables scattered along the road,—one at Chewelah, one at Walker's Prairie, and one farther down,—to accommodate freighters who hauled sup-

plies from Walla Walla to old Fort Colville, a distance of three hundred miles. The road was a long, lonesome one, and the Indians could do about what they chose along it.

Forty-six miles from the weather-beaten relics of old Fort Colville,—built over one hundred years ago,—on the old road down the Colville valley, is a lonely grave. To the east of it towers a noble mountain scene; to the west lies a still more charming view, the grand waters of the Chamokane and its banks grown with service berry, thorn apple, red, black, and yellow currant bushes, and wild cherry trees; north and south are ranks of stately pines.

Judge William Watson was the first representative sent to the territorial legislature from Stevens County, thirty-

four years ago. He had completed his first term, and started to return home on muleback. A grand banquet had been prepared to celebrate his arrival at the Fort. But the time at which he was due came and passed, and the Judge did not appear. A search party was organized, and went down the valley to the place (now owned by Hon. Guy Haines) where the first mission built in Eastern Washington stood. It was at this time used as a wayside inn. The Judge, it was learned, had passed two days before, going toward the Fort.

The party turned back, and going northward three and one-half miles, found the Judge's body. It had been dragged about one hundred and fifty yards from the road, and deposited in a hole made by the uprooting of a tree. It had been partially covered over, but enough was left exposed to betray the presence of a corpse by the odor, which guided the searchers. The body was buried close by, and a pile of rocks placed above it to mark the resting-place of Stevens County's first legislator. The Indians of the neighborhood painted all the trees about the grave a deep

red; but the trees are all gone long ago, and no mark but the pile of rocks is left.

A few days later, a posse in charge of F. Wolf, Sheriff of Stevens County, went out to find the murderer. It proved unexpectedly easy. They had no sooner reached the Spokane reservation than they noticed a young squaw wearing a gold watch and chain. They obtained leave to examine it, and it was found to be Judge Watson's. The girl was then forced to tell how it came into her possession. Her sweetheart had given it to her. The only thing left to do was to find her sweetheart, and it was soon done. He was immediately arrested, and made a full confession. He had waylaid and assassinated the traveler for the sake of plunder, and had taken from the body, besides the watch and chain, about seventy dollars in cash. He told the authorities where the money was buried, but so far it has not been found.

The Indian was taken to Fort Colville, and his trial was begun; but before it was completed he was seized by a mob and hanged.

W. Arthur Jones.



EARLY DAYS IN ELLIOT BAY.

ELLIOT BAY is a beautiful expanse of water tributary to Puget Sound, on whose shores, in the State of Washington, Seattle, a growing city, is fast spreading its precincts,—taking in more and more of the wilderness and converting it into a busy, bustling activity.

The fur-traders, pioneers of our Western civilization, were the first to discover and recognize the beauty and resources of this favored region; but in 1846, when the treaty with England established the northwest boundary of the United States, an impetus was given to actual settlement.

In 1852 three land claims were located, and in 1853 the first plat of the town of Seattle was filed. Today the limits of this city absorb the original claims, and a much larger area beside.

Among these first settlers was a family by the name of Campbell, with which I made my home. The father, a strong, stalwart six-footer, seemed to fill the cabin when in it; the wife was a kind, patient-looking woman, with soft, wavy brown hair, and dark blue eyes; and there were three children,—two sturdy boys, and a laughing, crowing baby-girl. I was a girl of thirteen, and had lost my parents on the journey across the plains. We constituted a busy, happy household, despite privations and hardships. The settlers in this community were very friendly and helpful to each other, and the settlement flourished. It was named after a friendly Indian chief, who, with Pat Kanim, Chief of the Snoqualmies, did much for the early whites.

Mr. Campbell worked early and late, getting out lumber and piles, which were bought by lumber vessels. These ships carried a stock of general merchandise, and upon them was the main dependence for supplies.

The first winter, that of '52 and '53, was one of great scarcity; but few vessels visited the Sound, and scarcity amounted to distress. In those days pork and butter came around Cape Horn, flour in barrels from Chile, and sugar from China. As the winter wore on, another cause of anxiety and distress touched us. Pat Kanim came to warn the settlers. There was a growing feeling of hostility among the Indians east of the mountains, and numbers of them were on the warpath, nearing the Sound country, and picking off stragglers and lonely settlers. We were filled with distrust of the Indians from the east. They were moody, sullen, and revengeful. Nothing happened, however, in or near our vicinity, and after a few months the old feeling of security again possessed us.

Matters progressed finely for the next two years. Ships laden with provisions visited us often; timbers and piles were in such demand that though the men worked early and late they could not supply it. Gardens full of green things sprang up, and the cabins began to take on the appearance of cosy homes. The Campbells prospered. They had a large clearing, and their cabin was one of the largest and neatest. They were popular, too, on account of their hospitality and kindness to all who needed help.

In the spring of 1855 a number of men, old acquaintances of the Campbells, stopped with them a few days and told of great mineral wealth to be found in the mountains. Such wonderful accounts did they give that a party from the settlement determined to penetrate the wilderness and search for gold. Kent, the oldest boy, persuaded his father to let him make one of the party, and as Mrs. Campbell's brother was to

be one of the number, Mr. Campbell gave a reluctant consent.

Pat Kanim came to them the evening before they started and warned them, stating that he knew the Indians east of the mountains were preparing for an outbreak, and begged them to desist from their project. I hoped they would follow his advice, but the morning saw them start out, a merry and hopeful party of five.

They followed the Cedar River trail, and for a few days all went well. The mild spring weather, the beautiful scenery, the plentitude of game, all contributed to their comfort and enjoyment; during the four days of their travel nothing had been seen or heard of the hostile Indians, and their sense of security was undisturbed.

On the fifth day, while two of the men were walking in advance they were shot down by skulking Indians. Fortunately those behind discovered what happened in time to take to the bush; but in the confusion Kent became separated from his companions. He kept under cover of the brush till night-fall, when he started out. He inferred that his companions were safe, as he had not heard firing since the first fatal shots, but how to find them might prove a serious matter. He cautiously made his way back to the trail, and to the point where the two men had fallen.

They lay there,—dead and abandoned. Horror-stricken, he contemplated the situation. He must make his way back,—but how? Hunger was already forcing itself upon him, and there was but little ammunition in his pouch; besides, the sound of firing might discover him to the enemy. The silence of the deepening twilight, and the awful shadow and depth of the forest had their effect on the youth, but he was too brave to succumb, easily, and the thought of the home folks spurred him on.

He retraced his steps, and for the first three hours all went well. With-

out apprehending particular danger, he thought fearfully of a narrow stretch where a steep bank, nearly bare, and curving so that an advance outlook could be had, would have to be traversed. The only thing he could do was to go on. On reaching the embankment he crouched down and crawled along, partially dragging himself. Not a sound was heard for the first hundred yards, and the moonlight helped him on, when, as he was cautiously raising himself to view the position, a frightful yell broke the night stillness; another and another followed, and the lad felt himself roughly seized, and dragged along.

Great excitement prevailed among the people at Seattle six days after the expedition's departure. There had occurred a massacre up the White River valley, not many miles from the settlement, and people from the lower valley were coming to Seattle for protection and safety. Measures were immediately taken for the construction of two block-forts, calculated to hold all the settlers, and preparations for defense should an attack be made.

The Campbells lived quite at the north end of the settlement, and I frequently saw the mother moving about among the women from the river settlement helping here and there; now speaking words of assurance to some not so brave as herself; now caring for children whose parents seemed to have lost all courage and hope. I knew her heart was heavy, for nothing had been heard of Kent, and scouts sent out after the expedition had returned, reporting the death of Jamieson and Walker.

The times grew more and more troublesome. The whole White River valley had been laid waste, and while some ridiculed the idea of an attack on the town, deeming themselves too strong a power in their congregated strength, friendly Indians frequently gave warnings, and the wiser of the whites began to give anxious heed.

One evening just before sunset Mrs. Campbell met the chief, and her mother's heart overflowed. "Oh, Pat Kanim, my Kent is gone! I am afraid he is dead."

I saw Pat Kanim lean toward her and whisper something in her ear. Then I saw Mrs. Campbell seize his rough hand in both her own, and the tears come to her eyes.

"Not tell. Me bring him home,"—and the Indian vanished in the brush.

Mrs. Campbell returned to her house, which was shared by two other families. Mr. Campbell was stationed as sentinel at one of the outposts. There were Lindley and two other young boys, besides the women and children in our cabin. We made everything secure for the night, but long after the rest had retired, Mrs. Campbell alone and in the dark kept an anxious vigil. Soon after midnight a tap sounded on the window shutter. She sprang to the door.

"Me,— Pat Kanim."

Reassured, she drew back the bolts and opened the door part way, but Pat Kanim did not appear; instead, a rough hand was clapped over her mouth, and she was forced out of the door. She could not give an alarm, but she noted that there was but one Indian about, and that he gave no sign to anyone.

She was hurried through the brush for nearly a mile, when they penetrated the dense woods. Mrs. Campbell marveled at the skill in woodcraft that her captor displayed, for he made no stops, and was certain of his route. At last they stopped, and he made a peculiar guttural sound. It was immediately answered by several similar ones, and they were soon surrounded by a party of war-like savages. After much gesticulating and talking, Mrs. Campbell was securely bound, then carried to one side and shoved in among what seemed a party of sleeping savages, while the captor and his companions rolled themselves in their blankets, and laid themselves

away in the brush. Silence prevailed for a while; then Mrs. Campbell was startled by hearing a whisper in English from one of her companions. It was answered by another. Her mother instinct did not belie her.

"Kent!" It was almost a cry.

"Yes, mother. O, mother!"

"Hush. If Kanim is coming he must soon be here, and any sound now may arouse those devils." It was Mrs. Campbell's brother who spoke, and recognizing the wisdom of his words, the courageous little woman restrained herself, and hoped.

A sound as of a bird whirring in the bush was soon heard.

"Now for it," whispered one of the men.

Mrs. Campbell soon felt a knife at the thongs that bound her. They parted, and Pat Kanim's voice whispered, "You cut next."

She took the knife and obeyed. It was the work of a moment to free the other three.

"Now come."

Kent clasped his mother's hand, but not a word was spoken. With a peculiar snake-like movement Kanim led them out of the thicket, where they were joined by a dozen of his men.

"Must go fast."

Pat Kanim hurriedly told them that the hostile Indians were in four detachments from the main body, which was stationed far to the southwest; that an attack on the town was to be made the next day, and the prisoners were to be used as decoys. If they could only reach the settlement in time to give the alarm!

Kent Campbell never forgot that walk nor the feverish excitement with which all were filled in their efforts to keep speed with the Indians. They reached the Campbell cabin just as the first streaks of dawn were lighting the east. The door was partly open, and they found the inmates sleeping peacefully.

Three of the Indians remained to escort them to the fort, while the others with the whites went on to spread the alarm. Kent went to where Lindley and the little sister were sleeping. How calm and peaceful they looked, and how little they dreamed of the danger that threatened!

In a very short time all was bustle and commotion. The sleeping children roused from their slumbers, the frightened women hurrying to and fro, and the stalwart, silent Indians waiting for the rest to start, made the scene a strange one, and one never to be effaced from my memory. As we closed the cabin door after us, we saw a dark form glide into the woods near the clearing.

We reached the fort in safety, but in less than three hours the firing began. Kent, inquiring as to his father's whereabouts, was hushed with, "Take your father's place here."

He did so. Both he and Lindley fought with courage and will, but the close of that sad day found them fatherless. This was one day of many similar ones.

The war continued until the fall of 1856, when the few whites remaining again betook themselves to their homes. Many, however, were discouraged, and in so much dread of another outbreak that they were unwilling to return to their homes in the country, thus adding to the cares at the settlement.

The courage and patience displayed by the pioneers was marvelous. There followed a winter of pinching want, hardly paralleled by that of 1852-53, but it was braved through.

We returned to our desolated cabin, and Kent and Lindley struggled man-

fully to keep us from suffering. With energy and zeal born of our great need, they accomplished much. With their rifles as their friends, they took long and dangerous hunts to provide game not only for us but others.

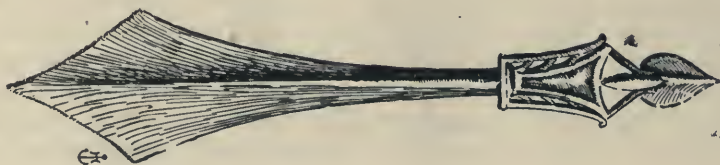
Mrs. Campbell never quite rallied from the shock of that terrible year, but she was the same devoted parent, and kind, helpful friend. Her good common sense, her untiring energy and beautiful selfishness, had their influence on all in the settlement, and "the Campbells" was a synonym for helpfulness and cheer.

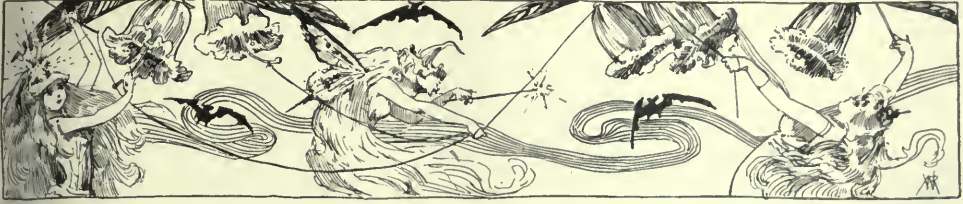
Today Kent and Lindley are both prosperous men, on whom fortune has smiled. Both in their fair manhood exemplify that labor ennobles; that duty cheerfully and reverently met is a greater motor of true culture than many a medium through which it is supposed to come.

I close with an extract from a letter written by Kent to an inquiring friend, whose attention had been drawn to the great Northwest.

"If you have strength, courage, and the capital of willing hands and active brains, come to this Western country. The rude pioneer work has been done, but there is yet much to be accomplished, for every field of industry is awaiting development. Rich mineral wealth hardly discovered; commerce spreading its maritime arms invitingly; agriculture and manufactures both in their infancy; and the road to every profession waiting with honors to lead competent and useful men to a proud destination. Under sunny skies and genial atmosphere, health, wealth, and honors, await many."

Rose Simmons.





THE RHODODENDRON BELLS.

TO J. B. N., SEATTLE.

ACROSS the warm night's subtle dusk, Tall, slender trees of evergreen
 Where linger yet the purple light That know the winds of Puget Sea,
 And perfume of the wild, rich musk, And narrow leaves of satin's sheen,
 So softly burning, softly bright And clusters of sweet mystery,—
 Tremble the rhododendron bells, Mysterious rhododendron bells,
 The rose-pink rhododendron bells. Rare, crimson rhododendron bells.

O hearken,—hush! And lean thy ear
 Tuned for an elfin melody!
 And tell me now, dost thou not hear
 Those voices of soft mystery?
 Voices of silver-throated bells,
 Of dreaming rhododendron bells.

Tremble the Rhododendron Bells,
 The rose-pink
 rhododendron Bells.



UP THE COLUMBIA IN 1857.



SAFE over the Bar!" remarked the pilot of the Columbia, as the good vessel rounded Lighthouse Point and headed for Astoria, one fine morning late in the fifties. The tone implied much more than

the words to the half-dozen passengers that heard it, for it was midwinter and a "rough bar."

The pilot of the ship is to most people

a very attractive person; the position he holds while on duty makes him the superior of the captain, who has heretofore held all the honors, and been a little king. When the pilot takes charge the captain shrinks into quite a common personage, and we feel as though he had dropped down to our level, and could be approached, and even spoken to, without that particular reverence hitherto accorded him; and if he talked back we should feel as though he had lost his power to crush us into utter insignificance as before.

The Columbia River bar had probably the worst reputation of any on the Pacific Coast, but when our pilot "took the ship," our fears vanished, for he appeared a very monarch — as he stood fully six feet six, and well proportioned; beside, his reputation for skill and careful handling of ships was the best; — so he was a man very much looked up to.



Photo by Watkins from Painting by Cleveland Rockwell

COLUMBIA RIVER BAR.

After touching at Astoria, then only a small village, the steamer was headed for Portland. To the newcomer the scenery of the country bordering the river was grand and impressive beyond description—at that time an almost unbroken wilderness, touched at only a few points by the ax of the settler. To those familiar with Irving's Astoria, and with the history of the Hudson Bay Company, there is, beside, an air of romance, which adds greatly to the enjoyment of the voyage.

Landings were made at one or two of the most important places, Cathlamet

ter to the projectors. This was probably the first impulse given to one of the most valuable industries of the Coast.

In those days it was customary for sea-going steamers to touch at Swan Island Bar, some twelve miles below Portland, lighter off some of their freight, and cross the bar at high tide. We followed the custom, crossed the bar soon after daylight, and made fast to the two-story dock at Portland about 8 A. M., twenty-four hours from Astoria. Portland-on-the-Wallamet in 1857 was a small city, hewn out of the wilderness; but for beauty of location it had not its



Photo by Watkins

ROOSTER ROCK.

and St. Helens, I think. It was at Cathlamet where the first attempt to catch salmon on a large scale for export was made, in 1858, by McKee & Co., merchants of Portland. Quite a large sum of money was invested in nets, boats, and apparatus. When all was ready, a number of Indians were employed to haul the nets. At the first haul such an immense number of salmon were taken that the Indians became frightened, and declared the devil was in the net; so they all let go and ran away, and could not be induced to return, so the first nets were destroyed. The enterprise was finally abandoned, resulting in financial disas-

superior. Its general form was a half moon, its curved base line fronting on the river. The fringe of forest encircling it sloped gently back to the hills, forming the most beautiful setting conceivable for that gem of a city, while grand old Mount Hood stood sentinel over it.

Couch's Dock at which we landed and the opposition steamer's dock, near by, were the only wharves on the water front; a wharf-boat for the accommodation of the river steamers was moored some distance above, opposite the business center. A horse ferry-boat which crossed the river as occasion demanded,



Photo by Watkins

UPPER CASCADE OF THE COLUMBIA.

was the only connecting link with East Portland, which could not be said to be thickly settled, as it contained but two buildings.

The "city," apparently, had just moved in, for it had but two or three passable streets, and the people were still busy removing the stumps of the trees from the main thoroughfares.

Her merchants were mostly of the thrifty, New England stamp,—young, enterprising, and careful, withal; men who came with a purpose, to build homes and to stay, and to build fortunes as well. In the exercise of good fortune as pioneers they had selected this as the best location for a city, possessing natural advantages superior to any other in the territory. The city as it stands today testifies to the excellence of their judgment. The two dozen principal business houses were nearly all located on the west side of Front Street. Portland was the great business center to which the valleys of the Columbia and Wallamet were tributary. The Valley of Wallamet was called "God's Country." It was settled principally by Missourians, every man, woman, and child, holding down six hundred and forty acres

of land; and with the best land and as fine a climate as can be found, one might travel from Portland the length of the Wallamet Valley, and the universal fare would be bacon, saleratus bread, and dried apples. Even in that early day Portland was awake to the value of her unequalled water facilities, and had many fine steamers plying to her numerous points of supply. Her exports consisted largely of grain, flour, bacon, and apples.

In the spring of 1859 I made my first visit to The Dalles. Taking the new steamer "Mountain Buck," we left Portland in the morning. J. C. Ainsworth was captain and Henry L. Hoyt, pilot. By their courtesy I was invited to a seat in the pilot house, where I could have the best view of the river and scenery, and a chance to chat with the man at the wheel, as each took alternate short tricks. Both were classed among the best of the river pilots.

We touched at Fort Vancouver, with its two-story docks, built to accommodate the seasons of high and low water,—for the spring freshets varied from thirty to forty feet above low water. Quite an interest attached to this post.



Photo by Watkins

UPPER CASCADES AND BLOCK HOUSE.

from the fact of its having been until recently the main trading post of the Hudson Bay Company. It was now headquarters of the Department of the Columbia, and distributing point for all the United States posts and forts of the Upper Columbia, and for the several Indian reservations. Colonel George Wright commanded the post. This was about three years after the massacre of whites at the Cascades, and two years after the subjection of the confederated

of the rapids. The captain and pilot, both at the wheel, watching every current and eddy, ran the boat up to the Middle Cascades, the highest point it could reach, into an eddy formed by a jutting mass of rocks, and made fast to the wharf boat on the Washington side. We transferred ourselves to a horse car on Bradford's wooden railroad, built along the river's edge, which took us to the Upper Cascades, the scene of the massacre in March, 1856.¹



Photo by Watkins

THE DALLES OF THE COLUMBIA

tribes of Indians of the entire region of the Upper Columbia.

Between Fort Vancouver and the Cascades there are many views to delight the eye of the traveler, among which may be named Castle Rock, Rooster Rock on the Oregon side, about twenty-five miles below the Cascades, and a number of waterfalls. Horse-tail Fall, (now called "Multnomah") is one of the highest, it being 700 feet high. A portion of it only can be seen from the steamboat as you pass. Two miles more brought us to the village of Lower Cascades. We now entered the swift waters

The settlement consisted of Ferguson's Hotel, the residences of Mr. Put. F. Bradford, Engineer Grenzsbach, and three or four others. Bradford's store was on a small island, connected with the main land by a bridge, while higher up on the hill was the block house overlooking all. Bradford's store was a curiosity; it was built when the Indians were troublesome, and was a combined store and fort. They had quite an Indian trade. The interior was so arranged as to admit but two or three persons at

¹ See "Phil Sheridan's First Fight." OVERLAND for October 1889.



Photo by Watkins

HOOD RIVER.

once to the counter, while back of the salesman were racks filled with arms of various kinds, handy for use at any moment.

In the little cove between the store and mainland lay the steamer *Hassaloe*,—an Indian name signifying “Morning Star.” She was new, and Engineer Grenzebach was then fitting the engines. She was the first sidewheel steamboat on the middle Columbia, and the largest. Only two small steamboats navigated the waters of the Columbia

Appearances indicate truth in the legend: the break on each side is abrupt; the width of the river above is noticeable; and after leaving the Upper Cascades you can see the remains of forests with standing trees in the clear depths of the river as you pass over them.

The cascades proper have a length of about four miles, and the deadfall in that distance is twenty-six feet. It seems scarcely possible that a stern-wheel river steamer could pass them



Photo by Watkins

A SALMON WHEEL, LOWER CASCADES.

at that time,—the *Mary*, Captain Dan Baughman, and the *Wasco*, Captain I. S. McFarland.

The best view of the Cascades is from the block house. The Indian legend of the forming of the cascades is briefly as follows: In time long past the river ran smoothly between narrow banks under a natural bridge of the mountain. One day Mounts Hood and Adams got into a terrible fight; fire issued from their tops, lava flowed down their sides, and finally heavy earthquakes occurred, causing the bridge over the river to fall.

safely, but in 1857 the steamer *Venture*, owned by Lawrence W. Coe and R. R. Thompson, performed the feat safely. The boat was new, and her engines had not been thoroughly tested. She was lying above the Upper Cascades and had on board some freight for Captain Jordan, then post commander at Fort Dalles, which was needed; so taking on a few passengers, they started out. The pumps failed to supply the boilers and they returned shortly; repaired them, filled the boilers, and understanding from the engineer that steam was on,

Captain Coe ordered the lines cast off, and started anew. The boat shot out into the stream ; but there was not steam enough on to stem the current, and she was carried stern first down over the rapids. Captain Coe stuck to the wheel, with practiced eye watching the boiling waters, and guiding the boat past threatening rocks, shot her safely into an eddy at the foot of the rapids. Only one life was lost, that of a passenger who jumped over to swim to shore.

The boat was soon after sold to Captain Wright ("Bully Wright"), and was placed on the Frazer River route: she was the first steamboat that ever went up to Fort Yale.

The second affair of the kind was the deliberate act of Capt. J. C. Ainsworth, taking the large side-wheel steamboat *Oneonta* over the Cascades in 1870. The undertaking clearly shows the fearlessness and skill of the man. Captains Stump, Holmes, and Miller, three of the best pilots and navigators of the upper Columbia, were his guests on board. Captain Ainsworth, understanding fully the great peril of the undertaking, went into the pilot-house and locked the door, said grace, ordered the lines cast off, and backed out into the stream. A moment more and she caught the current, and shot down over the great fall. At the big eddy below the main fall she touched a rock, slid off, and made the full passage without damage. On being asked why he took the boat over alone, refusing the services of three of the most experienced pilots on the river, Captain Ainsworth said: "One man can lay the course better than two, if he is strong enough to hold the boat up to her work. I was President of the Company, and if any serious accident happened, I alone was to blame. Had either of the others been at the wheel when she struck, it might have injured their prestige with my associate directors. I took all the responsibility, and am always ready to take it."

As we left the Upper Cascades on the little steamer *Wasco*, with Captain Dan Baughman at the wheel, new scenes appeared ; the river widened out, and for a few miles it had the appearance of a lake. It was early in the day, and the chinook wind had not yet ruffled the surface of the water, which was so smooth and bright one could almost fancy the boat gliding over a sea of ice.

A run of twenty miles found us abreast of Hood River, and passing between the great white sentinels, Mount Hood on the right and Adams on the left. Next on the left appeared the small block house that marked the mouth of White Salmon River, flowing from the base of Mount Adams.

Soon Memaluse Island, for ages past the favorite burial place for the Indian dead, was passed, and as we rounded a point of land the city of The Dalles came to view, nestled under the rocky bluff that formed the background, with the fine new buildings of the Fort on the higher land to the right.

The Dalles was a city in miniature only, but as it was at the time the head of steamboat navigation, with an immense country to the east being opened for settlement, it was the key to the entire upper country, and a city of great expectations. For a time it was an active business place, being the distributing point of the government for all the goods and supplies for the forts and the several Indian reservations. Father Wilbur had charge of the Yakima reserve at Simcoe, about fifty miles east of The Dalles, in Washington Territory; and Col. A. P. Denison of the Warm Springs Agency, some forty miles southerly. All supplies for Forts Walla Walla and Colville and the settlers in that region were hauled by teams overland from The Dalles. The city boasted a fine hotel, "The Umatilla," with Colonel Graves as host, and a half dozen stores, those of Greene, Heath & Allen and H. P. Isaacs were built of stone.

Quite a valuable part of the trade was with the Indians. All conversation with them was in Chinook jargon,—a language containing only about four hundred words, easily learned, and in universal use by all the Indians of Oregon and Washington.

The Dalles of the Columbia was, of course, the greatest point of interest to the visitor. The entire volume of water rushing through a rocky channel, so narrow one could throw a pebble to the opposite wall, was a sight well worth the trouble of the walk of only three miles to see. Occasionally, in season, one could watch the Indians catching salmon at the lower end of the rapids. Standing on a jutting point of rock, nearly naked, a bronzed athlete poised in air, he gracefully swings his net, which is attached to a long, slender pole, as far up stream as he can reach; it strikes the water; and bracing himself, he sweeps the net down stream with the current, the tension on the pole keeping the mouth of the net open; he is careful to keep the net only just below the surface, and close to, but clearing, the side of the rock beneath him. If he strikes a fish, a deft turn closes the net, and a struggle, which is not all play, takes place to land him; for it may be a 50-pounder, requiring all his strength and skill. His cloochman (squaw) stands near by, ready to seize the fish when landed. A rap with a short club on the head stuns him; he is taken from the net, covered with a sack in an instant,

and taken into the wick-i-up, to be dressed; the greatest care is taken that the sun may not strike the fish. How different this from the automatic wheel-fishing boat later in use is shown by the illustration.

Within the past thirty-four years great changes have occurred, but the pleasure-seeking tourist of today will find no more enjoyable excursion than a trip up the Columbia and Snake rivers from Astoria to Lewiston, at the junction of the Clearwater. It should be made leisurely by steamer and altogether in daylight. The beauty and variety of the scenery, the romance, novelty, and excitement, will afford pleasure during every hour of the time; and if you can make friends with the captain or pilot your pleasure will be doubled.

The city of Portland serves as an illustration of the growth and expansion of towns in the great States of the Northwest. In 1851 Portland was incorporated, and its limit was two miles on the river by one mile back,—an area of two square miles. It now covers an area of $22\frac{3}{4}$ square miles. Its population in 1857 was 1,280; it is now estimated in round numbers at 100,000. Its property valuation, real and personal for taxation, was about \$1,200,000. It is now \$48,000,000, and it ranks the second city in size and importance on the Coast.

East Portland now has a population of 12,000, and is connected with Portland by two fine bridges which span the Wallamet River.

Fred M. Stocking.



MINNIE-WAH-WAH.

ON THE side of a large rock, in a nook of the Argentinian hills, in the State of Washington, is cut the name, "Minnie-Wah-Wah." Perhaps not one of the readers of the OVERLAND knows who Minnie-Wah-Wah was; yet our people ought to remember her kindly, for she gave up home and happiness, and gained the enmity—so far as she knew—of her tribe, for the sake of the whites. She was a Spokane Indian girl, daughter of an Indian named Coyote Chief: he was not the chief of the tribe, but simply chanced to bear that name. She was one of the converts of the old Whitman Mission at Waitipeii, and an exceedingly devoted one, completely absorbed in trying to carry out the precepts and example of Doctor Whitman. Her home was on the northern waters of the Chamokane Creek, near the old Fort Colville road, which has been traveled for more than a hundred years, and is today more traveled than all the other Stevens County roads put together. She is said to have been a very pretty girl, of unusually amiable and happy disposition, and an especial favorite in her own tribe. She was about sixteen years old, and had been promised in marriage to a wealthy son of the Montana Flathead tribe. It was thought that this marriage would effect an exceedingly desirable alliance between the tribes, and the prospect of it had already brought them into closer relations. Minnie-Wah-Wah herself was happy in her approaching marriage, but mainly because she hoped to be able through it to extend the influence of her new religion among the Flatheads.

It was only a few days before the time set for the wedding, and preparations were already under way, when the news reached the Spokanes that the

Mission had been attacked, and the Whitmans brutally murdered by the Flatheads. It affected the girl so intensely that no influence on earth could persuade her to go on with the marriage. She said: "No; I have begged of him as I have begged of all the people of my nation to be good to Father Whitman, who is the son of the Great Spirit; but instead you have let him be killed as you would kill a coyote. None of you even cry when he and his good wife are murdered. No, I cannot marry this man. His heart is bad. The Indian nation is like a band of wolves after one poor lamb. I will not let poor Minnie-Wah-Wah be the wife of the red man whose heart is so cruel; my skin is red like that of the Siwash, but my heart is white like the white hearts of the good Whitmans."

The tribe was dismayed when it proved that she could not be shaken, for great trouble was sure to follow with the Flatheads; and finally her father and all the tribe became very angry, and decided that arrangements should proceed, and she should be married by force. The girl in desperation, seeing no way to escape, determined to end her own life. There is a large bluff near the Spokane River, over which the Indians used in the springtime to force large numbers of deer, which they had previously corralled for the purpose. Minnie-Wah-Wah threw herself over this bluff.

The Indians of both tribes mourned this event bitterly: the chiefs are said to have cried like children, and blamed each other for driving the girl to such a deed. They held elaborate funeral ceremonies over her body, and lowered it into a grave on the spot where it fell.

Probably the proof of her desperate sincerity in her religious faith struck them with some superstitious terror: at all events, whether from grief or superstition, her lover was stricken with illness and died in three days; and both tribes were afterward very well disposed to the preaching of Christianity which spread rapidly among them. The numerous converts looked on the girl as a sort of pioneer and martyr of their religion, and though the circumstances of her death have become vague and traditional, her name is preserved with a sort of religious reverence.

The above is the story as the Christian Indians tell it; and though it is now apparent that at the time of the occurrence it was somewhat known among the whites, it seems to have been forgotten among them. It is only lately that it was told to white men by the Indians, and might have passed for a mere romance, but for a remarkable confirmation of the story that I was fortunate enough to stumble upon. The Indians themselves had long forgotten the place of the grave, but while I was engaged recently, with eight engineers, in running lines on the reservation, in a secluded place we came upon a large rock, on which was lettered the name "Minnie-Wah-Wah," and near by were evidences of an Indian grave. This name could scarcely have been cut by Indians: and a further evidence that at the time some whites knew and honored the grave, and were in possession of the circumstances of the girl's death, we found on an embankment of slate just south of the grave. Here was scratched a remarkable series of inscriptions, extending over a dozen years: the first ones sincere efforts to leave a tribute to the dead girl's memory; the others attempts of later prospectors to follow more or less respectfully the suggestion of the earlier ones. I give the curious string of stanzas just as it stands, and has stood for about a half-century.

"Poor little Minnie Wah Wah,
There's nothing we can do,
To call you back to earth again,
Or it would soon be done."

Djun, Hudson Bay Co., 1838.

"Little brown-eyed Minnie,
Your soul was white as snow;
Where you are now I'd like to be,
That's where I want to go."

G. B., Hudson Bay Co., June 1, 1838.

"She served good Marcus Whitman,
Likewise his faithful wife;
In doing so she served the Lord,
But lost her earthly life."

M. N., H. B. Co., July 4, 1838.

"Life on earth is a short one,
'T is filled with sad dismay,
But we who trust in Jesus,
Will see a brighter day."

Sister of Mercy, August, 1838.

"Who is this Minnie Wah Wah?
A Siwash, I presume;
From all accounts I guess the girl
Is sailing round the moon."

Gold Hunter, 1838

"The rainbow's burning splendor,
Reflecting in the sky,
Is nowise near as beautiful
As is Minnie Wah Wah's home on high."

Prospector, 1839.

"She's gone to join the angels,
Dear little Minnie girl;
Her soul is in the realms
Where all space is in a whirl."

J. P., 1840.

"She'll visit the apostles
And all the heavenly host.
Minnie Wah Wah's in the star land,
Why fear her earthly ghost?"

D. M., 1840.

"She died, they say, broken-hearted,
Precious Indian maid;
Her soul's as pure as heaven,
And free from earthly jade."

M. C., 1840.

She could n't marry a Siwash,
That's what she claimed and said;
Her people all condemned her,
But poor gal, now she's dead."

Jack, 1849.

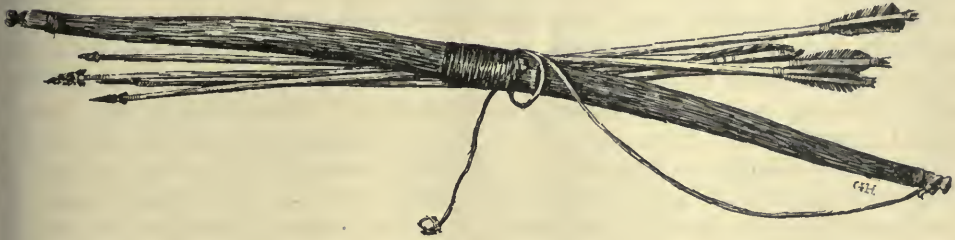
“The stars that twinkle in the sky,
The dew-drop on the flowers,
All bring fragrant thoughts to us
Of that dead one of ours.”

Jack's Partner, 1849.

“I don't understand this country,
But this river these mountains hem,
I long have looked for gold dust ;
But in this grave I find a gem.”

Prospector, 1850.

W. Arthur Jones.



AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF ROBERT THE SIMPLE.

Nobody ever knew just how “Robert the Simple” ever happened to come there. He was undoubtedly very much out of place, and Steve Robinson, who had been an artist back home before he came to Tacoma to sell town lots, and was therefore looked upon as an authority on all esthetic questions, declared that he destroyed the perspective of the city, and further, that he was out of drawing there. This would have been sufficient to condemn him, had he not been condemned already. But, as a matter of fact, he was condemned before he had been in town twenty-four hours. Not but that Robert was a pleasant enough fellow socially,—young, handsome, and with that inherited manner and bearing of the gentleman that come from breeding, and cannot be acquired. But nobody then had time to consider the social qualifications of a man who was of no use in business. And Robert was certainly useless in any field of industrial activity. That was why he was called “Robert the Simple” by the boys, though it is doubtful whether he ever suspected the appellation that was applied to him, for he had a quiet dignity of bearing that repelled

any such personal familiarities. When addressed, he was, “Mr. Churchill,” or simply, “Churchill,” according to the temper of the speaker.

He first appeared there during the latter part of May, 1887, when Tacoma was a far less important place than it has since become, and when the people were wholly engrossed in the excitement of the land boom. He looked at the bands of music and crowds of people with pleased surprise ; but when he accosted a stranger, and asked if it was usual to celebrate the Queen's birthday with so much pomp in “the States,” he was much pained by the abrupt and profane denial. Perhaps Robert's slow, deliberate manner and drawing speech had much to do with provoking the speaker's wrath. After that he wandered up Pacific Avenue in a dazed, helpless way until he met Major Kamm. The Major seemed to be as busy as all the rest, but there was a kindly expression of the face and a merry twinkle about the eyes that emboldened Robert to address him and ask some directions as to his way.

“Can I direct you to 1256 Tacoma avenue? Well, I guess I can if anybody

can," said the Major. "Now the easiest way to get there is to go up Ninth Street—that's the next cross street north here—for one block, and then take from the trail leading southeast from there. It would be shorter to go up Eleventh Street, but the trees have n't been thinned out much in that direction yet, and you might lose your way. You see, we have n't had time to improve the streets much yet, but this summer we'll get everything in shape. A stranger here, I suppose?"

"Yes, I have only just arrived."

"Well, you'll like our city. You can't help it, my dear boy. We have the greatest site for a great city on earth, and the population's increasing so fast that we have n't time to pull up the trees to make room for 'em. We have more life, and energy, and business enterprise, to the square inch than you'll find in a square mile anywhere else in the universe. Why, sir, we could n't stop this city going ahead if every man, woman, and child, got in and held back. Now, if you won't give me away, I'll tell you a secret. I have some of the choicest property in this whole metropolis that I'll let you have, dirt cheap. Some property that was left in my hands this morning under peculiar circumstances, and you would n't find another such chance in a lifetime."

"I am sincerely glad to hear that your town is doing so well. But I am hardly in a position, financially, to invest in landed property. I had hoped, rather, to find employment in some legitimate enterprise. Do you imagine there would be any opportunity for me?"

"Opportunity? Why, there's nothing but opportunity here. Just consider the proposition for a moment. Trains and boats are arriving here hourly from the north, south, east, and west, bringing people by the thousand from the four corners of God's green footstool. The population is increasing at the rate of a thousand a day. Within a year

from the present time we shall have a population of 100,000 people; within three years we shall have the metropolis of the Pacific Coast; within five years we shall have passed Chicago and New York, and the City of Destiny will stand as the largest and most prosperous aggregation on the American continent. Every man who now holds a town lot will then be a millionaire. Now, all these people are coming here to buy land. That's what they want. And we'll have to have stores for them to deal in; while the people who are willing to throw away the chance to make a fortune in land and are willing to go into ordinary business are so few that they are in great demand. Why, you'll be snapped up within twenty-four hours."

But, in spite of the Major's glowing predictions, Robert found it very difficult to find employment; and day after day he came home to the frail little woman who shared his misfortunes, with the discouraging news that he had been again unsuccessful.

"Never mind, Robert; things will brighten soon. Everybody is making money here,—they all tell me about it,—and we cannot remain poor forever. Don't be depressed; tomorrow you may be successful."

But it was wholly unnecessary to tell Robert not to be depressed. His cheerful disposition was proof against any disappointment, and he was as light-hearted after a day passed in being refused employment as he had been when he started out in the morning with his heart full of hope. He had been brought up as an English younger son, with no idea of business, or of helping himself under difficulties, and in his heart he felt, even while he was asking for employment, that he could be of no use to anybody. He grieved when he thought that his wife was denied certain pleasures and luxuries, but he easily dismissed such disagreeable thoughts.

Not so with the little woman who remained at home, looking after the two young children all day, and worrying about the future. She had had great hopes for Robert, and had looked forward to his great success in this new country, where everybody was getting rich, apparently without an effort. She could not but see the difference between him and those by whom they were surrounded, but she attributed that to the nervous, excitable temperament of the Americans. Major Kamm had taken an interest in the helpless young Englishman, and had come to see them occasionally, enlivening them with his inexhaustible fund of enthusiasm, and had given Robert temporary employment, though, as he said to his wife, "The man's a perfect baby in business, and it would be economy to pay him a salary to stay away from the office. He's in the way whenever he comes there." And then Mrs. Kamm went to call on Mrs. Churchill, — an American custom that rather surprised the latter, — and took her and the children out to drive.

After that the two became great friends, and Mrs. Kamm, in her quiet, motherly way, found many opportunities to lighten the burdens of her new friend, though she often found difficulty in avoiding offense. For Mrs. Churchill was proud, and Mrs. Kamm soon learned that the only way to force favors on her was through an appeal for the comfort of the children.

Thus matters went on, and the condition of the Churchills grew worse and worse. Mrs. Churchill tried to keep up her husband's courage by appearing cheerful and light-hearted when he came home. But the pangs of hunger do not go well with an appearance of cheerfulness, and the thought that her children were suffering from lack of food filled her with anguish. Under these circumstances Robert's imperturbable cheerfulness irritated her beyond measure.

She saw that it was not assumed, but an easy confidence that something would turn up to help them out of their difficulties without any effort on his part, that she could not understand or sympathize with.

As matters grew worse with them and meals became scarce, she earned a little money by doing fancy sewing which Mrs. Kamm brought for her. But the work was hard, unaccustomed, as she was to such exertions, and she was weakened by insufficient nourishment. Mrs. Kamm suspected something of this, but did not know its extent, for on that point Mrs. Churchill was persistently silent, and repelled all inquiries. Loyalty to her husband would not permit her to condemn him before others, and she sought as far as possible to hide the evidences of his weakness.

One evening Robert came home radiant with happiness, and carrying several bundles in his arms. "It's come at last, Eleanor," he cried. "I received a letter from home today with a remittance, and now our troubles are at an end. See what I have brought you. I have felt that we have not been careful enough about our appearance," he continued, as he opened the packages. "You know our position demands that we should present a good appearance, and we have become absolutely shabby. I have brought home some things that are at least a little more satisfactory. This is a dress for you that I don't think even Mrs. Kamm can equal; here is some stuff to make dresses for the children, and this is a suit of clothes for myself. And here is a surprise for you."

He handed her a jewel case which she opened, and found inside an expensive lady's watch. She looked at him in dismay.

"And the rest of the money?" she said.

"O, I have it here." He looked through his pockets one after the other, but without success. "Why," said he

with a smile, "I've spent it all. That's odd, that I should never have thought of that. But never mind, with my improved appearance I shall soon obtain employment. It's no wonder that nobody wanted so shabby-looking an employee."

"And the children are starving to death," she said, turning away to hide her tears.

"Why, Eleanor," he exclaimed, a little hurt, "I had hoped to give you such a pleasant surprise. And you really do not seem to be pleased at all. This is cruel."

That night he came as near to feeling depressed as he ever had in his life. Eleanor was taken down with a fever, and tossed about in bed moaning incessantly. Weakened by want and overwork, she was unable to withstand the shock of this last proof of his weakness. He attended her devotedly through the night, and the next morning went out to secure the services of a doctor, as she showed no signs of improvement. Having sent the doctor to see her, he went down to the business part of the town to continue his accustomed search for employment.

When he returned in the evening his wife was not there, and the children told him she had gone out with Mrs. Kamm. He was disappointed, for a temporary employment had placed him in possession of a few dollars, and he had hoped to surprise her. He busied himself with the preparations for dinner, however, expecting her early return. While he was so occupied there was a knock at the door, and Major Kamm entered.

"Churchill," said he, "I have always been a good friend to you, and have tried to assist you in every way I could. But you are not fit for business in this country. Our methods are too rapid; you're too slow for a community of hustlers like this. Your wife is seriously ill from lack of food and overwork. You cannot provide for her here, and I have taken her to my home."

"Really, Major, I don't know how I can —"

"You're not fit to have such a wife," continued the Major, ignoring the interruption. "She has had a hard life of it here with you."

"Perhaps you are right. In fact, I can see that you are, now that you mention it, but I had really never realized it before."

"No, sir; you had not. You entered into a contract you were not able to carry out; you have n't even kept up the interest,—let alone paying the principal. Your wife shall remain with us until she has fully recovered, and then I shall have a serious talk with her. I shall advise her not to return to you; I shall advise her to get a divorce."

"Do you think she will consent?"

"I think she is a woman of sense, and cannot do anything else."

"And you would come between husband and wife?"

"Yes, sir; I would. Such a husband and such a wife. What have you to offer her, should she come back? More starvation. More hard work. She must support herself and the children in any event; if she returns to you she must support you also."

"But the expense, Major. I am willing to do what is right, but litigation is expensive, and —"

"I shall attend to that part of it myself."

"That is generous of you. It is noble to thus befriend a poor, helpless woman who can make you no return. I can see that what you say is right, and you clear away the obstacles in your usual masterful manner. You are a true friend, and I wish that I might testify my gratitude in some manner."

"I came here tonight to tell you this, and to take the children home with me. It is better that they should be with their mother."

"Yes, it is better. I shall get them ready to go immediately." And Robert

bustled around putting on the children's hats and cloaks, and making them look as smart as they could in their faded garments. When he had finished he turned to the Major.

"Could I ask you to wait here a few minutes until I return?" he inquired. "I shall not delay you long."

The Major nodded, and putting on his hat, Robert hurried out. He soon returned, and thrust a package into the hands of the eldest child. "Some candy for the children. They like it so much," he explained to the Major; and then added as he kissed them both, "Give my love to your mother, and tell her I hope she will soon be well. And believe me, Major, I am deeply grateful."

As the door closed behind them he sat down on a chair, and remained buried in thought for some time. A sense of loneliness possessed him that he could not shake off. He shivered slightly, as if the lonely room seemed colder without its usual occupants, and rising, got his pipe, filled it, and sat down to think it all over again.

"It's all for the best, and the Major is unusually kind," he mused. "And yet I cannot but wish it had been otherwise. I wonder if I could have done anything to prevent it. I know I am different from the other people here, and yet I have tried to get something to do. I lack education in 'hustling,' as they call it; that's what it is. But it's so foreign to my nature that I do not believe I could ever acquire it."

He finally gave up the problem in despair, and retired to rest.

As time passed he became more accustomed to his position; he went down to the business houses day after day, finding occasional employment that relieved his necessities, and at evening he went home to his lonely, cheerless lodgings and smoked his pipe. He saw nothing of his wife or the children, and felt that he had no right to inquire about them, though he saw Major Kamm

frequently. He accepted it as a penalty for his helplessness, which he now realized as fully as anybody, but which he felt that he could not remedy.

Meanwhile Mrs. Churchill improved slowly. She received the best of care, but had been so weakened that recuperation was a slow process. At first she worried about Robert, and it required positive orders from the doctor, prompted by Major Kamm, to banish the subject. The Major assured her that her husband was well, and that satisfied her for a time. At length her health was fully restored, and she announced her intention of going home.

"I have been waiting until you were strong enough to talk to you about that," said the Major. "Churchill is a nice fellow, and I like him immensely. But he cannot get along in this country. He has barely made a living for himself since you have been with us, and what assistance he has received has been through sympathy rather than through any demand for his work. Had you been with him you would have suffered as you did before, and that is the only outlook there is for you in the future. Why not stay here with us?"

"But, Major, I am already under obligations to you—greater than I can ever repay. I could not consent to increase that indebtedness, and remain longer than is absolutely necessary. And my place is by my husband's side."

"But you can find something to do to support yourself and the children, and stay here in the meantime. Until you get yourself established you should allow Mrs. Kamm and myself to have our way and help you. Should you return to your husband, your health will be shattered again, and you can do nothing. You owe it to yourself to be firm now."

"But Robert needs me more now than ever."

"And you would sacrifice yourself needlessly for him. It is wrong for you to go back and live with him."

"I don't understand you."

"I mean that you ought to get a separation from him. You owe it to yourself; you owe it to your children."

She looked at him for a moment in surprise. "Major," she said, "you have been extremely kind to me; you have done more for me than I can ever repay,—more than anybody else would have done. I cannot tell you how deeply I feel this. But what you ask is impossible. I must return to my husband and share his misfortunes, if misfortune is to be his lot. I beg that you will drop the subject; it is painful to me to think of such a thing; painful to think that you could advise such a course."

"Well," said the Major, "we will not talk about it any more at present. But think of what I have said. I shall see Robert tomorrow, and tell him to come here and see you. Don't form any plans until after that."

And so it was settled for the time. The next day the Major met Churchill on the street, bright and early.

"Ah, Churchill," said he, "I have been looking for you."

"And I have been looking for you, Major. I have important news."

"Well, come to my office, and I'll hear your news. Then I can tell you what I have to say."

When they were comfortably seated in Major Kamm's private office, Robert produced a bulky letter from his pocket and handed it to the Major. "I have just received that letter from home," said he. "It informs me of the death of my elder brother, and my succession to the family estates. I must return immediately."

"What do the family estates amount to? How much money will you get from them to live on?"

"I really have not the slightest idea. I never took much interest in such things at home. I only know that we have always lived comfortably, and have never known the need of money. I

should not have been out here had I not crossed my father's wishes in regard to my marriage. He had his own views as to whom I should marry, and I had mine. I followed my own inclination, and he never forgave me."

"And what do you propose doing now?"

"I must see my wife and children, and prepare them to accompany me. Now that I have a home to offer them, there is no reason why they should not go with me."

"Well, Churchill," said the Major, with a smile, "your news knocks what I had to say into a cocked hat. I spoke to your wife last night about getting a divorce from you, and she refused flat-footed. I intended to make you see her and insist upon it today, because I knew I could handle you better than her. But this is a much better solution of the problem, and I'm sincerely glad of your good fortune. I'll take an hour off in honor of the occasion, and we'll go and tell her about it."

"There was another matter I wanted to speak to you about. You've placed me in your debt to a considerable amount; I am now in a position to—"

"We'll say nothing at all about that. If I can't spend my money in the way that gives me most pleasure, what's the use of having it? I could n't tell you how much it amounts to if I wanted to, and I would n't want to if I could. Some time when Mrs. Kamm and I come to England you can entertain us on your family estates. In the meantime we'll keep the account open on the books."

It was a bright summer morning about a week later, that Churchill and his family stood on the deck of one of the Sound steamers, bound for home by way of the Canadian Pacific, for Robert had said he would feel nearer home as soon as he got on British soil. The sun glistened brightly upon the waters of the Sound; the sky was without a cloud, and the green hills were clearly outlined

against it. To the east rose Mount Tacoma, a monument of dazzling brightness. Mrs. Churchill looked around upon the scene and sighed gently.

"It is strange, Robert," said she, "that I should feel any sense of regret at leaving Tacoma, yet the thought of it makes me sad. Nature is so beautiful here that I almost forget how sorrowful has been our experience. I have wondered how the people can be so absorbed in the struggle for wealth, when there is so much about them to satisfy the love of beauty."

Whatever his answer might have been, it was cut short by the noise of a carriage dashing down the wharf. It drew up beside the boat, and the Major and Mrs. Kamm jumped out. The steamer was just casting off, so they had only time to shout their farewells. Their friends on the deck waved handkerchiefs to them until they were out of sight, and then remained to catch a last view of Tacoma ere the steamer rounded Brown's Point, and the scene of their hardships was shut out from their view forever.

H. Elton Smith.

THOSE WHO HEARD.

PURPOSELESS

She fluttered blithely through the shadowy wood,
Like some unheeding bird. Hid there she found
A shrinking violet in dewy tears.

"Poor violet!" she said, and saying smiled.

"Proud 'in your sorrow, hiding from the world!

Why are you weeping? Is it for some breeze

That, loving, died upon your fragrant lips?"

And so, while sunshine danced within her heart,

She wrote a mourning song about the flower,

Those who heard it wept.

Time counted

One bead upon his rosary of years.

The sun no longer shone within her heart,

With useless tears her own eyes were weary.

In lonely sadness did she seek the wood,

To drown herself in shadow-haunted depths.

"Now I know Grief," she said, and saying, sighed.

She wrote a song that tripped of its own mirth,

Those who heard it laughed.

Sarah Comstock.

A FOREST SONGSTER OF WESTERN WASHINGTON.

AMONG the birds that inhabit the dense forests of western Washington in the summer season, none is probably so abundant as the russet-backed thrush (*Turdus ustulatus*); and certainly none, save the rusty song sparrow, and possibly the dwarf hermit thrush, is so fine a songster. Though the artful music of the varied thrush, the tinkling falsetto of the tiny winter wren, the briefer, quaint notes of warblers, or the fresh, accentuated songs of vireos, may often, too, be heard by the listener, the song of the russet-backed thrush stands out distinct from all these.

Possibly a few stragglers of this species remain, here or there, throughout the winter in protected places along the coast, but few individuals are seen till May is well advanced. At Gray's Harbor by the first of May a few have arrived, and by the twentieth of the month the species is common. Soon its song and notes become the characteristic music of the woods.

The favorite haunts are along the courses of the streams, in the thick undergrowths that mantle their banks: here under the moss-draped boughs of the ponderous spruces and firs, and the tapering hemlocks, is the twilight and cover it so much loves.

On the lower course of the Humptulips River, a clear, swift, mountain stream, which rises in the Olympic Mountains and flows into the harbor from the north, this thrush is found in abundance; but nowhere in all my tramps in the forests of Puget Sound and the coast was it seen in such numbers as on the banks of the Upper Quinault River. On the thirteenth of June, 1891, returning in the late afternoon from a point four or five miles up the river, to our bivouac in a diminutive

clearing by the river-bank, it seemed as if at every turn of the tortuous foot-trail one or more of these thrushes flitted into the thick salmon-berry bushes at either hand, and from every direction came the familiar notes and song.

Often this timid bird ventures far out into the tall, rank fern which covers the occasional small prairies of that region.

The song of this enchanting songster forms, with its notes, a kind of background to all the bird-music of the woods. Well through the summer its rippling, joyous, at times *almost* rollicksome, song is heard at every hand, morning and evening, and at intervals throughout damp or cloudy days. Nuttall most aptly describes the caroling of this thrush as like the words, "*wit, wit, t'villia, t'villia.*" Sometimes more than two *t'villias* go at one outburst. Each following *t'villia* chases, and seems to partly overtake, the one ahead; and the notes are so rich and liquid, and the spirit of the song is so impetuous, that the listener's veins fairly tingle:

"Thro' my very heart it thrilleth
When
Silver-treble laughter trilleth."

This love-song is poured out from a rather low perch, and so great is its volume that the bird's little frame seems too frail and delicate for such effort.

The low, clear whistle, variously, "*quoit,*" "*twoit,*" or "*quit,*" is to the woodsman a most familiar sound, and in the deep forest shades is really sad and plaintive. The note is slightly held. By carefully imitating it I have brought the male bird to a perch near at hand, when all attempts to stalk one in the dense, noisy underwood and forest "trash" had failed, for the bird is generally timid and seclusive, for all its loud singing.

A low call less often heard than this sounds like, "*bäh, ye-ē-ē-ē*"; the *bah* being a clear and rather round note; the *ye-ē-ē-ē*, a low, metallic trill, resembling, in that way, the last part of the song of the varied thrush. This call is given only, apparently, when the object of affection is supposed to be near by, the whistle, *quoit*, having already drawn the two birds together.

There is a short, quick alarm-note, "*whit, whit,*" or "*wit, wit,*" generally at once answered by several companions not in sight.

Most of the time the bird spends upon the ground or near it. Probably its diet of insects and worms is often varied by a few berries,—such as the salmon-berry, for in these thickets it appears to be most abundant.

Like many of our best songsters the russet-backed thrush is not clad in striking colors; above, "being uniformly a russet-olive; below, white; the neck, breast, and sides of its head are strongly yellowish-tinged," much and delicately spotted with olive-gray. Around the eye is a buff ring.

The nest, comfortably made, mostly of the common gray forest moss, is often built upon a loose framework of coarse straw, and finer dried grass, and in the bottom are a few layers of matted leaves, such as those of the vine-maple.

One found on the Humptulips, July second, was built in the center of a dark green forest fern, whose high-arched radiating fronds pretty well hid it till one stood over it. Another there was in the forks of a vine-maple, about seven feet from the ground. Each held fresh eggs. Usually from four or five eggs are laid,

of a greenish blue color, well spotted with several shades of brown.

Through June, showers are apt to be frequent on the upper waters of the Humptulips; and running down the swollen river at such times, in the risky, shovel-nosed canoe, is a series of exciting adventures,—even with a skillful Siwash in bow and stern. After a furious rush down a series of wild cascades, the canoe may float sluggishly along the edge of a quiet pool, where a salmon or sturgeon is spied by one of the big-faced natives, and quickly speared. Along a quiet reach of the river a shot may be chanced at a mallard whirring over, or at a flock of young sheldrakes, wildly spattering on ahead. Awhile one lazily watches the tree-tops drift across the sky, while resting back on the packs, the Indians deftly steering or plying paddle meanwhile, or on a likely bar the canoe is beached, and all eagerly search for freshest signs of elk, or deer or bear.

Spattering showers, which came at first, have ceased. A clear sky greets us, as the harbor opens out beyond the last big trees; and here a safer canoe is taken, or a skiff or sail-boat, if at hand and the tide in, for a distant harbor town. A lovely nightfall is recalled, once rowing onward; the smooth, wide bay almost unruffled, save where stirred here and there into little tripping wavelets by trifling currents of air or water. Far northward, over the vast green bulk of forests, the pure, snowy crests of the Olympics were visible till day was gone. Then the tender and peaceful evening stole on with topaz sky, reddish even-glow, peacock-tinted, glinting waters, and pure, twinkling stars.

R. H. Lawrence.



AN ENCOUNTER WITH CHINESE SMUGGLERS.

I HAD done some local work as a "special" on the boats of Puget Sound plying between Port Townsend and the British Columbia ports.

Having had some little success in discovering contraband opium, I at last obtained permission from the "tyees" to serve for a short time on probation, as a "deputy" in another district, and inland, at a point where considerable smuggling of Chinese across the line from the British side was supposed to be going on,—much against Uncle Sam's desire and proclamation.

I nosed around among the border settlers and villagers for some days, full of enthusiasm and the novice's desire for a tremendous scoop that was to cover me with glory and fill my capacious but empty pockets with clinking coins of a bright yellow hue. The name Brandreth Jones should become the terror of all smugglers. The pages of American and foreign papers, and particularly the British Columbia ones, should overflow with descriptions of the noted, courageous, cunning, and eagle-eyed Jones, the peerless and unequalled officer of the North-western border.

Visions of thrilling encounters bristling with shining knife-blades and pistol barrels, succeeded by clouds of obscuring smoke, cries of the utmost terror,—“Oh, Jones! have mercy!” “Let up! Jones!”—from the despairing wretches I had caught red-handed in the act of enticing the “Celestial” unto forbidden ground, flitted through my busy brain during the first few days of experience as a deputy.

B. Jones always figured very conspicuously in these sanguinary conflicts, as viewed through the horoscope of the future of aforesaid hero (to be); in fact he appeared to be the only one the least

bit “in it” at all. Two or three wild-eyed smugglers at a time make only a weak dessert, the only trouble appearing to be on these occasions that the approach of B. Jones, Esq., is the signal of a general stampede, and most of the malefactors escape so quickly, and in so many directions at once, that but few are caught. Of course “back-loads” of Chinese are left behind, for Jones to mail to headquarters; but the bush-whackers too often get off scot free in the trackless forests.

Where this hero appears to shine the loudest is when there are sufficient numbers of the enemy to warrant their facing the merciless pursuer. Then does this great man sparkle in his full effulgence, and scatter confusion in their ranks. Surrounded, harrassed, and utterly routed, they are only too glad to yield with their lives intact, and with the few broken heads that necessarily follow after such a man as Jones had been in their midst with his war paint on. Very glad, indeed, are they to yield themselves up to the “iron hand of the law,” with their prisoners—Slim Slam, Ching Chung, Bim Fin, Un Lung, etc., etc., and more of the same kind,—without further argument.

And then comes the vision of the proud marching through the busy streets of the city. How proudly B. Jones prances through the gaping crowds with his beetle-browed prisoners—the innocent Chins. The cynosure of all eyes, what cares he for the envenomed glances of his jealous colleagues who have grown gray in the service? Why, nothing! Jones gloats in it! Then follow the letters of congratulation, the vigorous hand-shake of a much pleased community,—last, but not least, the heavy salary and advancement.

Strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless a fact that Jones derived as much satisfaction from these reveries as he would from the reality.

These and even brighter visions flitted through my head on the third day of my assignment to the service, as I walked through a piece of green timber in the direction of a little village on the boundary line. It was growing dark, and as the gloomy aisles of the forest began to get lonesome and eerie-like, a longing for the comforts of an effeminate civilization began to gnaw at my vitals. I hurried my steps, and soon had the pleasure of having my ears tingle at the voice of a cow; then I heard the "dunkty, dunkety-dink, dunk, ding" of a bell, carried through the dark and stilly night on her neck, in rapid but lumbering motion toward that spot which my heart began to ache for.

I soon saw a flickering light through the dim vista of blackness ahead. I quickened my steps. Forgetting for a moment that I was not traveling on a wooden pavement, under the white and cold glitter of incandescents, I fell over a protruding root, and hit my nose with the trunk of a hard fir tree, which made it bleed freely (not the tree, but my nose). I also tore a wide and gaping wound in my trousers and another in my coat, through which the cold night wind blew. As I was going down I firmly grasped, with both hands, a full grown "devil's war club." My, but it hurt! I can feel the sharp and slender thorns in my poor hands yet. I got up and brushed off my clothes, rubbed the blood off my face and clothing, folded the flaps of the gaping wounds back over the cold places in my raiment, smoothed my hair nicely down on my fevered head, assumed again the stern and dignified expression befitting my office, and turned once more in the direction of the flickering light.

I was soon at the door of the little hotel. A second later a well-spread ta-

ble and a pile of hot stuff thereon restored me to my usual high spirits. Supper over, I repaired to a corner of the small office for a quiet smoke. Looking about me at the other occupants of the room, composed chiefly of loggers and farmers, I at once set to work to read their characters in their faces, and otherwise size them up. I could not make out much about them from their outward appearance. If any of them were smugglers they did not show it; they appeared to be an ordinary lot of countrymen. One of them was a rather tough-looking specimen. I decided to watch him. I thought he acted queerly.

It grew late. The young man who officiated in the capacity of clerk bustled briskly up to me, and notified me that he would show me up to my room. I told him that I was not ready to retire yet, but intended taking a turn outside for the fresh air. Barely had I reached the open air, when a step behind me arrested my attention. I turned as a voice exclaimed pleasantly, "Hello, old man! what's in the wind now?"

I scrutinized the speaker as closely as I could in the semi-darkness, and being satisfied that I had to do with a gentleman, replied: "You have the advantage of me; I fail to recognize you."

He chuckled to himself, held out his hand, and said: "O, that's all right. You are up here on the same errand as myself. I have been detailed by Collector — to look up this section for those rascals of Chinese smugglers. You are also on the same job. Am I not right?"

I hesitated a moment before replying; but so satisfied was I that he stated the truth, that I soon told him who I was. We were becoming quite confidential, when the door opened and a form brushed by me, which I saw was the hard-looking case I had seen in the office. A voice whispered in my ear, "Look out for that fellow," and the form disappeared in the darkness.

I talked a half hour or more to my new friend, and at last left him, well pleased to have formed the acquaintance of so agreeable a companion. He had informed me that a lot of opium was to be brought over the line at a point some twelve miles distant. He intended going there himself early in the morning.

Sunrise of the next day found me eating a lunch. Fifteen minutes later I had left the hotel, and was on my way to the point designated by my friend of the previous evening. I was proceeding along a little trail, and had gone about a mile, when a light step behind me arrested my attention. I glanced back,—what was my surprise to recognize the hard-looking case I had seen in the little office at the hotel! He came up, and at once assured me that he was a certain official, whom I knew well by name. I was a little dubious of the honesty of his words at first, as his disguise was very complete. It was hard to believe him anything but a tramp. He proved himself to be what he represented. He informed me that the gentleman I had been so much taken up with, to whom I had unfolded all my plans, was a criminal of dangerous proclivities, and one that was suspected of being at the head of a large gang.

Much discomfited at the alarming discovery I had made, I begged Beggs not to give me away. He promised, but cautioned me against future indiscretions, and hoped this experience would aid me to make a wiser and better officer. Beggs disclosed to me a plot, or rather an undertaking, which was on foot to evade the American officials, and bring a lot of Chinamen and "dope" across the line. At this time they were supposed to be in the woods, on a certain trail near a mountain pass.

Beggs gave me full instructions how to proceed and where to look for the men, he also advised me to be very careful in approaching them as they were a

desperate lot. I was to get as closely as possible to their camp, learn all I could about their numbers and intended movements, and meet Beggs and his squad at a certain time and place; then a grand descent on them was to be made as soon as they crossed the line. Great care had to be exercised not to give them any clew to the proceedings of the officers, else an alarm would ensue that would cause them to cross at some other and unknown point.

Beggs soon left me, and I started out full of enthusiasm for the station designated by Beggs as my particular headquarters.

About noon I reached a point on the boundary line, as directed by Beggs, and found the stone pillar that indicated the division of the two great nations. After lunching on the few cold scraps I had brought along in my pocket, I proceeded over on to British soil, on the lookout for signs of the enemy. Two hours elapsed; I had reached a point about two miles from the pillar, in very heavy green-timbered country. Gigantic firs towered overhead, the roadway I was traversing was a mere trail made by deer, but the imprint of a human boot showed clearly that a man had preceded me only a short time before. I had a great curiosity to know where that man had gone. Every little space on each side of the trail was the mark of a bottom of a pail where it had rested to ease the man's arm a little. After a while the footprints left the deer trail and led off through the woods. I followed them, and soon emerged on a wagon road. The footprints turned up the road to the left for a few rods. Now to my surprise I saw many other tracks,—also a new-made wagon track, the latter appearing to have been heavily loaded. Hay was scattered all along each side of the road.

A light rustle on the road ahead around a curve caused me to jump quietly into the brush, where I could

see without being seen. A man soon hove in sight. As he passed me I sized him up,—“A smuggler, sure!” I let him pass. I could hear him whistling in the distance; and stepped out and hurried along in the direction the wagon had gone. For about a mile it had kept on, then it had turned off into a burn. I did n't care to follow it across the little clearing; I feared that the gentlemanly fellow who had imposed upon me at the hotel might be with the party and expose me. I had now fully made up my mind that I was on the right track; I would crawl up to their camp as closely as possibly, see what kind of cargo they had aboard, listen to their conversation, find out when and where they intended crossing the line, skip back, notify the boys, have everything in readiness, and the minute they crossed the line we would swoop down on them like an eagle on its prey.

I was rigged out in a suit of corduroy and a complete hunter's outfit, carried a repeating rifle on my shoulder, a heavy revolver and a long-bladed hunting knife in my belt, in addition to a belt full of cartridges. I did not fear discovery except from my friend of the inn. If he proved not to be in the camp of the strangers ahead, I would go boldly among them and get full information as to their future movements. With these laudable intentions in view and my head throbbing with wild schemes for foiling the enemy, and for B. Jones's particular benefit and aggrandizement, I slunk off into the brush to one side, circled around back of the point I could see the smoke of the camp-fire issuing from.

Reaching a position opposite that from which I had started, so as to place the fire immediately between the two places, and having crawled through the heavy underbrush so quietly as hardly to have made a single sound, tired and heated, I paused for a breathing spell, and to consider my future plans.

My presence was entirely unsuspected. The camp was not over thirty yards away, and I could hear voices talking quietly. I listened intently,—what was that I heard? Was not that unknown gibberish Chinese? I could not distinguish accurately, so I crawled slowly and as quietly as a snake a little closer still, and as I slowly raised up in the shelter of the salmon-berry bushes, I already saw before me the grand battue on the other side of the line, as the transgressors were being taken into camp; I could also read in the near future the glowing pages of the newspapers. Conspicuously at the head of the first column, on the front page, the name in large letters stared me in the face:—

BRANDRETH JONES!
THE GREAT AND ONLY BRANDRETH!
THE TERROR OF THE SMUGGLERS!
THE KING OF REVENUE OFFICERS!
ALONE HE VISITS THE CAMP OF THE
CHINAMEN AT PERIL OF HIS LIFE!

I looked through the leaves,— what did I see? A party of Indians! harmless Siwashes; nothing more; nothing less. Gnashing my teeth in rage, I sneaked back into the brush; hurried off down the road, and started in afresh to find a more formidable camp. As I rushed along, making great strides in the direction of the deer trail I had left earlier in the day, I heard footsteps approaching, and not wishing to be seen, I again crawled into the woods. It was a young Indian going towards the camp. As soon as he got to where my tracks left the road, he stopped, examined my spoor, muttered something unintelligible to me, and passed on.

Reaching the trail, I hastened to put as many miles as possible between the Siwash camp and myself. As I rushed along, somewhat regardless of distance and time, I noted suddenly that it was growing dark. Nothing had been accomplished yet. I stopped, considered the situation carefully, but could not

arrive at any conclusion satisfactory to myself. Suddenly in the brush to the left of me I heard a slight crackling, then a quick thump, and all was again silent excepting the wild beating of my heart. Dropping slowly to the ground, my hunting instinct fully aroused,—duty entirely forgotten for the time being,—I waited for another sound from the brush. In vain; everything was still as death. Knowing full well that a deer was hiding in the brush, and would not stir, I crawled quietly in the direction of the last sounds, on my hands and knees. When I thought the deer was close enough to be seen through the leaves, I rose up slowly to a standing position. There it stood—a large doe.

Not knowing the law in British Columbia which prohibits the killing of does, I pulled the trigger as the front sight rested for a second against a patch of gray fur back of the doe's fore shoulder. The report of the rifle roared out on the night air, the doe gave a convulsive leap into the woods, and was soon out of sight. I could hear it smashing down the berry bushes as it madly tore off. I knew it was mortally wounded from the convulsive and catchy leaps it made. Throwing caution to the winds. I rushed after it in hot pursuit.

I found blood on the trail. The sounds of the fleeing deer had ceased, but on I went. The deer, after going straight ahead for some distance, had suddenly swerved to one side, and had rushed down a hillside into low land, following along on the new-made trail for a few rods. I could see the gleaming of water right ahead through the trees. Concluding that my deer had taken to the water and would soon be under my knife, I increased my speed. A log lay in the way; I jumped over it. As my feet struck the ground on the other side, something awfully like a man's foot protruded suddenly from the brush. Not being able to pull up in time to avoid falling over it, down I went on my

face all in a heap. Somebody then sat down on me rather heavily, squeezing all the breath out of my poor body.

I lay on my face quite a while before I could fully realize the position I was really in. That I was a prisoner was evident. It was also evident that the man on top of me had no intention of getting up until reinforcements came. He kept his face turned from me; I could not see anything of him except his broad back.

I revolved the situation in my mind. What could be the scheme he was trying to work? Was it robbery or malicious murder? Was this my old friend of the hotel, and one of the smugglers? Would they attempt to hold an officer of the American service? Very likely they would, till such time as they got through with their booty!

As closely as I could, I surveyed my opponent's position and my own. From the indifferent and careless way in which he sat astraddle of my back, I mentally concluded that he was not versed in the tricks of athletes, nor imagined for a moment that he could be unseated. When the proper time came I would give him a fall and escape; for the present I was satisfied to have him think me scared or stunned too badly to move.

Taking a dog-whistle from his pocket he blew several loud blasts on it and restored it to his pocket. Settling himself down cosily, he drew a cob-pipe deliberately filled it with tobacco, struck a match along his trouser leg, lit his pipe and dropped the blazing match in my bare neck, causing me exquisite pain. I endured it without moving a muscle, but how I did long to choke him! So greatly did this please him that he laughed loud and long. His pipe, was now burning brightly; the hot cinders projected a quarter of an inch above its bowl. A happy thought struck him; he chuckled wildly in glee. Bending over, he pulled my trou-

leg up over my shoe top, pulled my sock down over my shoe, and emptied the burning tobacco on the bare ankle, all the time shaking with uncontrollable birth, and for the time being perfectly helpless. My time had come! I could stand it no longer! "the worm turned," bringing myself upward with a violent jerk.

He rolled off to the ground, and quick as lightning I was on top of him and clutching at his throat like a madman. He was a man of great strength and far stronger than myself. I realized this as he forced himself to his feet and tore my hands from his throat. I was satisfied I was the more active of the two and the better wrestler. Although lacking in strength, I had n't the least fear of his downing me. Neither one of us had time to reach a weapon, our hands being actively employed otherwise. Each of us felt sure of overcoming the other without their use.

As he tore my hands from his neck, I turned him over and reversed our positions, but being slightly excited and wild from the effects of his burning tobacco on my leg, I did not hold him securely; exerting his great strength, he again got on top. I was growing weak and losing my strength, and feared that I should become an easy victim to my burly opponent; but I noticed now that he was more badly winded than I, and not capable of much further effort. A grand effort had to be made. I could hear a crashing in the woods; some of his companions had heard his whistle and were hurrying up. They would soon prevent my escape. My rifle fell when it first went to the ground on the foot of my adversary; I had no idea where it was now, as it was dark. The fresh rivals would certainly be armed, and could readily overpower me, even if unarmed, by sheer numbers.

During this entire fracas not a word had passed, excepting a few of a slightly profane nature, such as men indulge in

when they are at loggerheads with each other. I had long since recognized my would-be captor as the gentleman who had interviewed me at the hotel. He had been in the vicinity when I had fired at the deer; had heard my shot; had got close enough to hear the doe run, and hear me crash through the brush after it. Hiding himself, he had recognized me, knew what my business there was, and he proposed to detain me till their business in the neighborhood was completed. There was no doubt in my mind whatever that he would kill me willingly, rather than allow me to escape. These facts had gradually forced themselves upon me. I felt sure I had discovered the truth, and I was bound to overcome this man if I had to kill him.

We struggled desperately on the ground,—first one had the advantage, then the other. He was gradually growing weaker and more winded. At last I forced him under me; as he went over I saw a pistol barrel glisten. Wrenching it from his hand I placed the muzzle against his temple,—but shame overcame me,—I could not murder him. Seizing the barrel of the revolver in my hand, I raised the weapon over my head and dashed it down on his temple. It struck with a dull, thudding sound. The fierce clutch on my limbs relaxed; the senseless form quivered and lay still. My opponent was harmless,—not dead, but stunned.

I darted away in the dark woods. I could hear the companions of my late opponent a few yards off. Now they reached the spot where the struggle had occurred, and stumbled over the limp form of their comrade. They spoke to him,—no answer,—they shook him. I saw the flicker of a light as they bent over him. An exclamation followed. They heard me hastening away and fired two shots in the direction of the sound. I stopped, jumped behind a tree, but instantly dropped on my face and

crawled as quickly and quietly as possible away from the spot where they last heard me.

A voice called out, "Say, you fellow in the bush,—that hit this chap here,—if you don't come out and give yourself up, we will fill them woods chock full of bullet holes!"

They got no reply, and again the voice rang out, "Come, now, show up quick, or it will be the worse for you! You can't get away from us!"

I dared not move again. They were listening closely, and the least sound would be the signal for a volley from their rifles. Behind a large fir tree I was safe for the moment. A groan from the man on the ground reached my ears, also the spitting which he made from an overdose of liquor which had been poured down his throat. I heard him swear, then followed a whispered consultation. He had soon informed his mates of all that had befallen him. They knew all about me, and would never allow me to get back over the line, if it was in their power to prevent it. I heard them scatter. Their aim was evidently to surround me and cut off all chance of escape. One was coming directly towards me; I should be nabbed if I stayed any longer. My only show was to steal off in the dark. I had proceeded about ten yards without making a sound, when I stepped on a slippery log and fell to the ground, creating quite a racket.

Instantly I heard all the men rush in my direction, and concluding that my time had come, I did not attempt to rise, but drew as close under a tree root as possible. A fair-sized hole in the ground where the roots had been torn up provided me with a snug hiding place so long as they were without lanterns; but a light in their hands would soon disclose my whereabouts. Drawing myself under a projecting root, I awaited the result breathlessly, with a revolver ready for instant use. I had determined not to

yield without a fight, but I was loth to shed blood, and would do so only to save my own life.

The crashing continued in all directions, as the men plunged through the undergrowth in search of me: I could hear one of them not over a dozen paces distant. Would he discover my hiding place? It looked like it! He was not over ten feet away, and coming closer. He struck a match, and discovered my tracks on the ground leading to the fallen tree. As the match died out his eyes rested on the hole under the roots of the fallen tree. I heard him at the mouth of my place of refuge,—should I spring out and bear him to the ground? No! I would wait and see if he could find me; possibly he would fail to discover whether I was in the hole or not! Vain hope! he nosed around in front of me for a second, then he stepped back to one side and called his comrades.

I was trapped like a bear in its den! It would be madness to attempt to escape now. The entire gang were soon in front of the tree roots and whispered together a second. A voice requested me to lose no time in coming out; they promised not to injure me in any way if I should do so quickly and quietly, but if I did not act promptly in the matter, they swore that they would shoot me full of holes.

While being interviewed I had not been idle. Crawling still farther under and behind the roots and having discovered a piece of a heavy fir limb, I had dragged it in front of my face as I lay on my stomach along the ground, and I had made my position fairly safe from bullets. I began to feel quite impudent. They continued talking, but I did not reply, nor make the least sound. Again the voices clamored.

"Come out of that, or we'll shoot! If you are not out by the time we count ten—away she goes!"

They counted; no movement on my part; then bang! bang! bang! went

their rifles, the bullets striking the log, roots, limb, and dirt, all around me. I escaped any serious injury, but several splinters from the wood about me struck me, and hurt me rather badly.

A short silence followed the shooting; the men listened for the result of their firing. Everything was silent. The men grew restless. "Boys, if thet blamed sneak wus in thet 'r hole at all, I 'll bet we plugged him!" said one.

"Who 'll go in and drag out the bleeding carcass?" queried another.

None of them volunteered. A few more shots were fired. Then my doughty opponent, who appeared to be the head of the gang, offered to settle the matter by going into the hole himself, and immediately proceeded to put his threat into execution. I could hear him approach rather cautiously. When he was within a few feet of me, and groping around on the ground for my dead body, I prepared for action. He could see nothing in the dark hole; I had the advantage of him in this respect, his body being dimly outlined against the sky. When he got close enough I heard him fumbling in his pocket for a match. Silently raising my revolver over his head, I put all the strength of my body into my blow, and dashed the butt of the weapon into his face. Again he fell senseless.

"Hello, Bill! what 's up?" cried his companions, as they heard the thudding sound.

Silence was no longer of service to me; the stunned man would soon recover, and all would be lost. In addition I could see the flicker of a lantern approaching; some of the men had gone back to the camp after it. The gang only waited for the lantern to close in on me. If they did not kill me, they would at least hold me till their smuggling was completed, possibly taking me afterward to some Justice of the Peace, or otherwise to some mock court, and trumping up some charge or other

against me,—possibly for shooting the doe contrary to law, and assault and battery; possibly robbery. I would be fined, detained, and very likely thrown into jail. In the meantime, some other fellow would walk off with the glory of their arrest, and capture of the Chinese. I would have my adventures and dangers for my payment. I also knew that "Bill" would never let up till he got his revenge.

Bill moved slightly; jumping quickly out of the hole, I dashed again into the brush. The men hesitated to shoot, not knowing whether I was Bill or me. The lantern soon reached them, they rushed to the hole, and discovered that the bird had flown, and that Bill had been done for again.

Expecting a score of bullets to come whistling around my ears, I passed around a tree trunk, and looked back; still they did not shoot. I could not understand it at all. Rushing to another tree, I ran behind its sheltering trunk a short distance, feeling that my chances of escaping were getting better. Suddenly a black form loomed up in front of me, something hard and heavy swooped down upon my head; I knew nothing of what occurred afterward.

Stiff, sore, my head throbbing and aching, my temples feeling as if a ton weight was crushing them, I came to my senses. A bandage was over my eyes, my legs and arms tied tightly with ropes, which cut into the flesh. I was a prisoner. I could hear voices around me, and a little distant from the others I heard those of a number of Chinamen. I was in the smugglers' camp. A foot kicked me rudely; it was Bill, and he wanted to kill me, but the rest of the gang objected. He kicked me again, and I heard a slight struggle. They were evidently pulling him away. A man said to him rather roughly:—

"Bill, you let that fellow alone! he 's punished enough; you sha'n't kill him! there 's no need for it! We will leave

him here ; Jake will stay with him. We will finish our job, and let him go ; he does n't know any of us ; anyway, if he does, what harm can he do ? He won't dare show himself on this side of the line again ! He can't hurt us on the other side ; we will be hundreds of miles away from there and this place. Let him alone !"

"That's what, Bill ; you sha'n't kill him !" chorused the others.

"Oh, you fellers is getting mighty virtuous all of a sudden ! You will be getting religion next thing, and turn missionaries ! You can't bluff me off from gettin' even with that skunk !" yelled Bill, in a rage.

The rest of the men still persisted in taking my part, so the avenger had to give in.

A new thought striking him, he requested in an imploring voice that they allow him to "thump the darned stuffin' out of the beggar." To this they all agreed, but insisted that he use nothing but the weapons nature had endowed him with, hands and feet, and had to stop when they gave the word.

The blood from the gash on my head was trickling down over my face ; I knew that I had a dangerous wound and could n't last long under the treatment that Bill would subject me to. I implored them to let me go, to keep him off, as he would surely finish me ; I begged them to untie my bonds, and at least give me a fighting chance for my life.

They laughed loudly, saying : —

"You're a good one, neighbor ! Good for you, old boy !"

"If we had time we'd like to see the scrap ! Bill would come out as second best !"

"Not today, old fellow ! Bill's entitled to one round ! We're agoin' to let him have it too !"

"If you'd 'a' done any shooting, or hurt any of us worse than you have, we'd let Bill plant you now. But seein'

as how your body might get some on us into trouble some day, and you're quite harmless as you be, our consciences will be clear. As it is, we are willin' to let you off with your hide full of bruises. You deserve it for givin' us so much trouble, and a delayin' of us so long. We're no chickens, and ain't out on any sympathy racket. Bill is entitled to one good go at you. You've got grit, neighbor. But we fellers reckon as how you won't come nosin' around our camp no more."

"Git inter him, Bill."

Bill did n't need any second bidding. The men flocked around to see the fun. Even the Chinamen drew up, jabbering like a lot of monkeys.

"Time," yelled one.

"Hol' on," called another ; "give him some show for his white alley."

Several of them took hold of me, untied my feet, and shoved me into the middle of the mock ring. I tried to dodge past them, but they shoved me back. Some one called time, and then Bill stepped up to me, and slapped me viciously on each cheek, following that up with light and tantalizing blows on my face, neck, body, and ears. I kicked at him every time he came near me, but being still blindfolded, my chances for hitting him were very slim indeed ; but this produced great mirth amongst the men ; they laughed boisterously at each effort on my part. Bill appeared to wish that the fun would last as long as possible ; he carefully avoided any knock-down blows. I became utterly weary of the farce. Disgusted and desperate, I chaffed him ; called him a coward, brute, big baby ; told him I had thrashed him twice, and could do it again if he wasn't too big a coward to untie my hands.

During the next few seconds he hit me viciously ; the bandage over my eyes became loose ; I could see a leg close to my feet ; kicked at it viciously with the instinct of self-preservation, and my toe

landed squarely on his shin. He cried out with pain and rage; a sledge hammer blow landed on my wounded and lacerated brow; I sank down, and again I was unconscious.

How long I lay after Bill's last brutal blow I do not know. My first second of consciousness disclosed the fact to me that my eyes were uncovered, my limbs untied, and Beggs sitting by my side bathing my wounded head. In surprise I attempted to get up, but fell back.

"How in the world did you get here?" I asked.

"We got alarmed at your delay and crossed over the line; got on the trail of the smugglers; followed one of the men to this camp; found them all gone but the one that was watching you; tied him up and let you loose," answered Beggs.

"Where did the smugglers go?"

"Towards the American side; got a man trailing them!"

"And I won't have a hand in it at all, after all my fight!"

"Looks that way! I will have to leave you now, I have to get back to be in the arrest; these two lads will help you home. Goodby!"

"Goodby!" and he was gone. The men helped me home, where for several days I tossed about feverishly in bed. As soon as I could sit up in bed, I sent for the county papers. I learned that the smugglers had undoubtedly given the officials the slip, and that a recent seizure of a large quantity of opium made a few days before was supposed to have been a part of the outfit of the gang I had been interviewing.

The papers also published an interview that a reporter had with a ranchman back in the country some distance

from the Sound. The ranchman stated that he had seen a large body of Chinamen near his ranch.

The paragraph that interested me the most was the following:—

Collector — has been notified that some meddling fellow had interfered with the government officials' plans for the capture of a gang of rascals that were almost in their grasp. Through this man's officious interference the said suspected rascals were warned of the near proximity of American officers, and crossed over at a remote point. This charge has been investigated, and satisfactory evidence produced to prove the criminal carelessness or guilt of this man. It has been ascertained that he got into a drunken brawl, was seriously wounded, and is now lying delirious from the effects of cuts and the vile stuff he had been drinking. He has been dismissed from the service, without pay.

I read all this in wild-eyed dismay, speechless and thunderstruck, and skipping the next few paragraphs, I read the closing one at the bottom of the page and article,— the man's name who had created so much turmoil with the government "internals," in large, bold characters,— **Brandreth Jones**.

Crazy with disappointment, grief, and blasted hopes, I fell on my back, tearing the paper to shreds. I would prosecute the government. I would sue them for libel. They should suffer for this, the thankless ingrates.

Calmer moments succeeded; then came reaction. I would let the country go to the dogs. No more would I risk my life in its cause. I would let them feel my loss, and allow smugglers to walk in their midst unmolested.

The once (should have been) great name of Brandreth Jones, no longer is found on a government pay-roll, but may be seen on a small sign over a boot-black's chair in a doorway on a Tacoma street:—

SHINE 'EM UP. 10 CTS.

B. JONES.

PROP.

J. C. Natrass.

RECENT FICTION.

OUR books of short stories this season show a higher average than the novels. The short story used to be considered the more difficult test of an author's power; but it was only necessary after all to catch a trick of condensation, and it was much the easier art, as a quatrain or song is easier than an ode, once the elementary fault of diffuseness is conquered. Nowadays, more writers of good short stories than of good novels are to be found.

Foremost among those before us for review is T. B. Aldrich's *Two Bites at a Cherry*,¹—half a dozen most readable and refined little stories, ranging from grave to gay in topic; but however grave, never without the light, fine touch by which Mr. Aldrich holds himself above altogether giving up to the pathos he suggests. One must read these stories over more than once to appreciate how clear and nice is the workmanship; and yet if one does this, he realizes that the flavor is evanescent, for like others of Mr. Aldrich's tales, they depend on a surprise at the end for their effect, and that is spoiled after the first reading. Most of the stories, if not all, have been in magazines before being collected into this book.

The latest collection of Miss Jewett's stories goes farther afield than many of her books. There are two Irish stories and the scene of another is mostly set in St. Augustine,—a sailor tale, on the same strain that Mrs. Phelps Ward touches in "A Madonna of the Tubs" and similar stories. Miss Jewett's is more true to life, it seems, than Mrs. Ward's and its pathos is certainly less evidently sought. The name story is a

touching sketch of a prosperous politician and an old-time school sweetheart, who, cooped up in her little native hamlet, yet follows his career and in intellectual matters keeps herself the peer of this senator and man of the world. "Decoration Day" is a pretty story of the veteran of thirty years after the war; and "The Flight of Betsy Lane" is a narrative of a little woman who goes from a poorhouse to the Centennial. But it is unnecessary to tell the charm of each of Miss Jewett's stories, they are her stories and in her best vein, and that is enough for the discerning reader to know.

A book of short stories, absolutely new in its field to most American readers,—unless indeed they go back far enough into childhood days to recall Jack the Giant-killer and his honest Cornish giants,—is *The Delectable Duchy*.³ The tales have more of variety than Miss Jewett's and yet they fill much the same field. They tell of the honest poor, but with a touch of the ancient folk lore that is charming and foreign to Miss Jewett's work. There is broad fun in the Irish St. Piran legends, touching pathos in "The Conspiracy Aboard the Midas" and "Mr. Punch's Understudy." "The Paupers" might have been written by Miss Jewett herself so close and sympathetic is its study into the feelings of the old couple on their way to the poorhouse, and the little final touch where the poor old people walk beyond the gate, that the man in the cart may not see them enter, is exquisite. In this story is shown strikingly the difference between the old country poverty and that of even the oldest and most barren parts of America. Country people here go to the poorhouse some-

¹Two Bites at a Cherry. By T. B. Aldrich. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.: 1893.

²A Native of Winby. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1893.

³The Delectable Duchy. By Q. New York: Macmillan & Co.: 1893.

times it is true, but it is generally the plain result of unusual misfortune or shiftlessness; but the Cornish peasantry seem to look upon the poorhouse as their natural home when old age shall have lessened their earning capacity,—an unpleasant ending of a long and laborious life, perhaps, but one absolutely unavoidable. Altogether it is a book that will toll its reader on from tale to tale till the whole book is done, whether he reads it by himself or to a sympathetic friend or group of friends.

Three collections of short stories by California writers close our list. *The Confessional and the Following*,¹ by Dr. Danziger, of this city, has a good deal of ingenuity in plots, a little too much effort after the tragic or startling, and a plain literary style, which lays itself open to no criticism, yet lacks the grace of a strong and finished simplicity, and is rather bald in its effect. *Another Juanita*² is by an old-time contributor to the OVERLAND, and a number of the stories have appeared in these pages. In them also, it might be said, there is too much effort at the tragic, but it does not seem effort, it seems very spontaneous; nevertheless, it sometimes makes the stories what is called loosely "morbid," and they are in places over-colored in diction. Nevertheless, they are unquestionably strong, and leave an abiding impression in the mind; one finds them remembered long after reading. They are very Californian in subject. Mr. Henry S. Brooks's stories are well known to OVERLAND readers, and of the dozen in *A Catastrophe in Bohemia*³ seven have been printed in this magazine, "The Arrival of the Magpie," "La Tiburona," "At Don Ignacio's," "The Virgin of the Pearls," "The Don in

Pauper Alley," "The Crazy Professor," and the name story,—which is rightfully given the place of honor. These names will call up to our readers, therefore, the remembrance of stories that are carefully and sympathetically wrought, whether they deal with the Spanish American life, the days of gold-seeking in California, or with London, as "A Catastrophe in Bohemia" does. They have what is common in Western work a sense of an unlimited amount of material, of new regions to be made part of the literary world so large that there is no need to dole out incident and description sparingly, but rather a difficulty of choosing where to begin. The most novel field touched is that of Lower California, of which Mr. Brooks is perhaps the finest literary explorer.

Coming now to novels, *The Shadow of Desire*⁴ and *My Wickedness*⁵ are stories of the slenderest possible quality, whose sensationalism even is mainly in the titles. Both show an honest desire to be startling, but neither is successful in it. *The Shadow of Desire* is vague and rambling, without clear narrative structure; and the other is a repetition of an old theme,—the psychology of an insane criminal, who commits crimes from a sort of fascination.

The Russian Refugee,⁶ *Rachel Stanwood*,⁷ and *Nonesuch*?⁸ are not unpleasant books to read, even if they have no very conclusive reasons for existence. All three have a sincere and sympathetic spirit, and an interest in social questions; possibly all three might be called somewhat unsophisticated, but neither is ignorant. The first has, in spite of its title, nothing to do with Russian

⁴The Shadow of Desire. By Irene Osgood. New York: The Cleveland Publishing Co.: 1893.

⁵My Wickedness. *Ibid.*

⁶The Russian Refugee. By Henry R. Wilson. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr: 1893.

⁷Rachel Stanwood. By Lucy Gibbons Morse. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1893.

⁸Nonesuch? By Emery J. Haynes. Boston: The North Publishing Company: 1893.

¹In the Confessional and the Following. By Adolph Danziger.

²Another Juanita. By Josephine Clifford. Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton: 1893.

³A Catastrophe in Bohemia and Other Stories. By Henry S. Brooks. New York: Chas. L. Webster & Co.: 1893.

questions, the refugee being merely a conveniently romantic figure for a plot of old-fashioned ingenuity, mystery, and long-drawn detail. The second is a story of the early abolitionists and underground railway. The third is an ideal study of a good millionaire, and its full title is "*None-such? There will yet be Thousands.*" The moral is that millionaires should not leave their property to colleges, which are too rich already, but to favorite heirs, who will devote the whole to philanthropy: the man who makes the money is disqualified for philanthropies himself by the necessary hardness and absorption of the money-getter. The story is absurd, but there are clever points in it.

Among studies of social questions might also be named *A Complication in Hearts*.¹ Public life in Washington has served as the background for many novels, some of them very good novels. "Through One Administration" will readily occur as an example of these. In many respects like that story is *A Complication in Hearts*. Its hero is that modern knight, the Mugwump leader, sent to Congress as a reformer by a strangely mingled constituency. The interest in the story turns on his love affair with the unhappy wife of an elderly man. The story lacks the delicacy and reserve in treatment that was the charm of "Through One Administration," and for that reason has more of directness and dramatic power. It offers several strong situations should it be put on the boards, especially the one where Yates Wolfe, the hero, stands behind the heavy curtain of the window, during the colloquy between Madame De la Tour and her husband, while O'Toole, Wolfe's enemy and the heavy villain of the plot, is peering in through the same window from the outside.

Mr. Peterson McBriar Hedge, the Kentucky gentleman of classical speech,

is rather a good character though over-drawn. The whole book is open to the charge that its color and light and shade are laid on with a too liberal brush. It lacks finish and delicacy in many ways, both as a picture of modern political life and a study of individual character.

*Mrs. Falchion*² is a book of much intelligence and force, but so rambling and unordered that no one will keep a connected recollection of it for many days after reading. Its purpose is as a character study, but while original and in a measure interesting, the study falls short of being powerful, and does not strike one as being true, or even made with much effort to be true. The local color, which is taken from various quarters of the world, for the characters are travelers, is fresh and pleasing, and seems real.

Matilda Betham-Edwards is certainly no new hand at story-writing, and would not have kept on publishing novel after novel had not people been found to buy and read them; but it is hard to see why any considerable number of readers should be expected for *The Curb of Honor*.³ With its unnatural, exaggerated characters, its labored humor, its stilted style, it is, to the critical, not even agreeable reading by way of pastime; while the uncritical will fail to find in it the lively narrative, or involved plot, or penetrating sentiment, they like. Yet it is an honest, high-minded little story, with honest, high-minded people in it, and a sound enough moral. *The Great Chin Episode*⁴ may be dismissed in but few words. It is an English detective story of the sort turned out by the better grade of hack novelists. Its denouement is fairly intelligible long before it is meant so to be, and the real murderer rather clumsily revealed at the end.

² *Mrs. Falchion*. By Gilbert Parker. New York: The Home Publishing Company: 1893.

³ *The Curb of Honor*. By M. Betham-Edwards. New York: J. S. Tait & Sons.

⁴ *The Great Chin Episode*. By Paul Cushing. New York: Macmillan & Co.: 1893.

¹ *A Complication in Hearts*. By Edmund Pendleton. New York: The Home Publishing Company. 1893.

Probably it is easier to make this criticism than to suggest an improvement on the way it is managed, as in the case of Doctor Johnson's strictures on the catastrophe in Hamlet. *Told by the Colonel*¹ is not bad as a take-off on the traveling American. Its fun is not of the delicate or subtle sort, but good, broad, apparent humor, which may be retold with effect to any audience that has not read the book; and this means that many of the stories are on themes sufficiently familiar on their general lines to have all the audience ready to laugh when the time comes,—a great advantage in a funny story. They are told, however, with a style and tang that is new enough to carry off the familiar basis. The plot of *Elizabeth: Christian Scientist*,² recalls strongly Grace Denio Litchfield's story, "A Hard Won Victory." There is the same struggle of the young woman with a mission to proclaim it to the world by taking service as a nurse to an aged and wealthy invalid lady. The most eligible young man in the family connection promptly falls in love with her, as usual, and the trouble begins. The present book has several differences, however, from its predecessors, mainly the peculiar beliefs of the young woman as shown in the sub-title. As a propaganda of the doctrine it is to be feared that the book will not meet with much success, for the reader's interest is more in the heroine as a heroine than as a missionary, and when she at last yields in the good old way, the book is laid down with a sigh of satisfaction.

The list of Archibald Clavering Gunter's "celebrated novels" beginning with "Mr. Barnes of New York" and "Mr. Potter of Texas" and ending, (let us hope), with *Baron Montez of Panama and Paris* is a steady anti-climax. Not

¹Told by the Colonel. By W. L. Alden. New York: J. Selwin Tait & Sons: 1894.

²Elizabeth: Christian Scientist. By Matt. Crimm. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co.: 1893.

Baron Montez of Panama and Paris. By Archibald Clavering Gunter. New York: The Home Publishing Co.: 1893.

but that the technical workmanship of style may have improved with practice, but the more important points of subject matter, of artistic proportion, of truth to nature and to the unities of art, are more and more sacrificed to the haste that must follow one successful book with another before the public has been able to forget its predecessor. These books are usually sold in the paper-covered edition, and that becomes them far better than the more enduring binding, for it is hardly possible to imagine anybody caring to read *Baron Montez* twice. It is true the snow-storm scene in New York is cleverly done, but the greater part of the heroine's diary is sickening, and the scene where she snatches Montez's pocketbook is ludicrous.

"The Lady of Fort St. John" fixed Mary Hartwell Catherwood in the minds of many people as a writer that had found a new field for fiction, a field that she worked with great skill and loving care. The result of her work is the bringing to literary life the old semi-French civilization of the upper Mississippi in the somewhat vague limits of the Territory of Illinois. *Old Kaskaskia*⁴ deepens that feeling and will add to the number of people that will look for books by this author, sure that they will contain the results of conscientious study wrought out with a really fine and delicate art. Father Baby, Angelique Saucier, Pierre Menard and Rice Jones ("Reece Zhone,") are new figures in the world of art, and they are living figures, who will make good their claim to length of days.

In a preface to *The Soul of the Bishop*,⁵ "John Strange Winter" says frankly: "I am aware that I have the reputation of being a writer of light stories, of pretty trifles, *pour passer le temps*, which is one of the disadvantages of beginning

⁴Old Kaskaskia. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1893.

⁵The Soul of the Bishop. By John Strange Winter. New York: J. S. Tait & Sons.

to write novels while very young, as it often creates a difficulty in more mature years, when the author wishes to be taken seriously, feeling strongly that the work has grown in quality or in strength with the years that have gone by." This is a frank statement of an honorable motive for the book; and the present reviewer would like to have seen it justified by work that was really an improvement upon the entertaining cavalry stories to which this author first set her pen-name. It cannot be said that *The Soul of the Bishop* is such work. The topic is akin to that of Robert Elsmere, but the treatment is not nearly so earnest, so strong, or so intelligent. It is a matter of course that it is in a way well-written, with good conversations, and clearly defined characters; and where the main points of the controversy are made, they are well made. The story is possible, its experiences by no means unnatural. It has the falsity to life that all novels concerning intense emotional experience must have: namely, that they are essentially episodic; they take no account of the immense healing and changing influences of long spaces of time. In the mere love story that is no serious objection, for after all the reader does not care to see the heroine of twenty in her resigned and somewhat portly forties,—he would rather leave her desolate in the last chapter, facing the unendurable years. But a novel of religious storm and stress should not end by ignoring the fact that honest and reasonable young souls,—as this one in the story was,—come to some sort of tenable theory of life by mature years. Probably the mischiefs played by religious differences in Cecil's personal life and relations were irremediable; but she did not live all her days tossed and torn with agitation, or brooding in desolation, either over the reli-

gious questions themselves or the consequences they had wrought. The dull, but sane and not unhelpful, after-chapter of young despair is worth writing; and especially necessary, if one would make a just study of the sort of problems here taken up. The book is a step in the right direction,—that of treating all things in which high human emotion is involved, all things on which vital human experience turns, as proper subject matter for fiction. The theory of art that can find the experiences least human—the side of life that we have in common with the beasts—the most congenial material, while those spiritual agitations that have shaken the world are ruled out as mere didacticism, is a singularly blind one. Nevertheless, it takes a stronger mind and a finer insight to write a good religious novel than a gossipy tale of manners or romance,—by as much as Rabbi Ben Ezra, or *O May I Join the Choir Invisible*, or *Dover Beach*, are better poetry than Austin Dobson's verselets; and *The Soul of the Bishop* cannot be called an altogether successful effort at this difficult type of writing.

We may mention, before closing this review, a child's book, *Everybody's Fairy Godmother*,¹ which is really a parable rather than a story. It is Californian in subject, written by a Californian lady; it is pretty, even for a grown person's reading, and in spite of a little sentimentality that a critical grown person will feel in it; and children will probably like it unqualifiedly. Little girls will, at least; little boys are not as willing to receive moral lessons in a story. This particular moral lesson is a wise and sweet one, and the story is decidedly above the average of children's books.

¹*Everybody's Fairy Godmother.* By Dorothy Q. New York: Tait Sons & Co.: 1893.

ETC.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY, as we have often said editorially, is not strictly speaking a Californian magazine. When its name was first given, one that should restrict it to such a function was avoided, and the name that was chosen by its founders was meant to make it the representative of all the new West that was at that time just coming into connection with the rest of the world through the first overland railway. It has been, in fact, the only literary magazine that has for any considerable number of years existed in the whole tract west of the Alleghanies: neither the Middle West, the South, nor the Rocky Mountain region has ever maintained one. It has been inevitable that California has borne the chief part in this literary achievement: not because Californian writers and topics have been given preference by the editors over those of the other States in the far Western region; but because there has been from the first in California a bent toward literary production such as none of the other Western States has shown. There is but now rising in the Northwest, especially in Washington, a young literature of much promise. It may be of interest to our readers to know what is the comparative literary disposition in the far Western States, as measured by the manuscripts offered to the OVERLAND. We have taken at random one recent record-book, in which 2,000 manuscripts were registered, and tabulated these according to the addresses of the authors. There is no reason to doubt that the whole number of manuscripts received will show about the same ratios.

OF THE 2,000 manuscripts tabulated, 1,314, or about 66 per cent, were from the Pacific States, Alaska, and the Rocky Mountain States. Next come the northeastern States,—New England and the old "Middle States,"—from which 298 manuscripts were offered, about 15 per cent of the whole; and of this number more than two thirds,—207,—came from New York and Massachusetts. About 10 per cent of all the manuscripts offered to this far Western magazine, it will be seen, are from these two literary centers. 218 of the 2,000 manuscripts, about 11 per cent of the whole, came from the old Middle West, from ten different States of the Mississippi valley; nearly one fourth of the number from Illinois. 126 manuscripts, over 6 per cent of the whole, came from fifteen southern States and the District of Columbia; nearly half of these from Washington, Baltimore, and St. Louis. Forty-one manuscripts, scarcely more than 2 per cent, came from foreign countries, chiefly Canada and England, then France, Chile, Hawaii, Mexico, Australia, Italy, and

Greece. With three manuscripts no addresses were given.

OF THE 1,314 manuscripts from the Pacific and the Rocky Mountain region, 1,084 manuscripts came from California, 54 per cent of the whole 2,000; 94 were offered by Washington writers, less than 5 per cent,—less than the number that were sent out here from New York State, viz, 125. From Oregon 53 manuscripts were offered, less than 3 per cent of the whole number, and considerably less than the number—82—offered here from Massachusetts. From eleven States and Territories lying next east of these three Pacific ones, just the same number of manuscripts is recorded as from Massachusetts,—4 per cent of the 2,000; nearly half of these come from Colorado. Of the California offerings, again, 64 per cent come from San Francisco, and the Bay region; nearly 23 per cent from Southern California, especially Los Angeles; while central and northern California and the mountain counties send the rest. In Washington, it is worth noting manuscripts are sent from many places, though Tacoma leads distinctly; while in Oregon two thirds come from Portland.

JUDGE COOLEY says wisely that in no respect does the Hawaiian affair show more clearly the mischief of allowing our representatives to intermeddle in the affairs even of the smallest countries to which they are accredited, than in this: that at a time when matters of the most critical importance to the whole of this great nation are pending, and the coolest judgment of everyone is needed, we are distracted from their prompt and proper consideration by excitement over the affairs of a small, remote island, which ought not to be of the least practical concern to us. English ministries have more than once been upset, and the most important domestic affairs thrown into confusion for years, by foreign entanglements of trivial importance. If the experience of England, and now of our own country, might lead to more wisdom in future, the present unpleasant experience, and the rivers of printers' ink it has caused to flow in vain, might not be wasted. Unfortunately, unless time brings more wisdom, the effect of the incident is going to be that our ministers will feel that over-sympathy in the affairs of other countries may not be wise, but is likely to be popular; and we have many and many a man in public life who is more concerned to be popular than to be wise. Our position toward Hawaii has been, in fact, from the time of the revolution, one from which there was no creditable escape: to go forward was dishonor, to go backward

humiliation. Probably a truly diplomatic administration would have chosen, under these circumstances, to find some cautious side exit. Doubtless our Congress will in the end do this; but an ungraceful exit at best, it will be still more so after *both* the others have been tried. To plain people at a distance from the center of disturbance, it would appear as if the worst embarrassments of the whole situation might have been avoided by both the administrations concerned, if either one had sent a non-partisan commission of three men to Hawaii,—Mr. Harrison in place of hurried action without any investigation, Mr. Cleveland in place of investigation by a single commissioner of his own party, whose report was sure to be bitterly attacked.

As we write, the Midwinter Fair is still in so incomplete a condition that no very definite comment on it is possible; yet so rapidly nearing completion that this number will scarcely be in the hands of readers before the formal opening. In external aspect, it is about as it will be when the opening comes, yet by no means as it will be by April or May, if the possibilities of floral display are lived up to. But of what the extent and interest of exhibits will be, little idea can be had as yet, for the exhibits are but getting into place. The space covered by this Fair will be about the same as that which was occupied by the Centennial Fair at Philadelphia, and in general aspect it will make about as much of a showing; but this will be due to the large number of private displays and entertainments annexed to it, rather than to the extent of the Fair proper,—which will include some very interesting displays from other States and nations, but of course nothing like the systematic showing of the world's resources and civilization that the Centennial Fair had, not to speak of the Columbian Fair. In architecture, in beauty, in the ingenuity of its attractions, this exposition, which may be regarded as the first of the post-Columbian period in this country, must almost of necessity excel all of the pre-Columbian ones. So far, the most notable thing about it is that it has been built without any public aid or any loans, by the contributions of the people of a single State; a thing surely unprecedented. If it shall get through to the end without an appeal to the Legislature to make up deficiencies, it will be a singularly honorable record; one of those strokes of dramatic liberality by which California ever and anon silences criticism that is really due her record as to public spirit in some directions.

Queen Isabella and Harriet Hosmer.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY :

Queen Isabella is coming to the Midwinter Fair. Not her present deposed majesty, but—in counterfeit presentment—the Isabella of Castile, the saint of the Spanish people, more revered than Washington, set down in the records of seven languages as one of the world's great rulers.

At Jackson Park, strangely enough, the great patroness of Columbus, who undertook the responsibility of his voyage not in the name of Spain but in that of her own crown of Castile, was wholly ignored. One of the first plans of the Exposition, in especial charge of the Isabella Society of Chicago, was to honor her memory by a statue, which should be the one thing to remain after the White City of staff was reduced to its original powder; and the order was given to the greatest woman sculptor that ever lived—Harriet Hosmer. But it came about, through personal differences among the managers, that the plan fell through,—the statue was never exhibited,—and to the indignation of the Infanta, when she visited the Exposition, she found in all that display not so much as a photograph to stand for honoring of her great ancestress. By a happy chance the Californian women had named their little pampas building the "Queen Isabella Pampas Palace," and it was this that brought to our Coast both Miss Hosmer and her statue of Isabella.

Miss Hosmer has come to spend six months in the State, and coming as she does with Isabella, should find herself especially at home, since this is the only State that has kept much of the atmosphere of Spain. Our cities, harbors, mountain ranges, and rivers, bear Spanish names; a considerable number of our people speak the language of Spain; and our old missions testify that we at least are not afraid of the religion of Isabella. California is on the shores of the sea that washes the India Columbus thought to reach, and in California is realized more nearly his dream than anywhere else in America.

This country, come to think of it, has been fortunate in its queens. By her initiative in its discovery, Isabella became queen of the entire continent; under Elizabeth, in 1607, began the English colonization, destined to be the controlling one; and today Victoria rules the largest single area on the continent. In good company we find the queen of art, who has by her statue associated her name with the earliest of these illustrious sovereigns.

Harriet Hosmer was a delicate child, and her mother and elder sister had both died of consumption. Her father, a physician of Watertown, Massachusetts, turned the younger girl outdoors, to lead the free life of a boy,—a daring thing to do in those days of staid indoor standards for girls. She grew up with the name of a tom-boy, but with a joyous, rollicking health that was the delight of her father's heart. Her constant companionship with horses gave her a freedom of action and self-reliance, for whoever can manage a horse can manage self and others. It is told of her among other reminiscences that it was a favorite prank of her madcap days to run away from her lovers on horseback. On one occasion a new admirer essayed to join her in her daily gallop. Her horse at once became apparently unmanageable. The young man, alarmed, tried to

reach her side to rescue her from the back of the plunging animal, when a sly cut of her whip sent his own horse madly ahead, and at the same instant Miss Harriet's, in perfect control, took a neighboring fence with a flying leap, and disappeared across the fields. This was but one of many stories that circulated among the young people of Boston of that day, concerning the results of Doctor Hosmer's system with a delicate daughter whom he feared to lose. Miss Hosmer is today a model of health and good cheer,—vivacious, sensible and entertaining; and I doubt not able to take her gallop across the fields as of yore, for she is one who will never grow old.

She was born an artist, but she did not come to her inheritance without severe training and many hindrances. In the first place, desiring to study anatomy as a preparation for her art work, she found the doors of the medical colleges shut against her. At last, in St. Louis, she was permitted to take the needed studies, and followed them for three years. She did some modeling in this country, but her real work began in Rome. Her father and Charlotte Cushman accompanied her thither. She worked in John Gibson's studio, copying from the antique, learning the technique of her art, and meanwhile developing her own taste and idealism. Ideal busts of Daphne and Medusa were among her first works; her first full-size statue was of *Ænone*. Her statue of Puck, an original and spirited work, was done in 1855. Many copies of this were made, one for the Prince of Wales; and her growing reputation abroad soon reached America, and became a matter of great pride. Following Puck came a companion, *The Will-o'-the-Wisp*; an ideal reclining statue of *Beatrice di Cenci*; a colossal figure of *Zenobia*, of great beauty and nobility; one of *Thomas K. Benton* for St. Louis, where her *Beatrice* also is owned; and a monument to *Abraham Lincoln*. Many later works of hers are in England, in Boston, and in New York, and a few in California; one of these is a bust of *Remi Chabot*, of Oakland.

Miss Hosmer's home is in Rome, where she is an important figure in art circles, and a great favorite socially. It was a very daring thing for her to do, as a young girl, especially an American girl, to step into the art arena of Rome; but she has conquered her place completely, both personally and as an artist. She came from Rome last September to place her statue in Jackson Park, but a fate kindlier to California than Chicago has given the honor to us instead.

Miss Hosmer has unusual inventive ability in constructing and designing machinery, and has de-

vised a new process of converting the ordinary limestone of Italy into marble, and also one for modeling the first shape of the statue by covering the rough plaster with wax, and thus working out the finer lines. It was a model of this sort of the *Isabella* statue that Mrs. May Wright Sewall saw in Rome, and described so vividly at the dedication of the little *Queen Isabella Pampas Palace*.

California has now a rare opportunity to follow up the advantage that little palace gave her. It would be a great thing if the ladies of California would unite to secure the needed funds to cast the statue in bronze, to remain here. In arranging to have it brought out, Mrs. Strong also secured for California the right to cast the first bronze. As the statue of *James Lick* is now being cast in San Francisco, it would be a fine thing to follow with one of the great queen. It would show a combination of women's work better than forty women's buildings filled with laces and embroideries. The Sixteenth Century woman appeared, let us hope for the last time, at the *Columbian Exposition*. California should be proud to show in the handiwork of the woman of the Nineteenth Century the image of the queen who was four hundred years in advance of the men in her time; how far in advance of the women it remains to be seen.

Californian.

Harriet Hosmer.

To welcome thee, inspired one,
How may our hearts find word or tone?
Canst thou not teach, whose spirit, spent,
Hath made the marble eloquent,
And given soul unto the stone?

Thine is the voice whose accent still
Heralds *Medusa's* tale of ill.
Wins *Daphne* from her mazy bower,
Unveils *Zenobia's* mystic power,
Her gaze that burns, her lips that chill.

Alas, the words that we would speak,
They all are thine. Our best is weak.
Oh, with thy creant finger-tips,
Christen all pure, art-vowèd lips,
That nobler heights their spirits seek.

We ask thy grace, O heart divine,
To turn our water into wine.
So vintage of faint hydromel
Becomes by fine, translucent spell
Best blood of thy *Falernian* vine.⁸

Charles J. Woodbury.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Briefer Notice.

*Our Dick*¹ is an appreciative study of the life and character of a Scotch terrier which will touch a responsive chord in the hearts of all lovers of his race,—not that they will admit at all that this dog, who has his virtues chronicled and his portrait taken in a dozen poses, is at all equal to their own pets; but nevertheless they will enjoy reading the pretty little book, and put the writer down as a person of intelligence and insight.

Miss Repplier's *Essays in Idleness*² causes one to doubt the aptness of its title, for they seem to be the result of very commendable industry. Possibly the idleness may lie in the author's mind in the fact that in these essays she has not her war paint and feathers on so much as usual, and that she has used her scrap-book more than she often does.

The result is pleasing and reposeful essays, with a decided "literary" tone to them. The first essay, "Agrippina," celebrates Miss Repplier's cat, and it is a cat that deserves, no doubt, to be celebrated,—but its high desert would have met with slight recognition had it not had for an associate (Miss Repplier expressly renounces the title of mistress) so discerning and sympathetic a person. Cat lovers will be glad to have in print an essay so accurate and so acute on the esoteric characteristics of their pets.

¹Our Dick. By Willard Brown Harrington. San Francisco: C. A. Murdock & Co.: 1894.

²Essays in Idleness. By Agnes Repplier. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1893.

Books Received.

Our Dick. By Willard Brown Harrington. San Francisco: C. A. Murdock: 1894.

The Conquest of Death. By Abbot Kinney. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons: 1893.

Tasks by Twilight. *Ibid.*

In This Our World. By Charlotte Perkins Stetson. Oakland, California: McCombs & Vaughn: 1893.

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On Sunny Shores. By Clinton Scollard. New York: Chas. L. Webster & Co.: 1893.

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Standard Dictionary of the English Language. Vol. I. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co.: 1893.

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Petrarch and Other Essays. By T. H. Rearden. San Francisco: William Doxey: 1894.

Ninette. By John Vance Cheney. *Ibid.*

A History of Chile. By Anson Uriel Hancock. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel & Co.: 1893.

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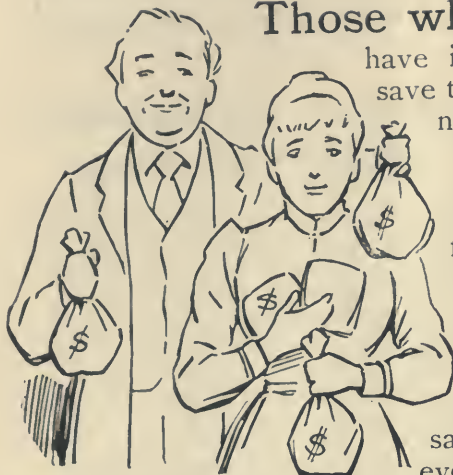
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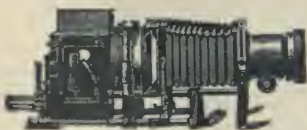
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VOL. XXIII

No. 135

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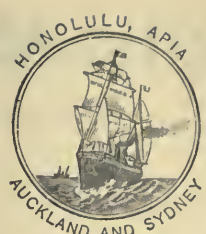
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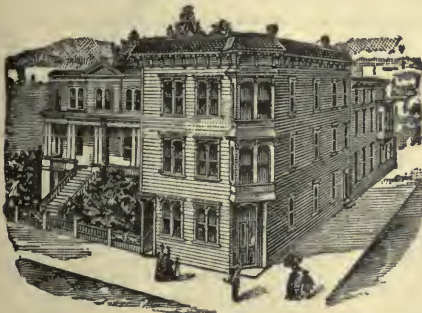
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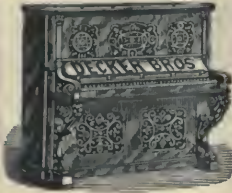
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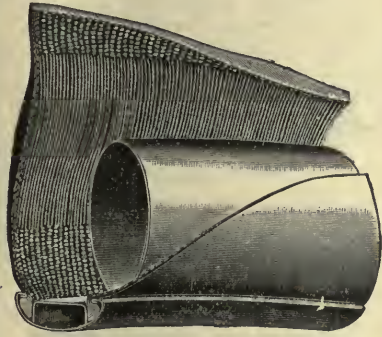
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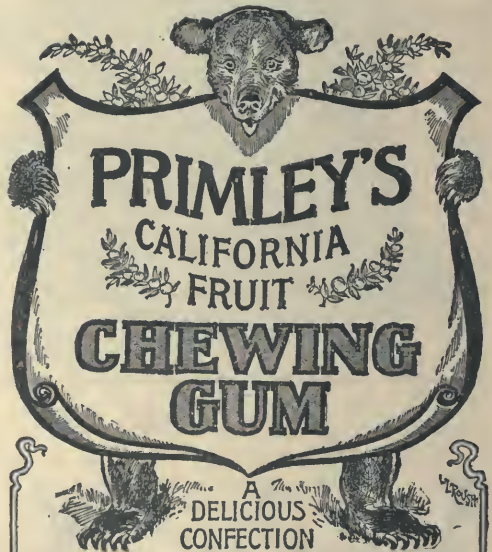


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Overland Monthly

Vol. XXIII. (Second Series).—March, 1894.—No. 135

BY NORTHERN RIVERS.



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VOL. XXIII.—23.

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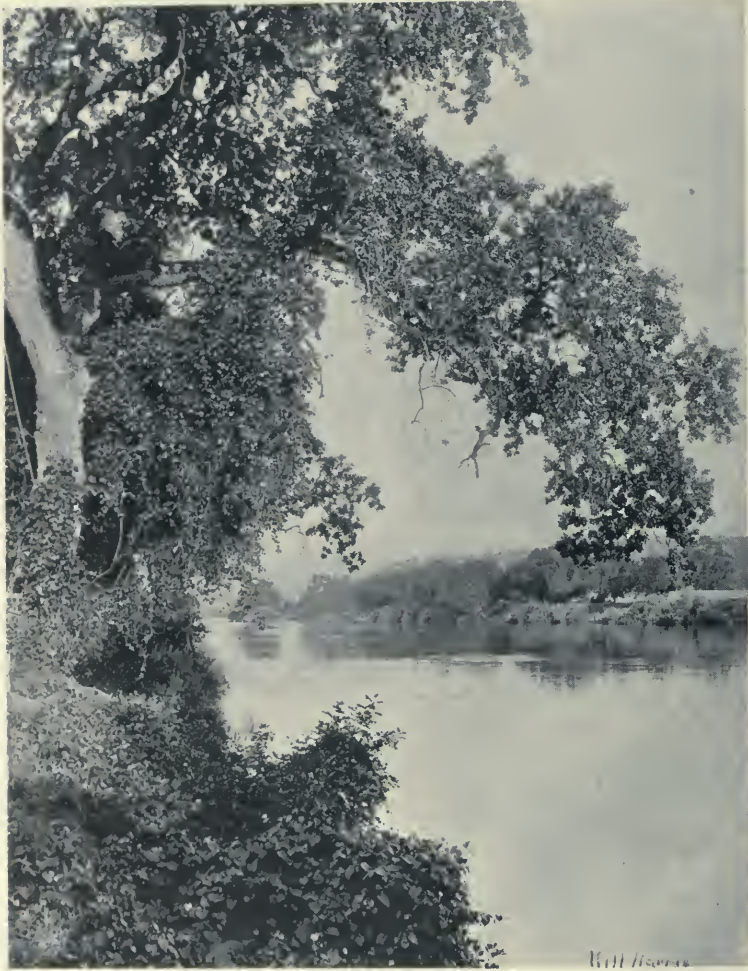


Photo by Harris

THE SACRAMENTO NEAR REDDING.

influx of mining and ranching debris, until every resemblance is effaced to the beautiful flood that bears the same name above Red Bluff. From Red Bluff up to the prodigious cleft of its cañon in the Trinity chain, the Sacramento presents a succession of ineffable views, sun-diamonded or moon-hushed, but at all times and seasons inexpressibly majestic and tranquilizing. Sometimes its sweeping quicksilver coils about bluffs of appalling height, stuccoed by nodules of nests built there by multitudes of diving swallows; and again a fertilizing current

expands lakelike where green or tawny levels come down to steeped bowers of wild grapes on the brink. This vine, *Vitis Californica*, is nowhere so conspicuous as along the Sacramento, where it adds an indescribable wildwood luxuriance to the banks. For miles its sheeny curtains, caught now and again to the topmost limb of gigantic oak or cottonwood, trail an irregular fringe far out upon the stream.

The thirsty wayfarer up the Sacramento above its junction with Cottonwood Creek may go weary distances

along the sheer bluffs, without being able to descend to the water, nearly a hundred feet below. When the site of some old ferry is reached, the grim wall dips gently to a bit of pebbly beach, and a maze of hoofprints show where the cattle wind down to the hurrying flood.

The gold deposits in the sandy bed of the river are generally thought to be incalculably rich, owing to the wash of tributary streams, which drain the im-

mense territory of auriferous ledges known as the Shasta mining district. Last summer a clumsily-fashioned vessel, fitted with the necessary machinery to dredge the river, was laboriously worked up to Redding from below Cottonwood Creek, the men in charge washing out the gold as they went along. In the warm twilight of a June day the mowers, coming in from the burly, scented cocks dotting shorn curves of bottom land, stopped agape as a shrill



Photo by Harris

MOSSBRAE FALLS.

whistle sounded from the concealed river. An instant after they gazed wide-eyed at the astonishing apparition of a foot or two of belching smoke-stack moving slowly and apparently detached from any other object across the openings in the river greenery. It was the first trip of the gold dredgers, and the amazement of the good folk thereabout was owing to the long-established belief

make fast to the shore. When this is finally accomplished, the engine renews its puffing, the smoke tumbles afresh out of the rusty pipe, and with every revolution of the engine the windlass takes up the rope and gives a corresponding impetus to the scow.

When the windlass finishes its wet reel, the strange craft is snugly anchored directly under the bank, where the farm



INDIAN SPEARING SALMON.

that the Sacramento was not navigable above Red Bluff.

Giving a hasty hitch to their steaming horses at one of the old wells so noticeable in Shasta country scenes, the men run toward the curl of smoke seen above the trees. As the river flashes on their view, sure enough there is a cumbrous flat-bottomed craft towed against the current. A hawser leads out to a boat rowed by one sturdy fellow whose companion searches with eye and boat-hook for a suitable place to

hands, now joined by two aproned women in stiff cotton bonnets, stand knee deep in grape vines and wild clematis. A nearer look shows it to be an old ferry boat roughly remodeled to suit its present use. The huge water-soaked timbers, slivering off and worm-eaten, have here and there a telling patch of new pine slab. The unpainted deck-house, set awry in the ample stern, has a ludicrous, crazy-quilt effect, so diverse are the scraps and shades of wood used in its construction. The crew of this mon-



CHIEF COL-CHOO-LOO-LOO.



FALL RIVER.

grel vessel consists of three men unpicturesquely dressed in drilling blouses and overalls, and all equally reticent as to their business. The owner of the farm opens fire:—

“Hullo! I reckon you’s the fellers the newspaper says is after gold. How d’ you make out so fur? Think it’ll pay to keep on? Le’s see some o’ the stuff, anyhow.”

The crew only laugh good-naturedly, and evade the interrogation by jocose raillery; whereupon the farmer with Yankee persistence renews the bombardment, first seating himself deliberately on the yielding vines and dangling

his legs over the edge, so the strangers have an unobstructed view of the soles of his hob-nailed shoes.

“Wha’ d’ you say to workin’ part o’ the river on shares? If I could make it pay, you bet I’d turn to an’ cultivate the river instead o’ the land!”

It was a fruitless attempt to gain information. The crew were friendly, but unanimous in their evasions, and nothing was learned as to the profits of the novel undertaking.

In its unhindered passage through the sweep of upper valley historically known as the “Reading Grant,” the Sacramento is never so majestically picturesque. Soon after crossing its glassy mirror at Reid’s Ferry, one plunges excitedly into the high-colored jungle that tufts the opposite bank. The claret-hued bark and scarlet berries of the manzanita, blending with the varnished leaves of deciduous oaks, the brick-red soil of the plateau, and the yet redder ribs of the river’s barricade, all combine more vivid dyes than are often seen in an almost flowerless landscape. These showy patches have no suggestion of the “Devil’s Acre,” which is the local name often applied to arid wastes of chaparral.

From a dizzy jut in the rifted precipice that confines a magnificent semicircle of the river, the scene is one of unspeakable grandeur. It was my good fortune first to witness it in that thrice blessed hour divinely set apart for the ever-recurring miracle of a Sierra sunset. The fires of Jehovah were kindled in the west, and the river, steeply descending a mile or two of forested defile, streamed like blood from a sacrificial altar. Far to the north, the Sierra and Coast ranges meet in a zodiac of indigo peaks, with frosted domes and snow channels, running to the immense shallow basin of the valley. Each dazzling mount was a solemn temple rising sublimely to the heavens and wearing the image of the celestial. Lassen’s mighty

twins, the ice-choked craters of Magee and Burney, Old Baldy's flaming front, the linked summits of the Yalho Balley chain, all form a ringed concourse of regnant cones, with Mount Shasta's imperial crown rearing above the hooded heads of Siskiyou. Never was other earth-born river created and sustained

smoothed with angular bits of red rock seen through a down of seeded grass.

The background of these natural gardens is a wan host of "Digger" pines, waving spare gray plumes and swinging aloft their few cones like bronze censers. This renegade pine, — *Pinus Sabiana*, — is the "nut pine," or bread-fruit



Wash by Oscar Deakin, after Photo

PIT CAÑON.

by so glorious an array of heaven-haunting heights.

The most pleasing feature of the Redding table-land through which the Sacramento cuts its way is the interminable growth of manzanita, — the "little apple" of the Spanish, with its dainty pink blooms and ruddy fruit. The pea-green clumps of this handsome shrub stand in a labyrinth of weedless walks

tree of the Indian, and looks the specter of the true coniferæ, — dim, attenuate, and full of eerie whispers. Its pale ranks light every slope and hill-top, feathering the stony gutters, and tracing a shadowy zone about the wide, wooded plateau.

The Digger pine and manzanita are inseparable comrades, and never did Nature plan a more felicitous contrast in



MCCLOUD RIVER.

color. Nothing, it would appear, could form so fitting a frame for the rich painting of the manzanita as these silvery masses of dwarf conifers. There is indeed a marked simplicity in the number and species of flora indigenous to this northern extremity of the Sacramento Valley. The Digger pine, being the lowest in the scale of cone bearers, and somewhat given to crooked and jagged ways, is wholly disowned by his

noble, upright relations; while the manzanita—*arctostaphylos glauca*—has but two varieties in these parts, and the chemical but one.

A like distinctiveness is also found in the oaks,—those of the uplands being scrubby specimens of the kingly trees that change the pastoral flats into idyllic parks, with the woven emerald of the river bank on the one hand, and a violet belt of pines on the other. This exclusive-



SAXIFRAGE.

ness in the vegetation imparts a peculiar beauty and attraction to the landscape, individualizing it from all other localities along the Sacramento.

Above the mouth of the Pit River the Sacramento is but a fraction of its size below, though it does no inconsiderable bawling and tumbling over its boulder-bed. There was a time when exploring parties designated the upper Sacramento as "Destruction River," but except in a winter flood, its volume and velocity are hardly such as to warrant the name. Without the joined waters of its two chief tributaries, the Pit and the McCloud, it is in fact little more than an Alpine torrent, intensely clear and cold, and full of romantic twists and dashes through seventy miles of unparalleled mountain scenery. In all this distance it makes no pause nor loiters by the way, but ever bursting anew into frothing swirls and rapids, rushes on to great plains below.

One is fain to imagine there is something triumphant in all this shouting and surging,—that the virile young river is exulting over its late release from the black vault of its mighty father. Certainly there is reason to rejoice in the first world-picture it beholds,—the frozen face of Mount Shasta, awful in its portentous silence and isolation, Muir's Peak, which I have always thought the handsomest of California's cones, the groves of towering pitch pines,—*Pinus ponderosa*,—and the perennial meadows of Strawberry Valley. Thence on through boundless wildernesses of mountain and forest, splashing and churning uproariously under the falls, then dancing onward before the steely pinnacles of Castle Crags, it is in all its aspects a literal rendering of John's apocalyptic vision of a pure river of life flowing out of the Great White Throne. Every branch of the main cañon brings the fountain treasure of some fissured rock cascading down bright ravines banked high with pink and creamy azaleas,—

shulo-hi, the Indians call these loveliest of wild flowers. In many places, from the slits and crannies in steep rosetted rocks, rivulets of liquid crystal overlap each other in an exquisite web of beaded strands. Of all these water embroideries, the Mossbrae Fall excels in transparency, its filmy gossamer concealing no intricacy of fern or moss in the background.

The old Oregon trail was through the Sacramento cañon, and in the early settlement of the northern coast country it became the main route of travel for hundreds of pack trains belonging to immigrants and miners seeking these parts. As a consequence, the Upper Sacramento was far better known than the Pit or the McCloud, both of which are much larger streams. In later years, since a railroad has forced its way through the Sacramento cañon, these rivers, including the Klamath, Fall, and Salmon, are now widely sought as hunting and fishing grounds; the Pit being the least frequented, because of the uncompromising ruggedness of its gorge, and its longer distance from railway connection.

Of all these beautiful northern tributaries, the McCloud is sure to awaken the keenest appreciation and enthusiasm. Like everything else in Nature, a river has the human attribute of attraction or repulsion, and the warm loveliness of the McCloud appeals to the most apathetic. Born of the eternal glaciers of Shasta, it is at once the iciest and blithest of the Sierra streams. At every turn of its romantic cañon the waters take on an entrancing variableness that is the bewitchment of liquid motion. In all the ninety miles of its course there is no mining or agriculture to dim its crystalline purity; nothing in fact dustier than leaves and shreds of bark, or the ripe pollen of tassel or bloom.

The least traveled but far the most interesting road to the McCloud is by the old Yreka stage route, every part of

which is reminiscent of mining and Indian episodes of the days of '49. The first half dozen miles lead over the Redding bench lands, bristling with their shaggy mantles of dwarf pines, oaks, and chaparral. A downpour of midsummer sun lends a shimmer to the landscape, whose hot glow is intensified by the stinging noise of locusts, darting like silver shuttles in and out the chemisal. Past the dilapidated shanties of Buckeye and Churntown, out of the region of Digger pines and manzanita, and on up the tranquil windings of Stillwater Creek, where there are scattering orchards and farms, one finally comes upon the Bass House, a venerable white frame dwelling, after the "down East" pattern of peaked gables and small-paned windows. This place has the distinction of being the only house mentioned on the map of North America. Set in the midst of prim posy beds of old-fashioned pinks, bachelor buttons, and hollyhocks, with all the hospitable accessories of kitchen garden, bulging hay-mows, and well stocked barnyard, presided over by that time honored polygamist, chanticleer, the Bass House has stood for more than forty years, the one touch of Puritanic taste and habits in the solitary wilds of the McCloud mountains.

There is a cheerful "make-yourself-at-home" air about this modest structure that goes to the heart. The long, steep slopes of the weather-seasoned roof invite to genial shelter underneath; the motherly capaciousness of walls is the comfortable assurance of room to spare; and you catch glimpses of the generous width of hall and stair through the welcoming doorway under its latticed hood. The interior is found to be even more bewilderingly out of keeping with frontier life in California. One sees not the faintest suggestion of thriftless makeshift, no slipshod evasion of homely New England practices, down to the smallest detail of arrangement.

The pleasant, orderly rooms have the striped rag carpets of our grandmothers' time, knotted tidies are carefully pinned on the straight backs of chairs and sofa, the speckless windows have snowy curtains stiffly tied back with ribbon bows, silk samplers and family portraits alongside of prints of noted personages add further decoration to the sprigged paper on the walls, and the polished wood mantel over the great stone-throated chimney displays the choicest household treasures of vase and daguerreotype.

Once the clean, shaded dining room gave nightly cheer to twenty or thirty guests, stopping over on their journey to adjacent mining camps. The occasional visitor of today pictures those hungry, clay-spattered men devouring the delicious home suppers, while their admiring eyes steal respectful glances at their young hostess. Today the same sweet, womanly presence dispenses hospitality at the Bass House, assisted by loving children and grandchildren, all of whom have homes near at hand in these transcendent peaks.

The graceful beauty of the McCloud mountains is strikingly enhanced by the grays and blues of limestone rocks conspicuously bared well up on the crest of a bladeliike ridge running north and south along the east side of the river. This crystalline formation, bravely hedged with pines and oaks, belongs distinctly to the Carboniferous age, and is of peculiar interest to the geologist, as it is the only limestone belt in the Sierra Nevada where numerous fossils are found. These alluring azure cliffs, sometimes called the Winton Range, rise to a height of two to three hundred feet above the floor of the cañon, and are honeycombed with curious caves and troughs, their notches glinting with the metallic luster of pyrites and blocks of crystalline garnet.

The first glimpse had of the McCloud River is several miles beyond the Bass

plain, from a steep grade looking down on the Pit ferry. The confluence of the two rivers takes place just below at a broad angle of piny slopes, the coming together causing a merry ebullition of leaping wavelets, each with its scintillating rim of froth. Near at hand wild cherry and syringa blossoms droop over the embankment, and the redbud massed up the sunny flank on our right shakes over the freckled rocks its crimsoning pods. Where the blue eyes of springs blink through fringes of fern, or runnels escape down soft bottoms, the "sweet-scented shrub"—*calycanthus*—grows in rank hedgerows a dozen feet high, its rich maroon blooms rivaling in size the pallid moon-flowers still clinging to the slender arms of the dogwood. A warm redolence floods the air, and from the leafy concealments of the ravine the shrill clarionet of the jay sounds to the brisk drumming of the woodpecker.

To reach the McCloud one must cross the Pit River ferry, which has done service since 1862. It is similar to the one yet in desultory use on the Sacramento, these two being, in fact, the only ferries remaining in California. Their quaint picturesqueness vividly brings to mind the primitive accommodations of an early period. The ferryman in waiting is signaled, and a few dexterous movements on his part swing the large flat-boat far out on the burnished fullness of the stream. This is done by means of a wire cable suspended from shore to shore, with a wooden block of ingenious make, to which the boat is attached by a strong rope, the swift current furnishing the motive power.

As strangers seldom happen along here, the old ferryman is sociably garrulous during the few minutes taken to cross a hundred yards of deep water running as smooth as oil. He told how, in heavy storms, the river would rise thirty or thirty-five feet in one night, and pointed out big boulders and dis-

jointed tree-trunks roughly lifted far up the bank and lodged there. At one time his boat was lost,—swept down and battered to pieces in a vortex of boiling flood. "That night's work cost me all o' eight hundred dollars, an' there ain't travel enough to git it back in ten years' savin's," he declared with a discouraged shake of his head, as he slipped into his trousers' pocket seventy-five cents, fare for our horse and cart, and questioned if we should "happen back that way?"

Once off the worn planks and up the acclivity of a brushy hill, there is a moment's picture of the last mile of the Pit,—a resistless, down-flowing tide, chiseling a deep erosion through granite roots of ridges, whose south rampart is thickly upclimbed by pines, cedars, and the Douglas spruce. On through caverned woods and parapeted walls, this trenchant mountain torrent—the mightiest of these northmost rivers—has shadowed depths no noontime sun can pierce.

When well over the scraggy vertebræ of Turntable Hill, whose invincible stoniness is screened in part by tangles of ceanothus and chemisal, there is seen a ravishing vista of the McCloud, linking its frosted curves from glen to glen of the great green cleft of the cañon. That this glancing mountain stream has its fiercer moods is evident from an astonishing entanglement of trees on the immediate bank. The enormous stems of two dead pines are plunged horizontally through the ample crotch of a living oak full twenty feet up from the knotted arch of its instep. The claw-like roots of one of the pines are extended in mid-air, while the naked shaft of the other bridges the road; one end braided with its fellow in the angle of the oak, and the other buried in the bank twenty-eight feet above the straining weeds on the water's rim.

A flock of butterflies rose *en masse* from a plashy dip in the road and led on

before us,— a sapphire cloud gently rising and falling between a wall of granite and the friendly outstretching of aspen and willow. All up and down the broken slopes next the lovely river are open groves of oak, neither burly nor lofty in trunk, but artistically turned in gnarl and fork, the bark a clean black and the pinnate leaves so delicately hung on the spreading limbs that each tree appears a mammoth maidenhair fern with branches all adroop, after the taking habit of this prettiest of the ferns.

There are conifers among these Junedressed oaks, not closely aggregated, but now and again a spire of plumose green, with coarse, corrugated bole or stately shaft marbled by cinnamon-brown plates. The woods hereabout are particularly summery in garb: no jacketing of woolly moss and lichens such as one sees on the trees of a less dry atmosphere, but limbs bare to the blithesome weather, save for a scant drapery of sun-threaded leaves. The variegated bosses against lower terraces are mostly made up of the chinquapin, gay with the gold of its leaf-linings. Columbine and castilleia burn in these lustrous copses, and higher up the buck-eyes bloom like monstrous bouquets stuck in rude vases of outcropping rock. There is beatitude in looking abroad on these gladdening hills, their feet laved by the radiant river, and the immutable gray blue crags of the uppermost abutment boldly projected hundreds of feet into the bluer sky.

Across the river from this singularly beautiful exposure of Carboniferous limestone, where all this magnificent wildness concentrates, a porticoed villa lends a splash of red to the platformed arc of soil above the bounding stream. This handsome dwelling, with three unpretentious houses huddled at the base of the stratified bench, and a low-roofed building occupying the stony strip just up from the water, comprise the United States Salmon Station, built

on the McCloud in 1872. This is undoubtedly the most extensive hatchery in the world, though of late years the run of salmon—*Salmo quinnat*—up these northern rivers is alarmingly on the decrease. Thirty years ago every tributary of the Sacramento was the spawning ground of incredible numbers of salmon, coming in from the ocean in midsummer to deposit their eggs. Since then, the erection of saw mills and dams on the streams, the building of a railroad up the Sacramento cañon, and other inevitable features of a rapidly advancing civilization, are slowly but definitely fixing the boundary of the salmon on the Pacific Coast.

During the spawning season of 1878, there were 14,000,000 salmon eggs taken out at the McCloud Station. Since then the average number up to recent years has been 8,000,000 annually. By this artificial means salmon are introduced into various streams throughout the United States, Europe, and Australia, thus greatly increasing the supply of this peerless fish. In all the broad West no other river is so available for salmon hatching on a large scale as the McCloud, its territory being as yet practically inaccessible to the lumberman and miner.

The most efficient help employed at the Station are the Indians, who were born and raised in these mountain fastnesses, and are consequently familiar with the idiosyncracies of the salmon to the smallest detail. The squaws are specially nimble in the sorting and packing of the eggs, and are quick to detect the slightest flaw or malformation in the bead-like ova. By the last week in June a dam is built to stop the progress of the salmon up stream. Some half-dozen bucks do the work of construction under the direction of the manager; the powerful, swarthy fellows displaying no inconsiderable alacrity and skill in fitting the bulky timbers, meanwhile up to their arm-pits in the freezing current. They

tug and lift with lusty shout and laughter as though hastening a jubilee, for such the run of the salmon has ever been to generations of these simple natives. It is the time of annual gathering and feasting of all the upper tribes, and though far less universally observed today, there is still vigorous picturesqueness in scenes of Indian salmon-spearing on the McCloud.

Where fishing is done singly, a brush house is built over the water, the poles crossed like those in a wigwam, and a seat made inside of grapevines, whereon an eagle-eyed buck sits the morning out, his stout spear held in readiness for the unwary salmon coming within its range. When a capture is made, the iridescent monster, which often weighs from forty to fifty pounds, is quickly dispatched by a blow on the head with a club, and a loop of grapevine run through the gills to facilitate its handling. The point of the spear is the ankle bone of a deer, made fast to the wood by cords of sinew and afterwards smeared with pitch. A piece of alder bark is then burnt to a coal, and used as a soldering iron to smooth the joint to an admirable polish.

As a class the McCloud and Pit River Indians are superior to those of the Coast Range, and middle and southern California. They are more intelligent, and are quite comely in person, and the liquid consonants of the Spanish displace the harsh gutturals of Indian speech. Every hollow or flat on the river has its rude camp or lodge, where dusky basket-makers ply their ingenious craft, or lazily dawdle over the manufacture of *pinole*. Many of these diggers are civilized enough to adopt the dress of country laborers; and as they are often half or two thirds white, their Indian blood is not very noticeable. All the tribes included in the vast domain following the Sacramento from its source to the sea come under the general head of Wintoons; the Winni Mame

or "Middle River" (middle between the Pit and Upper Sacramento) branch are the McCloud Indians.

The chief of the Winni Mames is a wrinkled old heathen of doubtful character but crafty intelligence, who is called Col-choo-loo-loo—"Black Mouth." His daughter Sarah has a neat pine shanty on the river, a half mile from the Station. Though in the neighborhood of forty, and the mother of five children, two of whom are off to the reservation school, Sarah's coquetry and good looks are hardly on the wane.

Four miles north of the nether lip of bench that constitutes Sarah's garden acre is the old Trout Fishery on the McCloud, now fallen into disuse. The trout in these diaphanous waters, especially the Rainbow and Dolly Varden, are the pride and boast of the lover of trout craft, who steals cautiously under cool arcades of interlocked boughs, pausing at last to adjust his reel beside some limpid pool. A novice, going a-fishing with all the impedimenta of modern tackle, will not always land a prize without much patient waiting; whereas a Digger lad, poorly equipped with bone hook, and scrap of feather for bait, will dodge under a spraying cascade and emerge therefrom a half hour later trailing a string of dripping booty behind him.

From a fractured promontory not far beyond the site of the Fishery, one commands a dazzling distance up river,—a streaming stair of blooming foam-wreaths slanting down between fluttering maples and mountain ash. The hills draw sharper lines above the thickening forest, whose incomparable minstrels, the pines, mingle their chant with the rhythmic falling of fountains. Beyond and infinitely above all this strong, moving brilliance and picturesqueness, Mount Shasta keeps his eternal vigilance in the blue empyrean of the north. To the superstitious red man hunting and fishing in its comprehensive shadow,

this glittering colossus in snow and ice is a revered oracle,— the supernatural maker of rivers and storms, the magic weaver of clouds contracted or drawn out in dissolving shapes of portentous significance.

I drank in the scene like a cordial, my pulses thrilling. A few feet from me a gray squirrel was ostentatiously busy with last year's nut crop, while his pert little cousin, the chipmunk, whisked about electrically in the rustling leaf-mats underfoot. An orange-throated warbler trilled from the nearest hazel, and that indefatigable little carpenter, the yellow-hammer, ceased not the industrious drilling of a furrowed hemlock.

The hunter as well as the angler on the McCloud finds this glorious wilderness an elysium that has no superior in the Sierra. His practiced eye reads the track of black-tailed deer, and the broader pad of black or cinnamon bear; but of late years rarely if ever the print of grizzly, as the extermination of this dreadbeast is nearly assured. For smaller game he sees the ruffled grouse break cover in a whirlwind of leaves and feathers, hears the pother of wood duck and quail in the underbrush, the water-ousel stirring ultramarine pools, and the love calls of turtle doves in the profoundest privacy of twilight woods.

The hunting ground of Squaw Valley is an uninterrupted forest of exogenous trees, their serrated files pressed to the utmost verge of summit and river. Here the kingly sugar pine is two hundred and fifty feet high, its bark a marvel of accurate configuration all up the clean trunk, and the scant limbs wreathing the top like ivy garlanding a noble tower. The gigantic firs are yet more impressively beautiful, their numerous vertical branchlets wrapped close in curved leaves, and shaping somber pyramids of velvety green. These spiry groups are surmounted by an occasional decorated cone held trimly erect, and strongly

suggestive of a large bird brooding alone. The primordial luxuriance and freshness of the McCloud woodlands are thus far inviolable, and one devoutly wishes that they may long escape the devastation of utilitarian enterprise.

Pushing still farther north, the river scenery is exhilaratingly diversified by falls of considerable magnitude, and green ovals of Arcadian meadows, where mountain dairies are carried on, and summer resorts thronged by stage arrivals crossing over from the Sacramento railway. Fifty miles southeast from the upper McCloud Falls, across measureless earthquake upheavals, traversed in midwinter on Hungarian snowshoes, the road steeply descends into Fall River Valley. A serene panorama of vernal plain and slow-creeping rivers greets the eye restfully after the exciting exaggeration of mountain landscape beheld for a fortnight. To the right, beyond leagues of bright meadow, a cluster of lakelets bubble out of the loose lava crust which covers the northeastern corner of California. These small, brimming basins are the terminal flowers of branching stems of the Fall, Bear, and Tule rivers. Fall River is the longest in view, dropping its unrippled coils down an emerald space of valley, until coming suddenly upon the dark, sluggish Pit, it leaps to that sullen current in a delirious frenzy of shrilling, foaming cascades. The quickening is instantaneous. The Pit is transformed into a roaring torrent, speeding straight for an austere line of ashen cliffs.

After its union with Fall River, the Pit has a volume ten times that of the Upper Sacramento, and should rightfully be considered the main river and not a branch, as the names lead one to believe. From its source in Goose Lake it takes a dreary course over Modoc lava beds, to lose itself later in wind-swept tule swamps, and thence on, pauses to burst into lake bloom on the violet rim of the plain, before dragging dull lengths

down the marshy pastures of Fall valley.

The most striking objects in this high altitude are the snow caps of craters, bobbing up unexpectedly and at long intervals apart in a disconnected circle about the wide circumference of the Fall and Pit table lands. The effect is indescribably weird, as only the heads of these massive giants are visible behind the smooth arches of crouching foothills. There were only four of these inimitable cones that I could identify,—Mount Shasta, the Lassen Buttes, Mount Pit, and Burney Peak.

The Pit cañon is a stupendous and startling study of rudimentals, a daring revelation of Nature's crude characters when pristine energies are at work. Every crook in the rough, narrow gap lays bare some new phase of convulsive and disintegrating forces abruptly brought to a standstill. Centuries of storms have since hammered, furbished, and deluged, these rigid peaks, without softening their aggressive angularity. On either side are misshapen masses of eruptive significance, built block upon block, with handfuls of withered bunch grass waving from ragged sutures, and now and then a contorted pine clinging desperately to gash or shelf. At times a sky-scraping bastion of uniform slate thrusts from its blackened chin a stumpy whisker of Alpine juniper, but at this elevation all luxuriance in vegetation has vanished. Though it is three hours before noon, the July sun has a cold sparkle, like that of a New England spring.

An amazing feature of this grand cañon is its successive "dumping grounds" of detached lava slabs or granitic rocks heaped to frightful proportions and uncertainty. There is something blood-chilling in the menace of these toppling moraines; but a yet more sinister threat is an almost vertical slide of granulated basalt that lets slip a gritty rivulet with the lightest breeze or jar.

The wild river, tossing plumes of spray deep down at the feet, gnaws its trenchway through all this avalanche debris, carving naked chasms of tremendous height and sharpness,—a magnificent but terrifying spectacle, which is the antithesis of the joy-inspiring McCloud. The latter is the laughter of Nature sounding musically up from depth upon depth of mountain loveliness; but the Pit, rock-fettered and rushed headlong by the steeper incline of its bed, fills the yawning split in the Sierra with inarticulate raging and booming,—picturing no sculptured precipice or venturesome dwarf tree by the way, but ever tumultuously broken into whirlpools and gallops, the mad stream tears onward, sprawling upon flattened bowlders, scooping out seething cauldrons, bellowing around noble curves, and at last concentrating all its thunders in a formidable roar, when the sheeted floods leap seventy feet of solid wall.

From the dazzling white maelstrom underneath the fall, the redoubtable river regathers its frothing rapids only to plunge them yet more furiously down the gorge,—a glorious race through dumb, cloven peaks, until fifty miles are covered. Upon nearing the end of this unprecedented steeplechase, the tumbled mass merges into a deep, swift current, winding a rippleless fold about the ponderous base of stark lava barrier or the bold masonry of bleached granite terminating at the McCloud.

The south branches of the Pit River have their beginnings in the unexplored wilds of the mountain area reaching to the unique group of cinder cones, which includes Lassen Peaks. The largest of these streams, Hat Creek, is the favorite fishing resort of the Indians belonging to this section, and but for its inaccessibility would be known far and wide as rare fishing waters. The deep, quiet current is fed from small oval, crescent, and circular lakes imbedded in rich borders of bayoneted reeds. These Alpine

lake gems, varying from two hundred yards to one mile in length, are spread like a necklace on the green plush of valley meadows, or lie cradled between pine-crowned spurs,—unruffled and voiceless save for a stormy outpouring into Hat Creek. In 1850, Major Pearson B. Reading, a famed prospector of this region, tramped over thirty miles of rough mountain trail, carrying a bucket of living trout from Hat Creek to the Manzanita Lakes. These two lake discs, twinkling in the volcanic scoria off the western base of Lassen Buttes, have since been known to the few as wonderful fishing ponds.

A bonny tributary of the Pit is Burney Creek, which heads from the beautiful snow-vested butte from which it takes its name, and after many a wayward mishap joins the main river ten miles below the mouth of Hat Creek. Like several of the Shasta water courses, Burney Creek plays a pretty game of hide-and-go-seek,—now singing a merry tune through templed groves or meadow reaches, then suddenly dropping from view under a black lava moraine, and after a mile or two as suddenly reappearing in the sunny arena of an amphitheater of pines.

Thus flowing alternately above and under the porous soil, the sprightly little river dodges its way through the most artistic bits of valley scenery the mind of man can picture. Burney woods and Burney Falls! How at their recollection

memory lingers to spell their exquisite beauty afresh! The forests are unmixed congregations of pines,—no over-large trees, but amazingly uniform in girth and height,—consecutive groves of living columns stately leading down to the sylvan seclusion of the falls. This unlooked-for culmination of the river's frolics makes the divinest water painting I have ever seen. With twice the height of the Pit Falls, it has nothing of the bald, frameless outline of that hoarse-throated cataract,—that mass of solid white wedged in cold granite,—but hangs a rapt vision on a flower-wreathed face of cliff.

The background of Burney Falls is a shallow concave of slated lava tufted and padded with rock mosses and ferns, and sharp-shorn at the top, down which the parted torrent pours either side a mimic turret. Next these streaming rivers of foam, and half way up the crescent wall, the water bursts from under fringed eaves, and descends in a swift falling veil, behind which ferns drip and long grasses pull and flatten. The great overflowing bowl at the foot of the falls has not light enough to reflect the spiked plants on its brim, nor yet the rocking tiger-lilies, whose audacious brilliancy glows like stars in the rainbow spray.

For all this perfected beauty the pines make a fit setting, lifting their motionless javelins into the golden ether, and barring from sight their hosts on the near, circling mountains.

Ninetta Eames.





"LIKE A SLAP IN THE FACE."

OUTWARD AND VISIBLE SIGNS.

I.—SHE AND THE OTHER FELLOW.

ALL the actors of the company began to assemble on the stage for the closing tableau, the leading man began to maneuver for his pose at L. C., where he was to voice the epigrammatic sentiment that gave the name to the play; and the escorts in the audience, heroically foregoing the finale, commenced to get together their ladies' wraps, fans, and opera glasses. The Babe poked Desfield with the handle of his cane, and said: "Let's get out of here before the crush."

Desfield picked up his program from beneath the seat where it had fallen, and put it in his pocket. He always made it a point to save his programs.

On the lower shelf of his clothes-closet at home he had a pile that could be measured by feet. Then he nodded to the Babe, and the two went up the aisle, Desfield very distantly conscious of the implied rudeness to the performers. The curtain, the original red curtain that had been down before the first act, fell just as they reached the end of the aisle, amid hurried and doubtful applause, and whistles from the gallery. The house-lights were suddenly turned on, and the orchestra struck up a lively quickstep.

It had been a *matinée*. They came out of the gloom of the theater, which smelt of stale gas and plush upholstery,

into the city again. Desfield felt as though he were in a manner passing from one play to another, only with the difference that in this latter he was at once actor, author, and audience.

"Let's go somewhere, and eat something," exclaimed the Babe, as they turned up the street. Desfield, as he instinctively reached for the middle part of his cane, cast a glance of some surprise at the Babe. He had not expected this. *She* had been in the first row of the dress circle with her mother, and Desfield had supposed that the unconscionable Babe would hang around the exit in order to see them to their carriage, and thus give Her a chance to ask him home to dinner. But the Babe did nothing of this; he was a changed man today; he had moped all through the play, taking only the head of his stick into his confidence, and now that the play was over, skulked away from the theater as soon as he could.

Desfield forbore to question. He knew that, whatever was the ferment in the Babe's mind, it would sooner or later reach the boiling point, and bubble over in a prolonged recital of grievances.

This was precisely what did occur that very evening, as they put their legs under the dainty table in the dining-room of an up-town club. Desfield did not know whether the Johannisberger (1864) strengthened the Babe's impulse in the direction of unreserved intercourse between himself and his chum, or whether it weakened the barriers that the Anglo-Saxon throws before the spontaneous outburst of his more sentimental emotions: but whether the impulse was too strong, or the barriers too weak, out it came; and with admirable good humor Desfield submitted to listen to the endless chapters of lamentations of this new Jeremiah.

She had jilted him,—thrown him over. You see, it was this way: The Babe had gone to call on her upon a certain day, and had found her (paradoxically) not at

home. Then he had written a neat little note, asking if he might come on the following Sunday afternoon; and by return post she had told him that he might. "And when I go up there," continued the Babe with a wail, "I find the Other Fellow coming away, who tells me, with a grin on his damned face, that he's just been there, and that she's not at home. Now, I just ask you—" and the Babe closed with a burst of indignation. "I don't care, though," he added, when he had finished, with his hands deep in his pockets and rolling his head from side to side "I don't care. If she can get along without me I can make out all right. Let's see how she'll like the Other Fellow; that's all."

The next afternoon at somebody's tea Desfield and the Babe saw her with the Other Fellow. She cut him dead. O, but one of those flat, unequivocal cuts that was like a slap in the face.

"That's all right," said the Babe bravely, even if his chin would twitch. "Did you see the look I gave her? O, I gave her a l-look."

The split was absolute after this. She sent back her picture that the Babe had copied for her from a photograph, and he returned the scented necktie-holder that she had embroidered for him. She became feverishly gay,—was out somewhere every night. The Babe began to speak of life and youth as though they were spelt with capitals, and to talk of going abroad.

Things had reached this stage when society took up illustrated lectures. It became a fad to go. It was rather peculiar, too, that the ladies of society should have patronized them, because the Egyptian darkness that was the necessary adjunct to the lectures precluded any possibility of gratifying the desire, "to be seen of men." One particularly spiteful sheet gave it out that some people went not in spite of the darkness, but because of it, which was, to be sure, very churlish.

But, however, they went in "numbers numberless." The lectures were upon European travel, illustrated by lantern-slide photographs of all points of interest. In order to be consistent with his unconcealed intentions of foreign travel, the Babe was obliged to attend, and rarely missed a lecture.

Desfield was one of the ushers. Desfield always did seem to find his little niche in everything of this kind that was going on. In tennis tournaments he was apt to be chosen as scorer. In athletic contests for charity he was always to be found upon the field in some semi-official capacity. At weddings he was best man. At balls he was floor-manager. At the club on Ladies' Night he was on the receiving committee, at germans and cotillions he was generally leader. Somehow or other, those people that made up Desfield's "set" found they could not well navigate in the troubled waters of society, unless they felt Desfield's hand either at the wheel or upon the ropes.

The lectures were held at Odd Fellows' Hall. There were but two a week, one Monday evening, the other Saturday afternoon. Admittance was by invitation only, and the price of seats was high. It was a select affair generally.

On the last Saturday afternoon of the series, reserved for Paris and its environs, Desfield found his hands full. The audience had never been so large, or so fashionable. Until nearly half an hour after the lecture had begun he was kept running up and down the aisles of which he had charge, seating the late-comers, and this after the hall was darkened was no easy matter. She with the Other Fellow were among the last to come in. The few remaining chairs were soon taken, and Desfield's work was done. Those coming in any later were obliged to stand.

She and the Other Fellow had been with the latest comers. They were not, however, the last. The Babe was the

last. The lecture was nearly half over when he came in, and finding Desfield, leaned up against the wall with him in the listless and melancholy manner which was now—poor devil—not all affected.

"I'm off next week Thursday, Desfield," he whispered after a while. "Got my ticket this morning."

Desfield was really sorry for him. "Hard times, Old Man, is n't it?" he said.

The masculine emotions of these latter days can go no further than this. When the *fin de siècle* gentleman calls his friend, "Old Man," he has figuratively fallen upon his neck and kissed him. Beyond this he cannot go with dignity. The Babe felt and appreciated this, and loved Desfield accordingly; he would have liked to clasp him around the neck or to have wrung his hands, and in the surrounding darkness could have done so without fear and without reproach; but instead he only shifted his position against the wall, and in answer more to what Desfield implied than to what he said, returned,—

"It's very good of you, Old Man."

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," went on the lecturer, turning from side to side, and occasionally silhouetting his head against the brilliant circular focus on the curtain, like the transit of a planet across the sun,—“and now, turning from this marvel of engineering skill,” (he had been talking about the Eiffel Tower) “which like the skeleton of the Tower of Babel stands like a monument to the sky-aspiring ambition of mankind,—turning from this, let us take one of those large and lumbering omnibuses drawn by those heavy white horses, a sight so characteristic of the streets of Paris.” Here a picture of the sight was thrown upon the curtain “We mount upon the top, are carried across the river, via the Pont de Jena, down through the beautiful Champs Elysées, and in a few moments emerge

upon one of the most beautiful, as well as one of the most historic squares in the world,—the Place de la Concorde.” He pressed a little tick-tack between his fingers, and the picture of the omnibus seemed in a manner to dissolve into a view of the square. He paused a moment for effect, and then proceeded, “We now stand upon ground where history has been made and unmade. In the distance, across the river, is the Chamber of Deputies. In the immediate foreground rises the Egyptian obelisk, a single block of granite.” He plunged into statistics with ferocious relish: “Seventy-five feet, six and one-half inches in height, weighing ten thousand tons, and transported from Egypt at the cost of seven million one hundred thousand francs.”

Desfield was troubled. He was not listening to the lecturer’s flow of periodic English, but was thinking of the Babe and his miseries. That the Babe was hard hit, he knew now beyond any doubt. What effect it was to have upon him was less certain, and therefore more conducive to anxiety. The two had been chums ever since their college days, and had always been everywhere, and done everything together. Now that the Babe was about to leave for Europe, Desfield felt in anticipation like a *corps sans âme*.

“And surrounded,” continued the lecturer, “by four magnificent fountains, throwing jets twenty-seven feet high, and pouring out daily seventeen thousand gallons of water.”

Then, too, he was almost sure that she loved the Babe very much indeed, and that her encouragement of the Other Fellow was a pretense and a sham. It did seem supremely silly that these two little children should spoil their whole lives by a quarrel over the most trivial thing in the world.

“Groups of beautiful statuary at the four angles representing the four principal cities of the nation.”

It had always been a settled thing with Desfield that the two should eventually be married, and he had been accustomed to pose before himself as the friend of the household in future days, dining with them *en famille*, or spending a cosy evening at their fireside. He felt keenly disappointed over this failure of his little romance.

“Measuring six and one-half feet over a mile in circumference.”

Desfield wondered if anything could be done,—if he could do anything.

“Six hundred dekameters.”

The Babe had moved to a little distance, having found a vaguely appropriate seat upon a cold steam-heater.

Somebody in one of the forward seats got up, and came down the aisle. As his figure emerged into the scant circle of light thrown by the lowered gas jets that burned on either side of the door, Desfield saw that it was the Other Fellow.

“Whew!” said the Other Fellow, as he came within whispering distance of Desfield, “can’t stand this any longer. Had to excuse myself to Her, and come out and have a peg. Come with me, won’t you?”

Desfield thought this was very like the Other Fellow, but an idea suddenly occurred to him. He said: “All right; you go along, and I’ll come after you as soon as I can get my overcoat.”

The Other Fellow went out, and Desfield turned to the Babe, who was still sitting on the cold steam-heater, oblivious to everything. Desfield woke him up, saying, “Come on, I have a seat for you.” Then he piloted him softly down the aisle and placed him in the seat the Other Fellow had just vacated, beside Her.

As the Babe sat down, they recognized each other. The Babe turned quickly. “O, I say, Desfield,” he said. But Desfield was already gone, saying to himself, “Leave ’em alone for half an hour in a dark room, side by side,

with no chance of escape,—with nothing or nobody to come between 'em, and if something don't turn up it will be because they are a different kind of people than I take them to be."

He had now to direct all his wits to keeping the Other Fellow out of the way. For an instant he had the idea of getting him drunk, but he grimly reflected that a gun of that caliber would probably kick about as far as it would shoot.

He went out blinking into the glare of the afternoon sun, and found the Other Fellow waiting for him at an adjacent bar. They drank an absinthe together. Desfield was as long about it as he could be, then inveigled the Other Fellow to the lunch counter, and dawdled over olives and pretzels, talking about the Fair, baseball, and a certain Chicago barber shop the Other Fellow had seen, which was paved with silver dollars. Desfield knew the Babe had about twenty minutes more. They had been gone from the lecture room about ten minutes. By this, he thought, they must have got over the coldly-polite stage, and have come to mutual recriminations. He asked the Other Fellow to have another, with *him* this time. Then once more back to the lunch counter, for another ten minutes. "Now they're about coming round to explanations," thought Desfield. He wished that the Other Fellow were subject to epileptic fits, or could be drugged, or quietly knocked on the head. They started to return, the Other Fellow smelling of cloves.

As the white-painted valves of the doors of the bar-room flapped back and forth behind them, they both heard a sudden noise that made them pause to listen. There is no more mistaking the bark of an angry dog, than the hoof-beats of a runaway horse; there is a savagery, a viciousness, about it that can be instantly distinguished from the ordinary canine utterance. The noise

came from a sort of blind alley, hardly more than a deep recess, just behind the saloon. It was followed by a snarl and a hoarse yelp in another key, and then a rapid succession of fierce, brutal noises, and the sound of furred bodies striking and rolling upon the ground.

"A dog-fight," cried the Other Fellow with great delight, putting his hat on the back of his head. "Must take this in," and he ran up to where the crowd was already formed in a circle. Desfield followed him, looking at his watch. "Now they're about through with explanations and have started to make it up. The dog-fight is a special dispensation of Providence,—they've about ten minutes more."

And when he saw the two dogs he perceived with unholy joy that the fight promised to hold out a good deal more than ten minutes, and he knew that the Other Fellow would stay as long as it lasted. By the time that Desfield got sight of them the two dogs were silent—they had already become "locked." The bull-terrier had a left leg hold, while the Newfoundland, holding on temporarily to his adversary's ear, was gradually working for a grip on his throat. The Other Fellow already had out a roll of bills, and was shaking them across the ring at the large dog's owner, offering seven to ten. He seemed to be in his element. "Tin horn sport!" said Desfield to himself, with great disgust.

"Isn't this beautiful?" said the Other Fellow to Desfield, rubbing his hands. "What a pity cats always fight in the night so you can't see 'em. Seven to ten on the bull, you over there."

All at once the larger dog let go, and made for a new hold. The instant the bull felt himself free, he slipped his jaws upward, from the fore-leg up along the shoulder-blade, along the shoulder itself, and then suddenly closed them, vice-like, sunk deep in the soft part of the

throat,—all without a sound. “It’s all over but the shouting now,” cried the Other Fellow.

In a few minutes this would be true of the lecture as well.

“I think,” said Desfield to himself, “that they should now have come to the most interesting part of all. They have about four more minutes.” Then he looked at the Newfoundland; some men were vainly trying to pry the bull’s teeth apart with a stout cane. “The bull won’t kill him before four minutes, anyhow,” thought Desfield. He waited till the Other Fellow’s back was turned, then slipped over to the hall. “Strange,” he said, “that their future happiness should depend upon a dog-fight, and the strength of a bull-terrier’s jaws. If the bull can hold on for five more minutes they’ll make it up, and get married.”

By the time he had got the coupé ready and waiting at the door the lecture was over, and the crowd began to

stream out. “Maybe the scheme failed after all,” thought Desfield.

She came out on the Babe’s arm. Both were nervously looking for the Other Fellow. Desfield made up to them.

“That’s all right,” he said. “He’s interested—elsewhere—just now, and your trap is right here waiting for you.”

The Babe leaned out of the carriage window, and wrung his hand. “You don’t know of anyone, do you Desfield, that wants to buy a Cunard ticket at a discount?”

“O, Mr. Desfield,—” She began.

Through the window on the other side of the carriage Desfield caught sight of the Other Fellow hurrying distractedly around the corner. “Where to?” he asked, interrupting Her. Then, as he got Her answer, he banged the carriage door, and looking up to the coachman said,—

“Home, James.”

Frank Norris.

A FEBRUARY DAY IN EL MONTECITO.

So wide, so glistening, yea so jocund fair!
 Oh Day so golden, Earth in jeweled green!
 Oh World! as ribbon girdling beauty rare
 The blue sea girdles thee, and mountains lean
 Dappled and dimpling o’er the shower-bathed Earth,
 Whilst luminous amethyst clouds have rolled
 Full back, as curtains might from couch of birth.
 Such harmonies the wombs of seasons hold!

Harriet Winthrop Waring.



THE REQUIEM OF THE DOVE.

[golden,

CROSS the marshes' willowy fringe and seas of sunlight
 Across the meadows purple-tinged with buds but half unfolden,
 Where helpless, yearning tendrils cling,
 And fancied fairies lightly swing,
 With all the gladsome springtime bloom that brooks no
 phantom thought of gloom,
 Is blent one song of sorrow.

Who is the bard that dares to sing one note of aught but gladness?

Who is the sprite that comes to ring one floral bell in sadness,

When perched upon the mossy wall

The meadow lark is prince of all,

While joy ecstatic at his call resounds from mere to mountain?

From orange groves and spicy isles gay minstrels are returning,

While roses glow with sunny smiles, their blush to ashes burning;

Stray ripples laugh through banks of fern,

Grim rocks the gladsome message learn,

The trees rejoice at Spring's return, and clap their hands for gladness.

But over all this vernal glee 'midst Nature's reckless wooing,

Intrudes like sorrow's prophecy a mournful, plaintive cooing;

Somewhere a lonely songster sings

Of scattered leaves and vanished springs,

And all her pent-up anguish brings to mock the joy of Nature.



Wild thickets, dense with briars and weeds, are glad with sounds of pleasure,
On grassy slopes the shy fawn feeds and gambols at his leisure ;

But one sad seeress from her hill

Casts over all an icy chill,

Sways the rapt listener at her will, and floods his soul with sadness.

How canst thou come, thou mournful one, each breeze with sorrow loading?
Why chant beneath a smiling sun one note of dark foreboding?

When light is dancing in the dells,

When music through the forest swells,

And fairies ring their dewy bells, why chant that all are dying?



Tall mariposa tulips smile, among the reeds and rushes
Wild tiger-lilies droop the while to hide their conscious blushes ;
But still from meadows far away
Resounds that plaintive, mournful lay,
Rebuking all the thoughtless play of Nature's artless children.

Come in the autumn, dauntless seer, when withered leaves are falling,
Then is the time o'er Nature's bier to mind thy mournful calling ;
But not in spring's supernal bloom
Should Nature whisper of the tomb,
Or prophets come with thoughts of gloom to blight her youth and beauty
But still from out her lonely haunt is borne her sad replying :
There is of youth no lasting font, there is no end but dying.
The flowers that on the hillsides bloom
And all that share their sweet perfume
Shall mingle in one common tomb, for all but love is dying.

Awake, rapt songsters of the grove, and sing of mirth and gladness,
Drown with the melodies of love that solemn voice of sadness ;



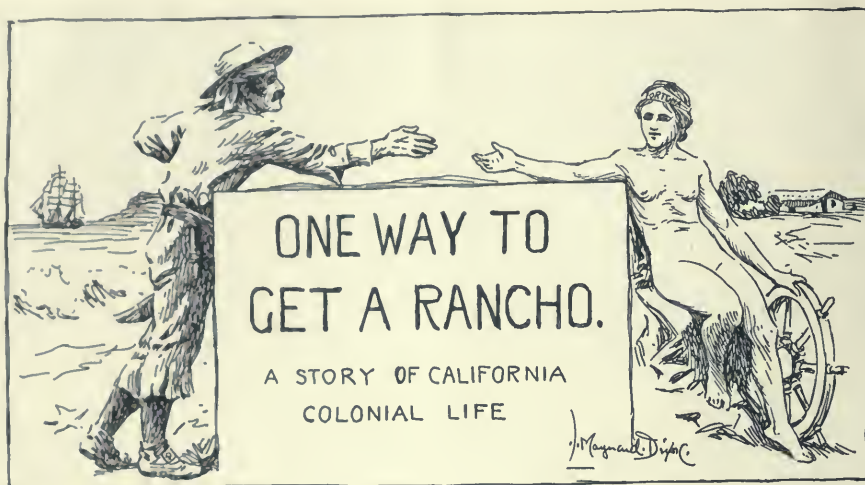
The winds her mournful omens waft,
 Then let them bear your notes aloft,
 Ye at the font of love have quaffed, and love shall live forever.

Hark! what a mingled burst of sound with every breath more thrilling,
 From ridge to ridge its echoes bound, the loftiest hope fulfilling,
 Wild rapture rends the balmy air,
 Soft carols find an echo there,
 The dove's low requiem has its share in spring's complete outpouring.

Join with the rest, thou gentle dove; there is no song of gladness
 But grows more tenderly complete when linked with notes of sadness.
 Then chant thy sweet, pathetic strain,
 Spring waits to hear thy soft refrain,
 Calling her to accept a throne
 Where gladness cannot reign alone, but joy and grief are blending.

Martha L. Hoffman.





THE stillness of midnight was on the Ortega Rancho. The cattle and horses, thousands in number, had been rounded into the adobe-walled corrals. The Indian vaqueros were taking their sleep on the rawhides which formed the only furniture of the adobe huts in which they lived when not in the saddle. These huts were built on the inner side of and adjoining the great adobe wall which enclosed the *hacienda*, as the main residence of the family was called.

Old Don José Ortega had carefully examined his rawhide sack of *pesos* before retiring to rest, to see that none of his retainers had been tampering with it during the day. He had, for the hundredth time, taken down his trusty sword, presented him by the Viceroy of Mexico, and deciphered with much difficulty the legend written thereon: "*Draw me only in a righteous cause, and sheathe me only when right has prevailed.*"

Having done this he hung it near the crucifix, that his last look at night and first in the morning might be upon them; for the Don was a Christian, as well as a brave and honorable soldier.

He had recently taken count of his herds. Five hundred head of fat cattle, to be sold when the next Boston "*hydrogher*" came to the coast, would buy

cheap finery for the vaqueros and their women; a China shawl and French shoes for pretty Guadalupe, and swell her dower above that of any señorita in the colony.

The beauty of the family,—in fact, the beauty of the colony,—was sleeping the night away in her little room adjoining the Don's; for he guarded her as the delight of his old age. She had scrupulously said her evening prayers, commended herself to the keeping of her patron saint, and slept the sleep of innocent maidenhood, dreaming of visiting a sister at Monterey, who was the wife of an ex-governor; or, better still, visiting another sister who was the wife of a colonel in the army, and a queen of society at the great capital of Mexico, and having a score of fine gentlemen soliciting her company for the next dance. Was not her sister the handsomest señora in Monterey, and was not her other sister the acknowledged beauty of the Mexican court? And was not she the fairest flower of all? Everybody told her so, and thus the fairies wove beautiful scenes into all the thoughts of her life.

Suddenly there was heard a great clattering of horses' hoofs on the hard trail along which the vaqueros daily led the

herds to the grazing ranges. The dogs on the place raised a great howl. The horses sprang to their feet, and with quivering nostrils and distended eyes began snorting and prancing. The cattle also felt the general alarm, and huddled together, facing outwards,—their sharp horns elevated in the air, and their eyes straining to detect the source of the danger.

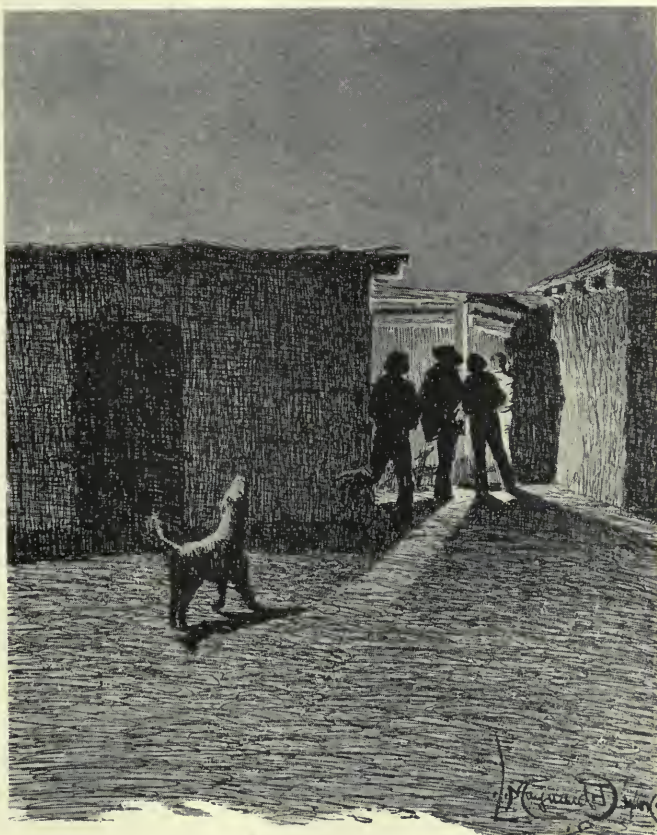
The vaqueros shouted that the wild Indians were coming to steal cattle, and they jumped into their saddles for defense,—which they would have done if lightning had fallen among them. The old Don arose and girded on his sword. There was evidently trouble, but he could not divine the nature of it. The Indians were sneak thieves; they would,

perhaps, crawl up and drive off loose stock, but they would not come with such a clatter as that. He had seen a strange vessel pass up the channel a few days ago. It might have been a Yankee whaler, or a pirate; but then, pirates would not come on horseback.

The cavalcade, whatever it was, descended the hill and came towards the great gate which opened into the fortress-like enclosure. There was shouting, and he could distinguish the voice of Arrelanes, his nearest neighbor on the north.

“For God’s sake José, hurry.”

With his own hand he undid the fastenings and swung back the stout gate. The troop, numbering thirty or forty, rode in. They were under the command



“WITH HIS OWN HAND HE UNDIR THE FASTENINGS.”

of Lugo, the military patrol of the colony. They had been in the saddle since yesterday morning, watching the progress of a pirate which was coming down the coast, evidently intent on plundering the ranchos of their cattle, money, and perhaps, beauty.

"God save us all!" said Don José.

"God save us all!" said the troop fervently.

"What is to be done?" asked Don José.

"Drive them off, of course," said Lugo.

"Our governor has ordered every one, on the appearance of the pirate, to remove his stock, valuables, and women and children, to the hills. Send the women and children away up the cañon. If the pirates take the hacienda they will have only adobe walls for their trouble. We will fight the fellow, however, and teach him another lesson. He undertook to plunder Monterey, but the rusty old guns on the hill, that had not been fired for ten years, were worked with such good effect that he was glad to get away."

"We will stand by you, and prevent their landing. Let them batter down the walls if they wish. There is plenty of mud and plenty of willing hands to rebuild them. If we cannot prevent their landing, we can escape on our horses. They will not dare to follow us on foot into the mountains."

Soon everything was in motion. The gates of the corrals were opened, and at the familiar "*hoop la*" the herds rushed out of the enclosures, and in a few minutes the clatter and bellowing were but faintly heard.

"That is well," said Lugo.

Next, four trusty Indians lashed the rawhide sack of Spanish dollars to a pole, and started for a safe hiding place in the mountains, where the pirates would not dare venture. Last of all Gaudalpe and the wives and children of the vaqueros were put in motion.

Pretty Guadalupe was in tears and lamentations; but her father sharply bade her remember that she was an Ortega, a descendant of a long line of soldiers, and she began to assume authority over the Indian domestics, and marshal them into line, each carrying some provision or other article of immediate necessity. There were many *adioses* and much clinging and weeping, but in an hour after Lugo's arrival the place was vacated except by those who remained to fight.

The rancheros were always in a partial condition for defense. The fierce tribes of the Sierra Nevadas would sometimes swoop down on their herds of cattle and horses, and often drive off quite a number. The famous Pegleg (Jedediah) Smith, at the head of a tribe of Indians living near Salt Lake, once raided the Arrellanes's rancho in the Santa Maria Valley, driving off, according to his own statement to the writer of this article, seventeen hundred head of horses.

The mud walls of the ranchos were a tolerable protection against the attacks of the Indians, but none at all against artillery. Then the guns of the settlers were not the best, and powder and ball were so scarce that few could afford to become good marksmen. The noise of the explosion frightened the Indians, and the balls would go a long distance, tearing holes in the ground, barking the trees, and sometimes hitting a man. But entirely new tactics were necessary to repel the pirates.

Ortega proposed to frighten them away by making a show of force on the hill, but Lugo insisted on an ambushade. A landing could ordinarily be made only at the mouth of the creek which was flat, marshy, and covered with willows. Here they concluded to await the probable attempt to land. Lugo thought a few men, well posted and concealed by willows, would make a landing even by superior numbers difficult.

At daylight the vessel was seen standing in towards the rancho. A heavy swell was pounding the rocky shore, sending the spray twenty feet into the air. The cove into which the creek emptied was partially sheltered from the swell, though it was in no sense a harbor, as the water shoaled out a long distance. The pirate was approaching cautiously, under easy sail, occasionally throwing the lead. A mile out he let go his anchor, and swung broadside to the land. Even at that distance the single twelve-pounder mounted on the deck looked formidable, and the vessel seemed black with men.

Lugo thought, from the experience with the fellow at Monterey, that his one gun was rather inferior, dangerous only at short range, and the swell that was prevailing would make his aim very inaccurate. A puff of smoke showed that the fellow was going to try the range. The ball struck the water, bounded along the waves, and sunk before reaching the shore. A second one was too high, passing entirely over the buildings. A third struck the right level, tearing up the ground, but it was very wide of the mark.

"Poor gunnery," said Lugo. "It will take a week at this rate to hit the hacienda. Men are cheaper than powder. He will next try to effect a landing."

Up to this time not a native had shown himself, and probably the pirate thought the place was abandoned. As Lugo had predicted, the davits swung out, a boat was lowered, and a dozen men slid down the ropes into it and commenced rowing towards the shore. A few minutes later another, similarly manned, followed. The boats rose and fell, alternately lifted into sight or settled in the trough of the waves. They made for the mouth of the *estero*, where the surf was less violent. The foremost boat paused, as it came near the breakers, to mount a high wave and land far up on the beach; but it struck a submerged

willow, which swung it broadside to the surf and upset it, precipitating the crew into the water and quicksand, to be immediately overwhelmed by the next breaking roller. When the wave flowed back, the men, half strangled, were seen struggling in the sandy mud.

II.

"Now is our time," said Lugo, and a scattering fire sent three or four to their death. Some of the survivors plunged into the surf to reach the other boat. Only three tried to reach the shore. One of them was killed, and his body was washed back into the sea. As none of the colonists had exposed themselves, the pirates in the second boat could only fire at the puffs of smoke, and the balls passed harmlessly over the heads of the rancheros.

When the two persons who had escaped the last fire reached the beach, they were beset by a dozen Indian vaqueros with riatas. These Indians were experts with these implements. They could throw one over a bullock while running at full speed, enclosing a pair of horns, head, or a foot, at pleasure, bringing the animal to the ground with a sudden stop, that sent it heels over head. Don José's Indians had once roped a grizzly bear, and when they attacked a man they made it quite lively for him,—though, in this case, the first one that threw his riata was "pulled in" hand over hand, until another and another came to his assistance. The fellow was finally restrained by several riatas attached to his limbs, each pulling in a different direction. Both persons would have been dragged to death if Lugo had not interfered. He regarded them as prisoners of war, entitled to an honorable death, though he permitted the vaqueros to tie them, which they did by lashing the prisoners to poles, cross-pieces serving to keep their hands apart. The vaqueros had im-

mense difficulty in tying one of the men. He was an athlete, and as handsome as a prince. His strength was immense, and he came near overthrowing the somewhat clumsy Indians, who were not accustomed to handling men.

The people of the second boat, seeing the ill success of those in the first, did not await an order to retreat, but pulled out of the range of the muskets as soon as they picked up their surviving comrades that were struggling in the surf. The empty boat was thrown upon the beach, and left by the receding tide.

"Well done," said Lugo. "Several men missing, and two made prisoners. Now for some spiteful cannonading."

When the boat reached the vessel, desperate measures were evidently contemplated, for the cannon blazed away at the willows, making a great noise, but hitting no one. The tide was going out, carrying the line of breakers near the vessel, and the pirate pulled up his anchor, and put out to sea.

The rancheros now had time to look at the prisoners. The negro was a slave from the West Indies, and could talk a little Spanish. From him Lugo learned that the vessel was sailing under a commission from one of the South American republics, which was at war with Spain, and consequently by a legal fiction with all her colonies. There was but a pretense of legitimate warfare in the attack. The vessel had come to the coast to plunder the defenseless colonists. The white man was Joseph Chapman, a native of the United States, which was at peace with Mexico and Spain.

"A bad affair," said Lugo. "He has not even an excuse for being here. I am afraid we shall have to shoot him for a pirate, but we will give him a fair show for his life."

Messengers were sent to Santa Barbara and Buena Ventura to warn them of the presence of the hostile vessel. He, however, did not make another attempt at landing until he got as far

south as the San Gabriel Mission, which he succeeded in plundering of cattle and money.

No enemy appearing for several days, the cattle and scattered members of the families were gathered in from the hills, and domestic affairs gradually resumed the usual routine. There was a full exchange of experiences regarding the battle, as the affair was called. If all the stories were true, there would have been no pirates left to man the vessel. Those who lassoed the tall Yankee were the heroes of the occasion; for, when the immediate danger was over, he had been allowed to get on his feet, his liberty being restrained by some rusty fetters found in the stores of the vessel which had brought the Ortegas to the coast in 1797. He was taller than the Ortegas, and they were the tallest men in the colony. Such strength he had, too,—greater than that of a grizzly bear; for had not the vaqueros once lassoed and tied one? According to their story, the Yankee was the better man of the two.

To enhance the victory, he was represented as the captain of the vessel. He was a nobleman, a lord,—perhaps the king of the United States; for the ideas prevailing with regard to the great republic were rather vague. Very little knowledge of it had then reached that far-off land.

All the women and children came to take a look at the valiant prisoner. Fear of robbery and murder having passed, human charity and kindness began to prevail; and all thought it a pity that such a handsome man must be shot. Even the pretty Guadalupe must see him. What a vision of beauty she was to Chapman, who for years had seen only dirty savages, or the depraved women of these ports. Tall, and straight as a young pine, supple as a cat, eyes large and melting as a fawn's, with a mouth made for kissing,—Chapman forgot for a moment his impending fate as

he gazed with rapture on the beautiful creature.

Guadalupe could easily believe him a Prince. His marble-white forehead in the shade of his hat and curly chestnut hair, his hazel eyes and clear-cut features, were such contrasts to the swarthy Spanish style, that she, too, was entranced. When the eyes of each met, when hers expressed pity, and his admiration, as they did in a moment, the doors of paradise opened and showed a glimpse of heavenly bliss.

When the time came to determine how Chapman should die, Guadalupe was the strongest advocate for a milder fate. She stormed with some and begged with others, and enforced both methods by copious tears. She pictured to herself the man torn to pieces by being dragged by a herd of wild horses over the rocks, or lying, a corpse, in a pool of blood in the dirt. She had her father called out of the council. Throwing her arms around his neck, she upbraided him as a cruel man—cruel to her, as well as to the prisoner. He had harmed no one—perhaps did not intend to. If he was shot or otherwise killed, she would go into a convent, and never see anybody any more.

"Child," said he, "justice must be done."

"Justice!" said she. "What is justice compared to mercy?" and her eyes flashed.

He had seen that look before. It was years ago, when he was young, when the mother of this impetuous child burst into a volcano of wrath over the wrongs perpetrated on an Indian woman. He loved her then for her righteous indignation, and revered her memory for the good angel she was to him while living. His sainted wife was looking through the child's eyes. She ruled her father, then, at least.

To Lugo she appealed as a soldier and a conqueror. "Conquerors can be generous. You cannot be so cruel as to

have him dragged to death, or even shot. There is no danger now. It is not brave to slay a helpless man."

III.

LUGO could face cannon, muskets, and swords, but a pleading woman he could not withstand.

"We will see, my child, what can be done."

Men must maintain their dignity. They must be stern as a granite rock in the performance of duty. He was conquered, however, and was looking for a reasonable way out of the humiliating absurdity.

The negro was made the means of an understanding. "Chapman was impressed into the service of the pirate at the Sandwich Islands; he had been employed on a whaler, and was taken from it by force. He was escaping from the pirates when he plunged into the surf. He would not willingly rejoin them, or assist them in any way." So Lugo saw a way out of the difficulty.

It would not do to turn Chapman loose to betray the weakness of the colonies. He must remain a prisoner at large, or become a citizen of the country. After some further parleying, Lugo agreed to be responsible for Chapman's good behavior. Lugo represented to the council the need of the colony for strong, brave men. Chapman readily agreed to a sort of vassalage to Lugo, and so the matter was settled.

The following day Lugo, with his prisoner, for such Chapman really was, departed for Los Angeles. Chapman rode a led horse. Had Guadalupe seen his attempts at riding horseback she might have been sorry for her efforts to save him from the impending death, for he rode like a rubber ball, bouncing up and down, and falling off every hour. Now horsemanship with the California colonists was about their only accomplishment. All the work of agriculture was

performed on horseback. A wheel, other than the truck sawed off of an oak log, never was seen. Not to be able to ride a lively horse was considered a disgrace that neither learning nor wealth would atone for. The horsemen that accompanied Lugo were in ecstasies of laughter at Chapman's efforts at riding, for he had to cling to the saddle with both hands, or roll off. He was finally mounted behind Lugo, his long legs swinging every way for lack of a resting place. So the party rode through Santa Barbara, and past the Buena Ventura Mission.

When Lugo reached his home, which was near Los Angeles, his wife gave him a hearty welcome, for she had heard of the difficulty at the Ortega rancho. Seeing his horse carrying double, she inquired whom he had with him.

"I can't pronounce his name," said he. "He is an American, can't speak a word of Spanish, and rides like a log. We must treat him well, however."

He dismounted, and Chapman tumbled awkwardly off. An Indian servant took charge of the horse, and Lugo and his captive entered the low adobe house. Lugo, in a few words, gave his wife an account of the affair resulting in the capture of the pirate. She made the sign of the cross, invoked her patron saint, and set about getting supper.

The great kettle, which always contained a supply of beef or mutton for a stew, was hung over the fire that was built on the ground in a corner of the house. Corn, beans, onions, and red peppers, were thrown in, and soon a savory odor began to arise from the steaming mess. The soapstone rock, upon which *tortillas* were baked, was placed against the fire to heat, and an Indian woman was set to grinding on the *metate*, the domestic millstone, some freshly gathered ears of green corn.

As in most of the colonial homes, there was but little display of table furniture, in fact, none at all. Each indi-

vidual used a large clam shell for a dish, being helped directly from the big pot, a smaller shell answering for a spoon.

When the stew was ready, Lugo's wife took a portion of the green corn, which had been ground into a plastic, doughy mass, and by a dextrous manipulation, which can only be acquired by much practice, rapidly reduced it to a wafer-like thinness. This was instantly cooked on the hot stone. It is then the famous tortilla, a most delicious food. It is eaten from the hand, or dipped, bit by bit, into the stew, to absorb the moister part.

Chapman looked on the culinary process with considerable interest, for his meals had been quite irregular since he left the ship. He had a wonderful gastric power, corresponding with his immense strength. His appetite astonished Dame Lugo, for the Spanish are generally abstemious, both in eating and drinking. She, however, had seen an Indian "lay in" and carry away a three days' supply, without inconvenience. Feeling safe in her husband's assertion that the visitor did not understand a word of Spanish, she dilated freely on his destruction of food.

"He must have starved a month. His long legs and big feet must be hollow. He must be a sort of anaconda. Will he sleep a week, after swallowing so much?"

"Hush, wife. If you had seen him shake off the vaqueros, as a bear would so many dogs, you would not wonder at his eating."

"Holy Mother, save us," said she. "He may cut all our throats before morning."

"He is a soldier," said Lugo, "and does not fight women and children. Besides, he is paroled not to fight until regularly exchanged."

This silenced, but did not satisfy the señora. She again took a stealthy look at his immense muscles, which seemed larger than ever, and she could easily

believe that he could overcome a dozen slow and clumsy Indians. She felt comparatively safe, however, for she knew that all animals take long naps after big feeds.

The night passed off without any disturbance. Chapman slept as soundly on one of the rawhides that formed the only carpet on the clay floor of the house as if he had been in his own bed, in the loft of the log cabin in the pine woods of Maine, with strings of dried pumpkin, apples, and seed corn, festooning the otherwise naked rafters of the roof. He probably would have done so, even if he had been informed that he was to be shot in the morning, for nature predominated over the emotional part of his character.

He was quite as much of a curiosity to the Los Angelesños as he was to the rancheros. Lugo's attendants were questioned regarding the "battle." Time and distance had not lessened the magnitude of the events, and the valorous deeds were again related with such ornamentation as was deemed necessary. The captured Yankee was watched with fear and trembling, much as a grizzly bear would be if turned loose. The question of what to do with him was necessarily prominent. His friendly hugs even, might be dangerous. Some openly asserted that he ought to have been executed; that it was not yet too late to remedy the mistake. Lugo, however, proved his fast friend.

At that time quite a number of men and Indians were employed in the pine woods forty miles away, getting out timbers for the church. There was no road leading to the place, only a rough trail over the mountains and through rocky cañons. If he was set to work there, he could not communicate with any enemies nor escape, for the mountains beyond were considered impassable; he would be lost if he attempted to climb them. So he was sent to the pine woods.

Now Chapman knew all about timber. Though he could not ride a horse, he could chop down a tree and make it fall just where he chose. He could line, score, and hew it, for he had worked at ship-building; and when that was done could hitch a drove of the long-horned cattle to it, and move it off. In this way the timbers for all the mission buildings had been procured by immense labor. All at present in existence show the wear of forty miles of hauling over the ground.

A year passed and he had become the sole manager of the timber squad, and was in high favor not only with Lugo but with the church fathers as well. He had really become indispensable. Many consultations, unknown to Chapman, had been held as to the policy of identifying him with the colony, by marrying him into some Spanish family, and holding him to the Coast, as it were, by domestic ties. The colonies were weak in men, and exposed to attack by land as well as by sea. The Indians of the Sierra Nevadas were becoming bolder each year. The trappers of the Rocky Mountains had crossed the hitherto unknown territories, and set their traps on the streams emptying into the Pacific Ocean. The Hudson's Bay Fur Company had established several posts on the Coast, thus encouraging greater trespass in future. The flaxen-haired, light-bearded races that threatened to descend upon the weak colonies, were looked upon much as the Danes were by the English tribes of early ages. As one governor expressed it: "These hunters are possessed of an infernal courage and energy that make them face appalling dangers with indifference. The trackless deserts of the interior, the deep snows of the Sierra Nevadas, and the fierce tribes of Indians, are trifles to them."

While the colonists were considering Chapman's future, from a basis of public utility, an incident occurred which

hastened a conclusion. The time for the rainy season was near, and Chapman was preparing for his last haul of timbers. The cattle that had been pastured on small patches of grass by squads of vaqueros were lying in the adobe corrals, which had been built to keep them together at night and secure them from the raids of wild Indians, or natives who had not come under the rule of the missions. Sometimes a dozen or more "converted Indians," that were not satisfied with their allotted work, rations, or social relations with the females, would break away from the missions, and unite with the wild Indians to plunder the fathers' stores, or drive off their stock. This was a standing danger to the colonists as well as the missions.

During the night mentioned one of the Indian cattle drivers awoke Chapman, saying, "Señor, señor! The wild Indians are cutting the cattle out."

As Chapman awoke, the man urged him to listen. He could distinctly hear a grating sound produced by moving something forward and backwards, like a saw. The noise was new to Chapman, but the Indian explained that it was the cutting down of the adobe walls, by drawing a rawhide riata across them; that when a section was cut that way, it could be pushed over, making an opening through which to stampede the cattle with firebrands and a great noise.

"How many Indians?" said Chapman to the vaquero.

"One thousand, señor," said the Indian.

IV.

SOME Indians had deserted a day or two before, and probably had induced others to join them in a raid; but Chapman knew that a thousand was an impossibility. He had learned that an Indian's estimate of numbers was of little value; that scarcely one in a hundred could count more than twenty. More

than that was a thousand or million, incomprehensible to their weak minds. So he concluded that there might be a dozen, the bulk of them stationed near the outer wall, opposite the opening, ready to break over with a wild hurrah when the bisected portion of the wall fell. He knew he could easily drive away the four or five that were sawing the wall with their riatas, but the others might attack his men with their bows and arrows, and in the confusion, kill some of them. He planned a daring way of discomfiting the Indians by a dash among them alone, while the others of the camp should make a great noise. Now, noise is a potent factor in all savage warfare. The wild Indians generally ran away at the first explosion of fire-arms, but Chapman chose rather to teach them a new lesson. He passed out quietly, and as he expected, saw a number of firebrands ready to be blown into a flame when the wall fell. He rushed into the midst of the lights, his club describing wide circles as it went around his head, occasionally hitting something with a sickening thud that indicated a hurt for somebody. About the same time the others rushed out with loud shouts and the firing of guns.

The besiegers, when the club began to fall, shouted "*Diablo Chapman*," and were too astonished to make any resistance, and fled with the others when the outcry and firing commenced.

After getting well out of range of Chapman's club, they turned and shot a few arrows towards the adobe walls. Some were sent up into the air, so as to fall inside the corral and wound the cattle. A good arrow represents nearly a day's work for an Indian arrowmaker. They are therefore sparing of their ammunition, so the rain of arrows did not last long.

Some of the vaqueros, frightened by the apparent numbers of the Indians, mounted their horses and fled towards Los Angeles, which they reached about

daylight, with the report that all the men, including Chapman, were killed, and the cattle driven off. Lugo, who felt responsible for Chapman's safety, raised a few volunteers and started for the pine timber to investigate the matter. He was astonished to meet the train coming in good order, not a beast lost, or man — except such as had deserted — missing.

Every one was talking of the American who put a thousand wild Indians to flight, as a wolf would a flock of sheep.

him one of us by marrying him into a Spanish family."

There was talk of Castilian superiority — noble blood, and all that sort of stuff, which other nations as well as the Spanish are addicted to.

It was generally objected that he could not ride horseback, and therefore could not be a gentleman; that he could not talk Spanish, and could not mingle in society; that he was raised a heretic and could not marry a Catholic girl, etc.



"CHAPMAN COULD RIDE."

Chapman had no wonderful story to relate. He did not think it much of an affair to rout a few Indians with a good club. When asked how many he had killed, he answered, "None"; anyhow, he left no dead Indians around the corral; he thought it quite likely that some of them might have sore heads for a while.

Some of the older Spaniards shook their heads, and had doubts about this "Diablo Chapman," that could rout a whole tribe of Indians with a club. Lugo insisted that it was "quite time to make

Lugo assured the council that Chapman could ride without falling off more than once a day; that, as for his ignorance of the Spanish language, numbers of nice girls could be induced to take charge of his education. "As to his being a heretic, has not all of his work gone into the church? How can he get away from that? Let our good Franciscan fathers object, if they think he is a heretic. In fact, I know that they consider him a good Christian, and a very useful one, too. Who can manage the Indians as he can?"

One man still ventured to say that sparing his life, when the vaqueros were about to drag him to death, was a great mistake; that even now he might be put out of the way, and end the disagreeable business. This suggestion was again frowned upon as unworthy of Christians and gentlemen.

They finally agreed to state the case to the father of the Los Angeles Mission. In an hour they received a terse letter, written in a plain hand, on strong paper, as follows:

MY CHILDREN:

Lugo's advice is sensible. Let the man Chapman marry.

This ended the discussion, as to the propriety of his marrying.

When Chapman was approached regarding the matter, he seemed rather pleased. Obligations to his own country rested lightly on him, otherwise he would not have been found in company with the pirate. Furthermore, he rather liked the free and easy life of the colonists, spiced, as it was, with occasional dangers. He had sown "wild oats" until he was satisfied.

Lugo told Chapman that the Santa Barbara girls were the most beautiful of all on the Coast,—of all in the world, for that matter,—and when he mentioned the Señorita Guadalupe, as the prettiest of them all, Chapman thought so, too. But, man-like, he began to think the woman he almost worshiped immeasurably above him, a sort of saint, to be adored rather than loved.

He knew of Guadalupe's efforts to save his life only from Lugo's banterings and obscure hints, but he remembered well the pitying look she gave him, when he was chained to the branding post in the cattle yard. It was but a trifle, but the memory of it had become the principal fact in his life. It was an "air castle," it is true, but of vast size, for all that.

Chapman's knowledge of Spanish was

hardly sufficient for such a delicate business, so Lugo, as a sort of god-father, and as a man of experience, undertook the management of this love affair. Having seen Guadalupe's efforts to save Chapman's life, and knowing her subsequent interest in the man, he had no doubt of a successful termination of the mission, at least, as far as she was concerned.

He knew the Don's family pride, and expected opposition, so his first essay was with the father of the girl. He was quite violent at first.

"Who is Chapman that he should aspire to the hand of the richest, best looking, and best bred girl in the colony? Remember that she is an Ortega of the bluest blood. One sister is the wife of an ex-governor, another is the wife of a colonel in the army, and a queen of society at the capital."

Lugo assured him that he did not wish to propose an unworthy marriage for the señor's daughter, or one against her wishes and desires.

He spoke of Chapman's bravery, of his value to the colony, harassed as it was by land and sea; of his business ability, which was much greater than that of any native Spaniard. He referred him to a number of Americans on the Coast who were accumulating fortunes, while the sons of wealthy Spaniards were inefficient, and addicted to gambling, and wasting their estates.

The Don winced a little at this, as it was a home thrust.

Lugo continued: "The fathers approve of it. Governor Echeandia is willing, and even will recommend the allotment to him of the *sobrante* near the colonial rancho, of several thousand acres of land. You can stock it from your herds, and thus put the young couple into a respectable position."

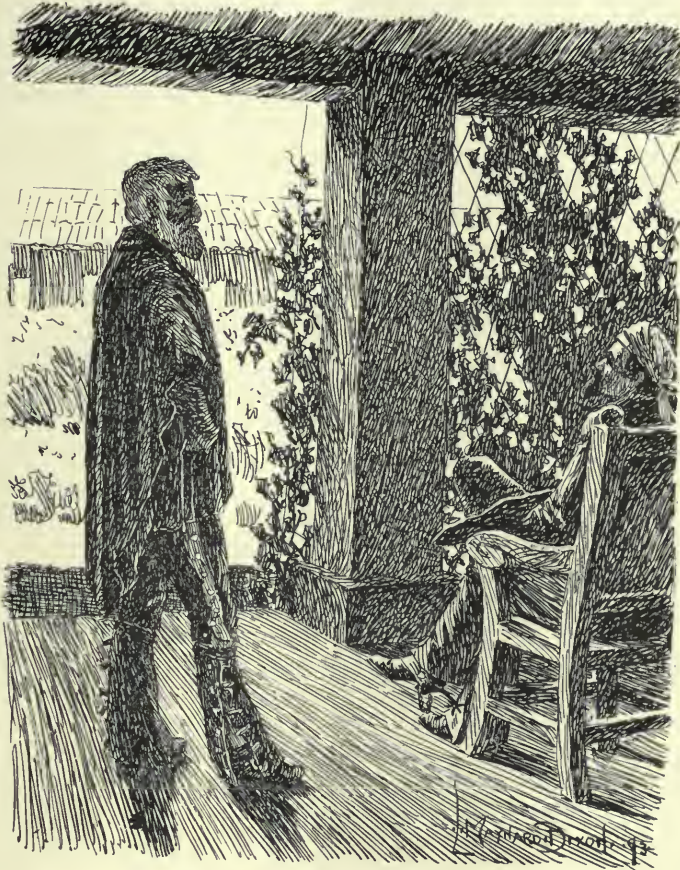
These and other things were urged, until Don José consented to the marriage, always provided that Guadalupe was willing to marry an American.

V.

LUGO, thus encouraged, broached the matter to the girl. What was his astonishment to meet with an explosion of wrath exceeding her indignation when the proposition of dragging Chapman to

He is a bear,—a gringo. Are there no men in California? Are all afraid of the Indians? I do not care to marry an Indian fighter."

Lugo was thunderstruck. He had no doubt of receiving a favorable reply. Women generally love those they have



"REMEMBER THAT SHE IS AN ORTEGA."

death was under consideration by the court marshal.

"It is true that I interfered to save his life. I did not want such a deed as dragging a man to death attached to the Ortega home. I did not care for the American. I never thought of marrying him. Cannot I choose among the De la Guerras, Castros, Carrillos, Bandinis, or Arguellos? He is no cavalier.

saved from death;—but then Lugo did not know all the depths of woman's nature. Who does?

Guadalupe had kept fully informed regarding Chapman. She had learned regarding the opinion and desires of the governor. She knew of the approval of the priests of the proposed marriage into the Ortega family.

"Am I to be sacrificed to the necessi-

ties of the colony? Have I no will of my own, that I should be sold like a band of cattle? I will let Lugo and Chapman, and even Governor Echeandia, know that I have something to say about it."

She stamped her little feet in rage, had a fit of weeping, declaring she was nothing to anybody. She would go to Mexico and live with her sister; would become a nun, and wait on the sick in a hospital, and ever so much more of the same kind of talk.

The gray-haired old Don declared she never should marry the American. He was a fool for consenting to such a thing at all. She was good enough, and pretty enough, to be a king's bride. The Indian servants, too, stormed about the matter, and professed their willingness to make "*Los Americanos vamos el rancho.*"

This aroused another spirit. She threatened them with all kinds of punishment if they harmed a hair of his head. She ridiculed their idea of driving him off, asserting that they would have to find him on the beach, half-drowned, before they would dare to look at him.

When Chapman heard of the utter failure of the negotiation his hopes, which had been up to the highest point, fell to zero. He wandered around the hills, on horseback now, sometimes dashing recklessly into the roughest surf, or climbing over the most rugged mountains. He borrowed a gun, and shot a "mountain lion" (panther) that had destroyed nearly a flock of sheep, and he actually followed a grizzly bear, a terrible fellow, into a deep gorge, and killed it, though he himself did not escape without a severe hug and some ugly scratches. He was getting reckless.

To add to his disappointment Guadalupe did not hide herself away, but frequently crossed his vision, looking glorious as a morning star,—and about as far away.

Chapman and Lugo had determined to abandon the scheme as hopeless. Lugo was half angry to see the man he had befriended tossed about like a football, and quite sorry that he had led him into such an unfortunate chase. Chapman would have fought a dozen grizzlies to have secured Guadalupe. As it was he fell into some of his fore-castle ways, and let fly a volley of oaths, consigning all women to an uncomfortable place.

How stupid men are sometimes. A hundred and twenty pounds of woman will often fool—well, ever so many men.

If Lugo and Chapman had had their wits about them, they would have seen that they were being royally entertained. Guadalupe's hand was everywhere. Even the relatives were invited to partake of the hospitalities, and witness her triumphs. Guadalupe kissed all her uncles and cousins in a tantalizing way, looking as sweet as if just from Paradise. Chapman would have murdered the whole lot for one of her kisses; but he did not get that precious salutation then, nor for many days thereafter.

Why not? Yes, why not? Well? Of course not. It was Guadalupe's way—woman's way. That's all.

All, except the stupid Lugo and Chapman, could see that she was playing her lover as an angler would a securely hooked trout, taking ample satisfaction for the presumptuous manner in which she had been bargained away. Every day's incidents made Guadalupe more sure of Chapman's devotion, and consequently the tests of it were correspondingly severe. Even Señor Ortega himself upbraided his daughter for her rudeness to the American. "Ladies do not insult those who honestly tender their love."

This strain was too great to last long. Something would give way. One afternoon Chapman and Lugo had taken a long ride on the beach and over the headlands. They had agreed to depart

the next morning. It is likely that Guadalupe would have interfered, in some way, to have prevented their departure. It was no part of her tactics to let her captive escape. She was fertile in expedients, for love ripens a simple girl into an artful woman in a very short time. A story of a probable Indian raid, or the appearance of a strange vessel off the coast, which she could easily put in circulation, would detain them for a week or two; but she had no need to draw on untried resources.

When the two men returned from their ride they turned their jaded ani-

As if to make his words true, the ground began to rock violently, rattling the earthen tiles from the roof. Lugo cried, "Temblor," and sprang to the door of the tile-covered hut, in which they had been standing, in time to escape the falling mass of timbers and tiles. He did not stop to see what befell his companion, but ran to the hacienda to learn what had happened to the family.

The hacienda, being new and strong, escaped injury. The family was in much alarm, however. The shock sent them all to the open air. When the mem-



"A LONG RIDE ON THE BEACH."

mals loose, as usual, and hung the saddles and furniture on some wooden pins on the wall of an adobe building used for the storage of such things. Chapman was more desperate and unreasonable than ever. Lugo sympathized with him, but did not lose his temper as his companion did. Chapman cursed his ill luck in getting on the pirate; in not getting shot, as others were, while struggling in the surf; in presuming to marry the daughter of an old Don like Señor Ortega, and much more of the same sort, ending with a curse on things generally.

"Hush," said Lugo. "God will strike you dead if you blaspheme that way."

As if to make his words true, the ground began to rock violently, rattling the earthen tiles from the roof. Lugo cried, "Temblor," and sprang to the door of the tile-covered hut, in which they had been standing, in time to escape the falling mass of timbers and tiles. He did not stop to see what befell his companion, but ran to the hacienda to learn what had happened to the family.

The personal experiences were then related. Don José had hobbled out mid the falling of the articles hanging to the roof timbers. Guadalupe got safely down the ladder-like stairway eading to her room,—how, she did not know. The first she knew she was on her feet, watching the cloud of dust arising from the fallen adobes. Lugo's experience was in one of them. He and Chapman were talking when he heard



"GOOD NURSING."

the rumble, saw the ends of the rafters that supported the heavy tiled roof slipping on the adobe walls, and he sprang to the door just as the roof fell.

He turned pale, exclaiming, "My God! I am afraid Chapman is killed."

He ran to the spot, the others following. One hand was visible above the pile of tiles and timbers.

VI.

As many as could get on the ground commenced moving the rubbish. A great mass of it lay on Chapman. It seemed that the shaking of the timbers had allowed the tiles to drop first, and that he had put up his hand to ward off the descending pieces, which finally

brought him to the ground, face downwards, completely covering him, with the exception of his hand. The difference of a second between Lugo's movement and his left him overwhelmed with the rubbish.

Guadalupe's grief and distraction were violent. She repeatedly asserted, "I have killed him; I have killed him."

"My child," said Lugo, "you did not cause the temblor."

"He would not have been here but for me," said she. "*Culpa mea! Culpa mea!*"

No one stopped to trace out the criminal responsibility, but proceeded with the utmost energy to recover his body, for it seemed impossible that any one could retain a spark of life under such a weight. He had been bleeding at the mouth and nose, the ground below him was saturated with blood.

When he was removed a little distance from the place, Lugo, who had some knowledge of surgery, felt the wrist for a pulse. Finding none, he tore away the shirt and placed his ear on the region of the heart, listening carefully for a moment or two.

The indications seemed favorable, for he called for water, which being furnished he made a kind of swab of moistened cloth, thrust it into Chapman's mouth, and removed a mass of clotted blood and dust, repeating the operation a minute or two afterwards. The blood began to flow, which he seemed to think a favorable omen. He then put a teaspoonful of brandy on Chapman's tongue, continuing it as fast as the liquid was absorbed. This was followed by a twitching of the muscles of the face, then a movement of his limbs; then the eyes slowly opened.

Guadalupe could no longer restrain herself, but knelt beside him, bestowing the long-wished-for kisses on his mouth and eyes, at the same time calling upon him, in the tenderest tones, to live for her sake. "I did not mean what I said. I have loved you all the time."

There was a stony stare for a moment, as if he was trying to collect his scattered thoughts; his eyes softened, and the least bit of a smile flitted across his face, as he evidently recognized the great luminous eyes that were gazing into his. Guadalupe saw forgiveness in that look, even if the insensibility following was death, as all feared.

Lugo gently drew her away and felt the pulse. "He is not dead," said he, "but very weak." He again administered stimulants, placed him in a shade, and left him in Guadalupe's care.

An hour later Lugo made a further examination, and decided that none of Chapman's bones were broken, though his ribs had been pressed nearly to his backbone. They had sprung back, leaving the lungs and heart free to do their work again. The congested lungs would resume their natural condition with a few days of rest and *good nursing*,—the last two words being emphasized and addressed to the nurse, who had claimed possession of the patient. Guadalupe blushed a little, a look of the old wickedness coming over her face.

This ended all doubt about the relations of the two persons. The future was spoken of with confidence. In due time Chapman got well. The matter of a tract of land had been settled by the transmission of a map describing the grant to the viceroy at Mexico for approval.

One morning there was a long procession from the Ortega hacienda. Don José, accompanied by Lugo, led the way. Behind him came Chapman and Guadalupe, both on one horse. She professed to be timid,—afraid to ride alone, or even to ride on a pillion behind another, the usual way for females to journey. Chapman tied his silken sash into a loop, and hung it on the horn, or pommel, of the saddle as a rest for one of Guadalupe's fairy feet; the other, or rather the limb to which it belonged, being hooked around the pommel.

Chapman sat behind on the bastos, or rear part of the saddle, the stirrups being pulled far back as a rest for his feet.

He rode with an arm on each side of the girl to keep her from falling off, holding a rein of the bridle in each hand. The procession moved slowly, so that Chapman not only kept his own seat but materially assisted Guadalupe, who occasionally swayed against his arms as if to tempt them to a closer embrace.

Behind these came the numerous relatives of the Ortega family, the vaqueros (tame Indians), and last of all the old Spanish carts, with the elderly and young people who were not able to ride on horseback. The wheels of these carts were a foot wide, made of sections of oak logs, never quite round or of uniform thickness, running on equally clumsy axles which were never in the center of the wheel, nor at right angles with the sides. Age and wear added to these imperfections, and the wheels when in motion made a tortuous track. As for some reason, or perhaps for no reason at all, these wheels were never lubricated, they made a wonderfully plaintive noise as they rolled along. This was the only wheeled conveyance seen on the Coast as late as 1840.

The procession was nearly half a mile long, all the Ortega connections being in line, for each ranchero's standing was determined by the number of friends and servitors following his banner, and Señor Ortega was one of the oldest and wealthiest rancheros on the Coast, his land, eleven leagues or forty-eight thousand acres, having been allotted him by the viceroy of Mexico as early as 1797 for great valor and discretion in a dangerous enterprise. His domains extended twenty miles along the ocean, and literally included a thousand hills on which his cattle grazed.

As will be surmised, the procession was moving towards the Santa Babara Mission church, to celebrate the nup-

tials of Chapman and the pretty Guadalupe. The story of the capture of the American, and his subsequent good fortune, was the topic of the day. Some of the people thought well of the alliance; others felt that the marriage of the acknowledged belle to a foreign adventurer was very unfortunate. The younger cavaliers, especially, looked on with scowling faces.

What were Chapman's feelings? What a change a year had wrought! One year ago he was a prisoner in chains, charged with a grave crime, with his life at stake. He was again a captive, bound, it is true, but in silken bonds. What a heaven of bliss came to view as he occasionally caught sight of those melting black eyes, with their depths of feeling, or felt Guadalupe's undulating, willowy form press against his arms.

What contrasting memories floated through his mind: first a boy in a small log house in cold, snowy Maine; then a school-boy, his progress through the elementary studies urged by stinging and mortifying applications of birch sapplings; the rebellion to weak authority, and the night elopement from his poor home nest; his disagreeable apprenticeship to a drunken ship carpenter, with frequent quarrels and beatings; his enlistment on a whaling ship, and desertion at the Sandwich Islands, and his impressment on the piratical craft. Was he the same person? Was it not a dream? Would not the grassy hills, that never witnessed frost or snow, the cavalcade of friends, and the beautiful girl soon to be his bride, all fade from view, as the midnight bell called him on deck to take his turn at the tiller?

In two or three hours the procession came in sight of the whitewashed towers of the Mission church, and moved through the crowd of señors, señoras, señoritas, children, cavaliers, vaqueros, Indians on foot and on horseback, that constituted the population of the pueblo and vicinity.

Dismounting at the foot of the steps, the procession filed into the church, and passed up the aisle between the rude pictures of sinners roasting in purgatory, with which the Franciscan friars had been wont to stir the dull imagination of the "men without reason," as the natives were described. When the most interested parties reached the altar, they knelt and repeated as nearly as they could the responses as the priest gave them. Chapman was a stranger to any church, but with the assistance of his bride got through in a manner, his incoherent mumbling being taken for the proper words. Though he considered himself uneducated, he could write his name, and when he affixed it to the parish record without the aid of a cross or other sign, the act was considered evidence of true blue blood.

After this, Chapman and Guadalupe dropped into the usual routine of Span-

ish life. Bancroft relates of him, in his "History of the Pacific Coast," that "no more interesting character can be found on record. He proved to be honest, industrious, and useful. He was capable of any work, from the making of a cart, plow, or ox-yoke to the building of a vessel or a mill; in fact, he was the right hand man for all the missions in the colony, until the secularization of their property in 1836." His alliance with the Ortega family put him on a level with the best in the colony. The Indians always regarded him as the chief of white men.

The name Chapman is quite common, the owners having marked traits of both sides of the house. The Commissioners of Land Grants, in 1854, confirmed to Chapman's heirs five thousand acres of land, a *sobrante* (remainder) near the Colonial Rancho:—and so history leaves them.

J. D. Mason.



EDDIE.

DIBBLE ROW SERIES.

EDDIE REINHART stood in his doorway enjoying the sunshine. Spring was at hand. The lark caroled forth the glad tidings, the poppy made haste to flaunt her gay petals, ferns uncoiled their delicate fronds, and oak-buds impatiently burst their brown cerements.

Ay, spring was at hand, and there stood Eddie placidly smoking his pipe, as unthinkingly happy as bird, or flower, or tree, yet the glad impulse thrilling his veins was the same that glowed in the poppy, that throbbed in the oak, that soared in the song of the lark.

He poised himself with the jaunty air of a sunflower wet with the morning dew; for though cast in a somewhat over-generous mould, he was sleek and trim, and fair to see. Doubtless tailor craft enhanced his native graces, but beyond all cavil his arch-charm lay in the sensuous upward curves of a mustache worthy the vaunt of a Hungarian grandee. The full red lips guarded by this redoubtable mustache were a veritable well-spring of laughter — bubbling laughter, which sent jolly ripples across his round face, like the waves from the splash of a stone in a puddle.

When about to speak, his voice rumbled through his huge frame ominously, but spent its force in struggling through fat-choked passages, and was at its exit hoarse and low. This brawny good-feeder puffed the smoke from his pipe with heartiest satisfaction, when he stood as now, with his slippered feet planted squarely under that arching sign "Eddie's Resort." His face glowed with pride, as the sound of clinking glasses stole through the swinging doors, but he manifested no disposition to assist busy Mike in serving thirsty patrons.

He was idly observant of the scenes before him, the carriages bowling along the paved street, the farmers jogging by in their wagons, the children scampering about at play. A gust of wind came scurrying round the corner, lifting and shifting a bit of restless newspaper. On and on it fluttered, now pausing, now riding on again with the breeze.

A prancing team was nearing Dibble Row. It drew up before the door of Timothy Lane. Something was wrong with the harness, so old Uncle Tim came out to attend to the matter. The owner sprang to the ground; just then the paper danced once more in the air.

Eddie saw it dance, saw the frightened team plunge forward, saw the heavy dray before them. An instant later his strong hand was on the bridle. There was a short, sharp struggle, much clattering of hoofs, much snorting and pawing; then Eddie handed the reins to the owner.

In a trice he was the center of a crowd.

"Bravo, old fellow!"—the barber had him by the hand.

"By Jove, you got there just in the nick of time," cried George Martin with a vigorous whack on the hero's broad shoulders.

"Here, mister, here's your pipe," exclaimed a small street urchin, elbowing his way to the front.

Eddie stared with dull eyes at the gathering throng. He could n't quite locate his heart, yet was more than usually certain he had one; he felt very small and the ground heaved strangely.

"Are you hurt?" sharply questioned the man who had stood all this time by

his horses, making sure that the straps were rightly adjusted.

Eddie shook his head. "Sorter winded," said he. "I'll be O. K. in a moment."

"Ah, that's good. Well, I must be getting along: this team has grown skittish, they need to be driven. It is lucky you stopped them so soon, — a rod or two more and there'd been the devil to pay." And gathering the reins in his hands, off he drove without further ado.

"Hey, mister, you forgot something," shouted the urchin, still hugging the pipe.

Back on their shining haunches reared the champing horses.

"You forgot to say 'thankee,'" yelled the lad, dodging behind the applauding crowd, and chuckling to himself, "I'll bet he swore."

Meanwhile Adam Bentley was peering solicitously into the face of the burly saloon keeper.

"Ben't you one mite hurt?" he queried. "I guess you're kinder used up, though you don't know it. You'd best come and let me fix you a potion, — one that can't do the least harm in the world, — come."

Without waiting for possible objections, the apothecary led the dazed man to his shop, and the crowd following at their heels watched open-mouthed while Reinhart swallowed the prescription.

Then the urchin broke forth again, "Say, mister, don't you want your pipe?"

But giving him no heed, the big-limbed fellow said deprecatingly, "I think I must lie down a while."

So Bentley led him to the darkened inner room, his own private apartment, and tucked the covers about the bulky hero with a woman's tenderness.

The gracious light of day was gone; the last sunbeam had fluttered irresolutely on the horizon, then hastily joined its comrades circling with the sun. The gray shadows in the little room deep-

ened into black, — still Eddie dozed. Adam, who had kept faithful watch all day, now settled himself in a chair by the bed; while Pip, his white cat, after purring an unavailing demur to the unconscious intruder, snuggled himself in his accustomed place at the foot.

Hours passed. At last the sleeper's eyes flew open, and he spoke, —

"Say, old medicine man, who was in that carriage?"

Through the stillness of the night that hoarse voice resounded like the muffled echoes in a cavern.

"Who?" exclaimed the lonely watcher, with a nervous start; "who? — O, a nurse-maid and a little girl."

"I wondered if I dreamed it," said Eddie, and turned and slept.

Before the dawn he spoke again. The light was burning low, the watcher was nodding in his chair.

"I was sure I saw a woman and a child. They were scared most out of their wits; you should have seen their eyes; bigger than moons they looked, and the danger was there at spring-tide."

"That's what it was," cried Adam, rubbing his eyes. "Great guns, man, them two was right in the line of slaughter. It was just splendid how you sprang to the rescue; all the same, it makes me shiver to think of you mixed up with them horses. And that woman; lawsy, did n't it beat all how she took on? — a blessing you, and hugging the child, and laughing and crying to onct; and it looked like you did n't want to hear."

"How could I, with a regular Japanese earthquake carousing inside my head? The swell was glad for his team, was n't he?"

"Bless your heart, he minded them brutes more than his own little child."

"Queer I got rattled so," mused Eddie.

"Nothing queer about it," retorted the doctor, when this remark was

repeated next day. "My good fellow, you should have had medical attendance without a moment's delay, for in a case like this delay is dangerous."

"Bosh," muttered Eddie.

The neighbors in the Row had been sorely troubled when the injured man brusquely declined to have any doctor "fiddling about him," and were greatly relieved when, in the early morning, Adam seized his hat, and unbidden, summoned the physician.

It was therefore an anxious quartette that assembled on the druggist's threshold, awaiting the result of the examination. In old Timothy Lane's heavy eyes might have been read a tale of waking hours, of beads slipped through aged fingers, and prayers passed from faithful lips to the listening ear of Mary, Blessed Mother in the heavens. The barber, the butcher, and the tailor, were in a ferment of excitement; it was not every day there was a recognized hero in the Row. Frederic Dick considered it his prerogative to blazon the news abroad; accordingly, no one left his shop that day who had not hearkened to the tale he had to tell,—a tale which resembled the facts of the case as the lather on his razor resembled the soap in the box. George Martin, absent-mindedly, doubled an order for chops and never found out his mistake; while Peter Foltz braced his quivering nerves with many a foaming cup, for which Eddie's coffers were not a whit the better.

The moment the doctor's back was turned, they pounced upon Adam.

"What does he say?" chorused the four.

"Well," replied the old man, shaking his head, "the most I can make out is internal injuries."

"O Lord, eternal injuries," quavered the thin voice of Timothy Lane.

"Internal injuries, you Irish ninny," corrected George Martin.

"Just what I thought," announced barber Dick. "Poor Eddie is done for."

"O come off, Dick; that's the kind of stuff these blamed doctors give us every time they're up a stump," broke in the butcher vociferously. "Suppose his giblets were handled a trifle rough, Eddie's good and hearty. He's bound to come out on top."

"Now may the blessed saints haste him to health," ejaculated pious Uncle Tim, "for his like is that rare, mark my words, it's never ye'll find it at all."

Meanwhile in a distant part of the city other tears fell, other vigils were kept, other prayers were prayed.

On the evening of the second day Adam saw a little creature fluttering like a frightened bird on his door-sill, like a wren, "the last of a brood of nine," and driven too soon from the nest. Her feathers were ruffled by storms she had been through; her small body pulsed, as though for so slender a frame the heart throbbing within was too large.

"Is there anything I can do for you, madam?" asked the apothecary, peering benignantly over his glasses.

She ventured a little nearer. Her ill-fitting coat and short skirt betrayed the angular lines of her figure, and a tiny, spiteful black turban seemed to be making sport of her uncomely features. One keen gray eye was set as an eye should be; the other was slightly amiss; and her head had a habitual side-wise twist, as though in this way she adjusted the focus. This twist, together with a nose unusually long and a chin unusually short, gave a peculiar, bird-like aspect to her pinched and wrinkled face.

"I want to know was that man hurt?" she questioned abruptly.

"You mean Eddie Reinhart?"

"I mean him who stopped Mr. Baum's horses when they was running away."

"It was Mr. Reinhart who did it, and he is hurt pretty bad,—internal injuries, Doctor Palmer says."

"O dear, O dear, dear. It was Ruth

and me in the carriage, you know. Internal injuries; dear me, that's bad,—that's very bad."

"By gum, that's the least you can say."

"Now I don't want you should go mixing me up with Mr. Baum," cried the little creature, with a sharp stamp of her small foot. "He's a mean, stingy pig,—that's what he is. Not a dollar, not even a thank you to spare, when his one only child was saved from destruction, and his horses stopped short in harm's way."

"Well, I don't mind saying we be a mite touchy about it here in the Row. Some of us spoke our minds tolerable freely,—not as it will make much difference to him, but it seems like I'd hate to be so despised by my fellow creatures. Dick holds to the opinion that the chap is liable for doctor bills, if not for solid damages. Martin vows that if 't was him got hurt he'd bleed him good; he would n't do a lick of work for six months or a year,—make out he couldn't, just to get even."

"He would have a pretty tough time a-trying to crowd his fists in old Baum's money bags."

"So Eddie thinks, and he be so easy going he doesn't want to bother; and what is more, he has no notion of running up doctor bills; but how can he help it, poor man, when it's internal injuries he's got."

"Where is he at?"

"Why, I brought him here, and tried right hard to keep him, but he was so everlastingly possessed to be moved to his lodgings down the next block there, to Mrs. Newcomeses, that I had to give in."

"Who sees to him?"

"We fellers do the best we can, and the landlady looks in occasionally. He does n't want much,—just not to be pestered."

"Dear me, he ought to be tended good," sighed the little woman. "I

wish there was something I could do; won't you ask if there is n't something, please; we might have been dead, Ruth and me, but for him." And she turned and hurried away.

Next evening at the same hour she reappeared, and was greatly distressed to learn that the wounded man had passed a restless night.

"Now whatever are we going to do?" she inquired wofully. "My child needs me every moment, yet the poor sick one, my heart is bleeding for him. Well, Ruth and me must manage somehow to give him a lift on the good road to health. You tell him 'Godspeed' and I will come soon again and maybe bring more than weak words."

But the next day passed, and a second, and a third, many more, and the drug man watched in vain. He saw no tiny creature perch inquisitively in his doorway.

They were tedious days for Eddie. He frowned at the enclosing walls until deep furrows gathered on his brow, a moody scowl threatened to drive the dimples from his cheeks, and impatient chafing was fast dissolving the jolly flesh from off his weary bones.

"I say, durn the fool who robs another man of bad luck," he querulously exclaimed. "If it's his, let him keep it. I'll never again wiggle a finger to hinder."

"There was the nurse-maid and the child," interpolated the druggist.

"And they forgot before nine days were over."

"No siree," cried Bentley warmly. "I'd pin my faith to the grateful look in that woman's eye any day."

"There you go again. I ain't a crying for gratitude. I don't want any thanks, so you fool fellows may as well quit harping on that string," returned Eddie testily. "Nobody told me to stop them blamed horses; if I got hurt it was my own lookout, and no affair of the swell's or anyone else's. But I tell

you, old medicine man, look sharp for number one; that's as good a motto as the next one. I mean to stick to it the rest of my born days, and that little woman is just sharp enough to be up to the same trick."

Bentley's confidence, however, was unshaken, and it was a gratification to the worthy soul to find it had been merited. It was a fortnight or so after the accident; Pip had returned from his early evening prowling, and was begging for supper, when the quaint little creature again stood before him.

She looked more pinched, more uncomely than ever; her voice sunk to a whisper, her face anxious and wan.

"How is he?" she asked; then she broke down and cried, "O, she is gone, she is dead, there was no one to save her this time. My child, my beautiful child, she is dead."

"The little girl in the carriage?"

"Yes, my poor little motherless Ruth. It's such a queer world. Not a scratch did she get when the black danger loomed; but afterwards, up comes a little, small cold, then they call it pneumonia, then she is gone. Ah me, it seems like that good, brave man got his hurt all for nothing. But do you know," and a brightness stole into the pitiful face, "I've thrown up my job; yes, I have, Mr. Baum may shift as he likes. I won't work for such a pinch-penny, stone-hearted man. It just let me out when he drove off with such a poker-stiff back; now my child is gone, and I have come to take care of him," with a nod down the block.

She crept into the room while Reinhart lay sleeping. He opened his eyes, and seemed not in the least surprised to see her by his bedside.

"Hello; so you've put in an appearance at last," quoth he.

"You know me?" she cried in delight.

"I reckon I've seen you before. What's your name?"

"Elsa, Elsa Blume, and if you don't mind, I'll stay and look after you,—doctor says I may."

"Humph. So you did n't go and forget all about me?"

"Dear me, why I could n't, you know. You see, my poor lamb is gone. She took sick and died, right after the bad trouble you got saving her from the runaway."

"Nobody told me," Eddie reproached.

"I come just as soon as I could," Elsa made haste to explain. "It seems all wrong your getting hurt, if she was to go anyway." And tears fell from the gray eyes, and rolled down the faded cheeks, and dropped on the rough bony fingers that lay clasped in the little woman's lap.

"There, there," exclaimed the sick man. "If I had n't got hurt you would never have had the chance to show what a jolly good nurse you can be."

Elsa smiled through her tears. "I want you should excuse my coming, but you see it seemed like I could n't leave you to shift good way, bad way, any way, after what you did for Ruthie, poor child."

"I've a notion you could get hurt as easy as her."

"No, I could not," retorted Elsa with a quick shake of her shrewd little head. "I'm tough."

"Precious tough, you are."

"Yes, I just slip through harm's way with never a scratch. It was hard times though when the Waldeck went down in mid-ocean, five days out from old Bremen, and we floated all night in a boat. Then there was the Brooklyn fire, and me seven stories high and everything smoking and flaming. Last of all came the runaway and death right in our faces, when whisk, there you were, proving my good luck again."

"Do you suppose you could toughen me?" questioned Eddie with an interest he had not felt for many a day.

"That is what I am here for," nodded

Elsa. "There's nothing like it, and I have found the secret out. Just don't get in a stew, and there you are! I have had some pretty rough knocks, but, you bet, nothing can down me now. Come good luck, come bad, I just keep on smiling. Once you begin to fret because things don't go your way, and you might as well be a bird and get your feathers wet."

Eddie's friends soon began to notice a change in him for the better. Adam was quick to attribute it to Elsa's ministrations.

"That is all very well," allowed Fred-eric Dick, "but if it were me, I'd want my attendant rather more ornamental; just so I would n't have to shut my eyes whenever she came about. By the Lord Harry, that off blinker is enough to make a man sea-sick."

"It is sorter queer how she has wormed herself in," grumbled George Martin; "and I must say its derved hard on Eddie's old friends having that snapping-turtle always around. Snapping-turtle is what she has been to me ever since I struck Fred for a twenty. Lord knows I meant to return it soon as ever I was able; but no, she run on like Maud S. about it being a crying shame to fleece a sick man on his bed."

"Every man should divy, *bon ciel*, so he should; divy even," cried Peter Foltz, with a drunken hiccough.

"Now I am far from wanting to put in a word,"—this from Timothy Lane,— "but the man may have need for his cash, so he may."

"You mean she may have need," Martin retorted, and with a loud guffaw the gossips dispersed.

Meanwhile Elsa, in the sick man's room, was moving briskly about, shaking the rugs, dusting the shelves, ridding the place of much rubbish. Half amused and half concerned, Eddie watched her from his bed as she laid ruthless hands on his precious bachelor ownings.

"Holy smoke! what terrors women

folks are to clean up," said he to himself. "They don't care what goes: pipes, bottles, coats, slippers,—whew! I won't be able to find a thing when I get out of this. Yet mum's the word, for if she got miffed, she might clear out and leave me altogether. She is spryer than a cricket, and her chirp is something that way. I've heard that it is counted lucky to have one on the hearth."

Each sign of returning health was hailed by Elsa with thanksgiving, and she continued her self-imposed task with unabated zeal, apparently indifferent to the neighbors in the Row, and unconscious of their gossip.

Eddie noticed this indifference.

"You don't seem to take a shine to my cronies," said he.

"I've no time to waste on that nose-tilted phonograph, Dick," Elsa replied, with a perk of her head, "and," with a shrug of her shoulders, "there would be mighty little left of George Martin if you was to peel them comfortable rolls of borrowed flesh from off his lazy bones. The old medicine man is worth a dozen of them."

"Sure," cried Eddie with unction. "A decenter cold-water man never breathed. By-the-by, I must see him. I must get him to buy me a ticket."

"A ticket?"

"Yes, a lottery ticket. By Jove, I must see him right off. It was in May I made my big haul, so whenever that time comes around I bait up extra heavy, although I have fished every month since I landed my trout, in hopes of getting the chance to try my hand with a whale."

"I would rather keep a dollar warm in my purse than let it get cold fishing for more."

"My dollars were always shivering and lonesome until a lucky throw put them in the swim. Why, I boiled the pots in an eating-house before my big luck came; since then I have mixed the

'red, white, and blue,' in my own establishment."

"It is a rare smiling fortune which has let you dodge the black luck which follows the wake of lottery money."

"Humph. All I have to complain of is that the durned greased stuff slips through my fingers before I can get a good hold on it. However, many's the poor devil whose brains I have kept free from hot lead by the loan of a five or a twenty, and precious few dimes ever found their way back. But, really, I must see Bentley: tell him to be sure and come tonight."

"What need to bid the tide come in?" tersely answered Elsa.

"Me, buy a lottery ticket!" exclaimed Adam, when the subject was broached, "and in a sneaking back-door fashion, against the laws of this country I fought to preserve: why, I never did such a thing in my life."

"Hello, have I run afoul more of your scruples? Why, man, is your conscience down on obliging neighbors? All I ask is for you to do the errand for me; I won't ever offer to divy if you bring a winning number."

Adam still demurring, Eddie continued reproachfully:—

"Well, if I had only been better posted you would never have got the chance to cross-grain my May luck with a 'No,' when I am done up, too, and need it more than ever, with all the fellers here talking sympathy, and nary soul planking down for the drinks, and the business is running behind and yet may go by the board. Ah, well, since you balk so bad at the job I'll skirmish about for a more reliable nag."

Adam could bear it no longer; he sprang to his feet and stood very erect.

"I will do it," he cried.

"Thanks," responded Eddie, reaching out his hand, "I did n't think Adam Bentley was the man to go back on a friend."

Having yielded, the veteran was im-

patient to execute the commission without a moment's delay. So, supperless, he trudged off toward town, with a smile on his placid, elderly face, and in his old heart a secret hope that he would win for Eddie the grand prize of the drawing.

He marched proudly home, with the air of a general who had taken a city, and with a military salute presented the coveted slip. Alas, poor Adam did not know that a breach had been made in his citadel, and that the enemy's guns were even then wheeling into position. He was therefore taken by surprise when the battery opened fire.

It happened in this wise: Sunday closing was an issue at the approaching election, and in common with all liquor dealers, Eddie was bitter in denunciations of the measure.

"As if an exorbitant license did not hamper us enough, we are sufferers from unjust discrimination," fumed he. "Is it only Mr. Bank President who has an appetite for turkey? You Adam, you should be level-headed enough to know better. You don't care to drink,—very well, nobody is going to make you, but people are differently minded. Now, when you have your way, is it fair to hinder others from having theirs?"

"I be slow-tongued," answered Adam, "so I won't stop to argue, but on election day my vote goes for Sunday closing: why I've been prohibition all my life, and would n't know how to be anything else."

"Well," retorted Eddie, "I've been a drinking man all my life, and would n't know how to be anything else."

Adam regarded the saloon man sorrowfully.

"Do my looks distress you?" questioned Reinhart, growing restless under the steady gaze. "Tell you what, old medicine man, I'll leave it to anybody whether it's me or you flies the gaudiest whisky banner."

Adam gave a quick glance at his tor-

mentor's respectable and shapely nose, then he clapped his wrinkled hand over his own, venous and red, and with a deep sigh dropped his gray head and sidled shamefacedly homeward, keeping close to the buildings all the way, as though he hoped thus to avoid observation.

"Ah me, it is true, though he need not 'a' said so," soliloquized he, standing dejectedly before his mirror. "But it is no more than I deserve: here I have gone on fraternizing with him, and clean forgetting the iniquity of his business. That voting business ought to have been an eye-opener, but it took that remark about noses to do it. Eddie's got a crooked conscience, and it does n't lead him right; that's what is the trouble. He would stop at nothing to oblige a friend, and it kinder shames me to be less willing. But it won't do. I had n't oughter bought them lottery tickets,—that smudge of pitch will stick for many a day."

So Adam drew the skirts of his coat about him, and made less frequent and less lengthy visits to Eddie. There may have been another reason why he was less socially inclined. He did not say there was, but he surreptitiously threw a bottle of powerful ointment on the scrap heap in the back yard, and he emptied two boxes of salve on the blisters on his unfortunate nose.

"It got frozen in the army and has troubled me ever since," was the simple explanation which silenced the neighbors in the Row, and started Martin on a new track.

"Talk about internal injuries, Ted's got 'em now, if not before," chuckled he.

"More's the pity," commented Dick, with commiseration. "Reinhart is a jolly boy; I hate to see him played so."

"Played so? I tell you what, a whole shop full of drugs could n't have done him the good Elsa has with her nursing," insisted the apothecary.

"Scare-crows do well enough in the cornfield," replied Dick with an æsthetic

shiver, "but from a closer acquaintance, I pray you, excuse me."

"Why, bless your heart," Bentley was warming up, "I think her a right taking little body; not handsome perhaps —"

"About as handsome as a road-runner," interrupted Martin.

"Her wrinkles come more from hard living than from long living," resumed Bentley, "and she has got snap, she is no dawdler, she'd put a bee to shame with her tidy ways. And I don't ask for livelier company; lawsy, it does beat all how many words she can say in a minute. She bes real staunch, too, to her friends, though I'll admit a bit nettlesome with them she does n't fancy."

"Well, she's got the bear by the nose," said Martin resignedly, "and he will have to jig to her fiddling. Poor fellow has my sympathy: it is the old story, a grateful female is worse than a lee shore and all sails set."

"Ay, that sort of thing always gets a man in a hole," announced Dick with a Beau Brummel air. "Of course, the gallant thing is to marry the grateful creature,—but heavens, a man must be allowed to show some discrimination."

"Discrimination be hanged," returned Martin. "It was a foregone conclusion soon as ever he was in her clutches."

So jested the merry mockers. But would their voices have reached that high pitch, would their laughter have been so loud, would it have been so long, had they known that Elsa Blume was within earshot? Ah, good Samaritan, if only your old eyes had seen the poor wayfarer who was stricken and robbed by the ruffianly words.

She made no outcry, however, but dragged herself back to her task, and her patient noticed nothing unusual when she entered his room an hour or so later.

"You've passed the turn in the lane now," said she with a smile.

"Yes, I won't be a hot-house plant much longer."

"The doctor says for a week : promise you will not go out for a week."

"You seem precious anxious to keep me housed. Do you find my society so all fired entertaining?"

A deep flush burned on Elsa's cheek.

"I want you should do what is best," she said, busying herself with her accustomed duties.

These were not a few, for Eddie indulged to the fullest extent a sick man's prerogative. He was more capricious than a lady fair, more autocratic than the Russian Czar. At last, when Elsa had given him his supper, arranged his pillows, prepared his medicine, lowered the window, turned down the light, and attended to sundry minor details, when neither he nor she could think of anything else to be done, she bade him good night, and went to her room.

Her head swam, her throat was parched ; she choked back the dry sobs which shook her quivering frame. She flung herself on the bed, like one in a maze. There she lay through the long night, with her wide-open eyes staring, not at the darkness, but at the utter desolation which seemed to be closing around her life. It is not only the young and fair whose hearts can bleed : it is not only those who moan that suffer.

At dawn Elsa rose, tied her clothes in a bundle, and looked into the kitchen where Mrs. Newcome was building the fire.

"Will you give him his breakfast, please? I'm going," she said. "Make his toast good and brown, it's that way he likes it, you know."

"You going?" exclaimed the landlady.

"Yes, I'm going," repeated Elsa, and slammed the door shut.

"Gone! nonsense, Mrs. Newcome, you will see her toddling back before night," cried Eddie, when he heard the good woman's story. "You would make a mountain out of a mole-hill."

But the mole-hill cast quite a shadow when three days dragged by and Elsa did not come.

"Old medicine man, can you tell me why she skipped?" demanded the lorn convalescent.

Soon as he was convinced that his erstwhile nurse had deserted her post, he sent for the old apothecary, and after rating him soundly for being a fool and sulking over old sores, he suddenly turned on him with this question : —

"Confound it," he cried, kicking over a chair and sending a pillow spinning across the room, "you would not believe how this thing has upset me. It seems hardly the proper treatment, when a man is sick as I have been. Of course she was free to go, but why the deuce need she be so secret about it? I always did hate a sly cat. Do you suppose the midget got her dander up because I growled a bit? She ought to know a bear can't always wear a muzzle. But she must come back, she must come back ; I want you to hunt her up, and tell her that I say so," —

Eddie stopped short, threw back his head and reddened ; the words had come in a plumb line from his heart ; being spoken, their significance startled him. For the first time he grew awkward and confused at the thought of Elsa. But he might have spared his blushes. Adam was staring fixedly at the wall and cogitating what his first move should be. The old man was happy ; he felt himself once more the special friend and protector of Eddie.

"You see," the invalid resumed in a deprecating tone, after a moment of silence, "when one gets used to having another always around they feel kinder queer when they're gone. The very sight of that little woman was restful ; and when I felt like having a laugh she was good as a four-ringed circus. She was true-hearted, too, just as true-hearted as gold,— at least I always supposed so. I never thought of letting her go,

though I presume when I got well there would have been only one way to stay her."

"Certainly, certainly, quite right."

"Not that there is any special romance," Eddie made haste to explain. "We are no longer kids, to go in for that sort of nonsense. I simply want Elsa back; so you hunt her up, and I'll guarantee to bring her to terms."

"Great Jehosaphat!" mused the apothecary with a whimsical smile, "to think of Adam Bentley's being roped into such a job,—to think of his having a hand at match-making; lawsy!"

He made faithful search, but was not surprised that it was unsuccessful.

Eddie was by turns indignant, wounded, chagrined. He was vexed when the doctor pronounced him well enough to resume business cares; he even went so far as to wish for a dangerous relapse, picturing to himself with much complacency Elsa's remorse when the tidings reached her, and her immediate presence at his bedside.

His comrades, who had hailed his reappearance with acclamations of delight, soon shook their heads, and sadly declared that this crusty fellow was not their old boon companion. Eddie himself was as bewildered as the woman "whose skirts were cut off up to her knees," and he constantly listened for the bark of little dog Tray, and was ever ready to wring his hands and cry, "Alas! it is not I."

"The world seems out of joint," he complained to his time-honored confidant. "I feel all the time like as if something was going to happen, but whether good or bad, blamed if I can tell. Folks have changed so, too. Why I used to like to chin with Dick and joke with Martin. Now I want to run when I see that yucca-brained fool of a barber, and Martin's horse-wit drives me crazy."

However much the old associates jarred, Eddie could not dispense with

them altogether. As of yore, he daily sat in the barber's chair; but let Dick do his best, something was always amiss. The mustache was not properly curled, or it was blackened too much or too little. Truth to tell, as his interest in other things dwindled, his love for fine feathers increased. Even that master of fops, cock-robin, rollicking blade that he is, with waistcoat redder and redder as year succeeds to year, preens himself less solicitously than did this middle-aged hero of ours.

Behold him, then, tricked out in fashion's latest devices, whiling away the time, walking up the business streets of the city, and then walking down again.

Was he looking for anyone? Banish the thought.

"Now that I have had time for reflection," said he to the drugman, "I am glad that you failed to find Elsa. I hope never to see her troublesome face again; all the same she treated me queer, and if I should chance to run across her, I mean the thing shall be squared up even."

Adam nervously prayed that they might not meet while this state of mind continued, and always strove to steer the conversation from the dangerous shoal. But the aggrieved man persisted in talking of his recreant nurse, until Adam began to think the burly fellow was loaded like the toy joss of the Chinese, so that however you threw him he could come up only one way.

Six weeks passed uneventfully, although a hundred times the sudden whisk of a woman's dress had made Eddie's heart stand still, then thump with sharp throbs that cut like a knife, and left him tingling with pain.

At last, could it be? Yes, this time there was no mistake; that was really Elsa; that small figure in the short brown gown and black turban, trudging briskly along on the street before him.

He took three quick strides, and caught hold of her arm.

"What made you run off?" he blurted out roughly.

"I was needed no more."

"Who told you so? Where are you going?"

"I am going to look for a place."

"You come with me. I'll find you a place."

After one hurried glance at his determined face, Elsa turned and walked with him. He quickened his pace so that she panted with the exertion of keeping abreast of him, but he did not slacken his speed until they reached the door of a small restaurant. There he paused, and motioned for her to enter.

"Fritz," he called to the proprietor, "can you spare a chair for my friend while she waits."

Then he turned to the woman, his face still hard and set, and his tone one of command.

"I want you to stay here until I get back; will you do it?"

"Yes, I will stay," answered Elsa.

At the end of a half hour he reappeared and touched her arm, and said, "Come."

She rose and followed, asking her first question, "Where?"

"To the priest's house," he replied significantly.

Elsa shrank back.

"Come," he commanded; and the woman, trembling, went with him.

The bridegroom laughed lustily when Elsa related, with no little spirit, the conversation she had inadvertently overheard.

"Why, it never struck me before; but come to think of it, I don't know as you would be likely to fetch the grand prize at a beauty show," and he laughed again at her abject air.

"You suit me just as you are," he declared heartily, whereupon her plain face was wreathed in smiles.

"I would n't want even that off eye changed," concluded he, with a keen relish for the joke she vainly tried to share.

"Do you know," the husband resumed, "I felt awful bad when you run off that way and left me. I don't see how you could do it."

"What they said drove me crazy," replied the wife contritely.

"You were horribly squeamish, Elsa."

"I'd do it again," she cried with conviction.

"You won't get the chance. The church and the law have tied you up tight: are you sorry, little woman?"

"No, I am not," answered Elsa.

Eddie bore no malice toward his wife's detractors. It was most comfortable to believe that their aspersions came idly from the mouth, unprompted by the heart. Besides, who could fail to like his little woman?

Accordingly, Dick's demonstrative greeting was not ill-judged.

"I congratulate you, old boy, upon my soul I do," the barber cried with a hearty shake of the hand. "She is just the one woman cut out for you," and he continued in happy vein, while Martin rolled his eyes and dropped his jaw and listened with arms akimbo: "Says I, when I heard of the trick you'd been up to, says I, 'Now, is n't that Eddie all over? There is nobody like him; he is just Eddie.'"

"Well," remarked the bridegroom complacently, I have always laughed at marrying fools, but when I took the notion to be a fool myself I did the business up brown while I was about it," and he tripped off toward the Resort with jaunty air and springing step, trolling a bit of song the while.

Then Martin found his voice, "I am something of a tumbler myself, but by Jove, that somersault of the Dickie bird's here knocked the breath clean out of me. Just the one woman for him, gee whilicans!"

"Yes, for him," returned the barber loftily, "I don't know as I ever posed in the rôle of a rival."

"Some folks goes in for beauty,"

piped the small, earnest voice of the druggist, solicitous to preserve peace and mindful of previous conversations, "but what does Eddie want of beauty? Bless my heart, he's got good looks enough for two."

"Ha! the vet is out with a double header: do you reckon, Dick, that anyone about here got hit?" queried the butcher.

"Possibly the boomerang thrower," returned Dick, contemptuously. "I see now why he pines in solitude; the *rara avis* he seeks has not yet been created."

Adam gazed a moment in dumb wonder, then instinctively his hand went up to his offending feature, he stroked it furtively, and sadly turned and entered his store.

"Yes, it would have tried Susan sorely," he cried, with a rebellious pain in his old heart. "Perhaps that is why things was ordered as they was. But O, a whisky nose! I cannot believe that the good Lord deals in such commodities, surely it must be from Beelzebub."

"Now for business," blithely quoth Eddie; and he resumed his pipe, his baskings in the sun, his evening easy-chair, his social chats with the gossips. Once again the Resort was filled with its former good cheer.

"But there is something wrong," announced Martin, before many months were gone. "There is something wrong, or I will eat my head. That man's happiness has gone lame, it is hamstrung, sure as you're born."

"Yes, something was wrong; Eddie admitted the fact to Adam.

"And do you know," said he, "that little woman of mine was the first to smell it out. She has as keen a scent for trouble as ever a hunter had for Injuns and rattlesnakes."

Elsa, however, did not pride herself on her penetration. She had seen the flash of the tomahawk, she had heard the rattle in the covert, she knew that ruin menaced Eddie, happy, careless,

ease-loving Eddie, who even in this crisis was ready to joke and banter.

"You see, Elsa, there is a drawing in six weeks and no telling what may come of it. We may all wear diamonds, heh?"

"Lightning is n't going to strike in the same place twice," she answered grimly.

"Then that Mike's fingers are altogether too sticky; so I'm on the lookout for a cleaner man and maybe business will pick up. I offered the job to old Adam, and you would have laughed to see him squirm, and all the while his face as long as a meeting house."

Were financial embarrassment the sole danger that beset them, Elsa would have braved it with a light heart. There were two to ward off the stroke of the tomahawk: if Eddie's arm was weak, hers was strong. Single-handed she could keep the enemy at bay.

Eddie remonstrated vigorously when she leased the lodging-house, but his objections melted away when he found it insured a continuance of the life he loved so well. And Elsa's tired bones ceased to ache whenever she chanced to hear her husband extol, as he often did, that smart little woman of his.

It was the startling sound in the covert that caused her heart to blench and froze the smile on her lips. It was the rattle, the reptile's warning that he was coiled and waiting a chance to spring.

Eddie scouted the danger.

"Why I don't begin to drink what I did before I was laid up," he expostulated. "I have never found the fellow who could carry what I can and walk a chalk line. I can stand more than most men, so don't get your feathers wet, Elsa, my bird."

Alas, Elsa, poor woman, dared not say that a man may walk a chalk line and yet fall off the rigging. She dared not, for Eddie's temper, once so tranquil, in these later days was grown tempestuous, and she feared to rouse it, lest it spend its fury on her devoted head.

"He has never got over the accident," was her excusing thought, though her heart misgave her about the curse that follows lottery money. She stealthily rifled her husband's pockets, trembling the while at her own hardihood, and afterward helped him vainly search every nook and cranny where, by any chance, lost tickets could lodge.

At last, thanks to old Adam, she found a bait wherewith to tempt the wayward fellow, but she dangled her line incautiously.

"There is a fine restaurant in Arizona, in Prescott," said she; "maybe we could mend our fortune there."

"What," thundered Eddie, "go back to being a bid boy at every one's beck and call, or to boiling pots and scraping pans? *Sacramento!* not if I know it."

"No, no," cried Elsa hastily. "The business will be ours, and it will be a smiling day when we throw open our doors. There is nobody can cook like you, and I am not unhandy; you'll see the money will still have wings, but instead of scurrying off it will fly into our till."

But Eddie, unmollified, seized his hat and hurried away to the Resort, heedless of the dire disappointment depicted in the countenance of his wife.

"Maybe I spoke too quick," said she, seeking out Adam, "but something

must be done. There he is, with extra work this blazing Fourth of July, and a cup of coffee for breakfast,—no dinner, nothing but wine, wine, ice-cold wine, all the time, and the doctor says his liver is all soaked up like a sponge."

When he came home for supper, Elsa looked at him sharply.

"What is the matter?" she cried.

"Nothing," said he shortly. "Only my head is queer, and I am off my feed this hot weather."

Next day Elsa watched him and said, "Why do you walk like a turkey-cock?"

"The ground seems so near," answered he.

"I don't like the red in your face," commented his wife.

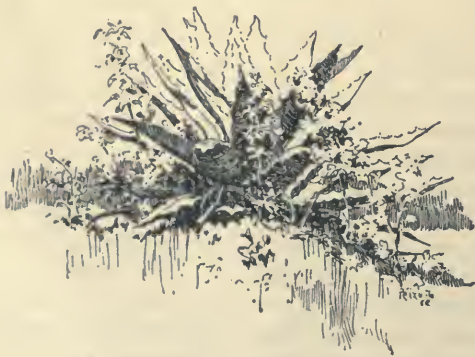
"Blast these hot days! Can a fellow look cool in a furnace?"

Each succeeding day he refused his food, each day he grew more red in the face.

On the morning of the sixth he did not rise, and Elsa, alarmed at his heavy stupor hurried Adam off for the doctor, but before he came all need was overpassed.

The chance had come; the coiled reptile had sprung; Elsa was a widow. And for many a day the gossips in Dibble Row lamented the untimely end of Eddie Reinhart.

E. P. H.



ETHICS OF THE TARIFF CONTROVERSY.

IT IS astonishing how many last words may be said on any subject; and more astonishing, perhaps, the little regard paid to these solemn oracles. Whether it is John Knox blowing his "Blast of the Trumpet Against the Monstrous Regiment of Women," or Wesley staking the truths of religion on the reality of witches, or Freeman proclaiming the downfall of the American Republic, or Professor Sumner hurling anathemas against protection and trades unions,—whatever the last word be, the world gives some heed, no doubt, but persistently refuses to bind itself to any dogma however elaborate or uncompromising.

No question in our political development has had more *ex-cathedra* treatment than the tariff. The disputes regarding it have lasted more than a hundred years, and we are apparently as far from settlement as when the first Congress took hold of the matter. The controversy has shifted ground; individuals have changed sides; but argument on either side has lost none of its positiveness or logical backing.

"We urge it again," wrote Niles "to the friends of the American System," in 1831, "a great battle is to be fought. Another defeat of the enemy, and the contest we trust will be over forever." The victory was won,—and Nullification and the Compromise Tariff followed. When Jackson vetoed the Maysville Road Bill, destroying Clay's last hope of a great system of internal improvements, Senator Blair of South Carolina wrote to his constituents: "I regard the system of internal improvements as completely overthrown, and with it the prohibitive [*i. e.*, protective] system must soon go down."

Apropos of the Compromise of 1833, the *New York Evening Post* had this to say

of the "American System": "A system founded in the most short-sighted selfishness has received its death blow. There is no fear that another Congress will undo what this has done, further than to make the measure more perfect. The experiment has been fully—almost fatally—tried; and it will be recorded in history only to avoid its repetition."

In regard to slavery, Niles cherished the idea that Providence would in some way finally cause its disappearance; but sudden emancipation, either by force or through principle, would be an awful calamity. Contrariwise, the *Charleston Courier*, more nearly voicing the general public conviction, declared: "As respects the institution of slavery, we firmly believe that it will be perpetual in the South; and, to say the least, are certain that ages must roll into the eternity of the past before any scheme of general emancipation can be attempted with the remotest probability of success."

How astonished would have been these good people who gave such free rein to prophecy, had they been told that more than half a century afterward, when slavery had for thirty years ceased to exist, the same tariff question would be the controlling issue in politics, apparently as unsettled as ever!

Yet, are we much abashed, because neither argument nor legislation has succeeded in disposing of this problem? Do our newspapers or campaign orators display any hesitation or do they speak with bated breath? From presidents down, the tocsin of alarm is sounded at every threatened advance of one or the other contesting party. Tariffs have risen and fallen. The nation through good times and bad times has gone on to a progress and development never

dreamed of by tariff makers or tariff breakers. Inventions and discoveries have changed the organization and direction of industry. The country has advanced from a feeble industrial beginning to a foremost place among the nations in wealth, in production, in manufactures, in diversified industry, in intellectual and moral fiber; yet the same tariff question returns with perennial freshness, marshaled by pretty much the same arguments that held sway in the decisive times to which Niles and Senator Blair alluded.

Suppose we inquire, in view of these hundred years of controversy and experiment, what has been the effect of the tariff upon American growth and prosperity. From the chorus of replies it will not be hard to distinguish two diametrically opposite interpretations, both appealing to history for confirmation. The one recognizes the policy of Hamilton as the small beginning of a most beneficent movement. The growth of protection is identified with the growth of the nation itself. In the long perspective of ex-Senator Evarts, the tariffs of 1816, 1824, and 1828, appear as tariffs under which the nation was doing well; the tariff of 1832, as a free trade measure which started us on the downward path. In the vision of Henry C. Carey, the years following the enactment of protective tariffs have been years of prosperity and plenty, and the years following revenue tariffs have been accompanied by almost every sort of misfortune and distress. The exuberant imagination of Henry Clay pictured the seven years preceding the tariff of 1824 as the seven years of famine, and the seven years immediately following as the years of plenty of the American Israel. The connection between prosperity and the tariff thus broadly hinted reaches its perfection of statement in the uncompromising diction of the late tariff editor of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, who declares that:—

All the prosperity enjoyed by the American people,—absolutely all the prosperity, without any reservation whatever,—from the foundation of the United States down to the present time, has been under the reign of protective principles; and all the hard times suffered by the American people in the same period have been preceded either by a heavy reduction of duties on imports, or by insufficient protection, thus refuting all free-trade theories on the subject.

And who traces in the

Growth of protective tariffs from the small beginnings to its present enormous proportions * * * the perfect development from the germinal bud of a grand and stately tree, whose branches cover with beneficent care the industry of the people, and whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.

If one ventures to be skeptical and asks for proof, protectionists point to our marvelous development as a nation, saying in glad acclaim, "What Hath Protection Wrought!"

On the other hand, where the teaching of Hamilton is allowed to be protective at all, it is held to be the small beginning of evil, which has since run a most malignant course in American history, fomenting sectional strife, encouraging selfishness and fraud, retarding development, and creating monopolies and trusts. That we are prosperous in spite of all these drawbacks is proof of the great natural advantages of the country, and of the long-suffering perseverance of the Anglo-Saxon race.

One reads to little purpose in contemporary history, who does not perceive that these unqualified statements of either side come far short of being an interpretation of our economic development. The unruffled picture of Senator Evarts gives small idea of the stormy and convulsed struggle through which our tariffs have passed; the opposing characterization shows as little respect for the facts which make up our tariff history. Both sides have felt under pressure to compound a panacea, to claim more for their specifics than can be expected of any policy in a world of uncertain material conditions and imperfect human nature. Both alike lose sight of

the complex play of human forces in society,—of the personal and race qualities and peculiarities that go to influence and govern industrial movements,—of the vast and intricate machinery of industrial life, of which tariffs are at most but a part, and of the inevitable subjection of tariffs to the existing economic conditions, whatever they may be. It needs no extraordinary acuteness to perceive a march of events irrespective of tariffs,—development, panics, business failures and successes, new industries, labor problems; good crops followed by good times; wise investments and sound financiering coinciding with general prosperity, increased by good times and checked by distress abroad. That the tariff makes some thread in this woof is unquestionable, but unless tariffs promote sobriety, honesty, contentment with modest conditions, confidence in government, prudence in banking, moderation in trade, and the humbler virtues of civic life, they can hardly be regarded as a panacea for society's woes.

If we turn from extreme and partisan statements, and look at the controversy in its historical setting, it may be possible to detect not only the errors which vitiate so much tariff discussion, but the fundamental questions at issue, and the real fiber which our tariff policy has worked into the national and industrial fabric.

The initial difficulty is that of getting an accurate conception of the underlying difference between the two opposing systems. For we must recognize, first of all, that we are dealing with two contending systems of national policy; that whatever be the merits of the question, this is not a struggle between the friends and enemies of American institutions. If we might trust the loose talk that passes for argument in ordinary discussion, the alternative is simply one of free trade or protection, which terms are definitely fixed and immutable, and ethically, as well as indus-

trially, exact opposites. One of the most persistent fallacies in this regard is connected with the etymological significance of the terms. On the one hand, the word protection is assumed to have a virtue in itself, wholly denied to its opposite pole, free trade,—a virtue which one would hardly connect with "restriction," "the system of duties on foreign goods," or even "The American System." Protection thus seems to vouch for the character of every project which can manage to get under cover of the magic word. It is not infrequently assumed to be identical with the desire for national prosperity, while free trade is either indifferent to such prosperity, or positively hostile to it. The specific form which this aberration usually takes is, that protection especially fosters and cherishes manufactures; free trade is either wholly indifferent to the value of manufactures or malignantly hostile to them. On the other hand, free traders do not hesitate to make capital out of the handy adjective which characterizes their kind of international comity. It will be hopeless even to attempt to understand the tariff question, unless it is recognized that free trade and protection, as systems of economic polity, aim at precisely the same result—national prosperity and well-being. The difference is one of means, and possibly in the conception of what constitutes national well-being.

The protective system is first of all a restrictive system. It proposes an interference on the part of government with the ordinary course of economic activity. The term itself conveys neither praise nor blame. Restriction is wise or foolish according to its effects, and according to the forces with which it deals. It may or may not be opposed to cosmopolitanism; it may or may not be opposed to national selfishness. For one cause or another it *is* opposed to the free play of industrial forces.

Among primitive peoples the motives to restrictive legislation are tribal or national privacy, jealousy, hatred, national aggression, or revenue. Sometimes this has furthered individual, corporate, or national enterprise; sometimes through ignorance of economic laws it has been foolish and hurtful. In its worst phases it has been wholly meddlesome and vicious, being either an interference on the part of the Church, condemning all gainful commerce, or a series of petty annoyances to fill the coffers of petty states.

It will help us to fix the relation of free trade and protection, if we recall the fact that protection was not a revolt from free trade, but the reverse. The mercantile system was a reaction from the chaos of mediæval stagnation. It served its purpose in the building up of nationalities, and in turn became a hindrance to further advancement. Its errors were gradually exposed until finally it passed through the crucible of Adam Smith's searching "Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations." The mercantile system was overthrown, and in its place was gradually set up the dogma of *laissez-faire*. The mercantile system maintained principles of trade whose application demanded the closest and most constant interference of government. Adam Smith showed that there were certain broad principles of industrial life, whose sanction lay not in governments, but in the nature of things. So far from it being necessary for government to determine what trade was profitable and what was not, it only needed to step aside, and "the obvious and simple system of natural liberty establishes itself of its own accord." Extreme protection held virtually that government could do anything, while nothing could be wholly trusted to individual management. Extreme *laissez-faire*, in its developed form, held that government was merely a policeman, to protect life and

property. Individuals knew their own interest best, or would quickest find it, and if they did not pursue it they deservedly suffered. The whole system was bound up in the philosophy of individualism, negatively and inexorably holding to the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. The laws of trade must not be interfered with. If individuals suffered, it was a training in virility. It was a hard way, but the only safe way, and the soundest industrial organization possible would be the final result.

The broad argument of *laissez-faire*, if admitted, disposes of the whole restrictive system, and of course, of the theory of protection to manufacturers, as a subordinate part of that system. If "let alone" is a universal law of nature, it condemns all interferences whatever. It only needs to be said, in passing, that the pure doctrine of *laissez-faire* has broken down. The belief in free competition as a universal solvent, as the natural and divine law of industrial society, has been discredited. There may be those, notably Herbert Spencer in England, and Professor Sumner in America, who still hold to the dogma in its rigidity. But historically speaking, it is a stepping stone in the path of progress which the world has passed over: that governmental action is always and necessarily a choice of evils, and to be reduced to the lowest terms consistent with the protection of life and property, is a conception of the State fairly outgrown.

It does not follow from this that the old mercantile system is re-established, or that the work of Adam Smith is undone. The errors of mercantilism are just as uneconomic as ever, though the dogma of *laissez-faire* may have less virtue than was supposed. Possibly there is a presumption in all this in favor of a restrictive tariff; what is certainly evident is, that the question of protection or free trade, as it affects any particular country or time, must be settled on its

own merits. The question of governmental action cannot be disposed of by invoking a formula. That the State need not be, must not be, indifferent to whatever concerns the weal of its citizens, is the great victory of our time over the soulless conception of the civic policeman. How far the State may safely and wholesomely go, how trustworthy any particular State agency may be, are serious questions which must be propounded at every turn; but the way is at least clear for a fair examination of our tariff problem in its present and national significance.

Let us see exactly what it is that protection assumes to do,—not the sweeping generalizations that fill so much space in current discussion, but the specific things that an imposition of duties on foreign competing goods, besides raising a revenue, are supposed to accomplish. "The question," says Professor Thompson, a recognized protectionist authority, "is not between free trade and protection, but between the varied industry which England acquired by long persistence in protection, and which she will retain under any system, and the want of it, from which we can only be saved by following England's example rather than her precepts."¹ Disregarding conclusions, this statement fairly involves the two underlying arguments for protective duties in the United States. The first is that which Hamilton put forward with so much persuasiveness, and which Mill admitted as the one exception to the rule of free competition. Granting the advantages of a diversified industry, such as manufactures would give, there may be special difficulties and obstacles incident to a new country unused to manufacturing, or unwisely devoted to one or two branches of industry, which timely government aid will help to overcome, thus hastening what would eventually be brought about, though by perhaps slow-

er and more wasteful processes. At least, when once established, these young industries will demonstrate their *raison d'être*; for, while prices may be temporarily raised, the ultimate and permanent effect is a reduction below what would have been possible through foreign competition. Observe that here no magic is ascribed to protection. The country will develop because it has resources, and not because protection is a nutrient, which, applied faithfully enough, will make the greatest desert blossom like the rose.

Whether protective legislation, in any particular instance, has been wisely applied to hasten a necessary and inevitable diversification of industry, need not concern us now. The theory, however, is both rational and consistent, if only its application can be trusted to legislators. Yet when this "young industries" argument is brought to bear upon the present tariff problem, certain things must be taken into account. The obstacles emphasized by Hamilton in 1791, as retarding manufacturing in the United States, were,—the strong influence of habit in keeping people in their accustomed industrial grooves, the fear of failure in new and untried enterprises, and the intrinsic difficulties of first attempts in competition with established business.

It need hardly be said that the circumstances of the country are widely different from those which confronted Hamilton. A diversification of industry beyond his utmost conception has long ago taken place. In its blunt form the argument is now often repudiated by protectionists themselves, though it reappears in every campaign, and in its transmigrated state is really one of their strongest weapons. The original argument may be used in favor of domesticating an industry like the tinsplate manufacture, but neither the pressing need of a greater diversification of industry, nor the timidity of

¹Social Science and National Economy, p. 249.

capital, can be urged with great effect. The real argument has merged itself in another. Continued protection is necessary, it is said, in order to *retain* a diversified industry, or, in more familiar terms, in order to maintain the "home market."

"But," interposes the free trader, "if the effect of protection,—the ultimate effect,—is to reduce prices, and make them lower than otherwise they would have been, and if we are now enjoying this blessing, what further use is there of a protective tariff?" The common reply is a retort: "If protection does no harm, why not let it alone?" But free-traders insist that the two arguments are mutually exclusive, and assert that if continued protection is necessary, then prices cannot be as low as they would be under free trade. The formal protectionist answer is, that were the tariff removed, foreigners would destroy our home market and break down our manufactures by wholesale underselling. Then, having us at their mercy, they would combine to put up prices far above the former rates. "Free trade," they say, "means the permanent enhancement of prices." "The manufacturers," said McLane in 1820, "do not ask to be allowed to sell at higher prices, but to sell at all." Niles claimed to have information, in 1820, of a rich and prosperous association in England willing to sacrifice £300,000 in putting down American manufactures—ghostly ancestor of the terrible Cobden Club! In other words, while the country is strong and prosperous, capital is still weak and infantile.

It is well to emphasize these original and fundamental objectives of a protective tariff. Campaign discussions are filled with appeals to all classes of voters, — farmers, manufacturers, laborers, consumers, etc., — and wearisome pages of statistics show how each class is helped by protection and defended from untoward competition. Protection is

sometimes represented as benefiting all these classes and taxing no one — except the foreigner. But *how* protective duties work is little understood. Yet such appeals and statistics depend for any validity that they may have upon their affirmation of these primary effects of the restrictive system. It is forgotten that the sole economic aim of protection is to bring producers and consumers together, to give each set of producers home markets and easy access to supplies. "Protection to industry," says Professor Thompson, arguing in a specific case, "gives the farmer an abundant and steady market for his breadstuffs, and creates a market for crops more remunerative than grain."¹ What is really meant is that a *diversified industry*, in any country or region, gives the farmer an abundant and steady market, or at least a better and steadier market. Professor Thompson, by a prior course of reasoning, had established in his own mind, between protection and a diversified industry, the relation of cause and effect. But, after all, this is the very point at issue; at least, as to whether a diversified industry in the long run is dependent upon protective tariffs, instead of, as Hamilton thought, upon the natural resources and advantages of a country.

In weighing the argument for continued protection, we may very well ask how valuable this home market is; and if its advantages are so obvious and pointed, whether there are not natural reasons why it would not yield readily to foreign assault. Of course, whatever provides for a diversified industry tends to prevent any such breakdown of markets as the foreigner is supposed to stand ready to achieve. The persistence of a home market may perhaps be illustrated by borrowing an arrow from the protectionist quiver. One of the stories which passed current in a recent campaign ran somewhat as follows: During the tariff

¹ Social Science and National Economy, p. 253.

tinkering that preceded the political revolution of 1840, when the people rose in their might, (so the story runs,) and swept from power the tyros who had been experimenting upon the prosperity of the country until many of its industries had been ruined, an Ohio farmer, (the locality not essential,) who had been a very successful corn grower for several years, where the developing manufacturing interest in that part of the country afforded him a market for all he had to dispose of, became indoctrinated with the idea that the giant monopolies about him were eating up his substance, and that free trade was the relief adapted to his case. One prop after another was knocked from under the manufacturing industries, and one after another toppled over, until nobody was left to buy, but all who could became producers. The old farmer had an abundance of corn, but nobody wanted it. Finally, he "caught on" to the free trade idea, and shipped a cargo to a distant market. Two or three months afterward he received returns from his corn substantially as follows: "Cr. by cargo corn, \$500. Dr. to freight \$60, cartage \$20, commission \$175, storage \$150, damage \$50. Balance subject to order, \$45." The worthy farmer is said to have written back to his agent to charge in forty-five dollars stealage, and keep the whole. The story concludes with the statement that this whole region is now pretty strongly tinged with protectionist notions. *Hæc fabula docet*, of course, the great advantages of a home market, and the corresponding disadvantages of a foreign market,—for the Ohio farmer. But does it not illustrate quite as well how difficult it would be for the English, say, to invade *our* markets?—for in this case the foolish corn grower becomes the English cotton manufacturer, and the distant market the Ohioan's own home market; and it is the foolish Manchester cotton manufacturer whose all-belated wit must pen the grim joke

about "stealage." At any rate, by this rule let the protectionist figure out how long it would take England to break down our home market!

But it is not necessary to pursue this illustration further. We are all familiar with that style of argument which holds up to our alarm the cunning, lynx-eyed English nation, economically always a unit, her prosperity all built up under protection, wearing the mask of free trade to conceal her demoniac passion to ruin American industry and pauperize our laborers, buying from America only what she cannot possibly get from other parts of the world, fully understanding our weakness, and watching every opportunity to swoop down upon us. On the other hand, the American is typified as some foolish corn grower, timid, stupid, unable to see beyond the end of his nose, sure to abandon every item of manufacturing the moment the tariff is removed, bound to fall the victim of every designing Englishman, and saved from destruction only by the heroic efforts of the faithful protectionist few!

I am not saying that a fallacious line of reasoning in itself invalidates the home market argument. The point in question, however, is not the utility of an easy access to markets, that is, of the reduction of the middleman to his lowest terms, but whether in the long run home markets are dependent upon tariff props.

When we consider the aims that protectionists set forth, we find little that is not wholesome and desirable. Prosperity, sound morality, simplicity, integrity,—these were the propositions of Carey and his school. It is only when we find all these good things the result of tariffs, and all wickedness the result, directly or indirectly, of absence of restrictions on foreign trade, that we become aware of the bewilderment into which our friends have fallen. When we are told that free trade is the monopoly system; that it tends to separate

husbands from wives and children, encourages taverns and dissipation, fosters speculation and fraud, sends boys and girls from the farm to the city to become petty shopmen and prostitutes, robs the East of its laborers for the benefit of the West, increases social inequality, causes great cities to rise up, filled with shops at which men can cheaply become intoxicated; that the whole system of trade is one of mere gambling,¹ we rub our eyes, and begin to perceive that Mr. Carey is speaking of fallen human nature, and has confused the tariff with the moral law and the Plan of Redemption.

Yet protection has another side. Its drastic campaign statements collapse like any other bladders when the air which inflates them is gone. But protection, even in its most extravagant forms, has had a better side,—its national aspect. It has grasped to some extent the wholesome truth that national life and character is of more importance than sectional and local concern; that in the main and in the long run the prosperity of sections and localities depends on the healthfulness and wholesomeness of the national life,—“the branch cannot bear fruit except it abide in the vine,”—that temporary sacrifices may minister to permanent good, that individuals do not always know what is for their best advantage, and that the supposed interest of an individual is not always the best interest of the state. The protectionist position has not been backed by wholly false arguments. With much cant and the exploded mixture of mercantilism, there has been much sound sense, the sure result of practical experience. Protectionist writers have been no match for the school of Ricardo and Mill. The logical completeness and inevitableness of the highly abstract science of political economy puzzled where it did not fascinate, and for years protectionists were content with the

¹H. C. Carey, *Harmony of Industries*.

wholly illogical formula that free trade was well enough in theory, but impracticable; and although this conclusion was painful to the logicians, it came nearer the facts than even its authors were aware. The chief value of Adam Smith's great work consisted in its explanation of the facts of current industrial society. His successors in perfecting the science eliminated well nigh all that was valuable. It was made to relate to a purely abstract man in a purely abstract society. The *jus nature* of this system relieved man from all responsibility toward his fellow men, and enacted the dogma of free competition into a Divine principle of society. Men knew their own interests best, and if left alone would sooner or later take the best means to secure them. Against this high-sounding formula the waves of argument, fact, experience, observation, beat in vain. Protectionists complained, and with good reason, that their arguments were ignored. With their shortcomings the free trader made quick work; further than this he did not usually consider it necessary to go. He would not even admit that manufactures were desirable, that the country needed development; in short, that government had any concern whatever with industrial society. If roads, or canals, or manufactories, were wanted, let things alone, and those whose interests were to be furthered would build them. In their outlook the *laissez-faire* free traders have risen above the narrow prejudices and insular views of the practical business men who have demanded tariffs. But they have wanted that genuine and hearty Americanism which has won protection its greatest triumphs. If there was one class which protection did not and could not benefit, so the reasoning ran, it was the agricultural class, and on the supposed conflict of interest between the agriculturist and the manufacturer, the free trader relied for the destruction of the system. In

the South, indeed, this argument has been conclusive. But the agricultural societies of the North, far more numerous and more enterprising than those of the South, have remained, in the main, the steadfast friends and defenders of the American System.

On the other hand, protectionism, lost to all sense of economic law, has failed to grasp the equally wholesome truth, that not every industry which deems itself infantile or weak is necessary to the national welfare; that some of the branches might need to be lopped off as a dead weight upon the life of the vine. The limits of protection have been ill-defined. Anything has seemed possible if the tariff were only pushed high enough. Hysterical protectionism—at times, at least—has cherished the idea that the nation could lift itself by its boot-straps. A protective tariff becomes a sort of conjuror's wand. Presto, change! and plenty of business and plenty of money as the result of mere legislative action: a perpetual motion machine, giving better prices to both producers and consumers, providing ample revenue, and all without burdening anybody. On the skirts of the really worthy manufactories of the country have hung a host of ill-advised, ill-managed concerns, taught to look to the government for the aid they never deserved, and save in exceptional times going to the wall in spite of all the charity a friendly government could dole out. Casting aside the sober economic reasoning,—forgetting that the solid basis of national prosperity must, after all, be natural resources and individual thrift,—protection now and again weighs anchor, and chartless and rudderless, sails forth into the shoreless sea of McKinleyism. Meantime, a vast amount of business having no connection with the tariff must be constantly adjusting itself, with infinite bother and annoyance, to the ups and downs of tariff legislation. One of the most curi-

ous spectacles in our economic history is the coach of Protection, with its panting steeds, rushing to overtake ever-venturesome capital pushing out into fields undreamed of by tariff makers. Immediately the new industry is clapped into the coach, and the Genius of Protection becomes the defender and saviour of the industry, and incidentally of the country. Had the Pharisees known the power of phrases, they would have raised the cry of "Free Sunday!" when the Nazarene reformer undertook to modify the rigors of the Sabbatical law. Certainly, the sublimity of tariff fetichism is reached when it shouts "Free Trade!" at every proposal of those who believe that the tariff was made for man, and not man for the tariff!

Laissez-faire, in its turn, has seen but one side. It has known nothing of an organic national life. If a measure is not of immediate local benefit, that locality cannot be called upon to support it. Above all, its touchstone of national weal has been the accumulation of material wealth. The *laissez-faire* free trader has been too long content to revolve about in his pleasant little circle,—that free competition is the gospel of industry; that protection simply takes a dollar out of one citizen's pocket and puts it into another's; that the only effect of a protective tariff is to raise prices to the consumer, and force industry into unnatural channels. Even the most persistent of free trade dogmas, that protection cannot create capital, but only transpose it, has no pertinence as ordinarily stated. It is of course true in a general way. But it fails to understand human nature: how opportunities for investment are incentives for saving; how industrial activity nerves a community; how thrift inspires thrift; how the living presence of what was only a vague possibility draws forth both capital and labor from sources unexpected and unknown. Even if the

dogma were true, it is no conclusive answer to the theory of protection. Nations have other objects in life besides buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest.

A tariff is undoubtedly a tax; but one may question in all friendliness to free trade whether, as a strategic move, it is worth while to use the word tax simply as a red rag to excite the bovine rage of protectionists. At least, it must be remembered that there are taxes and taxes, and that it does not necessarily follow that the effects of one kind of tax will be the same as those of another kind. The old *laissez-faire* notion that a tax is at best but a necessary evil does not survive the fall of *laissez-faire* itself. A wise tax wisely used may be a national blessing. Government can do some things better than individuals.

What, then, it may be asked, is the importance of the tariff problem? Is it so simple that it will solve itself? Is it so complex that it cannot be understood? Is it the one question that should agitate people and legislatures? It is significant that all that protection was said to be able to do has been accomplished. All that Hamilton dreamed of, and more, has been achieved: the diversified industry, the reduced cost, the enormous expansion of population, the unparalleled increase of wealth. Formerly protectionists asserted that no nation ever had been or ever could be prosperous without tariffs. "All the mighty capital of England," wrote Niles in 1831, ". . . all her skill, industry, and scientific power, could not maintain an open trade with France for two years." Now, Professor Thompson does not hesitate to affirm that England kept her tariff laws in force thirty years after her manufactures had ceased to have any direct need of them. And Ex-Governor Rice, of Massachusetts, typifies many protectionists in looking forward to a time when America will be the only free trade country in the world, and all other na-

tions, especially Great Britain, will be shielding themselves against our cheaper manufactured goods by protective tariffs. Nineteen years ago Professor Thompson wrote:—

The day will come, if we have the wisdom to persist, when we will be as independent of tariffs to protect the great staples of manufacture as the tides are of Parliamentary or Congressional legislation. The sickly manufactures that germinated and bore fruit in the 'hot-house of Protection' are already competing for the world's markets with those of Europe. Many of them would have nothing now to fear from any fair and honest competition with foreign wares; but until the capital of our country has grown to such power, and can afford to make such sacrifices as that of England, it will not be either wise or fair to expose it to the unfair competition, the wholesale underselling, which are among the best known weapons of industrial warfare practiced in modern Christendom.¹

Let the author of "Triumphant Democracy" explain how and in what manner the United States still falls behind England in equipment for this industrial warfare! Nineteen years have brought some changes, and Professor Thompson would doubtless agree that international trusts and combines seem now more probable than internecine strife.

Suppose it is granted that this time, to which protectionists look forward, has fully come, that the mighty capstone of American prosperity has swung into place, that tariff props are no longer necessary, either to create or retain home markets. Yet because stability and permanence are so essential to business success, may not the tariff be left entirely alone?

Laissez-faire has said, make trade free, and competition will regulate all inequalities. Protection has said, restrict trade, and competition will regulate all inequalities. Both ultimately have relied on the same doctrinaire dogma, and both—need it be said?—promise what neither can perform. The great problems of modern industrial society take their rise from the failure of free competition to do the work assigned to it.

¹Penn Monthly, Sept. 1874, p. 653.

The questions most real and most serious today begin just where both *laissez-faire* and protectionism promised the gate of Paradise. Neither the one nor the other is to be the last word in economics. Yet it is to be said, as bearing upon the supposed wisdom of inaction, that while protection has not prevented overgrown profits, nor trusts, nor monopolies, nor strikes, nor labor problems, it *has* interfered with that enlargement of markets which is the great present need of manufacturers.

I have examined what seem to me the two economic arguments for governmental interference with foreign trade. First, the "young industries" argument, which recognizes that advantageous situations and circumstances determine and limit diversification of industry, but which holds that a new and undeveloped country, in its industrial infancy, may properly throw the strong arm of the government around the hesitant undertakings of individuals. In the United States that time has fairly gone by. The second argument is, that even with a diversified industry rooted in a magnificent soil, our capital and skill are not yet able to cope with the greater skill and all-powerful capital of England. I have also referred to those protectionists who make little of these arguments because they regard protection as a tonic, continuously good; who hold the highest tariff to be the best tariff; trade with foreigners an evil; and that each nation should complete, as far as possible, the circle of exchanges within its own borders.

There is one other argument for continued protection which has not yet been examined; and it is of especial importance because, at the present time, in the mind of the public, every one of the positions I have named is chiefly bulwarked by it. I refer to the argument that a tariff is necessary to protect the well-paid American workman from competition with the half-starved

foreign workman,—the pauper labor argument.

The history of the pauper labor argument is curiously interesting, and would well repay a digression here, did not space forbid. I cannot even touch the argument in detail, but the aspect that it assumes in the present controversy may be shown by recalling a graphic illustration much in vogue in recent campaigns. Two casks, or receivers, of very unequal size are represented as connected at the bottom by a tube, communication being shut off by a spigot. The large cask is marked "Foreign Labor," and the fluid rising slightly above the spigot, "Wages Level." The smaller cask represents the United States, and the "wages level" is nearly at the top. The closed spigot is labeled "Protection." Underneath is the significant question, "What would happen if the spigot were turned?"

Before stopping to note the economic doctrine at the basis of this illustration,—not merely the old iron law of wages, but the assumption of a world wage-fund,—let us inquire in what spirit it is that this argument is put forth. If it were true that there is a predetermined world wage-fund, and that what the wage-earners of one nation gain the wage-earners of another lose, we might fairly ask what sort of ethical standard it is that justifies us in disturbing that level, and enriching the laborers of one nation at the expense of the laborers of all the rest of the world? If this illustration be true, and the wretchedness of the peasant laborer be what it is represented, should not this undue portion that the American laborer has managed to secure be shared? Would not common humanity demand that the spigot be turned, and the misery of the European laborer alleviated? Protectionism has done good service in assailing the cosmopolitanism of the English economy, grounded on a *jus nature* dogma, which makes the national good

consist in every man's following out so far as possible his own selfish purposes. But such criticism can have force only as it recognizes something better than human selfishness as the motive of conduct. I know that charity begins at home. I know that our own problems are quite enough for one nation to solve. But are the woes of our neighbors wholly indifferent to us? Is it a matter for congratulation that our tariff laws cripple other peoples? Should it not be at least a reason for great hesitancy, when the domestication of a new industry threatens distress in some other land?

Fortunately the illustration has no force, and falls to the ground with the discredited doctrine that gave it birth. So far as it has any pertinence the spigot is turned each time the doors swing in at Castle Garden and the Golden Gate to the vast army of the degraded unemployed, whose fierce competition no wage barriers can long withstand. One aspect of the question it may be well not to overlook. Public opinion, with considerable unanimity, brands with infamy the man who deliberately sells his vote or influence for money; it regards with leniency, if not approbation, the man who is sharp enough and keen enough to make his vote and his influence count in favor of his own individual and pecuniary interest, regardless of the interests of his neighbors, the state, or humanity. Political campaigns may be trusted to discover the motives most responsive to direct appeal, and campaigns intrench themselves behind the immediate particular interests of the persons addressed,—the farmer, the manufacturer, the wage earner, the saloon keeper. It is not here intended to pass ethical judgment upon this appeal. But at least it explains the clash of arguments, the impossibility of arriving at any agreement on the campaign field. There can be no solution of the tariff problem until we have some notion of perspective and proportion, of the scope and

meaning of industrial functions. The man who is a free trader or protectionist solely because he conceives his particular interest to be favored by the one or other policy, is so slightly removed from the dealer in votes or influence that nothing can be hoped from him until he is converted to better ways of thinking.

The business world is not yet altruistic. Manufacturers pay high wages because they must,—not because they fear to reduce their workmen to the degradation of Europe. The ideal wage relation is far from being established, but I do not see it coming about through any gracious charity or consideration of manufacturers. The workingman has dimly in his mind the ideal that he is entitled to his share in the joint product, and he is working out its realization in the same hard way as is his brother workman in Europe.

After all, are not higher wages paid because they are earned? In the early controversy, when manufactures were few, the wages argument was used by the other side. Again and again it was pointed out that manufactures could not succeed in the United States owing to the high price of labor. Great Britain relied more upon this fact than upon all her laws of trade to restrict colonial industry. "Manufactures," said Franklin, in 1782, "require great numbers of poor to do the work for small wages." Again and again it was pointed out in reply that those manufactures had succeeded best in the United States where hand labor was most used, and consequently where wages was the most considerable item of expense. High wages means better fed, better housed, more intelligent workmen. It means more forethought, more dexterity, more endurance, more product. England does not fear competition with the cheaper labor of the Continent or of India. I quote the statement of a protectionist and large employer of labor, that a common

laborer in California at \$30 per month is more profitable than one of corresponding grade at \$3 per month in Italy.

If the higher wages of America are earned, the tariff cannot affect them,—except as it promotes a diversified industry or secures the home market, and these considerations have already been treated. Yet the question may fairly confront us, Would it be safe in a given instance—the manufacture of woolen cloths for example—to remove our tariff and throw open our doors to the competition of cheaper labor? Must not wages be reduced? Or, if organized labor combined to prevent this, must not the manufacturer be ruined? Protectionism assumes that the difference in wages in the woolen manufacture between England and America measures the amount of reduction necessary to enable the industry to go on. Granting that *real* not *nominal* wages are meant, and that there is a clear difference in favor of the American workman,—the assumption of protectionism needs radical modification. The removal of the protective tariff means also free raw materials, and hence a reduction in the cost of manufacture. Reduction of wages seems the most obvious means of cheapening production, but with sharper competition other ways of saving may be discovered. And finally, a wider market for foreign manufactures will tend to buoy up foreign prices. But suppose, when all these are considered, a difference still remains. The free trader insists that a difference would not remain; that the advantage must always remain with intelligence and skill. Is it not a matter of careful statistical inquiry, rather than for campaign appeals? One thing is certain: if, after all, there is a difference in favor of the American workman, that is, if he gets a larger proportionate share of the product than the English workman,—and this is a marvel if true, considering the enormous competition which immigra-

tion brings,—then the woolen industry is a permanent tax upon the consumer. And if vested interests still demand the continuance of this tax, why not have recourse, as Hamilton suggested, to the vastly more economical system of bounties?

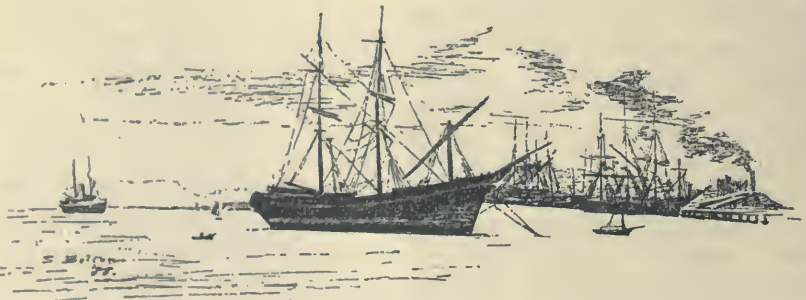
If we could once take our gaze off the tariff long enough so see the other forces of industrial life, we might get some notion of the fact that it is not so much the *importance* of tariffs as their relative *unimportance* that needs to be emphasized. Perhaps the late financial disturbance may clarify our notions somewhat as to the factors of industrial well being. Consider even the financial ups and downs of an ordinary year; the men who work on borrowed capital, or on no capital, and who live commercially from hand to mouth; the competition between the keen-sighted and careful and the heedless and wasteful,—the latter surely going to the wall; the importance of being alive to every opportunity; the sure factor of long and untarnished reputation; the reward of adroit advertising; the importance of good manners; the luck of the sharper; the part played by pique and personal difference; the disasters which may follow a single error of judgment; the possibility of a combination or trust which may crush the individual trader; the danger of being swamped by some new discovery or invention in the hands of rivals. Count up the multitude of failures every year, the many shiftings of business and capital. Note the forms of industry that have been utterly crushed out during the present century; how the scythe maker, the tallow chandler, the East India merchant, the stage driver, have one after another found their business ruined. Suppose this immense area of free trade within the United States given over to State restriction, as is sometimes urged even at the present day. Would New York be more prosperous if tariffed against Western wheat,

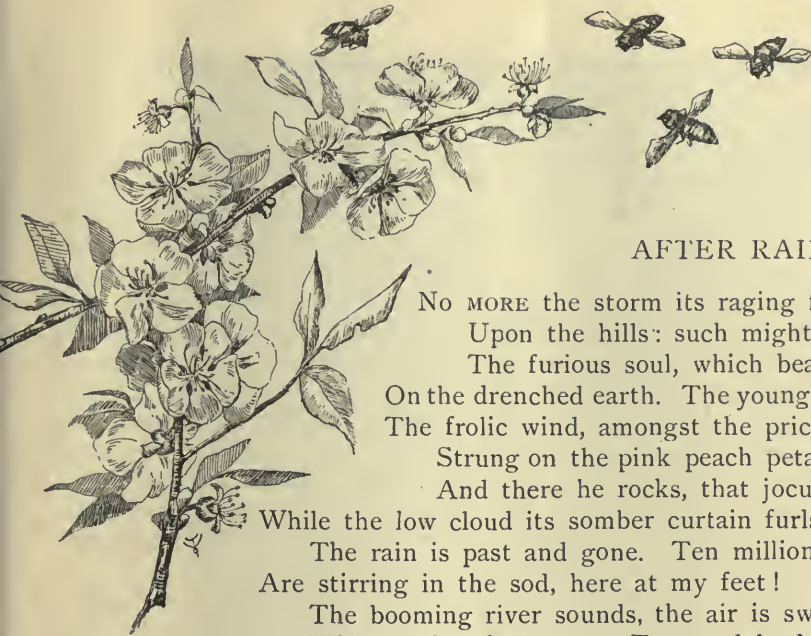
and beef, and fruit? Would California be better off if tariffed against Eastern manufactures? When the contract for election booths in the town of Redwood was awarded to a home industry, its newspaper was moved to say: "We are glad of this, as nothing helps to build up a community more than supplying our wants from among ourselves. Our manufacturing industries should be encouraged, and it is our duty to buy nothing abroad that can be obtained at home. What's the matter," it continued, "with some Redwood citizen laying our concrete sidewalks? We are paying out a lot of money that might just as well be kept at home." Is not California paying out a lot of money for Eastern manufacturers that might just as well be kept at home? Our Redwood firm got the job of supplying election booths by underbidding all other competitors; but California cannot underbid the East. Why? If the tariff question could come up as a State matter, would not California have to start the labor argument back where Franklin found it?

The tariff problem cannot be solved on the old restrictive lines. It is tolerably well understood, at last, that nations are not implacable and inveterate conspirators against the industrial welfare of other nations; and the complexity of international industrial relations may well stagger the faith of the most devout believer in protective gods. The tariff problem cannot be solved by the

glittering formulas of *laissez-faire*. New definitions of society, new conceptions of national life, above all new and revolutionary conditions of industrial organization forbid the success of so cheap an expedient. It is not easy to place or keep the tariff discussion on a rational basis. I do not conceive that there is any pressing call for protectionists to be converted to free trade, nor for free-traders to be converted to protectionism: the inauguration of a reasonable policy might safely be left to rational men of either faith. Our century has grappled with many great problems and settled them for all time. The tariff problem is in the Apostolic line of succession, when it is removed from the histrionic needs of a political campaign. Nothing can be hoped of a tariff bill born of the fine frenzy of abstract speculation or partisan hatred. The question is, after all, one of wearisome details,—for expert statisticians and for statesmen. The Wilson bill "faces right," not because it looks toward ultimate free trade in obedience to a natural or Divine law which prevents the state from taking concern of the industrial arrangements of society. It "faces right," if at all, because, with better comprehension of economic conditions and truer appreciation of national resources and opportunities, it brings us back to simpler and saner ways, and toward that measure of freedom and responsibility which is the birthright of industry as well of individuals and nations.

Orrin Leslie Elliott.





AFTER RAIN.

No MORE the storm its raging fury hurls
 Upon the hills: such mighty forces cloy
 The furious soul, which beat without alloy
 On the drenched earth. The young leaf now uncurls;
 The frolic wind, amongst the priceless pearls,
 Strung on the pink peach petals, comes to toy;
 And there he rocks, that jocund feathered joy.

While the low cloud its somber curtain furls.
 The rain is past and gone. Ten million seeds
 Are stirring in the sod, here at my feet!
 The booming river sounds, the air is sweet
 With coming fragrance. Tree and lowly weeds,
 Alike, the straggling sunbeams rise to greet
 In thankfulness. Remembered were their needs!

Sylvia Lawson Covey.



AT HER COMING.

AND lo, the morning, Day's enchanted guest!
 Through the wide East, past granite gate that locks
 The dreadful desert, which with death hue shocks,
 She silent glides, in fleecy garments drest.
 How her step startles all the birds that nest,
 Rouses from dewy sleep the white-fleeced flocks,
 Wakes the wild creatures where the night mist rocks
 In billowy waves around the mountain's crest.
 Now flash the depths of ocean darkly blue,
 Shading to green along forbidding shores,
 Curling with white the breaker as it roars:
 All golden light where sable was the hue
 Of the wide world; and now the round sun pours
 Its blessed rays, to pierce the sweet air through.

Sylvia Lawson Covey.

OLD CALIFORNIA PLACERS AND THEIR POSSIBILITIES. I.



HERE is an inexhaustible charm lingering around the old worked-out placer mines of the State, and one never tires of yarns and legends concerning them. It is a popular fallacy to regard them as utterly worked out, and only fit for the foundation of novels and thrilling stories, dating backward to the times of '49. This is true in part only, as the possibility of re-working some of them to good advantage with improved processes is beginning to be seriously discussed in the districts within which they lie.

During the many years of my residence in the Yosemite, it was my fortune to be upon the roads leading from the valley of the San Joaquin to that wonderful spot quite often. All of the roads leading thitherwards pass through some of the old-time mining localities, and almost the entire region traversed by them is picturesque, often bordering upon sublimity inferior only to the exalted majesty of the great Valley itself.

One morning in the early part of September last found a party of us leaving the village of Copperopolis upon a route that would lead us through places famous in the early mining annals of the State.

The day opened as bright, fresh, and cloudless, as September weather usually is in California throughout its entire breadth and length.

The road, for the time of year and the locality, was unusually free from dust, and driving under these favorable conditions was a pleasure to be coveted. A gentle breeze was whispering faintly

through the delicate and filmy foliage of the foothill pines, celebrated and detested for their ugliness by everyone in the land who has no perception of the higher forms of beauty. It is really one of the most graceful and beautiful tree-forms on the globe, its foliage standing out against the blue sky with the cloudy delicacy of dandelion down, and of a color rivaling the tints of cloud-forms themselves. Our way lay for miles among these despised but lovely trees, which to me give a charm of graceful finish to the landscape seldom met with but in our country.

A drive of seven miles through a region plentifully wooded with oak, this species of pine, and various orders of shrub growth covering the hillsides with profusion and beauty, brought us to Byrne's Ferry or Union Bridge, on the Stanislaus. The river here finds its way through an opening in the table-land system following along the side of the westerly crest towards the southwest. The view as one approaches the bridge is very majestic. The roar of the river some six hundred feet below is grand, and its rushing stream glistening in the sunlight like silver forms a picture that will linger long in the recollection with pleasure.

There is a little river mining being carried on at this point, but in a very languid and shiftless manner. We were shown three tumblers full of coarse gold, as the result of a short season's work carried on in a very primitive and inexpert manner by two or three Mexicans. It represented some \$900, and was the result of between three and four months' work. This of course would be a ridiculous output for a company, but would be "big wages" for two or three prospectors. The



Photo by Perkins

THE STANISLAUS,—UNION BRIDGE AND HYRNE'S FERRY.

Table Mountain.



Photo by Perkins

A DISTANT VIEW OF CHINESE CAMP.

methods pursued by these miners were as humble as those generally followed by the average prospector, and would secure comfort and plenty to an industrious man or two in these times of scarcity.

We crossed the river and continued on up the hill. The view was again on the order of the magnificent, finer than the one we had but lately seen. There are two or three claims further up the river, that are reported as paying fairly well to the few persons engaged in working them, but nothing in this immediate locality holds out any inducement sufficient to attract capital. In fact, this is a district that offers advantages only to small endeavor; groups of two or three men in a spot can make, with industry and frugality, a comfortable livelihood and something more besides. It needs but little capital to "make a start" and then industry and determination will do the rest.

We passed continually by comfortable and pleasant-looking ranches, for the most part well kept, and having a look of prosperity about them that speaks well of the country as a home-land.

The landscape spread before us always was, from an artistic point of view, beautiful. Continually we got glimpses of the distant Sierra covered well with snow, and the effect upon the more quiet aspect of the near landscape was to lend a feeling of expanse and dignity to it all, which is scarcely to be conveyed by words. There is a sense of vastness about all California landscape which takes quiet possession of an appreciative beholder, in a way that is somewhat remarkable. The long, dry summers fill our air with a tremulous, lilac-toned haze, that gives an air of mystery and distance which I have never seen in any other land. This is aided by the openness of the skies day by day, their rich, warm blue and violet tones only accented by an occasional streak or tuft of wandering cloud that appears to be at an immense distance aloft. The eye wanders over such a vast wealth of detail in hill, mountain, and woodland, diversified by such a great variety of tree growth and flora as to make the space within the range of vision seem almost illimitable.

In the dry season there is usually



Photo by Perkins

A GLIMPSE OF THE TULUMNE RIVER AT JACKSONVILLE.

enough of a breeze to make pleasant and dreamy music among the leaves as one passes by. The sweet and melancholy song of the pines, low and soft, in answer to the air that gently moves their branches, is a fit accompaniment to the magnificent coloring and sculpture of the Creator, so lavishly scattered about on all sides, and ever recurring.

As the sun grew low on the horizon we reached the remains of Chinese Camp, an old-time mining town of considerable repute, but now fallen into decay, owing here, as in many other upland places, to a scarcity of water with which to carry on operations. We were quartered at an excellent hotel, and after dining took a seat upon the piazza to watch the gorgeous sunset.

The diggings at Jacksonville, on the Tuolumne River, are practically worked out; only a few Chinese derive a scanty subsistence from languid operations in their primitive fashion at river bed mining. Operations were quite extensively carried on at Moffitt's Bridge, opposite Jacksonville, a few years ago, but so far as known with but indifferent success.

The scenery along the river at this point is singularly beautiful, and the first approach to it after leaving Chinese Camp is, when seen in the early morning, sublime. Farther up the river several bars are being worked, I am told, with very good results.

Leaving the river here, a climb of some two thousand, five hundred feet in seven miles brought us to the famous Big Oak Flat. Several small claims are being profitably worked by their owners hereabout, and this historically rich placer is continually giving substantial evidence that its wealth is by no means exhausted. The old town is nearly deserted; not over half a dozen residents are left of a once phenomenally prosperous mining camp of some three thousand to four thousand inhabitants.

As placer mining was followed some thirty years ago, this locality was practically "played out" then. The rich surface deposits of gold were skimmed off, and the town was all but totally destroyed by fire, its restless and migratory inhabitants drifting away to other places.



Photo by Perkins

TUOLUMNE RIVER, NEAR JACKSONVILLE, LOOKING EAST.

All through the town are seen the remains of former surface placers. On the hillsides, both north and south, are the mounds of worked-over earth. Piles of quartz tailings and loose bowlders, just as they were left by the old-time workers of the placers, lie on every side. Great water-washed gullies mark where the sluicing was carried on. These have since been widened and deepened by the action of winter rains. On every side are the marks of hurry and waste, though there can be no doubt of the

claim ceased to pay a certain royal return it was abandoned, and fresh fields sought. Much of this old ground is worked over from time to time, and fairly good results obtained.

As a field for quiet industry this country will furnish moderate wages for years to come, with always a fair chance of striking rich results. There is a small stamp-mill just at the entrance of the old town, coming from Priest's Hotel. This mill has been closed since about 1886. It is owned partly by San



Photo by Wells

STEVEN'S BAR FERRY, TUOLUMNE RIVER.

expertness of those who formerly delved in these spots. No men who have ever sought the precious ore were more expert in handling their ground than the earlier of the California miners. It did not pay to work earth after it ceased to pay a certain percentage in those days: this was owing to the high cost of everything. All material was hauled by freight team, and was received in comparatively small quantities at a maximum freight rate. The goods were then retailed to the mining consumers at a still higher profit; and when a

San Francisco parties, and no doubt could be made available for crushing gold ores by contract. The whole of this country has the appearance of being rich with gold-bearing soil,—that is to say, it might be rich for small parties of three or four working together in an inexpensive manner; there is but little doubt that at least good wage returns could be made from almost anywhere in this vicinity. That the country is not “played out” as a mining region, the following number of company mines working on a greater or less scale will

show. The "Butler" mine, owned by D. F. Longfellow, is a quartz mine near the town, and is reported a valuable and well paying property. The "Perrin" and "Mississippi" quartz mines, owned by Albert Mack and J. C. McLaughlin,

entering or leaving the town are very fine, while from the south side of the village, looking north over the old abandoned placers with their accompaniment of deserted and ruinous cabins, the scene is at eventide pensively beautiful.

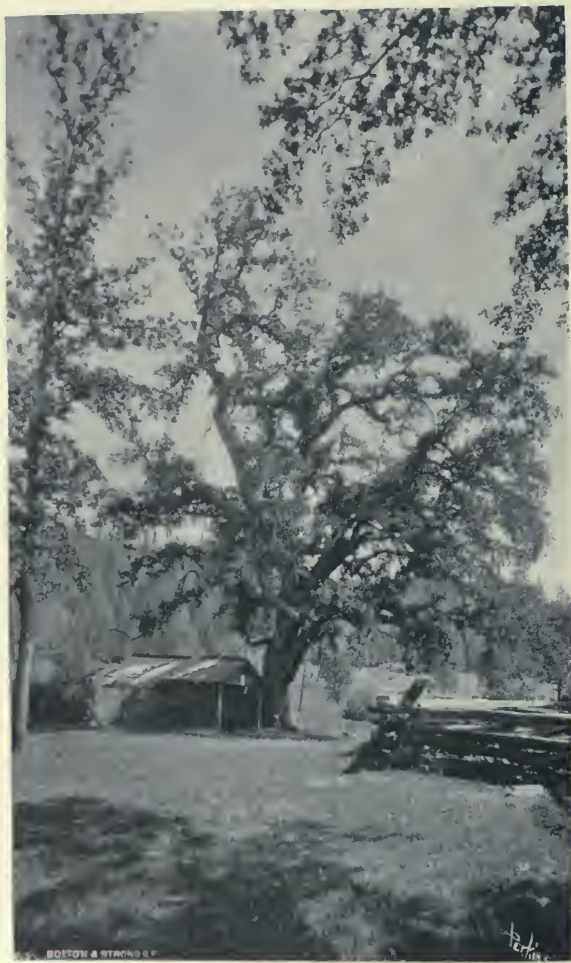
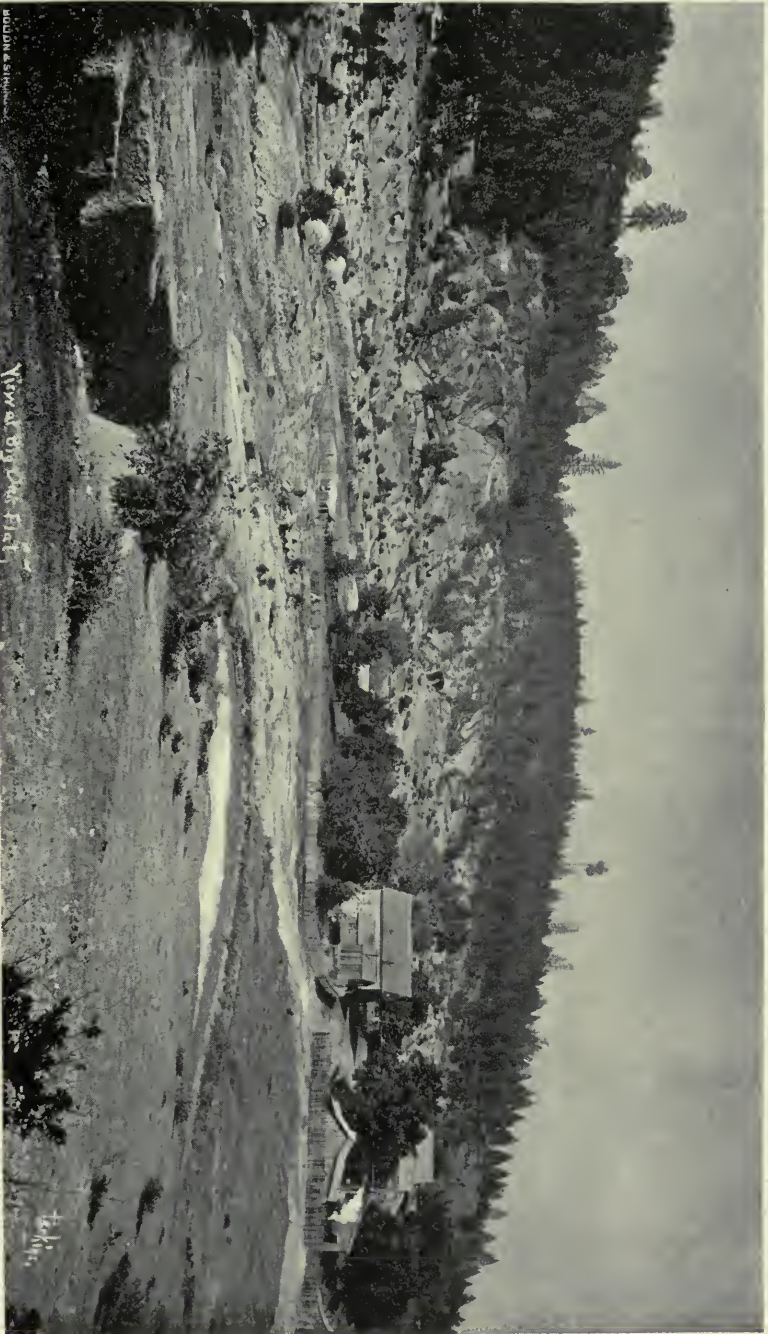


Photo by Perkins

OAK AT CHAFFEE AND CHAMBERLAIN'S BIG OAK FLAT ROAD.

are also considered very valuable properties. These are the largest mines in or near Big Oak Flat. There are also quite a number of pocket veins in the vicinity, which are worked by their owners with good results. This is one of the most picturesque localities in the mining part of the State; the views on

As we drive out of the town the evidences of former activity and labor increase. On either hand, for a number of miles, the ground has been worked over and kneaded again and again, in search of the precious metal. From "the Flat" to Garrote—now Groveland—the mining extended, without interval,



WOODMAN'S SIGN

VIEW FROM THE PLAT

1910

Photo by Perkins

WORKED OUT PLACERS AT BIG OAK PLAT.



Photo by C. E. Holmes

CHAFFEE AND CHAMBERLAIN, MINING PARTNERS AT GARROTE (GROVELAND) SINCE 1854.

for two miles ; and there must have been in former times a great number of men engaged in the work. There are even yet in the vicinity of Groveland fine paying properties. The "Mount Jefferson" quartz mine, owned by a Boston company, has been worked to a greater depth than any other mine in this section of country, and the "Cosmopolite," owned by the ditch company, and situated on the crest of the hill between Big Oak Flat and Groveland, has a very large gold-bearing vein, from which some very rich deposits have been taken. The "Kanaka" mine, owned by Louis Cassaretto, some six miles northeast of Groveland, is also very rich. The mill can only run during the winter months, on account of the scarcity of water, but there is a force of men kept at work all summer extracting ore to be crushed when the water flow begins. There is a "gravel range" situated in the neighborhood of the "Kanaka" which is a deep and extensive deposit of "pay gravel," lying in an immense basin surrounded by a rim of hard bedrock. The

bottom of this deposit has never yet been reached, though deep shafts have been sunk and a large amount of work been done.

There is undoubtedly a good field in this section of country for industrious men, who are willing to work and live soberly and frugally. The climate of this center region has no superior on earth, and as a fruit or small farm section it is unrivaled. The apples grown in and around Groveland have no superiors anywhere. Figs, grapes, quinces, peaches, apricots, and in fact nearly all varieties of fruit, either do grow or can be grown here in great profusion, and of superior size and flavor.

I am indebted to my friend, Mr. F. Murrow of Big Oak Flat, for much of my information regarding the leading mines in that vicinity, and as Mr. Murrow has been a resident of the "Flat" since early mining times, his knowledge of the possibilities and the outputs of that region stands without question. Chaffee and Chamberlain also, who are yet living at "Garrote," can furnish in-

formation to any one interested in seeking it regarding the mining possibilities of this section of country, of a highly expert nature.

Here, then, at the close of a sultry September day, just as the sunset was fading into twilight, we stopped, both men and team tired with long hill-climbing all day in the hot sun. After a welcome meal we took our invariable seat on the piazza of the hotel, to enjoy the tranquil glory of the western sky aflame

mind, and to no fitter time or place could they be applied :—

“Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels her droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.”

Ah! yes, we have been dozing for a few moments; only a faint streak of red remains on the western horizon, the sky has the color of night, the “little dipper” is in full view, and the heavens are studded with gems. The evening



DOWN PRIEST HILL.

with scarlet and orange in thin vaporous bands, alternating with saffron and green and greenish blue streaks of sky between. Slowly these faded into a warm, rosy glow, blending into the blue night above. The pines and oaks stood out in warm, purplish brown relief against this background of marvelously colored though fast fading light. Everything was peace, and quiet reigned supreme, save for the hum of crickets and the chirp of tree frogs. Occasionally the distant low of cattle was heard, and involuntarily Gray's lines sprang into the

star reigns brilliantly supreme. From somewhere in the deepening mystery and obscurity come the sounds of a fiddle, vibrating back to us faintly but clearly, “Way down upon de Swanee River,” and played with no mean skill. The distance, the air, and the obscurity, make the melody marvelously sweet and touching. With their clear, faint tones sounding in our ears, and the vision of this glorious mountain twilight still lingering in our minds, we betake ourselves to welcome and contented rest.

C. D. Robinson.

BULULLICOO.

WHILE traveling in the mountains of California I was overtaken by a severe storm, and passed the night at the cabin of an old woodman. The next morning, while I was preparing to resume my journey, my attention was attracted to a dingy bundle of papers on the wall, from which my host was tearing strips to light his pipe. What was my astonishment, on examining the roll, to find that it was an ancient manuscript covered with the grotesque characters of an unknown language!

The woodman told me that he had a short time before cut down a great red-wood tree in the forest, and had found the papers in the burnt cavity near the heart, surrounded by wood which was the growth of many centuries. He freely gave them to me, mildly wondering at my deep interest.

After much study I deciphered the manuscript, and the result is set forth in the following pages.

I.

A GLIMPSE OF BULULLICOO.

THE great city of Bulullicoo was situated between two high hills in a fertile valley now covered by the waters of San Francisco Bay. Through this valley flowed the river Zabycx, now called the Sacramento. The Zabycx emptied into the ocean through a gap in the chain of hills extending along the coast, corresponding to the position of the Golden Gate. There was a tradition among the Bulullicans that the river formerly flowed southward through the great valleys now known as Santa Clara and Pajaro, and emptied into Monterey bay, but that some great natural convulsion cleft the range of mountains along the coast, and changed its course.

The city stood on both banks of the river, which was spanned by one great stone bridge of seven huge arches. In the center of the bridge was a stone temple, called "The Giver of Kings." The meaning of this name will soon be explained. On each side of the river a broad space, called the "Promenade," was left free of buildings, and this was beautifully adorned with flower-gardens, and devoted to the amusement and recreation of the people. The houses were built of wood or stone, and were all elevated about twenty feet above the ground, on massive pillars of stone. These elevated houses were one story in height, with flat roofs, to which the people resorted to perform their devotions. The houses were all connected by balconies, so that the people could easily pass from one part of the city to another. In many places stone steps led to the ground. The earth beneath the houses was paved with stone, and the pillars formed a vast colonnade, and by that name the place was known. The Colonnade was used for business purposes. It was free to all, and being unsecured by gates, bolts, or bars, would have afforded easy opportunities for theft, had not the severity of the laws and a wonderful police system checked everything of that sort.

The government was an absolute monarchy, ruled by a king who was chosen each year. The choosing of a king was conducted in the following curious manner: In the Bulullican crown was a green gem of great size and value. When the day of the choosing arrived, this gem was taken from the crown and placed in a small leathern purse. A number of pebbles, corresponding with the number of candidates for royal honors, were then placed in purses ex-

actly similar, and all the purses were strewn on the floor of the stone temple at the center of the bridge across the Zabycx. The candidates then assembled at one end of the bridge, and after drawing lots for precedence passed over one at a time. As each one passed through the temple, he chose one of the purses. On emerging at the other door, he met seven men, who had been chosen by the people for judges. The lucky candidate who secured the green gem was proclaimed king for the ensuing year.

Any one that wished could become a candidate for the throne; yet in spite of this freedom the number of aspirants was generally small. The Bulullicans believed that after a man had aspired to the high office of king, he was unfitted for the ordinary affairs of life; and therefore, in accordance with an unwritten law, all the unsuccessful candidates immediately plunged from the parapet of the bridge and perished in the Zabycx, while the fortunate possessor of the gem was borne in triumph through the city, and placed in possession of the royal palace with all its treasures. The palace was situated on a low mound to the east of the Zabycx, and was raised on stone pillars twice as high as ordinary buildings.

At the end of the year, when the king's reign was over, he forthwith relinquished everything pertaining to the office, and retired to an immense and beautiful palace of white stone on the summit of a lofty hill southeast of the city. In this superb palace, which they were never permitted to leave, the ex-kings were supposed to pass the remainder of their days in peace and plenty. This august mountain was called in the Bulullican tongue, "Bylocacic," which means, "The Kings' Rest." It must have been what is now known as Goat Island.

The principal royal duties were to appoint the judges, and to receive the

taxes from the city and the villages. The judges appointed by the king sat every day in the Colonnade to administer justice. The punishments for crime were fines, flogging, hard labor on the public works, and death by drowning in the Zabycx. There were no prisons. A person condemned to labor could go to his own house as usual; but if he refused to work he was instantly thrown into the Zabycx. If he fled, he was outlawed forever.

The police system of Bulullicoo is worthy of remark, and on this point the people displayed the deepest interest. The policemen were elected directly by the people. This gave rise to two great factions or parties. One party desired large men for policemen, and the other party desired small men. The first asserted that big policemen, towering above ordinary persons, would, by the majesty of their presence, strike rogues with awe and terror; and that they were much better able to grapple with criminals and bring them before the judges than were the small men. The other party maintained that a big policeman, overtopping the crowd, was such a conspicuous object that rogues would easily avoid him; but a small policeman, observant but unobserved, would take rascals unaware and capture them without fail. They said, also, that a small man was better in pursuit than a large man, as it was well known that large bodies move slowly. Neither would they admit that a large man was more capable of handling criminals with ease, for by singular logic they plainly proved that a man's strength and courage compressed in a small compass were far more effective than if distributed loosely throughout a bulky body. So the contest raged with great fierceness, and many books were written on the subject by learned men. It was generally the case that a part of the police force was composed of large men, and a part of small men.

The Bulullicans had no standing army, and there is no account of their engaging in war; hence we may infer that they were unaware of the existence of any other nation.

The material for clothing used by the people of Bulullicoo seems to have been a kind of silk. The most gorgeous colors were employed. A white grass cloth, very costly, was worn by the wealthy. Shoes or sandals of silk or soft leather, with soles of wood or gold, were worn.

Gold was a very common article, and was used for all ordinary purposes. A large amount of cheap jewelry was made of gold and bought by the poor. The jewelry of the rich was of solid iron, which was the precious metal on account of its scarcity. The royal plate was of iron, and was jealously guarded by an officer of the king's household. Where the Bulullicans obtained their gold the historian most unfortunately does not state, but they must have possessed mines far richer than any known at the present time. There may have been some vast deposit brought down by the Zabyx to which they had access.

The ladies of Bulullicoo wore masks carefully painted in the style of beauty most admired by the wearer. In earlier and more barbarous days, says the historian, the ladies exposed their natural complexions to the gaze of mankind. They were happy, for as each one could view herself only in the limpid waters of a brook or fountain, all believed themselves beautiful, as indeed they were. At last an evil genius invented a mirror of polished metal, and immediately the demand for them became so great that he acquired a colossal fortune from their manufacture, and finally died of despair because he could not own the whole world.

The mirrors destroyed the peace of mind of the ladies of Bulullicoo. Each one, even the most beautiful, saw or imagined some slight defect in her feat-

ures or complexion which she desired to remedy, and being unable to do so, became a prey to melancholy. After this deplorable state of affairs had continued for some time, the ladies unanimously decided to adopt the mask, which was to be shaped and tinted according to each one's idea of surpassing beauty. These masks seem to have been worn only on the street. At home, in the presence of their own family or intimate friends, they were laid aside. This glimpse of ancient fashions may be thought unpleasing, but such is the account given by the grave historian.

The mode of salutation among the Bulullicans was a little peculiar. When two friends met they rushed forward and cordially trod on each other's toes. This act when correctly performed was done gently and gracefully; but it was sometimes very unpleasant, from the rude manners of some people who placed their clumsy sandals upon an unfortunate friend's foot with agonizing emphasis. Formerly it was the custom for gentlemen gracefully to tread on the toes of their lady friends when they met them, but this fell into disuse about the time of the introduction of masks when the identity of ladies became so uncertain that there was imminent danger of saluting strangers. The Bulullicans had one custom which to this enlightened age seems really barbarous. When the king had been chosen each year, he was obliged soon after his coronation to stand on the Promenade for one whole day, and exchange the foot salutation with all his subjects who wished to do so. The ordeal was terrible. Nearly all the people of the city would pass by him and tread on his toes, and thousands of sturdy peasants would flock in from the country to salute him; and of course each person tried to make his particular salutation as impressive as possible. The historian remarks that many kings while undergoing this ceremony were heard to

express the wish that they had been among the unsuccessful candidates who perished in the Zabycx.

The mode of courtship among the Bulullicans was full of native simplicity. When a young man wished to marry he took a musical instrument, and hastened away by moonlight to the balcony of the house where his sweetheart dwelt, and filled the calm air of night with such strains as he was capable of executing. Presently the father came forth with various weapons and missiles, and pursued the lovesick youth along the dizzy balconies far from his door. This was repeated three nights, and if the young man was captured he was obliged to give up his sweetheart forever. The young men of Bulullicoo were probably the swiftest runners in the world. If the father favored the persistent lover, he came out on the fourth night with a mild air and invited him to enter, apologizing more or less gracefully for his former violence. The match was then arranged without further difficulty.

A curious law of the Bulullicans was that after marriage the husband was forbidden to offer his wife any compliments, or to please her by any little acts of gallantry or kindness, or to assist her or lighten her toil in any way. He was also expected to study a carelessness in his dress and personal appearance.

That Bulullicoo had made great progress in learning and refinement is evident from the fact that journalism was cultivated and fostered. It differed somewhat widely from the journalism of the present day. The king appointed each year a chief editor called the "letter-man," who received an enormous salary. He dwelt in a mansion facing the Promenade, about the center of the city. The front wall of this mansion was unbroken by windows, doors, or balconies. It was very smooth, and of immaculate whiteness, and on it were written daily the products of the letter-man's genius.

It was called the "letter-wall." The labor of writing was performed by subordinates of the letter-man, who sat on a scaffold similar to those used by modern house-painters.

The letter-man was allowed great latitude in the administration of his office, and was free to comment on all matters, and to make what suggestions he pleased. There existed, however, a regulation that, though unwritten, was more stern and inexorable than fate. It embittered the days of the letter-man, and made his nights sleepless with anxiety. The people of Bulullicoo had a passion for clever jokes, and hence this department of the letter-wall was the object of deep solicitude and anxious care on the part of the letter-man and his subordinates. But the appalling feature of Bulullican taste was that all jokes were required to be new and fresh. An ancient joke at once aroused such a storm of indignation and fury that the letter-man could only preserve his life by instant flight to the most remote regions. Even the authority of the king was powerless to protect him.

So it was the custom of the letter-man and his assistants, after completing their task, to retire hastily to the suburbs and listen for sounds from the city. If they heard a roar in the distance like the voice of a cyclone, they departed like shadows, and were seen no more. The historian states that of all the men who held the high office of letter-man, three fourths fled from the city, and the rest died of anxiety and care, or in a more summary manner.

The Bulullicans worshiped the goddess Mehera, whose temple stood on the summit of Mount Ruthia, the lofty hill west of the city and the river. This sacred mountain was undoubtedly what is now the island of Alcatraz. The temple was built in the form of a six-pointed star. At each point was an entrance devoted to a particular day of the week, — for the people of this ancient nation

observed six holy days in each week, and devoted but one day to labor. In the center of the temple stood the lovely statue of the goddess. She was represented as a beautiful and gracious woman, crowned with flowers, and bearing in her arms fruit and grain.

The Bulullicans had no clergy. The temple, however, was placed in charge of the oldest man in Bulullicoo. Besides the regular duties of his office, he was obliged to foretell the weather and to prophesy in regard to it. Whenever a keeper of the temple prophesied falsely, one hair of his beard was solemnly plucked out. The weather was a sacred subject. No person save the keeper was permitted to speak of it or speculate in regard to it, under pain of severe penalties.

At sunrise and sunset on the holy days, the inhabitants of the city repaired to the flat roofs of their houses, carrying with them musical instruments of every description, and sang odes to Mehera. This was the extent of their religious rites. It is true, however, that many used to visit the temple with offerings of fruit and flowers; but this was not obligatory.

The historian gives a short account of a great evil that burdened the people of Bulullicoo. Its nature was strange, and we should indeed be thankful that modern nations are not so fearfully afflicted. There grew in that region a very curious plant called phoolue. Its blossoms of many colors exhaled a pungent odor, and the effect of their perfume on the human system was remarkable. It produced at first a feeling of exhilaration and happiness, but if indulged in to excess the unfortunate inhaler became possessed with an inordinate desire to stand on his head. A person addicted to inhaling this perfume became more and more a slave to the habit, and the sad result was that he spent the greater part of his life in an inverted state, with his head fixed to

the ground, and his feet disgracefully pointing toward the heavens.

The rich valleys far to the north and south of Bulullicoo were dotted with villages inhabited by peasants who tilled the soil. These villages were subject to the great city, and each was governed by a patriarch, elected every year by the people of his village, whose authority under the king was absolute in his limited jurisdiction.

The houses were chiefly primitive wooden structures, built closely together, and raised above the ground on wooden posts. Through the center of each town ran a broad street, which was shaded by trees and ornamented by beds of brilliant flowers. This was the resort of the people of the town in their leisure hours. The space beneath the houses was used for storing the products of the fields and orchards.

All the land attached to each town was owned by the people of the town in common; and by a system of division each person received his rightful share to cultivate. If a person desired to engage in other business he could do so by allowing others to cultivate his land. All able-bodied persons were expected to engage in some useful employment, and idle men were sometimes banished; for the historian gravely affirms that there were many who were not content with six days of leisure, but wished to spend the seventh also in idleness.

Such was the ancient city and its surroundings; and feeling that anything relating to the great nation that inhabited California in remote antiquity must possess a deep interest to many, I pass on to the strange story of Dacer and Carmia.

II.

DACER AND CARMIA.

THE town of Napetoo was situated in a fertile region thirteen leagues south of Bulullicoo. It was somewhat larger

than the neighboring villages, and the inhabitants claimed for it a much greater antiquity.

Dacer was a youth of Napetoo, light-hearted and strong. His countenance was animated, and in his eyes there dwelt a tender and joyous light. His long black hair was plaited with gold. In the breast of his purple tunic he carried a golden flute, from which he called forth witching music.

His father's land lay on the banks of a little river, and on the working day Dacer came like a young god through the fragrant thickets and under the green foliage of great trees to cultivate the growing crops. As he plucked up the weeds that troubled the corn, the green rows seemed to smile upon him. He was generous and kind, for when he had finished his own task he would hasten to help those who were less able to toil than he; and, as he lightened their toil, he cheered their hearts with merry words. The children loved him.

Adjoining Dacer's land was the garden of Caledin. This man had a sinister countenance, but when he desired he could assume the most affable and engaging manners. Caledin was extremely ambitious, and ardently desired to become patriarch of Napetoo, not for the honor of the position, but for the large salary attached to it, for through idleness and dissipation he had become submerged in debt.

Caledin had two daughters, Trivian and Carmia. Trivian, the elder, resembled her father in features and character, but Carmia was the picture of her gentle mother, whose broken heart was at rest in the tomb. Carmia was not beautiful, but everyone thought she was, for her face was illumined by a pure and gracious spirit.

Dacer and the sisters had been companions from childhood, and now in their golden youth they went to the field and danced at the village festival together. Both girls loved the hand-

some, merry youth. Trivian had the assumed affability and fascinating manners of her father, and she exerted these to win Dacer; but Carmia was gentle and sincere, and she won him without an effort.

When Trivian discovered that her hopes were vain, she became possessed with a deep desire for vengeance on Dacer and her sister. Caledin had no ambitious views for Carmia; indeed, he had little affection for her; but, urged on by Trivian's bitter tongue, his tyrannical and malicious spirit led him to oppose her choice. He shrewdly dissembled, however, as he had plans which hasty action might disarrange. He knew that Dacer was very popular in Napetoo, and therefore might influence the election either for or against him. So he resolved to secure the confidence and good-will of the young man until the office of patriarch was secured.

One evening, just as the sun was setting, Dacer and Carmia were walking homeward along the bank of the river. Dacer carried Carmia's hoe and his own on his shoulder; and as they went along, hand in hand, they practiced a new dance, just brought from Bulullicoo by a strolling minstrel. At last, out of breath with their exertions, they sat down on the grass to rest, and Dacer fanned Carmia with his broad hat. They watched the sun set in clouds of crimson and gold.

"Carmia," murmured Dacer, hardly breaking the enchanted silence, "I am coming to play the flute beneath your window soon."

"You are very kind, Dacer," replied Carmia, blushing, "but why should you be hasty? Are we not happy? You know that after we are married you cannot carry my hoe from the field, nor help me over the river, nor smile at me as you do now."

There was silence, and Dacer watched the sunlight shining on Carmia's lovely hair. At last he said, in a low tone:—

"Can your father run fast, Carmia?"

Carmia looked at him with a startled look in her dark eyes; but before she could reply, they heard a rustling in the leaves behind them. Starting up, they beheld the sinister visage of Caledin peering out from behind a great oak tree.

"Ah, my children," he said, coming forward with his most engaging air, "is it you? So you are watching the sun set,—and what a beautiful evening it is! Ah, I was young once. But after sunset the dew falls. Dear Carmia, you had better go homeward, and Dacer and I will follow. I wish to speak with him on some affairs of moment. Dacer is a wise youth. I would rather trust him than many a graybeard I know."

Carmia tripped away with a light heart, and Dacer and Caledin followed more slowly.

"Dacer," continued Caledin, "you are, as I said, a wise youth. Do not blush, for it is true. You have a long and prosperous career before you, and it is only necessary to make a right beginning to reach the glorious goal betimes. You can obtain wealth by industry. Industry, Dacer, is a most noble thing. Whatever else you do, cultivate industrious habits. Then your wealth will steadily increase, and as the gray hairs of age and wisdom begin to gleam among your sable locks, as they now gleam on my bowed head, you may become patriarch of the village of Napetoo! But remember this, Dacer, and inscribe it on your heart: Be true to your friends. Be faithful to those who love you, and who take an interest in your welfare. This is the secret of success. Become known as a faithful man, and you will be honored and trusted. O if there is anything in the world that is despicable, it is ingratitude!

"Ah, my dear Dacer," he continued, stopping and taking the youth's hand, "I know the feelings of your heart. It is well. Carmia is a good girl, and you

both deserve happiness. But let me beg you to tarry a brief space before coming to play the pipe before my door. My mind is somewhat distracted by the election that is soon to take place, and I could not receive you with the magnificence I would wish. So a little patience, dear Dacer, and your bliss will only be sweeter at last."

By this time they had reached the village, and Caledin left the flattered and happy youth, after bestowing upon him a few more compliments and blessings.

As the shrewd villain had calculated, Dacer urged his many friends to support Caledin on election day, and on many occasions boldly defended the latter's character from severe assaults made upon it. The result was that Caledin was elected by a plurality of a few votes, and was installed in the office of patriarch, to which he had long aspired.

III.

CALEDIN.

DACER now prepared to claim his reward. One beautiful moonlight night he took his flute and went to the residence of Caledin. Standing beneath the balcony, he played the prettiest serenade he knew. Suddenly three men rushed down the steps of the house and pursued him for a long distance. He was greatly surprised at this, for it was the custom for the father alone to pursue the timorous suitor. However, he eluded the men, and escaped.

This was repeated on the second and third nights. But on the fourth evening he observed with great joy that Caledin's house was brilliantly illuminated; he felt assured that happiness was his at last. He blew into his golden flute, and then Caledin came out on the balcony, and in mellow and captivating tones invited him to ascend and enter. Dacer responded with alacrity, and

springing lightly up the steps followed Caledin into his residence. He found himself in a room lighted by a large golden lamp, which hung by chains from the ceiling. The flame of the lamp flickered weirdly, and filled the room with perfumed smoke. The floor was of dark polished wood, worn by the feet of many generations of men. The furniture was scanty. The windows were draped with curtains of green and crimson silk.

Caledin closed the door, and carefully fastened it with a peculiar bolt. He then fixed on the astonished youth a dark glance of anger and hate, and speaking in his natural tone, which was cold and harsh, said :—

“You escaped the men I employed to capture you. So much the worse for you, for you must now learn some disagreeable truths. Carmia can never be yours. She is promised to another. She does not love you. She trifled with you to please me. Your name is a jest, a mockery on her lips.”

At that moment one of the curtains was torn aside, and Carmia’s pale and tearful face appeared.

“I do love you, Dacer,” she cried, “and I always will.”

Caledin uttered a fierce malediction, and at the same instant persons in pursuit seized the weeping girl and dragged her away.

“Let me go!” shouted Dacer, springing up in great agitation; but he was instantly seized by two tall, pale men, who had been concealed in the room, and in spite of his struggles was securely bound, and thrown into a dark apartment, where he lay in much pain, yet comforted by the thought of Carmia’s voice at the window declaring her love.

Some hours later Dacer was startled by a soft light streaming in his eyes. A girl clad in garments of green and white entered the room, holding in her hand a small golden lamp. Her form was slender and graceful. She came to his

side, and gazed silently upon him. He recognized Trivian.

“Trivian!” he cried, “you are still my friend, I hope.”

“O Dacer,” she answered, a little wildly, “my father has sworn that you shall not marry Carmia. I heard him instructing his two assassins. If you refuse to give up Carmia, he will cut off your feet. If you still refuse, he will kill you. You must escape. You must fly to Bulullicoo. I cannot bear to—to—lose you, Dacer.”

“Trivian, I knew you had a kind, noble heart,” cried Dacer. “Carmia told me so.”

“Carmia told you so?” stammered Trivian, with a dreadful expression on her face. “It is not true. My heart is not kind nor noble; but you can make it so. You must fly to Bulullicoo, but you must take me with you.”

“What do you mean?” faltered Dacer, with a chill of repugnance. “I am pledged to Carmia.”

“It is false!” cried Trivian, throwing herself upon his breast, and kissing his cheeks. “You must take me, or you must die.”

“Then I must die,” said Dacer.

Trivian sprang up with fierce gestures and words of rage and disappointment, and hurried away. At the door she turned, weeping.

“O, Dacer!” she moaned, with outstretched arms. Dacer shook his head sadly.

“Then perish!” she screamed, and vanished like a fury.

The next interruption of Dacer’s quiet was a more terrible one. He heard heavy footsteps approaching. The door swung open, and Caledin entered, carrying a lamp. He was followed by two tall, pale men.

“Young man,” said Caledin, “perhaps you are more open to reason than you were last night. Renounce Carmia, and I assure you that you may go, and I will trouble you no more.”

"I will never renounce her," replied Dacer.

"Then, gentlemen, perform your duty," snarled Caledin.

The two tall, pale men advanced. Dacer gave a loud cry for help, and made a vain effort to burst his bonds. The men seized him, and with diabolical skill cut off one of his feet; and after searing the stump with hot pitch, and applying bandages, they left the room, followed by Caledin.

IV.

TRIVIAN.

POOR Dacer was in deep trouble. He found himself about to be slowly dismembered, with the alternative of being false to the one he loved. The days passed away unmarked, but he did not lack careful attendance. A silent old man came in at intervals to bring him food and to dress his wound.

One night, when his leg was nearly healed, he was lying awake, when the door opened suddenly and Trivian appeared, enveloped in a dark cloak, and carrying a lamp and two rude crutches. Hurriedly approaching his bedside, she said: "Rise, and follow me; but make no noise, if you care to live."

She gave Dacer the crutches, and helped him as he painfully rose. She then led the way through a long passage, and after extinguishing her lamp, opened a door leading to the open air. The moon shone brightly; the sweet odor of flowers came up from below, and as Dacer emerged from his prison he drew a long and delightful breath. They descended a long flight of steps, Trivian carefully supporting Dacer as he walked laboriously on his crutches. Reaching the ground, they silently made their way among the posts that supported the houses, and at last emerged from the village into the open country, and upon the great road leading to Bulullicoo.

Trivian had not spoken, except to caution him to silence, but now she said:—

"Make your way to Bulullicoo as soon as possible. Go as far as you can to-night, and when morning comes conceal yourself in the woods, for you will be pursued. Go at once."

"Dear Trivian, how can I thank you for this," began Dacer.

"By saying nothing," replied Trivian, in a strange, hissing voice. "I am a fool. Even now I am tempted to cry out and arouse your enemies. Wait till you hear all. It was I who persuaded my father to cut off your foot, to make you give up Carmia. But I—have—suffered."

She turned abruptly, with a spasmodic shudder, and walked swiftly toward the village. Dacer hobbled away, filled with horror at Trivian's confession; but glancing back he saw that she had stopped and was gazing after him.

He limped on slowly in the moonlight. His weakness was forgotten in the joy of life and freedom. The sweet breath of the grain fields gave him strength; and as he passed little hamlets the perfume of flowers hung heavily in the air.

The moon approached the western mountains, and the east began to brighten with the coming day. As the sun rose, he could still plainly see the white houses of Napetoo in the distance; and they were much nearer than he thought to see them, showing that his progress had been very slow. He remembered Trivian's warning to conceal himself during the day, and therefore turned from the road and went toward the river, which was bordered by woods and thickets. He sat down close to the water under a large bush. The river flowed placidly along, and was shaded by willow and sycamore trees, which threw their leafy branches across the stream, forming an arch over the cool, clear water. The banks were green, and thickly sprinkled with delicate wild flowers. The morning was still, and sweet, and peaceful, and presently Dacer fell asleep.

V.

IDEA.

WHEN he awoke a low, musical murmur sounded in his ears, which he dreamily thought was the ripple of the river; but as his senses returned, he knew that it was the voices of girls. Slightly turning his head, he saw a short distance away a group of buxom peasant girls, who had evidently come from the field to the cool shade of the trees to eat their noonday meal. A blue silk cloak was spread on a bush above him, to shield his face from the rays of the sun, which poured down through a rift in the leafy canopy. He remained silent and motionless for a time, but presently one of the girls observed that he was awake, and they all came towards him with looks of interest and curiosity.

"We came down and found you asleep," said a tall girl in blue, "and we did not disturb you because you looked so pale and tired."

"I thank you very much," replied Dacer, "I came down here early this morning."

"I told you I saw someone come down to the river early this morning," said one of the younger girls to another, "and you tried to make me believe that it was one of the water-sprites who come from the river at night. You are not a sprite, are you?" she said, appealing to Dacer.

"No," he replied with a sad smile, "Did you ever hear of a sprite going on crutches?"

"Are you not very hungry?" asked the tall maiden earnestly. The girls all awaited his reply with breathless eagerness.

"Since you remind me of it, I believe I am," he said. "I have not tasted food for many hours."

At that the girls shouted, laughed, and clapped their hands.

"I saved my best piece of cake," said one.

"And I saved my largest orange," cried another.

"And I my whitest piece of chicken," sang a third.

They all ran to their baskets, which lay at the foot of a tree, and took out an abundant supply of food, which they hastened to spread before their guest. Others brought a jar of cool water from the river. Dacer was very glad to accept their kind offers, as he was faint after his long night walk.

"Where did you come from?" asked the tall girl curiously.

"I came from Napetoo," answered Dacer mournfully. "I have an enemy there who cut off my foot, and from whom I have fled."

"O, what a monster!" cried the girls, and some of them began to cry.

At that moment it was loudly whispered that a man was approaching. Dacer threw a startled glance around, and saw Caledin coming stealthily through the wood; and at a distance he saw a tall, pale man partially concealed behind a thicket.

"Yonder comes my enemy to seize me," he said calmly, "and at a distance his hired assassin waits to assist him. Mehera bless you all. I cannot resist them, and must prepare to die."

"Prepare to see your enemy punished!" cried the tall girl, with flashing eyes.

"Yes, yes, we'll punish him!" screamed the others angrily; and taking off their silk cloaks, they threw them over Dacer as he lay on the ground, and completely hid him from view.

Presently Caledin approached, with a most insinuating expression of countenance, and said:—

"Sweet maidens, I beheld your lovely company from afar, and could not resist the temptation to draw near. Seldom have I seen so much grace and beauty at one time. Ah, I was young once, and my heart is not yet dead. Would that we could live life over! Be-

hold these gray hairs : I am a father. I thought to find among you one almost as fair as yourselves ; but I see her not. Have you seen a maiden clad in crimson and white traveling toward Bulullicoo ? She is my beloved daughter."

So mellow and touching was Caledin's tone, and so mild and benignant his expression, that the simple peasant girls felt their anger evaporating. But the tall maiden, though puzzled at his words, at once replied :—

"Sir, we have seen no such person as you describe. We are not pleased to have strangers invade our retreat, so pray begone as soon as you can."

"Ah, noble maiden," said Caledin, "I perceive that you possess wisdom in a high degree. I must confess that mine eyes were drawn to your noble face as I approached, and I exclaimed to myself : 'All are incomparably beautiful, but she is wise also.' Do you wonder at the frank candor of my speech ? To one less wise I should not have dared to say these words."

These flatteries came with honeyed sincerity from Caledin's lips, but the tall girl was unmoved.

"If you wish us to believe you wise," she said, "you will go at once."

Caledin saw that his artful words were likely to be of little avail with such a shrewd leader, so he changed his tone slightly and said :—

"You say you are not pleased to see strangers in your midst, yet as I approached I saw one among you who I am sure must be a stranger to you. He is a young man who is a dear friend of mine. He has lately wandered from his home in a distracted state, imagining that enemies are in pursuit of him. Poor Dacer ! I have known him from infancy."

Caledin buried his face in the folds of his cloak. The peasant girls were greatly moved at this affecting spectacle, and

many were inclined to believe that his words were true. They looked at the pile of cloaks beneath which Dacer lay, and then at Caledin, and were quite lost in doubt and embarrassment.

Presently the villainous old Patriarch seemed to control his grief, and wiping imaginary tears from his eyes, he continued in a melancholy tone :—

"Whither has the young man gone, sweet maidens ? O tell me, that I may restore him to his friends, who are grief-stricken."

The tall maiden, gazing earnestly, saw in his face no less than seven lines which told her that he was a villain ; and she replied with dignity :—

"We have seen no young man who is demented. Indeed, we are forced to believe that *you* are a madman, who imagine the things of which you speak."

Caledin had been casting suspicious glances at the cloaks spread on the ground, and now began to approach them. As he advanced, however, the girls at a sign from their leader formed a circle around the garments, and drawing from their hair long golden pins, they presented to Caledin's astonished gaze a beautiful yet formidable phalanx. He stood silent and perplexed. An insinuating look, as if about to renew his flatteries, would give place to a ferocious scowl, as he thought of resorting to violence. Suddenly his eyes fell on the crutches, which were lying on the bank.

"Ha !" he snarled, pointing at them fiercely. "Concealment is useless. Deliver up the youth at once, or a horrible fate awaits you. The men are far away and cannot help you."

"We need no help," cried the tall girl defiantly. "Attack us if you dare ?"

Caledin turned and shouted to the tall, pale man who was lurking in the border of the wood, and then rushed to break through the circle of girls and drag Dacer from his concealment.

Charles E. Brimblecom.

THE LAST THAT WAS FIRST.

So Mary Romaine had come !

Young De Peyster gave his waistcoat a slight downward pull, and smiled and murmured,—“The dear thing !”

Not that he had any right to call Mary Romaine a “dear thing,”—that is, any right aside from his own inclination, which, perhaps, was authority enough. Certainly, Mary Romaine would not have considered it so ; but then, Philip DePeyster would, and there lay the difference. It is very seldom that two people are in perfect agreement on every subject. One must make allowances for variety of temperament, and a man may be a very good fellow indeed, and still believe implicitly in his own infallibility, and the creation of privileges through his preference.

Philip De Peyster had no particular reason for underestimating his advantages, and he did not see the necessity of posing in false positions and attitudinizing in artificial situations. He was wealthy, well born, and physically well developed ; his mental capacities were fair ; and morally,—but which of us may judge of another morally ? Putting aside all questions of difference in codes and the relative nature of standards, etc., etc., who should dare set himself in judgment over another, both being faultful ?

And the members of the exclusive set in De Peyster Park would hardly have been apt to give way to carping and criticism where one of their members was concerned. That he was admitted to their circle was guarantee enough ; and if he were their acknowledged social leader,—!

It would have been almost ridiculous for Philip De Peyster to put on an air of humility and self-depreciation in the face of his position ; the affectation

would have been too palpable. He knew full well the extent of the honor he had conferred upon Mary Romaine in bestowing upon her his affection,—the privilege of accepting his hand, and the fortune which lay within it. The fact of the girl’s not grasping the opportunity at once, and eagerly, did not strike him as any reflection on its unquestionable advantages, but rather as an evidence of her haughty disregard of him. He did not resent her attitude in the affair ; in point of fact, he rather admired it. It lent a certain zest to his pursuit of his prize, to feel she was so wary. It argues a clever bird that will not be caught with common chaff,—a clever bird, and therefore doubly desirable.

If Mary Romaine had not possessed birth and beauty and fortune herself, she would have been more anxious to appropriate those of Philip De Peyster ; and Philip De Peyster would not have coveted a wife who was dependent on the bestowal of his bounty in the absence of any of her own. He was ready to augment, he was not willing to supply.

He had proposed to her the last summer in Newport, and she had—well, not exactly refused, but certainly not accepted him. She had told him that she did not love him ; but she had also admitted, in response to his demand, that she was not less indifferent to other men. He had replied, that this being the case he was ready to wait, and perhaps she might discover that the course of her affection was directed himward, after all. Anyway, he would not consider himself as being the subject of an unqualified rejection—nor should she look upon herself as having put him outside the chance of recall.

"The situation is simply this," he had said: "You are bound in no way," (whereat she had hastily interrupted him to say, "O, no! I could not be bound in any way,") "I am merely 'on approval,' as they say in trade. You have 'the refusal' of me. I trust, however, that in the end I may be found satisfactory. It would really be an unhappiness to me if I thought in the end I might not be found satisfactory—that you had a preference for other qualities."

It was ten months since then, (she had not recalled him,) and they were to meet again. The last time it had been on the cliffs at Newport, in July; now it would be in her sister's drawing-room at DePeyster Park, in May.

He wondered if she had come prepared to accept him, or whether she would still plead indecision. He was in no particular haste to marry; but at the same time he would not submit to any undue dallying on her part: it was a bad precedent. If she intended to favor his suit she must acknowledge it,—if not—

He was going to give her until evening in which to rest from her journey, (she had just returned from abroad,) and then he meant to drive over in his dog-cart and call upon her. He had already sent his man with an offering of orchids as a sort of precursor of his approach.

It was bright moonlight as he "tooled his team" up the road, and into the gate of the Van Helm estate. His jaw closed somewhat more firmly as he threw the ribbons to a groom and leaped to the ground, and up the broad piazza steps.

Through the curtained windows came the faintest suggestion of lamplight, and as young DePeyster waited for admittance he wondered if just within the glass and lace and silk his beloved one were sitting; it was such a slender barrier. It gave him quite a pleasurable

thrill to experience such an active interest in anything.

Mrs. Van Helm had a prejudice against male service in the household, and the consequence was, her friends averred, that while the maid was giving her cap a jauntier set upon her head, any guest who stood without might kick his heels and whistle. As a matter of fact, the service in Mrs. Van Helm's residence was as perfect as that elsewhere, and if her friends were kept waiting a fraction over a minute for admittance to her hospitable fireside, it was for reasons with which the sex of the attendant had nothing to do.

Philip De Peyster was not detained more than a moment or two before the closed portal, but it seemed an eternity to him, and he was a trifle impatient when the door was finally opened and he was permitted to enter.

The maid who stood within the threshold with her hand upon the knob of the door was a new acquisition in the Van Helm *menage*: that is to say, Philip De Peyster had never seen her there before. He strode in, only bestowing upon her the merest passing glance. But in pausing to drop his cards upon the salver she held out to him, he happened to look up, and his glance suddenly assumed a fixedness, and his expression an intensity, as his eyes fell upon her face. She was a beautiful woman; young, tall, and magnificently proportioned, with a head that was statuesque in its classic outline. Her face was clear cut as a cameo; each feature as finely finished as though it had been wrought with a sculptor's chisel. Her hair, bronze-brown and lustrous, was drawn back from her brow and coiled into a simple knot beneath her cap.

Her eyes did not drop beneath De Peyster's gaze; she did not flinch. She looked at him squarely, without boldness; openly, truthfully, equally. It was he who flushed after a second, and then

she drew aside the curtain in the doorway, and held it, that he might enter the drawing room. As he passed before her his lips moved, and he lifted his head as if to address her, but she had dropped the curtain, and he found himself alone in the quiet, luxurious room.

In the fireplace some logs were burning; although it was May the evening air was sharp and chill. He drew near the cheery blaze, and then stretched out his palms above it, and the light streaming between his fingers gleamed and glanced upon the jeweled ring he wore. The lamps, beneath their silken shades, shone mellowly, and the atmosphere was fragrant and warm, and still with the hush of wealth upon it. Not a sound was to be heard except the faint bird-like chirp and twitter of the logs. Young De Peyster squared his shoulders, and commenced to whistle beneath his breath.

The curtain was drawn aside, and he turned about, took a step or two forward, and held out his hands to the girl who came toward him. She laid her fingers in his palm for an instant, and then drew them away, and enclosed them in those of her other hand. Neither of them spoke for a moment, then,—

"It is almost a year," said young De Peyster, "almost a year."

Mary Romaine stooped to brush back a burning ember that had jumped too far upon the hearth, and then raised her head and repeated:—

"Almost a year,—O yes, you mean since we met. It does n't seem so."

"Do you expect me to accede to that?" inquired De Peyster with emphasis.

"Accede to it? O no. Not unless you choose," replied the girl. "As somebody said, 'I'm not arguing with you, I'm *telling* you.'" And she smiled over across at him.

"There's something else I wish you would tell me," rejoined the young man with unmistakable significance.

Mary Romaine's smile faded, but she

did not avert her face. She simply looked at him with grave eyes and said:

"I'm afraid you're abrupt. I'm afraid you're not harmonious. I have nothing to tell this evening. I am tired. I prefer to listen, and I want to hear what concerns everyone but myself. I think I should like to forget myself for a long, long time. I have been obtruded upon my own consciousness too much lately. It has not been agreeable."

Her companion looked at her narrowly and then transferred his gaze to the tips of his shining boots, and looked at them narrowly. After a moment he said:—

"Is not that rather a crucial test? To command me to talk of everyone but you, when you know I cannot think of anyone but you?"

She made no reply for a moment; then she said,—

"Well, I am waiting for you to begin."

"How shall I begin? Of whom shall I talk? It is all one to me, so long as *je suis forcé de faire les paroles pour déguiser mes pensées.*"

The girl was evidently bent upon disregarding his reference.

"Ah, talk of anyone," she said carelessly, "Constance's new maid, *par exemple.* Isn't she a perfect Juno? O, you need n't start. It is not an indignity to talk of such a beautiful creature even if she is a servant. How long has she been here? Tell me all about her."

"Tell you all about your sister's serving-maid? Really, Miss Romaine, you set me too difficult a task. I cannot be expected —"

"Pshaw! you know what I mean. How long has she been here, and all that? Do you know, I'm really interested in her. I tried to get Constance to tell me, but she has been rushing about so all day."

Young De Peyster rose and stood beside the mantelpiece, his elbow resting upon the shelf and his hand shading his eyes.

"I have been away from the Park for at least eight months. I know almost as little as do you regarding the *on dits* of the place. I am sorry I cannot supply you with the information you want. I know nothing at all about Mrs. Van Helm's servant-maid."

"I told Constance," said Miss Romyne, feeling that, somehow, the subject was charged with embarrassment, and yet unable to desert it, "I told Constance she was altogether too magnificent a creature to have about one's house. She ought to be on a pedestal in the Louvre. One could n't ask her to wait upon one. It would be too iconoclastic: it would be like asking Hera to come down and arrange one's back draperies."

"She would probably do it awkwardly enough to rebuke your irreverence. She would have a marbly touch. You would undoubtedly prefer your maid the next time. Her profile might not be quite so classic, but the lines she would give your drapery would be better. You would soon send Hera back to her pedestal: she would lack the human element, and she could n't adjust folds."

"I hope Constance won't have to send our Juno back to her pedestal. I like her. She supplies a deficiency. She is archæological. I think I shall inquire whether she comes from Athens."

"She probably comes from the outskirts, somewhere hereabout. And as to her pedestal,—you'd find she never had one, or if she had, that she took a tumble from it long since. O, by the way, will you accept a place—the place—on my coach for the twenty-third? It's the Annual, you know, and it might be diverting."

He took his leave soon after that.

After he had gone Miss Romyne went slowly upstairs and knocked upon her sister's door. Miss Van Helm was lying upon her couch, with her eyes shaded from the light, reading. She looked up as the door opened and said:—

"You, Mary? O, I'm glad. He's gone, of course. Did you make my excuses? I thought I'd leave you alone just tonight. I fancied he might prefer it. Well, are you engaged?"

Miss Romyne took a seat near her sister.

"No," she said briefly.

"I suppose I'm not to ask why not?"

"No, I think not,—except—yes, after all, you may as well know. It's simply this, Constance,—I don't know him."

"Don't know him, child?" echoed Mrs. Van Helm; "have n't you seen him day in and day out for years? Have n't you danced with him, and driven, and dined with him, for generations? *Que voulez-vous de plus?* You know his position in society, you know his property, you know—"

"Yes, I know everything about him except what manner of man he is. When I marry—if I marry—I want to be sure I'm marrying a gentleman. I don't know anything about his real life,—the life he leads outside the dinner and dance period,—the part of his life we should have to live together,—the only part of his life we should live alone together, if we were married. The truth is, Constance, I'm afraid. I've seen so much of it,—the disillusionment, and the disappointment, and the despair, that I'm frightened, miserably frightened. I do not dare."

"Pooh, child, you're finical! Of course, if one expects perfection in a man one is bound to be disappointed, and disillusioned, and all that sort of thing. But if one is sensible, one remembers that a man is only mortal, and—er—bound to err sometimes, and—accepts it with the rest of the realities of life. Just consider a man from a human standpoint and at the very least you won't be misled. Of course, if you invest him with all the divine attributes of a god, and believe in the-king-can-do-no-wrong business, you're apt to be undeceived; and if you're sensitive, you'll suffer

from it. But that will be your fault, not his. Men are not heroes, nowadays. They've gone out of fashion."

"No, I insist that is not so. A girl has the right to expect that the man to whom she gives herself is honest as she is honest; pure as she is pure: no more, no less."

"Yes, she has the right to expect. By all means let her expect," said Mrs. Van Helm.

"If a man leads a girl to believe that he is her moral equal—if he shields himself by silence, it is fraudulent, it is dishonest. O, I cannot do it! I cannot take the risk. I must know first, I must know," the girl cried passionately. "If I did not, and I found that the man I had married, the man I loved, was ignoble, I would—oh, God forgive me, I'd not know what I would do."

"You're tired," said Mrs. Van Helm suavely.

"Yes, I am tired," repeated the girl wearily. "I'm tired from my soul. It's all wrong; my world is all wrong."

"It will take more than you to set it right then, madmoiselle," responded her sister. "Come, be sensible, and forget your heroics, and the next time Philip De Peyster asks you to marry him, say 'yes' like a lady. What did he have to say for himself tonight? What did you talk about?"

"O, a complete chapter of nothings. He wanted me to give him a direct answer, and I would not,—and then I asked him,—we talked about your parlor-maid."

"You talked about Elizabeth to Mr. De Peyster? How *bizarre!* He must have been edified. You are eccentric, Mary."

"She served my purpose. By the way, Constance, where did you get her, and when?"

"She came to me about six months ago, and she's a treasure. Her only drawback is she's engaged, and is going to leave me soon. She's going to mar-

ry a very decent kind of man,—some one in Mr. De Peyster's employ, I believe. A widower with three little children, quite well-to-do for that sort of people. Martin Something-or-other, I forget his name,—she told me once, but I can't remember. He's a good match for her, though she is so superior; but I'm sorry to lose her."

"Yes, you must be. Well, I think I'll go to bed. My head aches. If I could, I should have my hair brushed for an hour or two, just to soothe me,—as a soporific,—but—"

"Call for Elizabeth. You might have Jeanne, but I need her myself. Wait a moment, and I'll ring for Elizabeth."

A few minutes later there was a gentle tap upon Miss Romaine's door.

"Mrs. Van Helm has sent me to you, miss."

"Yes, Elizabeth," said the girl. "Will you help me to get rid of a troublesome headache? My hair is so heavy! Sometimes it is almost too much of a burden. Tonight it seems to drag my head back like a leaden weight. Will you unpin it, please, and brush it for a bit?"

The young woman made no verbal reply, but set about her task at once with perfect obedience. She unbound the long, dark masses, and then passed her hand lightly over them with soft, caressing strokes. Surely this was no "marbly touch." If Juno had forsaken her pedestal, as Mr. De Peyster suggested, she had, at least, gained a vital texture for her pains.

Under the influence of her soothing ministrations Mary Romaine soon became drowsy, and it was almost more than she could do to summon up enough energy to rise and dismiss the maid at last.

"May I come again tomorrow night, miss?" inquired the young woman, as she stood by the door upon her way out.

"O, no, I think not. I do not think I shall have to trouble you again."

The servant hesitated a moment and then said, "I meant, would you let me come again tomorrow night? I should like to, if you would let me."

Miss Romaine laughed. The girl looked then like some splendid young caryatid, and she was asking permission to brush *her* hair.

"Yes, you may come," she said.

She came regularly every evening after that, and one day Mary Romaine told her sister that she was not at all so sure that Elizabeth intended deserting them for a situation of a more permanent nature.

"Do you mean she's going to jilt her widower?" inquired Mrs. Van Helm.

"I don't think she's going to jilt him, but I think she may not marry him. She will probably give him her reasons."

"Have you been imbuing her with some of your anti-matrimonial ideas? Martin What's-his-name will be obliged to you."

"No. She has her reasons."

"O then, that's all right. He's been married. He's encountered those before. He'll probably deal with them according to his experience. It just depends (our keeping Elizabeth) upon which is the more varied, her reasons or his experience."

"Whichever course she takes her reasons will have been valid. I don't think she's capricious."

"That won't do him any good, if she's made up her mind to throw him over. But if he's profited at all by his past opportunities, he ought to be fairly skilled in manipulating reasons, by this: especially if they're valid. If he is n't, he deserves all he gets. If her reasons were in-valid he could n't hope to cope with them, and then I should pity him."

"I don't know when I've taken such a fancy to anyone," said Mary Romaine.

That afternoon she and her sister were entertaining a caller in the drawing-room, when Elizabeth came in to serve the tea. After she had gone Mrs.

Van Helm remarked, with a gesture, that in her person their guest might recognize Mary's latest enthusiasm.

"If I'm not mightily mistaken," replied the lady, "I think I recognize in her something besides 'Mary's latest enthusiasm.' If I remember right I've seen her before, and she has her *historiette*. She—or her *doppelgänger*—lived here, in the Park, some four or five years ago, with my sister-in-law, Nellie De Peyster that was, you know. I recollect all this especially because she was such a striking-looking creature. One does n't forget such a face and physique. Everyone noticed her, but she was never forward (I'll say that for her), and Nellie liked her immensely, and only parted with her from sheer necessity. She was sorry for the girl, and got her admitted to a hospital in town, and saw that she had every comfort, and hushed up the matter as much as she could. She supplied her with the *layette*, and went to see her once or twice after the child was born. Later, of course, she let her drop, for she was over her trouble and necessarily a person like that—. But the girl did not impose upon her good nature and her past kindness. She never asked her for anything, and quite disappeared, and we only heard of her once in a vague sort of way through one of the maids (she has left since) who had a cousin whose sister's husband's mother (a regular Irish bond of relationship) knew someone who was taking care of the baby in Hoboken."

"Ah, that accounts for Philip De Peyster's embarrassment when you would insist on inviting him to discuss the merits of our parlor-maid, Mary," remarked Mrs. Van Helm. "I remember you thought it rather extreme. He evidently knew the story. Only another of your *faux pas*, dear,—but that's a detail. Go on, Mrs. Armory."

"There's nothing more to tell. No one ever succeeded in finding out who the child's father was, and as the girl

did not return here, the talk naturally died out. But, now she has returned, I wonder if she's prepared to take the consequences. I suppose she came back here thinking the whole thing would be forgotten, (it never got to the servants' quarters; for, as I said, Nellie was *very* particular to hush it all up,) but *we* knew, and I suppose she thinks we would n't remember. I think it's rather foolhardy in her to have risked it,—not that one would injure her, of course, but I suppose some of us would hesitate about taking her into our service,—especially where there were children."

"Another reason why I'm thankful I'm unincumbered," rejoined Mrs. Van Helm. "It would be provoking to have to dismiss Elizabeth on account of children. I don't know whether I should hesitate about taking her into my service or not, but I know I sha'n't hesitate about keeping her there. She's a perfect servant. All this happened before my time, and I don't see that I'm bound to respect traditions, to the extent of interrupting the even tenor of my household's way. Well, *chérie*, what do you think of your statuesque friend now?"

"I'm even more interested in her," said Mary Romaine. "She has trodden the winepress alone. If I had my way I should politely insist upon her having companionship. I should suggest that someone take his turn at the pleasant occupation. But, pshaw! it's all of a piece. Evidently the commandments are perfectly arbitrary. They are adjustable and reversible and erasable. One must n't lie,—but lying is n't so bad as stealing, and—er—some other things are not so bad as lying. And one need n't honor one's parents now-a-days, and it does n't matter if one covets one's neighbor's goods or not,—only it is n't very good form to talk about it. It's a pity a little more trouble was n't taken in the first place, and the commandments arranged and numbered ac-

ording to their consequence, with the seventh at the beginning as least important, and quite subject to the taste and discretion of the upper classes."

"Mary, Mary!" cried Mrs. Van Helm. "You are shockingly offensive. Pray, pardon her, Mrs. Armory, she is such an extremist, and such a blind partisan. But she is shockingly offensive."

Probably Mrs. Armory agreed with her, for she left soon after,—almost immediately,—and when she was gone Mrs. Van Helm reiterated that her sister had been shockingly offensive.

"Well, I can't help it," said the girl wearily. "I'm tired and sick of being immoderately discreet."

She made her way up to her own room and sat down beside the window, thinking how little good her passionate outburst would do anyone,—herself least of all. But she did not regret it on that account. She did not regret it on any account; she only deplored its futility. She thought she had a key to Elizabeth's conclusion against her marriage. Probably the girl had no courage to confess herself, and could not make up her mind to the dishonor of secrecy. She thought, too, she had a clew to Philip De Peyster's remark about the pedestal. But he might have refrained from that. It would have been more decent to have refrained. She thought she would wait until evening, and then see if she could not help the girl to greater strength of will and moral courage. But she would not begin by letting her know that she divined her secret. She would leave her the opportunity of disclosing it herself, if she chose to do so spontaneously. It would not be just to rob her of the virtue of voluntary confession, nor cheapen its value by any hint of foreknowledge.

At the usual hour Elizabeth appeared before the door, ready to perform her accustomed service, but Miss Romaine noticed that her eyes were red with weeping, and that her fingers trembled as they unbound her hair.

"What is it, Elizabeth?" she asked gently, turning half around, and stretching up a sympathetic hand to touch the girl's, which lay upon her head.

There was no reply, and Mary rose hastily from her place. The young woman was standing behind her chair, with her head bowed and her hands pressed tight against her face, but she made no sound.

Miss Romayne took a step nearer, and touched her tenderly upon the arm. "Elizabeth," (she could not have said "my poor girl,") "whatever you are willing to tell me I shall be so glad to hear. If you have anything on your heart that sympathy will lighten, let me know it. But tell me nothing you are not sure you would wish me to know tomorrow—at another time, when you were more composed. I mean, I do not wish to force a confidence you might regret later."

She was talking to her as she might have talked to her sister Constance.

The girl shook her head and managed to say, "No, I should not regret it. I wish to tell you. But I am not unhappy—only very humbled—very grateful. It has come to me often of late—since I have been with you, miss, that certain things I had thought were right (or at least, not wrong) and that I could make up for, were wrong and could n't be made up for. I don't want to do wrong any more. I wish to be good. I have n't been good, but I thought I need n't tell of it. I did not want to tell of it. It hurt me too much. But I did tell—tonight. I told Martin, and he said—he was not hard to me—he only said—he was sorry—and it seemed as if my heart would break. I felt wicked before, but I was always proud, and I held my head up. But now I am ashamed. O miss, will you let me tell you what I told Martin?"

And then she told the same story that Mary had heard earlier in the day—at scarcely more length, and with abso-

lute veracity. She did not indict anyone else; she had not to Martin. It could do no good; it would only do harm. He was not in her walk of life, and it had all happened years ago.

"Ah, how faithful you must be to your husband," said Mary; "faithful, and grateful and loving all your life long."

The young woman bowed her head. "I love him so," she said simply.

Mrs. Van Helm was not surprised when she heard that Elizabeth was going to be married.

"I told you he'd be able to cope with her reasons if he wanted to. Evidently she has n't given him the one, *par excellence*, or he would n't have wanted to."

"She told him what Mrs. Armory told us, if that's what you mean," said Miss Romayne.

"And he's going to marry her, notwithstanding. His taste for the statuesque must be disproportionate," returned her sister.

Elizabeth was married a couple of weeks later.

If the new maid had any special predilection for the performance of tasks outside her province, the predilection did not lie in the direction of Miss Romayne's hair, and Mary was still without an attendant of her own.

Mrs. Van Helm was very generous to Elizabeth on the occasion of her wedding, which, she maintained, was virtuous of her, considering the loss she sustained through the event.

"And there'll be no one to help poor Miss Romayne to dress for the clam-bake tomorrow morning, for I can't spare Jeanne," said she plaintively, when the girl came to bid her goodbye before leaving for the church.

"Indeed, madam, I'll come," said the young woman quickly; "I have told Miss Romayne I will come."

"What! Leave your husband the morning after you're married to him? That would be clever!"

"He will understand," replied Elizabeth.

Promptly on time the next day she made her appearance before Mary Romaine's door. She was radiant; but her radiance was of a wistful cast. She was tearfully happy. She told Miss Romaine why, what time she was arranging her hair.

"After we were married, miss," she said, "we walked home together to his little house, just beyond the Park here. And when we got there the children were waiting for us at the door, and he had taught them to call me 'Mother,' and they kissed me, and it seemed as if it were too much happiness. And everything was so clean and bright and homelike. We had our supper quietly all together, and after I had washed the dishes and had laid them away, we—the children and Martin and I—sat down by the kitchen doorway, and it was, O! so sweet and calm and still. I had the youngest girl in my arms. She had fallen asleep there: she's only a baby child. And by and by I noticed that the children and I were doing all the talking. My husband was very still, and he hadn't spoken for a long time. I asked him what was the matter, and he said he was thinking how happy he was, with his wife and children about him so; and that there was only one thing wanting to make it complete; and I asked him what was that, and he said, 'My other child'; and this morning he went to fetch him home to me; and O miss, if my husband were a saint on high, I could n't worship him more than I do for the deed he's done this day."

Mary Romaine did not speak. After awhile she said irrelevantly, "What is your husband's work, Elizabeth?"

"He is Mr. De Peyster's trainer, miss. He has charge of all his horses."

Up to this time Mary Romaine had persisted in her course of "dallying" with Philip De Peyster, but her dallying could not have been "undue" or, as

he had said, he would not have permitted it, and he was permitting it. That is, he was even more averse than he had been in the first place to considering himself the subject of an unqualified rejection. He found, as time went on, that it would be more and more distasteful to him to feel that she looked upon herself as having put him outside the chance of recall.

Her sister asked her one day what she intended "to do with him."

"Nothing, I'm waiting for time to develop my knowledge of him. When I know him better and understand him more, I may marry him."

A little circumstance occurred that morning that led to her knowing him better, even though it tended to make her understand him less.

She was still busy with her toilet when he was announced, and she bade Elizabeth to say she would be down very soon, but not quite immediately; and she was sorry her sister could not receive him at once in her stead, but Mrs. Van Helm was also in her dressing-room.

She finished her "last touches" much sooner than she had supposed possible, and ran lightly down stairs, pausing at the drawing-room door before pushing through the curtains, to adjust a fold or secure a pin. As she stood there she heard a voice at her side, separated from her only by the intervening portière. It was Philip De Peyster's voice, and he was saying:—

"Come Elizabeth, don't be a fool. A girl in your position can't afford to be so d—d independent. Hurry! take it! She'll be down in a moment. How are you going to manage now you're not earning wages any more? Are you going to let him support it? It was all very well while you had your wages, but now you've got to pocket your pride to one of us, and it'd better be to me than to him."

A second later Elizabeth heard the

tinkle of Miss Romaine's bell. She answered it upon the instant.

"Elizabeth," said the girl drearily, "please go down and tell Mr. De Peyster that I cannot receive him at all to-day,—not today nor any day. Tell him I will never receive him again."

The young woman stood irresolute for a moment, astounded out of her usual perfect control.

Mrs. Van Helm, who had just rustled in, gave an exclamation of dismay.

"What? Are you going to dismiss him like that? Wait, Elizabeth! I will

go down and explain,—he will demand an explanation,—what shall I say is your reason, Mary? You must have a reason."

"Yes, I have a reason," responded the girl bitterly, "but he won't be able to 'cope' with it, Constance. Tell him I heard what he said just now. He will understand."

"Am I to tell him you will not marry him?" inquired her sister.

"You can tell him I should have preferred to have married his trainer," said Mary Romaine.

Julie M. Lippmann.

AH ME!

I SAY to my heart, "Be still!
 Beat not against my breast
 With all this fierce unrest;
 I am ill, I am ill,—
 Fainting, sinking in the fire
 Of a passionate desire
 That consumes my thought and will."

I say to my soul, "In vain
 You beat your restless wings
 'Gainst the cruel bars of things
 That imprison and restrain;
 Turn your eyes away, be strong,
 Captive shall you be not long,
 But your prison rent in twain."

That life should be, ah me!
 Longing, and never joy;
 Paltry pleasures that cloy,
 And writhings to be free;
 Faintings, cryings to the sky,
 "My God, O let me die,"
 When it should sweetest be.

Ah me!

Frances Fuller Victor.

ETC.

THE report of the National Educational Association's Committee on Secondary School Studies though in print but a few weeks, has been accepted already, as one of the most important educational papers ever published in this country,—perhaps the most important. Yet its importance consists not so much in its offering any new light on the subject, as in its presenting with so weighty a consensus of approval views that have long been familiar to every one that has heard the subject of secondary education intelligently discussed. It is a tribute to the effectiveness of the system of University accrediting that recommendations, of the report so far as they concern high schools alone, without reference to changes in elementary schools, so nearly describe the work of any fully accredited high school in California. Indeed, it is repeatedly said in the report itself that these things are actually in practice in the best schools already. But it is already evident that the presentation of them in so deliberate a manner, by so authoritative a committee, is going to make an unprecedented impression on university and school authorities. The Committee of Ten that makes the report was constituted at the meeting of the Association in 1892; its chairman was President Eliot, of Harvard, and among the other members were Dr. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education; President Angell of Michigan; and President Taylor of Vassar; with other college men, and principals of secondary schools. Nine sub-committees were organized by this committee, each consisting of ten men, who were to represent both schools and colleges, and all sections of the country; each sub-committee was to confer and report concerning one branch of study, as follows: 1. Latin. 2. Greek. 3. English. 4. Other Modern Languages. 5. Mathematics. 6. Physics, Astronomy, and Chemistry. 7. Natural History. 8. History, Civil Government, and Political Economy. 9. Geography. The reports were to consider at what age each study should be begun; how many hours a week should be given it; whether there should be any different treatment of the subject for those who are going to college and those who are not; and other questions of more special nature. On points, therefore, on which unanimity appeared, it is to be regarded as the spontaneous unanimity of ninety carefully chosen men from all over the country, who brought to bear on the topic both the special learning and wide view of college men and the experience of the high school teacher.

THE first, and perhaps the most striking, result that appears on collating the nine reports, is the unanimous feeling that a remodeling of the element-

ary school courses is necessary before secondary school studies can be put on a proper footing. The Greek committee only does not recommend that its subject should be begun earlier than at present. The Latin committee recommends that the study be begun, as in other countries, at about ten years old,—that is, at the beginning of the grammar school period, according to the distinction usual in California; the English committee and the two Science committees, that graded systems in their topics run through the whole course, from the primary school up; the Modern Language committee that German or French be begun as an elective with the grammar school course; the Mathematics committee that concrete geometry begin at the same stage; the History committee that biography, mythology, and Greek and Roman history, as well as American, should go back into the grammar school; the Geography committee that this subject, from the primary school up, shall include all that pertains to the description of the earth,—as meteorology, races, religions, governments, etc. It is not, of course, contemplated that the children in the lower schools shall have their hours of work increased. The great additions to the lower courses can be made practicable without, in three ways. First, by cutting out a great deal now in the course: thus, it is advised that some large sections of arithmetic go, to make room for the concrete geometry; while the study of languages, especially Latin, will eliminate a great deal of grammar. Second, by the co-ordination of studies: thus, the practice in English composition may be obtained quite as well by means of the written exercises in natural science; and systematic mythology, history, travel, and many other subjects, may serve all the purposes of the time-honored "reader." Third, more highly trained teachers can so guide the children as to enable them to accomplish considerably more work in a given time, with less fatigue, than at present. The report does not fail to recognize these three conditions as necessary to any such remodeling of grammar school courses. A few years ago such teachers as are needed could scarcely have been found; now, the great increase in interest in the lower schools felt in the universities is making it possible to obtain them, if boards of education once realize the need. The normal schools, also, might now rise, by co-operation with the universities, to a higher plane than at present.

THE next important recommendation on which there is again a striking unanimity, is that no difference should be made in the treatment of subjects between those who are going to college and those

who are not. The best way for one is the best for all. This, again, will probably be indorsed by all the best students of high school work.

Now comes the difficult problem—the distribution of time among the studies. The committees all agreed,—and wisely, surely,—that no scrappy, discontinuous instruction, in brief courses, should be given: continuance, sequence, thoroughness, are to be sought. But the courses mapped out under the nine topics would take at least twice as many hours in a week as the boy or girl should be expected to give. It follows that either some must be sacrificed, or, while all are offered, no one child shall be expected to take all, but election among them shall be permitted. Here the work of the nine special committees ceases, and the original Committee of Ten, under President Eliot, undertakes the drafting of a scheme to unite their recommendations. It is to be remembered that in what follows we have no longer the strikingly unanimous verdict of a large number of experts, often given without knowledge of each other's views, but the agreement of a smaller number, arrived at by consultation and compromise. First, four sample courses are mapped out: a "Classical," a "Latin Scientific," a "Modern Languages," and an "English." The two latter, the committee take pains to say, they unanimously consider distinctly inferior to the two former. The omission from each course of some important work found in the others is recognized as a matter of regret, and the effort is made to postpone the "bifurcation" as late as possible, that the pupil may have a chance to try himself in each field of knowledge before choosing. Could the recommended changes in grammar school courses be made, the necessary omissions in each of these high school courses would be far less serious,—perhaps might be altogether avoided. The recommendation of the parallel-course system is therefore a make-shift one, pending the reorganization of the elementary schools in which the real solution of the difficulties would be found. This reorganization should not be so difficult in the best private academies; but will not be so easy in public schools.

SO FAR, we think, all students of education will go with the report, and hail it as an ally. A section of more doubtful usefulness follows,—written unmistakably by President Eliot, the very phraseology being that in which he has before clothed the same views. From some distinct inconsistencies with what precedes, one might almost suspect that the chairman of the committee was not the one that drafted the whole report, and that the majority of his colleagues either did not perceive, or passed over as immaterial, some discordances here introduced. One member, indeed,—President Baker, of Colorado University,—presented a minority report, protesting against this very section. Its subject is admission requirements of colleges: and after recommending that colleges

and scientific schools shall admit "to appropriate courses" the graduates of any one of the courses of a good high school,—as our Western universities do, discriminating however between the degrees given according to the course,—it goes on to suggest that "any groups of studies" made up from the studies here recommended—provided that only certain requirements as to number of hours in all and continuance of study are met—be accepted by colleges as preparation; all subjects being considered equivalent in educational rank. Thus, a boy might be admitted to college, for example, entirely without preparation in mathematics, the time having been given instead to French. Yet the whole previous section, and indeed all the rest of the report, assumes as an essential basis of recommendation the different educational value of studies, and the prime necessity of conserving certain ones in all groups, while others may be left elective. When one notes further that this talk of "the democracy of studies" is coupled with irresponsibly phrased suggestions as to what might be done, and that even in this very section, wherever a distinct recommendation of the committee is made, a very different proposition replaces it, viz: that any one of the four groups offered should admit to *corresponding courses*,—and sees that nine tenths of the readers will take the chairman's mere suggestion as the recommendation of the committee,—the section assumes an aspect even disingenuous. The committee undoubtedly passed on this section, wording and all, and but one of the ten protested; yet it certainly seems at this distance as if they made a grave error in allowing the chairman's well known hobby to be interpolated, as a sort of suggestion, into the midst of their formal, and quite different recommendations.

THIS is the only serious criticism to be made on a document otherwise just, wise, and prophetic of great educational good. Of the nine supplementary ones, the reports of the special committees, we have not space here to speak: they are exceedingly interesting and important, but more specially to teachers than to the general reader.

THE Midwinter Fair has had its formal opening, and several weeks of operation. The opening day, with seventy-two thousand pay admissions, went beyond the hopes of the management, and was exceedingly good by comparison with preceding expositions. The days that have followed have been also good in average attendance, although the widespread belief that a Fair got up on such short notice must be in a very unfinished state, has kept many people away. Another bar to full attendance in these early days has been the dislike of Californians to venture a trip in a time when rain is possible, in view of the certain sunshine of days that are to come. This and the experience of other expositions makes it clear that the Midwinter Fair in point of attendance will

be a success, as compared with any pre-Columbian Fair. The days of waiting have been rather too much of a strain on a few of the concessionaires, whose heavy expenses began weeks before the Fair was opened at all, but those that have carried it so far ought not to have any difficulty in the days to come. Very few touches are needed to make the exhibit complete. The Russian section, long behind all others because, it is said, of delayed freight, and damage in the Chicago Fair fire, is rapidly taking shape, promising to be worth the long delay. Even the grassplats and palm and orange shrubberies will soon be in good condition. The question whether the Fair is a success in point of artistic beauty and novelty and variety of exhibits, and truly international in attendance and representation, the OVERLAND will endeavor to put its readers in a position to judge by the April issue. It is to be a Mid-winter Fair number, and all its pictures and most of its text are to be given to that subject.

SINCE our last issue, San Francisco has lost one of those venerable and picturesque figures that have a real, though indefinable, value to the community life, and are rare in our younger communities. Colonel Stevenson was born in the eighteenth century, and brought the first regiment of United States soldiery to California nearly fifty years ago, as every Californian knows. The group of American settlers who were in California before the gold period has still a good many living representatives, and there are even several well known figures left of those who were in the State before the American conquest, and far back into the Mexican period. But as most of the pioneers were very young men when they came here, while Colonel Stevenson was already in mature life, he had reached a great age while some of his predecessors on the Coast were scarcely yet to be called old. He was also a more familiar figure on the streets than any other of his contemporaries. He kept office hours till just before his last illness when he was nearly ninety-four years old, and even after he had given up work he went about a great deal, and was constantly pointed out to strangers. He was at least ninety years old before he began to look like an aged man, or to need help in going about; and the spectacle of the old soldier carrying his years so lightly certainly gave to the city a touch of that sort of "interest" that Matthew Arnold thinks so much more abundant in the old countries than anywhere in America, and so important a part of life.

In the Sawunt-Warree Jungle.

WE had been broiling in Sindh for two long years,—then our regiment was ordered to Bombay. So Dalton, O'Shaughnessy, and I, got a month's leave of absence, and started to hunt in the jungles of the the North Concan at the foot of the Western Ghauts.

Sailing in a *pattimar* — a native craft — along the

Malabar coast, we landed at Vingoorla, and thence we traveled in palanquins along the route that led into the southern Mahratta country, until, on the third evening, we reached our destination near Sasooly. There our tents were pitched in a mango grove near a large *jheel*, or artificial lake, and presently the *patel*, or head man, of an adjoining village, accompanied by some *shikarrees*—hunters—visited us. In answer to our inquiries they gave us the gratifying intelligence that the surrounding jungles were full of game, while in the Banda River the *mahaseer* — the salmon of India — could be caught in abundance.

So, after an early supper, we overhauled our guns and fishing tackle, smoked Trinchinopoli cheroots, discussed our plans, and turned in. Then no sound broke the stillness of the night but the voice of our Ramooser watchman, as he called the hours, the hum of myriads of winged insects, and the shrill howling of a pack of jackals.

We were out before sunrise, scattering the dew-drops from the tall grass, and getting occasional shots at coveys of painted partridges, as they went whirling up from the dense undergrowth, until we came in sight of the river, which at that point went dashing and whirling along, sometimes in deep, dark pools, and then again in rippling shallows.

Dalton was no professor of "the gentle art," so he took some of the shikarrees and started into the jungle to shoot pea-fowl, while O'Shaughnessy and I remained to try our luck at angling. The stream was some thirty yards wide, so I prepared to fish down stream, as O'Shaughnessy preferred working upwards.

I had a trusty, London-made salmon rod, with sixty yards of oiled silk line, and I soon attached as stretcher and dropper two gaudy flies, all crimson, blue, and gold, like tiny humming-birds, and sent them dancing and gleaming across the current. Presently there was a slight, round eddy, as the bottom fly went slipping along, and at the next cast, with a heavy plunge, the line went cutting through the water, while the stout rod was bent nearly double, as something, all glittering like burnished silver, sprang up into the air some twenty yards down stream.

"*Both burra mutchee sahib!*—(A very big fish!)" exclaimed my native attendant; and off I went, sometimes plashing through the shallows, sometimes stumbling over fallen logs and roots, but always keeping a tight strain on the fish.

Occasionally I succeeded in checking its course, and began to reel in the line, but in another instant it was off again, as if with renewed vigor. Gradually, however, its efforts grew fainter and fainter, while its silvery sides began to turn upward, until at last I succeeded in drawing it, quite exhausted, into shallow water. My follower skillfully slipped a net under it, and I had the satisfaction of landing a magnificent ten pound mahaseer. As it lay quiv-

ering on the river bank, I did not envy even Solomon in all his glory.

I succeeded in capturing three others, but the fourth fish fought desperately, and after a protracted struggle broke away, carrying off both my flies, and leaving me to lament the loss of the biggest fish I had hooked. Somehow it always is the largest one that gets away.

Gradually the river had become darker and deeper as the ground became more level, and for some time, to my great disgust, I had not got a rise, when suddenly, close to the bank, a huge pair of gaping jaws, furnished with rows of sharp, gleaming teeth, emerged from the water, as a twelve-foot alligator—a *snuggur*—showed his ugly head and cruel eyes for an instant, and then sank out of sight.

I knew then that there were no more mahaseers for me that day, and as it was near tiffin-time, I returned to our camp. Here I found Dalton, who had succeeded in bagging four splendid pea fowl, with quite a number of teal; while O'Shaughnessy had secured two mahaseers, broken his rod, and got a thorough ducking in the river, while striving vainly to secure "a regular whale, by Jove, sir."

We had finished tiffin and were enjoying our cheroots, when the *patel* came hurrying up, with a crowd of affrighted villagers, and startled us with the intelligence that a man-eating tiger had just seized and carried off a boy who had been herding cattle on the plain near the village.

In a few moments all of us were busily engaged in examining and loading our rifles, (for this was before the introduction of breech-loaders), and summoning our shikarrees, we speedily started for the place where the tragedy had occurred.

We found the spot whence the boy had been carried off; and his little brother, sobbing, pointed out where the tiger had seized his prey. Only a few scattered blood-stains were visible, but the trained eyes of the shikarrees readily discerned the trail that the brute had made through the scrubby thicket; and after proceeding a few hundred yards a low growl from a clump of bushes warned us of the tiger's presence.

The foliage was so dense that we could not get a view of his body, and the shikarrees beat their tom-toms and fired their matchlocks in fruitless efforts to dislodge him. At last, apparently affrighted at the uproar, the brute attempted to steal away, and we caught just a glimpse of a yellow streak slipping through the long grass.

Our rifles seemed to make but one report, and for a second the tiger appeared to sink to the ground. But quickly recovering himself, he glided out of sight before we could fire again.

In the thicket from which he had emerged we found the mangled remains of the unfortunate cowherd. Following the track up, the shikarrees declared that the beast had been severely wounded, and that one of his forelegs was probably broken.

We pressed along cautiously. After we had gone about a mile, the trail suddenly led down into a *nullah*, or dry water course, some fifteen feet wide and ten feet in depth. We halted at its brink to reconnoiter, and examined the ravine carefully, endeavoring to find a practicable place of descent.

The upper part of the banks projected considerably beyond the lower, which had evidently been washed out during the rainy season, and from the low savage growls and fierce snarling that we could distinctly hear, it was evident that the beast had retreated into some den or cavity beneath the opposite bank.

We sent to our camp for rockets, but even these fiery missiles had no effect. At last Dalton announced his determination to descend into the nullah single-handed.

It was in vain that we tried to dissuade him. The natives unwound their turbans and *cummerbunds*,—girdles,—then, passing these beneath his armpits, he was carefully lowered. He held a rifle in each hand, while we stood with our guns ready in case the tiger should make a rush.

When Dalton reached the bottom of the nullah, he laid one rifle on the ground, and gazed anxiously into the dark recess before him, which was evidently the tiger's den. As his sight became accustomed to the gloom, he could distinguish the figure of the savage beast, and see its eyes glaring viciously as it tried to gather itself up for the final spring. Then sinking on one knee, he aimed straight between those blazing orbs; as the rifle cracked, the man-eater sprang convulsively up in the air and fell dead.

Our shikarrees quickly scrambled down into the nullah, and dragged the carcass into the light. It was fully eleven feet in length, but the hide was disfigured by hairless patches, like those on a mangy dog, and the teeth were almost worn out.

In the den we found a quantity of human bones, and several silver waist-bands, bangles, and rings, which were recognized by the villagers. They exulted in the destruction of their merciless enemy, and almost worshiped Dalton during the remainder of our stay in that neighborhood.

T. J. B.

A Boys' Club.

THE cynic who claimed that the chief good most charity has done consists in its deliverance of charitable women from the curse of idleness has come, it must be admitted, uncomfortably near the truth. Indiscriminate giving is little less than a sin, and the man or woman that indulges in it has sown the seed of pauperism, and perhaps of wickedness, against whose harvest the momentary satisfaction that was afforded the giver by a seemingly generous act will stand as a very poor recompense.

And so it has come about that there is no department in the world where we find a more urgent need of system and organization, and of an increase of

rationality at the expense of sentiment, than we find in the department of charity. It was this great need that was recognized by the founders of Toynbee Hall in London twenty years ago, and that is recognized in this country, where the college settlement movement, although hardly yet out of its infancy, can already claim four thriving institutions,—Hull House in Chicago, the Rivington Street Settlement in New York, and the other two in Boston and Philadelphia.

The settlement workers have as their first principle the belief that the only way permanent good can be done among the dwellers in the miserable and squalid parts of our cities is by living among them, and lifting them by every-day example and help gradually above the sordid surroundings which have become so thoroughly a part of their lives that they can conceive of nothing brighter nor better. So a house in their very midst is rented by the workers, and here about a dozen men or women live, some remaining for a year, some for a longer time. The part of the house not used as living rooms by the occupants is given up to club purposes, and here mothers' meetings, sewing circles, smoking councils for the men, concerts, lectures, socials, meetings for the children, and any other gatherings that can be contrived to interest, amuse, or instruct, the people of the district, are held night and day. Besides this the settlers are always ready with advice or help, and much of their spare time is spent in visiting the sick and utterly destitute of the district.

San Francisco has no college settlement as yet, but she has not been behind her sister cities in good, substantial work. For the last two years an institution approaching a college settlement as nearly as limited numbers and means would permit has been conducted in this city. On Oak Grove Avenue, a small thoroughfare between Harrison and Bryant and Fifth and Sixth streets, is a house known as the Boys' Club. Here, on every afternoon and evening of the week, classes of boys, ranging in age from eight to eighteen, assemble and are taken charge of by young men and women enough interested in the work to give their time and services. The interior of the house has been made very bright and attractive, and no trouble has been spared by the enthusiastic managers in their plans for the welfare of the little waifs under their charge. The children all belong to the district of the city where the club is located, and come, of course, from the poorest families and the most miserable so-called homes. The classes vary in size from twelve to twenty boys. Part of the time of each meeting is spent in some simple employment,—in drawing or wood-carving by the artistically inclined, and in making baskets or hammocks or in caning chairs by the others,—and the remaining time is taken up with the playing of some simple, instructive game, by reading, or by music; and there is at least one place where "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" and "Annie Rooney" retain their pristine popularity.

It will be seen that nothing has yet been done to-

ward the teaching of trades, for that has been impossible in an institution subject to so many limitations as this has necessarily been. All that has so far been attempted is to create in the boys a love for good, honest work and simple amusement, and through their interest in their club, to raise them above the impulses and aims they come in contact with at home, and to counteract, as far as possible, the evil influences that are bound to claim every street gamin.

A library of elevating literature has been contributed to the club, and the books are circulated among the boys who have shown themselves worthy of trust.

On an appointed Saturday of each month is held an entertainment, which is planned and carried out by each class in its turn, and these festivities prove as great a delight to the audience, as pleasure is a rarity in their young lives.

At least once a year each class is treated to a day in the pure country air, and to a substantial luncheon; and the thorough enjoyment which the picnickers derive from their outing shows that such days are as novel to them as is the greatest luxury to more fortunate children. It is pitiful to hear the little ones plan where they want to go and what they want to eat a whole year ahead. A trip to Angel Island is a very ordinary enterprise to most of us, but the wonderful possibilities that such an expedition suggested to one little fellow were hinted by his inquiry as to whether the place he was going to was so called because angels lived there.

Admittance to membership in the club is determined solely by the boy's age, and the possibilities for improvement shown by his manner and appearance. No religious requirement of any kind is made; Catholics, Protestants, Jews, and the little philosophers who have constructed their own systems of the world to accord with the treatment they have received at its hands,—all are received on the same footing. And of course no religious instruction is attempted; all that is tried in that line is to convince the children that honesty and the Golden Rule are the safest guides of life.

And this is a meager outline of the work that Boys' Clubs are doing in this and in other large cities; their work has perhaps been small in comparison with the possibilities offered, and their direct results as yet smaller still, for the work is necessarily one of evolution. But they have laid the right foundation; they have worked on the principle that we are all, with a few wonderful exceptions, children of our surroundings, and so they have tried to throw a little of the refining influence of love into the many sunless lives which have come under their protection, to prove to the young, unformed characters that there are many who care whether they develop into honorable men or into prison birds, and to show them that despite the dark side of the world there is much that is beautiful and lovable in life, and that it is this that they are to live and strive for.

Mabel Hall.

Influence of Spanish-Californian Woman.

CALIFORNIA resents forty-nine! This protest is instinctive. Its very existence is a surprise to strangers, who know but of Argonaut days.

But these are but of yesterday. What of the day before? This growth was a graft. What of the parent stem?

And so, not in the self-respecting and dignified New England and "interior" settlements that today inhabit California's valleys and mesas, and have made the name of California a synonym for harvests so stupendous that they determine the price of grain in the marts of the world; not in the representatives of that elder and yet more splendidly audacious immigration that has revolutionized commerce with its wealth of subterranean treasure; nor yet in the half-sacred *hegira* of the Huguenots at Carolina, and the Pilgrims at Plymouth,—but far away from these in the not less heroic and half-divine coming of the Castilian discoverer, and even in the tawny Mexican, does the Californian of today seek the matrix of his own peculiar and characteristic contribution to the world's civilization.

And in spite of her State emblems, the inspiring Genius of California—venerated as much as the Californian is capable of venerating anything—is not the bear of Frémont, nor even the yellow poppy, but this apparition of charms dubiously blended—Indian, Mexican, Spanish—which stands framed in the morning twilight of his history. "Apparition" do I call her? Nay, verily, warm flesh and blood is she in his memory. Were there ever such sweet-hearts, wives, and mothers, as these? How they contrast with the half-exhausted, worn, and prematurely old "helpmates" that were half-led, half-dragged hither by restless adventurers from New England and Michigan forty-five years ago!

The deepest inspiration and the final cause of State or National development roots in the religious idea. Now compare, as a source of influence, the heterogeneous agglomeration of faiths and anti-faiths—Methodism, Calvinism, Liberalism, Skepticism—of this later immigration, with the sacred circle of the Church drawn about that first sisterhood of California! Half heathen, half Christian, they were wholly possessed by a deep religious sentiment, after the ritual of the most picturesque religion in the world, as interpreted by the utterances of their saviour, (for such he is fondly believed to be by thousands,) who was born in the year 1732 on that small island, Mallorca, in the Mediterranean, Junipero Serra. The zeal of God inhabited this man. At sixteen a friar of the order of St. Francis, he penetrated Mexico, where he became the Messiah of the Indians. Thence he ascended to that fabled enchanted region, whose rumor had long held sway among the remotest recesses of the elder continent.

Away back in the black-lettered pages of Feliciant de Silva and Amadis de Gaul, there was legend of the Ethiopian queen who inhabited California, the

fair island west of the Indias. What romance could be more familiar to the Spanish navigators who later touched these shores! There were the Hesperides that lured them from home; there later was found the *lotos-land* that made them remember it no more. Here at the world's end Nature had made her supreme effort. While the happy wild man lay outstretched upon the softly rounded promontory, sunning himself, lulled by the low tones of the ocean, there came to these Arcadian shores men from afar. Thither Father Junipero brought the first women of Mexican, Indian, and Castilian strain that ever saw California. Where will you find more virtue, industry, uprightness, and domesticity, than among these same mothers, who, during all the hardships of a first colonization, so faithfully fulfilled their part?

The motives of great immigrations have never been the noblest. But California's first one was the noblest in its history, if not in any history. And we may not question the savages, cause for gratitude to the good Fathers. The Western Coast does not suffer in comparison with the East.

One is justified in giving full sway to imagination in depicting California before the coming of the missionaries. It was one of the ideal spots of earth, and nowhere else has there been a less painful, more gradual, and in the best sense, natural transition, than that which followed the trail of the little band of missionaries. Then began the real influence of woman. The women as a class were much superior to the men. They were the industrious ones; their numerous duties left them little time for the cultivation of the mind, even had they had the best facilities,—but they were absolutely forbidden by the priests to learn to read or write. woman's duties lay within the home: she it was who reared the large families, prepared the winter's stores, wove the material for clothing, baked, brewed, and attended to the whole economy of the household. If a mother had leisure and the inclination, she undertook the instruction of the daughters of several families, not in books, but in baking, washing, weaving, and embroidery.

As the missions flourished, little towns or pueblos sprang up, clustering around the church or mission as a nucleus. Relatives from Spain and Mexico, hearing of the prosperity of their people, soon joined them, and upon application grants of land were made to those who showed a willingness to cultivate the soil; but even then they came slowly, and life was simple and free from strife. California has thus had an unique history,—the one blot upon it being the American treatment of the Spaniards by which one of the kindest and most hospitable people under the sun was robbed until it had nothing left worth robbing, by the American people, under the protection of the American flag!

But it was the women who made of it an Arcadia. They diffused the half-pathetic, half-dangerous charm over all the broad acres and happy valleys.

One could travel from the beautiful bay on the north to the lowest curl of the golden horn, and find shelter and entertainment at every door. There was not a public hotel in the State of California but one became a guest, a member of the family, so long as one wished to tarry. True, this was not a time of intellectual growth, but these are the elements of it, and this the amalgamation.

What is thy name? asked the Israelite of his mysterious antagonist,—because name meant character,—and the names that christen California's mountains and mesas, towns and shores, are of Castilian baptism.

Jessie Frémont Perry.

A Correction.

EDITOR OVERLAND: The story of Minnie-Wah-Wah, told by W. Arthur Jones in the OVERLAND for February, is one of many similar tales that have come down to us from the early settlers. I know not how true it may be, but I do know that Mr. Jones is in error when he says that Doctor Whitman was murdered by the Flat-heads of Montana. The massacre was by the Cayuse Indians of Oregon. Mr. Jones gives the name of the mission as "Waitipeii." It should be written "Wai-lat-pu,"—meaning, the place of rye grass. Very respectfully,

Henry Kellins,

Secretary Whitman Historical Society.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Moslem World.¹

THE editor of this new journal was consul of the United States at Haiderabad, India, the chief city of a Mohammedan native State. We learn that he was educated as a Christian in America, and that after much searching he became dissatisfied with Christianity as a practical religion. His life in India brought him into contact with the daily life of a Moslem community, and he was deeply impressed with the realization of actual brotherhood among men, which is one of the wonderful things that Islam always has accomplished in the past and which it accomplishes now to a great extent. His observation of the practical outcome of Mohammedanism led him to study the doctrines of Islam, and his study led him to belief. Accordingly he became a Moslem, and devoted some time to an apprenticeship under native masters in India. In 1892 he resigned his position as consul of the United States, and came to New York for the purpose of establishing a Moslem mission in America.

He has set about this in modern fashion: he holds himself ready to deliver lectures, and he has established a monthly journal to reach those to whom he cannot speak. The office of the journal in New York serves as Moslem headquarters for the United States, where letters of inquiry are answered, Moslem books distributed, and where advice regarding the establishment of local societies and clubs for research is freely given.

Seven numbers of the *Moslem World* have been issued up to this time, and some notice of this remarkable attempt should be recorded in these pages.

*The Moslem World.*¹ Mohammed Alexander Webb, Editor: No. 1, May, to No. 7, November: 1893.

There are many aspects in which the Moslem propaganda in the United States may be regarded. Up to this time we have been sending missionaries all over the world, and it is a new experience for us to receive one from a Mohammedan country. From time to time a mild Brahmin has strayed into Boston, or an occasional Buddhist to New York. But they have scarcely been taken seriously. It is noteworthy that the newspapers of the country (densely ignorant as most of them are regarding Islam) have, on the whole, received this new mission seriously and respectfully. It is difficult to explain the reasons for this, and it is, perhaps, not necessary to inquire too curiously regarding them. The fact remains that Mr. Webb has obtained a hearing and has not been howled down by a sudden storm of ridicule, as was at least possible. He has obtained a place to speak from, and it will be an interesting thing to observe the future progress of the first Moslem missionary to the United States.

The situation, as viewed from the outside, is an embarrassing one. From the inside it probably presents no difficulty to him. Islam is a simple religion to preach. "*There is no God but God; and Mohammed is the Prophet of God.*" The unity of God is a simple doctrine, easily understood of the people. Our reading of the Old Testament has made it more or less familiar; and the Trinitarian doctrines of the Christian churches have been attacked by Unitarians from the time of Arius to that of Starr King.

The first half of the formulary is, at least, not unfamiliar. The legation of the Prophet Mohammed is a difficulty. The blood of all English-speaking people still contains ancestral drops that protest

against *auld Mahound*. However, it is a far cry back to the Crusades, and the inherited prejudices are possibly worn out by this time. The chief obstacle will probably not be doctrinal objection to the fundamental formula of Islam. Probably in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred Mr. Webb's inquirers will ask him, How about polygamy? How about the position of women? The *Moslem World* has treated this question on several occasions, and has taken the entirely defensible position that polygamy is by no means an essential thing in Moslem practice, and that the monogamic marriage is perfectly suited to modern Moslem ideas. It is clear that the American crusade is to be fought on the one-man-one-wife program; so that as a practical question polygamy will not be discussed, and may here be left out of account. It is a little difficult for the outsider to conceive just how the propaganda is to go on. It cannot flourish by merely attempting to replace the abstract principles of Christianity by the abstractions of Islam. The latter are simpler, no doubt. Any one can comprehend the unity of God, while the Trinity of the Nicene creed requires more thought. But the battle will probably not be on that ground. If it is transferred to the questions of theoretic morality, the doctrines of Jesus are milder, and gentler, and more sympathetic to us than the justice of Mohammed,—though that, too, is kind. The strongest practical argument in favor of Mohammedanism is only to be seen in a Moslem country,—namely, the efficacious brotherhood of Moslems.

If these views are correct; if the success of the mission *will* not turn on the discussion of the abstract principles at the base of the two religions; and if, in the nature of the case, it *can* not turn on the comparison of the happiness and brotherhood of a Moslem community with that of a corresponding Christian one, as it is impossible to have before us the Moslem quarter of Haiderabad and the iron-workers' quarter of Pittsburgh simultaneously; it seems to an outsider that there is very little hope for the new missionary. No doubt some local clubs will be formed to read the Koran, (or much better, the speeches of Mohammed, by Stanley Lane-Poole,) or the life of Mohammed. No doubt a few persons who are discontented will try the new religion offered. But as, in the nature of things, the new religion cannot show its best side—its practical brotherhood, to wit,—its American mission seems to be doomed to failure.

In looking over the numbers of the *Moslem World* it appears that its line of attack on Christianity is not very well chosen. The attack seems to consist in clipping from newspapers accounts of the crimes of Christians, and especially of Christian clergymen, and more particularly of crimes against women—seduction, rape, etc. No doubt such crimes are to be severely reprehended. They are so reprehended in this country as elsewhere. The corresponding crimes

do not occur so frequently in Moslem countries, largely because Moslems marry young always, and marry often in many cases. There are not many Moslem newspapers to make clippings from, but it would not be difficult to extract from books, paragraphs to set over against those of the *Moslem World*, in which the actions of Mohammedans would appear in an unpleasant light. Pederasty has an ugly sound to European ears. But all such recriminations are idle. Religious and other reforms are made, not by denouncing the bad, but by holding up a glorious ideal of the good. It is not much to the purpose to attempt to prove that Mohammed's wars were all defensive, and that he used no force to compel adherence to Islam. In the first place, it is certain that he did use force for that purpose; and in the second, people like him all the better for it. If a Moslem army could raise the standard of holy war in Massachusetts, and could make a victorious march to California, offering the usual terms,—become a Moslem, or agree to pay tribute, or die,—then Mr. Webb might hope for converts, and to add the title *ghazi* to his name,—conqueror of the infidel. But this method is now impossible outside of "Asia or Africa. No other method will serve. The mission of Islam appears to be to conquer, subdue, civilize, and to make happy, the inferior races,—the intellectually inferior. There is an immense field of usefulness and success open to Moslems in Africa. We believe there is practically none in North America.

Funk & Wagnall's Standard Dictionary.

We have received Volume I of this new dictionary, which has the advantage over the present standard popular dictionaries of a more recent revision by scholars. It is unfortunate that so expensive a book as a good dictionary is one that needs constant bringing to date: but it is hard to see how it is to be helped, since language is a living, and growing, and changing thing. The long reign of the two standard authorities, Webster and Worcester, keeping the same names under whatever revision, had some undesirable effects in making precise persons of moderate education—schoolmistresses, for instance—think of language as a fixed and permanent possession, with a right and wrong way of using every word, from which there could be no appeal. Usage, however, will not be bound by any dictionary, and changes will take place, in spite of the dictionaries and schools,—which, however, are unquestionably agencies of tremendous potency in checking the rapidity of change. It is hard to see how a language so copious as the English, carrying now such increasingly subtle powers of distinction in shades of meaning, and used by so great numbers of widely separated people, would be able to keep its powers already gained without such standards. Change would easily run into disintegration. New great dictionaries from time to time, compiled by expensive corps

of learned editors, seems the only way to preserve without cramping our language.

The present publication does not compete with the Century dictionary in fullness, but expects rather to meet the ordinary uses of home and school. It purports to follow, not lead, usage; yet we find such a novelty as *abl*, as alternative for *able* in the suffix, — thus “capabl,” “blamabl.” In selection of words it does not try to include absolutely all that have ever been used in English, but rejects the individual whims of obscure authors, as it ought; and gives students some credit for ability to understand the original compounds and figurative uses of words in great authors. No dictionary can be quite consistent and satisfactory in this kind of discrimination.

To new words and the words of special sciences and studies, especial attention has been paid, and the services of specialists have been freely called in.

A Pre-Revolutionary Biography.¹

College Tom is a biography of a remarkable man. Thomas Hazard sprang from one among the sturdy lot of independents and schismatics that found a refuge in Rhode Island under the tolerant leadership of Roger Williams. The Hazard family (the name is spelled in a picturesque variety of ways, Hassard, Haszard, etc.) were Quakers, well-to-do farmers and sheep raisers. The member of the family here considered acquired his name of *College Tom* by his attendance at Yale, though he does not seem to have taken a degree. Even so much of an education made him a prominent member of the community,—for the other characteristics of strong sense and sterling honesty he shared with many of his neighbors,—and for a long series of years he was clerk of Friends’ Meeting, and a man much consulted in all public matters. His papers and account books, carefully kept, with many a quaint entry and side annotation, are the material from which his great-grand-daughter has compiled her book.

It is a minute and exact picture of the life of the pre-Revolutionary farmer in New England, with its rude plenty and its careful frugality strangely compounded, its valuable lessons in economics given by the great variety and fluctuating value of moneys, and its strong moral element as well. For the thing that makes *College Tom* more worthy than any of his immediate fellows to have his biography recorded and studied, is the fact that he was a leader of his sect in taking the stand on the slavery question that made the Society of Friends a shaping force in our national history. There were slaves in Rhode Island and in New England generally at that time; *College Tom*’s father had many of them, and was gravely displeased with his son for his new tenderness of conscience in the matter. That breach was afterward healed, however, for the father later

learned to respect his son’s scruples, though he never attained to them himself.

The Revolution made but little change in the Hazard household. The fluctuations of “lawful money” grew worse and worse, and the Spanish milled dollars grew scarcer, and that was all. Actual military operations came no nearer this Peace Dale country than Newport, or perhaps some scare of a water attack, and the Quaker principles were proof against any temptation to enlist either for King or Congress. The Friends, however strongly patriotic, had not the intense and almost religious interest in the outcome of the War for Independence that they had when their own strongest testimony (that against slavery) was the question at stake. Large numbers of the young men of that society did find the Rebellion too strong an appeal for their non-resistance principles to withstand. A few of them did enlist in the Revolutionary Army, notably Rhode Island’s greatest general, but it seems never to have occurred to *College Tom* that he could do so.

College Tom, then, was a leader among the first sect in America that set its face strongly against human slavery, and even before the Revolution, had reached a standpoint on that subject, which was not gained by the country at large for nearly a century.

Miss Hazard has done well her labor of love, presenting to us the picture gained from these musty deeds and yellowed ledger pages.

The publishers, too, have done their part well; the book has large type, broad margins, some excellent *fac similes* of antique documents and Continental currency, and is beautifully though simply bound.

Briefer Notice.

MISS MITFORD’S delightful English and pretty neighborhood sketches make the little volume of her work recently published welcome.¹ It will serve by its dainty binding and convenient shape to entice many of the young people of the present day into the company of this famous woman. They will be charmed and profited by the friendship. In reading these close descriptions of village life, the reader wonders how the volume, in its day, was received by those who could read at all in the little village whose inhabitants are so minutely portrayed. They were not remarkable people in any way, and how did they like to have their faces, their garments, their houses, and their habits so searchingly scrutinized and set before the world? Then again, could the same method be successfully followed now, and in other surroundings, and meet with the same success, or with any success? Probably not, as to immediate and local success, but such work, so it is acute and honest, grows valuable in proportion to distance of time and place.

It was hardly a happy thought for Professor Gore to choose the present day to issue a book on *Par-*

¹*College Tom*. By Caroline Hazard. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1893.

²*Our Village*. By Mary Russell Mitford. New York: Charles L. Webster. 1893.

liamentary Practice,¹ based on the patriotic idea that Americans ought to use in their deliberative assemblies a manual embodying the rules of procedure in Congress, rather than those of Parliament or any foreign body. A code of rules, he maintains, so made up, is a great help to the effective and rapid transaction of business. As yet the current Congressional dispatches hardly bear out the claim, telling of days and days of filibustering and wrangling on points of order, of blocked wheels and violent altercations. The reader quickly turns for example in this *Manual* to the subject of quorums hoping to learn how that vexed question of the present day lies in an impartial mind. There is little help in the result. "A vote which exhibits the lack of a quorum is null and void. [But if members present and not voting make with those voting a quorum the vote is regular. Speaker Reed]." All through the manual one is impressed with a sense of needless complexity, as if the rules were intended to offer chances for the obstruction of business, rather than helps toward its dispatch. This may be

¹Congressional Manual of Parliamentary Practice By J. Howard Gore. Syracuse : C. W. Bardeen : 1893.

necessary in a body like Congress where such momentous results might follow hasty action, but surely any less serious business may better be done by disregarding two thirds of the Congressional rules. Possibly the present ferment in Congress may result in working out a more effective system, and a second edition of Professor Gore's book may then be useful.

Books Received.

- A Bundle of Life. By John Oliver Hobbes. New York : J. S. Tait & Sons : 1893.
 The Gist of Whist. By Charles E. Coffin. *Ibid.*
 A Protégé of Jack Hamlin's. By Bret Harte. New York : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. : 1894.
 The Little Old Man. By Uncle Charley. Syracuse, New York : C. W. Bardeen : 1893.
 Boys As They Are Made, and How to Remake Them. By Franklin H. Briggs. *Ibid.*
 Romance of a Dry Goods Drummer. By Marie Walsh. New York : The Mascot Pub. Co. : 1893.
 The Political Economy. By Henry W. Wood. Boston : Lee & Shepard : 1894.

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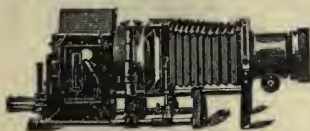
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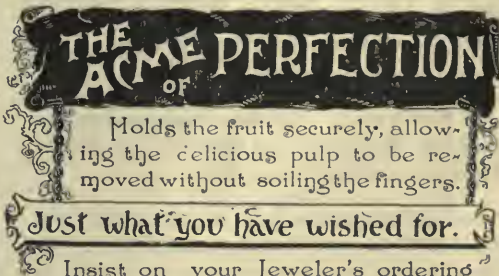
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Some Comments on Babies, *Milicent W. Shinn*. With 28 illustrations.
Travis Hallett's Half-Back, *Frank Norris*. With illustration.
Two Sunsets, *Earnest Malcolm Shipley*.
Onward, *Alice Henry*.
A Modern Jewish View of Jesus of Nazareth, *Jacob Voorsanger*.
Non Visus, *Narnie Harrison*.
A Bribe Defeated, *Colvin B. Brown*. With 2 illustrations.
Silence, *Charlotte W. Thurston*.
Micronesia, *Isaiah Bray*. With 6 illustrations.
Heralds of Day, *Aurilla Furber*.
The Rich Fool and the Clever Pauper, *Horace Annesley Vachell*.
The Magic Pot, *Leonard Kip*.
Love, *Katharine Lee Bates*.
Finnegan's Absalom, *Alice MacGowan*.
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A Contrast, *Juliette Estelle Mathis*.
After the Fire. Chapters I-II. *Quien*.
Etc. and Book Reviews.

FEBRUARY.

- Poems of the Northwest. With 12 illustrations.
Lines on the Evergreen State, *Ernest M. Shipley*.
The Columbia River, *John R. Rathom*.
Mount Hood, *Carrie Blake Morgan*.
At the Falls, *Frank C. Teck*.
Mount Baker, *Ella Higginson*.
Copalis, *Herbert Bashford*.
Autumn on the Columbia, *S. A. Clarke*.
Port Townsend, *Leonard S. Clark*.
To Beatrice, *Bertha Monroe Rickoff*.
A Case of Heredity, *Ella Beecher Gittings*.
Night Wind, *Aurilla Furber*.
Northern Seaside Resorts, *Frances Fuller Victor*. With 8 illustrations.
After the Fire. Chapters III-VIII. Concluded. *Quien*.
Is It Practicable to Regulate Immigration? *John Chetwood, Jr.*
Lincoln's Federal Townsite, *Herbert Heywood*. With illustration.
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VOL. XXIII

No. 136

SECOND SERIES

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At the request of the Directors of the Midwinter Fair, Mrs. Brooks has loaned to the Fine Arts Fair, Marbles No 200, 201, 202, 203, Official Catalogue. Mrs. Brooks gives daily Modelings in her Studio on the South Drive, and a visit to the Celebrated Sculptress will amply repay you. Admission, 10c.

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49TH SEMI-ANNUAL
STATEMENT OF

THE UNION SAVINGS BANK

OF OAKLAND, CAL.

(SAVINGS AND COMMERCIAL BANK)

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS DECEMBER 30, 1893

Capital Stock - - \$800,000 Surplus - - \$72,000

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A. E. H. CRAMER, Cashier

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VIEW OF BYRON HOT SPRINGS.

WHERE TO SPEND WINTER.

THE winter months in California are in many respects the most enjoyable of the year, and every returning season finds a larger number of visitors from the northern country and from Eastern states:—not only those who may be compelled by reason of physical necessity or temporary debility to seek a milder air, but those who for various reasons prefer to escape all the annoyances and inconveniences usually associated with winter.

To the young, in vigorous health, the Eastern and Northern winters of snow and ice may be invigorating, but the middle-aged and those in advanced years do not benefit by exposure to the inclemencies of weather; severe colds are contracted, and seeds of disease absorbed, that are not always overcome during the entire summer following, and then the long, cold, wet season once more returns ere the constitution is in a good condition to withstand another trial. The result is that rheumatism and all its attendant evils follow, and in a short time

become chronic, and life is found a burden, and is shortened by several years through unnecessary exposure, and the neglect of a timely change of climate.

Life in our great cities has other obstacles to contend with: besides those of a climatic nature we have a more insidious foe in the high living that is inseparable from our present scheme of existence. The high pressure at which we live, the rapid accumulation of wealth, the increasing cares of business, and the allurements of society cause a large proportion of our successful men of every pursuit in life to be reduced to such a condition at the age when they should be reaping the reward of their well-directed energies, that they are burdened with chronic ailments, such as gout, Bright's disease, rheumatism, etc.

Frequently, when too late, they plan European tours, seeking for health at Carlsbad, at Ems, and other noted watering places, and with an energy born of despair spend the balance of their lives in the vain search of health forever lost.

Where to Spend Winter.

All this misfortune can be avoided by a timely visit to our California health resort at Byron Hot Springs.

These well-known springs are the most accessible of all our California health resorts, being located almost in the center of population of the State, and on the main line of travel into the State. San Francisco, Oakland, Sacramento, Stockton, Fresno, and the cities of the South are within easy reach by rail.

Byron Springs are essentially an all-the-year round resort. In the winter months the rainfall is extremely light, the average annual fall being eight inches. After the early rains the hills are covered with flowers, and the many beautiful walks and drives in the neighborhood are most enjoyable. The bracing air from the mountains of Diablo adds a healthful zest to all outdoor exercise, and makes life at this season a continued pleasure. As this is one of the few health resorts that keep open

through the year, we find Eastern visitors quite numerous at this time.

The waters of Byron are of a diversified character, and effect cures over a wide range of human ailments. The Natural Hot Salt Springs at this place are the only ones in the State, and contain well-known curative qualities.

Byron also possesses the only natural hot mud or peat baths in California, which, taken in conjunction with the hot salt baths, have cured hundreds of rheumatic and other affections. There are also sulphur baths of various temperatures, iron, sulphur and salt drinking springs.

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Statement for the year ending December 31st, 1893.

Income.

Received for Premiums.....	\$33,594,337 98	
From all other sources.....	8,358,807 70	\$41,953,145 68

Disbursements.

To Policy-holders.....	\$20,885,472 40	
For all other accounts.....	9,484,567 47	\$30,370,039 87

Assets.

United States Bonds and other Securities.....	\$72,936,322 41	
First lien Loans on Bond and Mortgage.....	70,729,938 93	
Loans on Stocks and Bonds.....	7,497,200 00	
Real Estate.....	18,089,918 69	
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies.....	10,844,691 72	
Accrued Interest, Deferred Premiums, &c.....	6,609,608 39	
	\$186,707,680 14	
Reserve for Policies and other Liabilities.....	168,755,071 23	
Surplus.....	\$17,952,608 91	

Insurance and Annuities assumed and renewed\$708,692,552 40

NOTE.—Insurance merely written is discarded from this Statement as wholly misleading, and only insurance actually issued and paid for in cash is included

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct

CHARLES A. PRELLER, Auditor

From the Surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual

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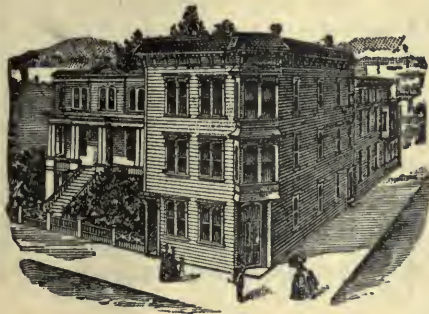
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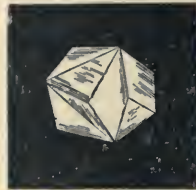
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Overland Monthly

Vol. XXIII. (Second Series).—April, 1894.—No. 136

AS TALKED IN THE SANCTUM.

BY ROUNSEVELLE WILDMAN.

WE WERE speaking the other day of magazines,—cut and uncut,—and I maintained with some warmth that to me a magazine was incomplete unless it was accompanied by a paper-cutter. Possibly I was thinking somewhat vainly of a certain paper-knife that represented a Malayan *kris*, with a handle inlaid with yellow gold from Mt. Ophir,—albeit I was serious in my advocacy of the uncut pages of my favorite magazines.

Both the Poet and the Contributor smiled pityingly at my flushed face, and said that I would soon be insisting upon having all our printing done on an old Franklin press and the staff putting on perukes, as it is the fashion nowadays to prefer the things that were to the things that be.

There is something deliciously fascinating to me in a big arm chair, a magazine redolent of the odors of the press, an open fire, and a paper-cutter—not a pen-knife. I smoke, and if I am allowed, I add a Havana to the list.

I am jealous of my solitude at such times. I love the sharp buzz and low crinkle of the stiff paper as the blade runs swiftly up the virgin page. A little shower of finely powdered flakes, dry and impalpable, marks the course of the ivory knife, and sifts softly down on my sleeve.

I can change the arch-fire for a burst of summer sunshine and the shady nook of a deep veranda, the leather-bound chair for a long rattan one, but the neatly trimmed pages of a modern magazine irritate me,—my harmless illusion that it was created for me is gone. There is no privacy in the machine-made thing. I would as soon think of throwing the Sanctum open to the world, as lose my evening dissipation with magazine and paper-cutter. In my fancy I am on a voyage of discovery to scenes and lands that have been my day-dreams. As I cut the first page I find myself in Egypt,—in the shadow of the pyramids, with the yellow Nile flowing calmly and stately between rows of yellow palms,—in the narrow, tortuous streets of Cairo, among Jews and Copts, Hindoos and Medes, men in skirts and women in pantaloons, dwellers in Mesopotamia, in Cappodocia, in Pontus and Pamphylia,—amid strings of camels laden with red beans and golden yellow lentils,—water carriers, hugging uncanny goatskins, and naked Nubians staggering under great hair sacks of corn. I turn over the pages, my paper-cutter sings quietly, a little flurry of white dust falls unnoticed on my clothes, and

I have taken up the thread of a serial where I laid it reluctantly by the month before. For a half hour I read, and cut, and read, and forget the spluttering fire before me. Possibly I am living with Bret Harte's characters,—my old true friends,—here on this sunny Pacific Slope, or mayhap with Mr. Howells's people of society and business, or Stevenson, Kipling, or Craddock, cause the pages to sparkle. But my voyage is not ended, when I at last draw a deep sigh as I come to the dreaded words, "Continued in our next." In a moment my eyes run down a charming bit of verse of society, and up to a well known name that beckons me on to a tour through the galleries of the Louvre, and down the dim, translucent aisles of the Cathedral of Cologne, with its marvelous windows and lace-like stone carvings.

My knife severs two more pages. "What next?" I think. I am not disappointed. I meditatively run my ivory plaything through my hair as the last treasure of the great monthly lies open before me. My cigar has gone out,—my placid voyage among the storied pages ended for the nonce.

Of course, I admit that there are people who never read magazines, cut or uncut; but then there are people who, since the time of Adam, have run after strange gods, and there are others who even prefer the Sunday newspapers to the best of the magazines. Between books and magazines there can be no rivalry. Between magazines and Sunday newspapers there is none.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY, with its long and almost historic past, with its promising and useful future, reflects what is permanent and lasting in California life and story. Its field is all that is intellectual and best between the Father of Waters and the Golden Gate. It mirrors the thought of a people that has enriched the world, and it has marched side by side with them from the days of the rocker and the sluice-box down to the present, when the magazine and its readers stretch out their hands and welcome their fathers from bleak, ice-bound New England and the storm-swept Atlantic Coast to a Fair that marks a new era in California's glorious history.

In the hearts and thoughts of the older Californians the OVERLAND has a place that has been made dear by years of fellowship, in good weather and in bad; and to the younger generation it has the promise to make, that it will strive to keep abreast with them in whatever is for the welfare and best interests of the entire Pacific Coast.

THEN, as people sometimes will, we fell to discussing the tariff. As a general thing we eschew political topics. What we said was not treasonable, nor was it particularly instructive.

The Poet said that when he was in London he bought a suit of clothes for twelve dollars, better than the ones he had on, which cost three times as much.

We all looked the other way, for poetry is not particularly profitable in California,—poetry went out to a great extent with our Spanish predecessors.

The Poet. "If Mr. Wilson and the Democratic Party are in earnest and wish to help the laboring man, why don't they place clothes on the free list instead of borax, and steel rails, and pen wipers?"

The Contributor. "And scarabæi and cuspidores."

The Poet. "Then you and I and every man that wears clothes, other than

fig leaves, would feel a direct benefit from the free list. If they want to reduce the tariff, why don't they do it on articles that cut some figure in a man's living account?"

The Contributor. "How about free salt? Possibly poets never demand salt. Their freshness is as a living spring."

The Poet. "If a man eat enough salt to become a Lot's wife, in one year he would save about enough to pay freight on himself out to the Midwinter Fair. Free salt! pooh! You might as well talk of free poetry, and then tell me how I would live."

I dropped my shears noiselessly. I had just added a poem by one of the poet's rivals to my free list.

The Contributor. "But there is the increased tax on whisky. As a father and a poet, you could not indite a dithyramb in praise of free whisky?"

The Poet. "Never. The Democratic Party's,—and I am a Democrat,—only salvation and revenue is the tax on whisky. It is their only friend, and now as in the past it will hold up their hands and be their comforter in the glad hours of jubilee, as it has ever been their solace in misfortune and trial."

The Contributor. "What a combination, a poet and a Democrat."

Some one called attention to the fact that two novels within the year had invaded the elder Dumas's so far uncontested field, both by Englishmen—"The Refugees," by Conan Doyle, and "A Gentleman of France," by Stanley J. Weyman, and both worthy competitors of the "Vicomte de Bragelonne" and "The Forty-Five Guardsmen," the two books which are most closely concerned. Mr. Conan Doyle has followed almost too closely in the footprints of Dumas in the first half of his admirable work, to convince worshipers of the great Frenchman that it is not a clever imitation rather than an original venture.

The Court of Louis XIV. has been so graphically described in the "Vicomte de Bragelonne" that one half expects to find the Musketeers, Mazarin, and La Valliere, in Doyle's brilliant account of this same court a few years after the events narrated in it; but instead of the gentle La Valliere we are introduced to Madam de Montespan and Madam Maintenon. Froquet and Colbert give place to Louvois, and Mazarin to Bossuet.

Mr. Doyle has taken up one of the saddest yet most fascinating chapters of French history—the rise of Madam de Maintenon and the expulsion of the Huguenots. Whatever verdict the readers of Dumas will render Mr. Doyle, as they read the sparkling pages of this part of his book, they cannot deny him his meed of praise when he suddenly transforms his scene and takes his little band of French and American refugees to the wilderness about Lake Champlain, amid fanatical Jesuitic priests and treacherous Indian foes.

In this latter half his originality asserts itself beyond the reach of the great master—Dumas.

Mr. Weyman's "A Gentleman of France" cannot be charged with anything further than borrowing some of the characters that we became acquainted with in the "Forty-Five Guardsmen," for the style, diction, and action, are as far removed from Dumas as can be well imagined. In fact, it takes up the thread of Henry of Navarre's life where Dumas left it.

M. de Marsac—the Gentleman of France—finds no counterpart in D'Artag-

nan or even in Mr. Doyle's *De Catinat*. He is careful, slow of speech, slow of action, at times stupid, but ever faithful and modest.

Still he is not lacking in plots, intrigues, or duels, and like a true Frenchman he has his *grande passion*.

The strong, honorable King of Navarre, and his weak, dishonorable rival Henry III. of France, stand out clear-cut and lifelike.

Both books are clean, without being dull. That phase of the French court on which Dumas and his colleagues love to dwell has been entirely ignored. Both books rank high as historical novels, and go far toward making one forget the flood of undeserving works that has been turned upon a long-suffering public of late by our Eastern publishing houses.

The Parson. "But for a' that, the day of the historical novel is past. 'The Heavenly Twins,' with its neurotic females, has set the pace for the ambitious novelist of the day. No one would think of using 'The Prince of India' for a model. It is beyond and above the modern ambition."

The Contributor. "The Parson is thinking of his unpublished manuscript,—the counterblast to 'Robert Elsmere.'"

The Parson. "I admit that if the master novelist and historian, like General Wallace, were to make a study of some period of history, and to his ready-made historical characters and incidents add a few of his own making, ascribing motives to historic action, revealing the secrets of the throne and the scullery, bringing events that would otherwise have been forgotten vividly before the eye, the outcome would be a work far more stirring and soul-inspiring than the realistic, analytic novel affected by present writers."

I modestly called attention to Harold Frederic's charming tale of the Revolution, "In the Valley," in which all the characters and scenes are historic, to show that we still had writers who were not afraid of the historical field, but the Parson waved me aside with a grand look of pity.

The Office Boy. "Proof."

So the discussion ended, unsettled as usual, with no conclusions reached.





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THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

SOME ARCHITECTURAL EFFECTS.

IF ARCHITECTURE, as generally defined, is the art of building according to principles determined not merely by the ends the edifice is to serve, but by considerations of beauty and harmony, then the general features of the notable group of buildings comprising the Midwinter Fair deserve more than passing consideration. The good old Vitruvian doctrine, that the three qualities of stability, utility, and beauty, are indispensable in a perfect building, has too often been disregarded. That the element of beauty is now being more generally studied and understood, argues well for the future excellence of our national architecture. It is to be regretted that the element of beauty did not earlier enter into the treatment of buildings at San Francisco. If it had, the present

appearance of the Golden Gate City would be vastly more attractive. In all the world, perhaps, no more picturesque site could be found than at San Francisco. But none seems to have considered beauty as of equal importance with utility, and no scope was allowed the imagination. Had there been more general exercise of this latter quality, I doubt if the hill-tops would be reached, as now, by dull, straight lines. That the more recent style, as was evidenced in some of the newer buildings, receives general praise and undoubtedly gives general satisfaction, may be regarded as surely indicative of a growing appreciation among all classes of the important element of beauty.

The Midwinter Fair examples of the more modern styles of architecture, or

rather the introduction in their construction of elements known long ago, but not generally practiced in this country, must, of necessity, be productive of much good, and will unquestionably do much toward illustrating the fact that beyond possessing a sense of symmetry an architect must have imagination and a due appreciation of harmony. Not only are the several buildings grouped around the Grand Court at the California Exposition attractive in themselves,

tectural elements producing a perfected whole, which the people may do well to study carefully and thoroughly during their hours of leisure at the Fair grounds.

It is, perhaps, impossible to have a national style of architecture. Our country is too broad and long, and its climate too diverse, to allow the adoption of one style of architecture. What would be appropriate in the Eastern States would not be in keeping with the climatic conditions or the vastly different landscape

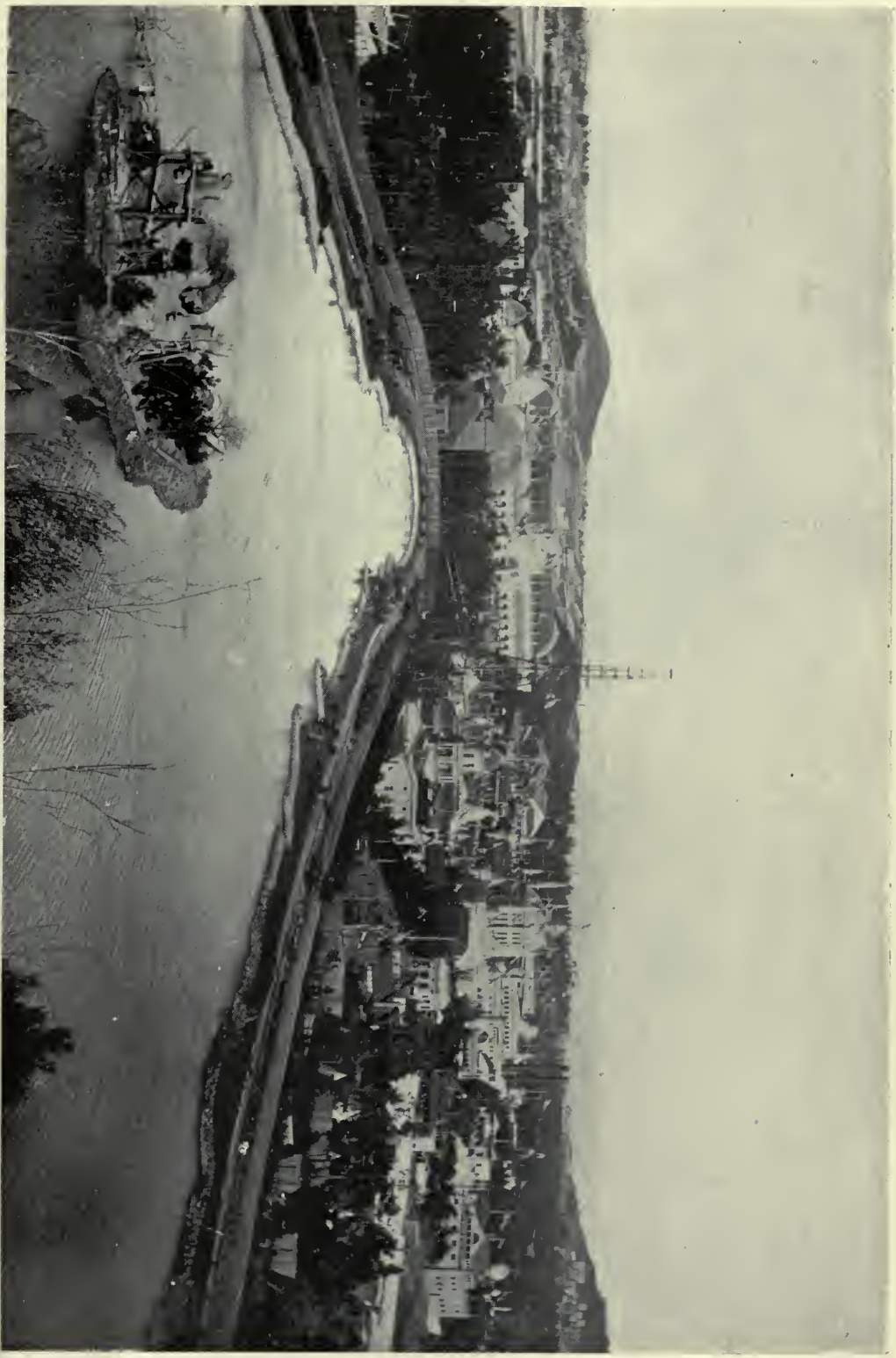


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THE OPENING DAY PROCESSION PASSING THE MECHANICAL ARTS BUILDING.

and attractive from a purely architectural point of view, but their color and outline harmonize in most satisfactory manner with their surroundings. The heavy walls, the low, red-tiled roofs, the long, shadowy loggias and arcades, and the deep-set windows, are at once suggestive of the climatic and landscape features which the artists, giving rein to their imaginations, were able to grasp and utilize. No element of utility has been sacrificed to those of beauty, or symmetry, or color, but there has been a rarely exercised combination of archi-

effects existing in the South and on the Pacific Slope. Certain general forms may be universally used, but there must always be local treatment. This fact was recognized and accepted by the ancients. Rome borrowed from Athens, and Spain from the Nile. In studying the Fair, one should not forget to investigate the why and wherefore of the effect produced. He should note not only the symmetry, illustrated in the lines of each building, and the color of walls and dome and roofs, but should see as well the general appropriateness of





A GLIMPSE OF THE LIBERAL ARTS PORTICO.

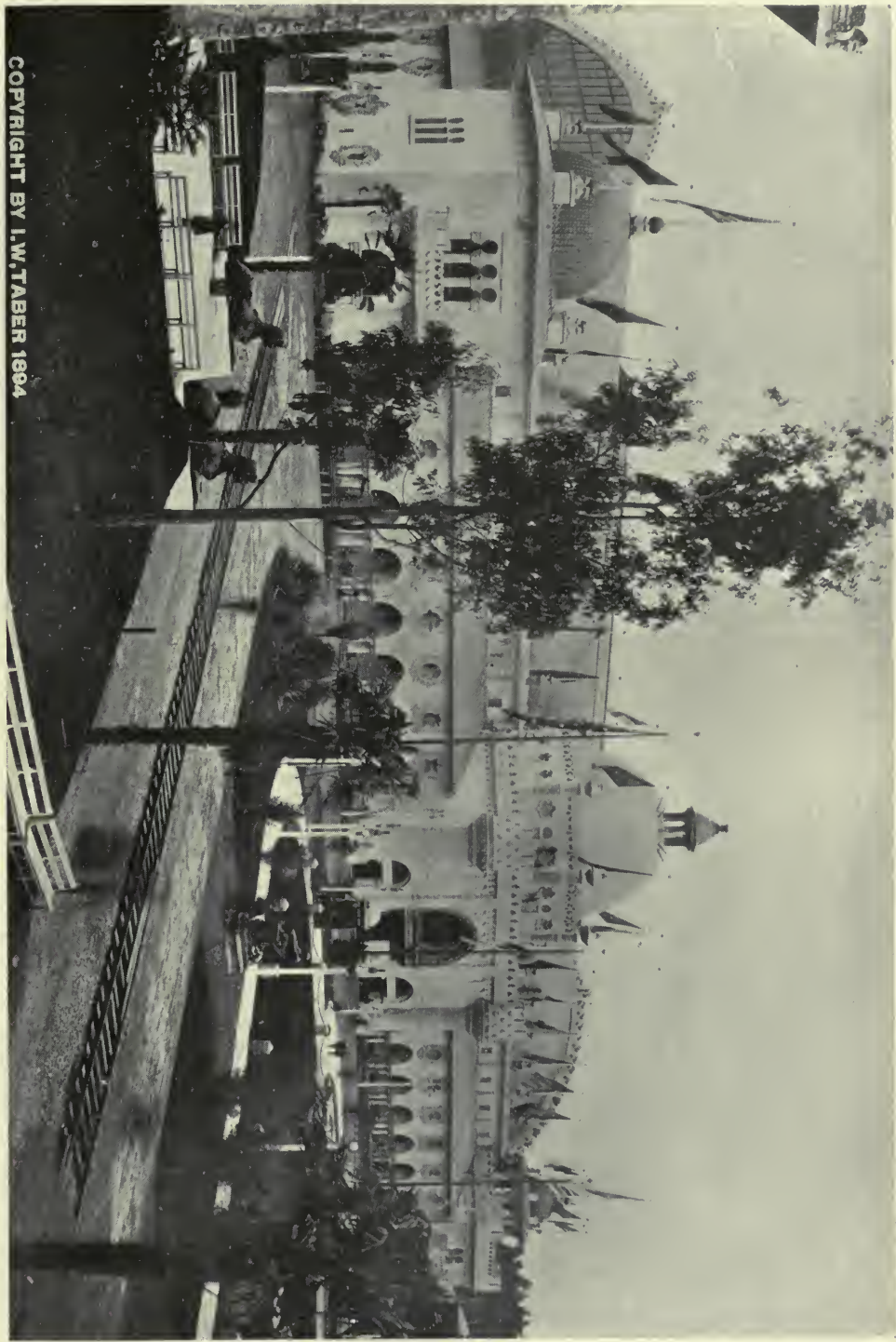
the buildings to their surroundings. Blue domes, dark red tiles, pearl-white marbles, and time-stained yellows, are all in harmony with sea and sky and earth and trees. The picture thus presented is, in a great degree, flawless. Its harmony begets restfulness. In the very arcades themselves there lingers an historical suggestiveness of early California days, when the Franciscan *padres* walked up and down similar arcades. California is New Spain, be it remembered, and the architecture of the Alhambra has a right to be reproduced on the shores of the Pacific.

The architects of the Fair buildings have enjoyed exceptional facilities for illustrating their ideas. Owing to the absence of extremes of heat or cold, they have been able to employ a material in construction susceptible of free treatment, and which can be used at a minimum cost. The "staff," or plaster, com-

posing the walls and towers hardens quickly, is easily and rapidly applied, and is most effective in representing marble or stone walls. It is also easily colored, and rapidly takes on the appearance of age and solidity. It has been generally adopted, and by means of it buildings such as that of the Liberal Arts have every appearance of having cost ten times the actual outlay. Artistic effects have likewise been more easily commanded in the California grounds than would be possible elsewhere, owing to the utter absence of winter. The palms and plants, the grass slopes and the hardier trees, have thriven to such an extent during the time between August last and the present month of March, as to give the appearance of having been growing for years. In any other country it would have been impossible to attain in years the results here gained in six months. By April the grounds will be a mass of color. Thousands of shrubs have been planted in the Grand Court, and velvety lawns will reach to the very bases of the great buildings.

Remarkable achievements in this country are of such common occurrence that the rapid creation of the "White City" at Chicago, and the still more wonderful rapidity with which the grounds of the California Fair were reclaimed, laid out, and beautified, and the many buildings were erected, create but little excitement, and are works not fully appreciated. In August last the western limits of Golden Gate Park were composed of sand dunes and scattered clumps of trees. Today that same region is a landscape picture, complete in all its details; and in its center is a group of buildings that have every appearance of having stood there for years, so mellow they look, and so stately are their outlines.

On entering through either of the three main gates, one finds himself in the center of an activity that in one district is purely foreign, and in another is



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THE AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL BUILDING.

American to the very heart. Facing the Grand Court are long, low, richly colored buildings, in which are stored the varied State and international exhibits; and scattered here and there about the 160 acres of grounds are scores of smaller structures, each with its peculiar attraction. It requires a day or two to know what to do. At first one's inclination is to sit in the shadow of the corridor of Manufactures Building, and try to familiarize himself with the novel surroundings. Before him, toward the west, stretches the huge open Court,—the long white walk surrounding it reflecting the dazzling brightness of the sun, and bringing into strong relief the growing palms and bright green patches of grass. At the further end of the Court a fountain sends its streams and spray high into the air; and through the falling mist one catches a glimpse of the airy, graceful, and beautifully colored Administra-

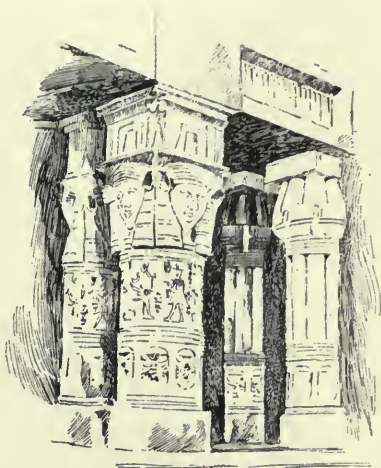
tion Building, its dome and towers recalling to memory those that overlook the blue waters of the Bosphorus.

Flanking the Court on north and south are the Agricultural and Horticultural and Mechanical Arts Buildings, the former surmounted by a gracefully constructed glass dome and having deep arcades along its front; and the latter ornamented with kiosks and brilliantly colored pinnacles tipped with gold. Color has been lavishly used on these two buildings. Against a background of ivory or yellow-white, blues, reds, and blacks, have been liberally used, and palms have been adopted to give still more emphasis to the hues.

The scene looked upon by one resting himself in the shadow of the Liberal Arts arcade is strikingly Oriental, novel, and attractive. The floating flags of all nations that stream from the staffs around the sides of the Court and from the tops of the various buildings, the

glittering pinnacles of gold, the blue domes, the rich green foliage, and the marble-like walls all combine to make a bewildering mass of color. You are in a foreign land. An hour ago,—the prosaic life of a modern American city; now,—a bit of the Orient, all life and color, music and movement. Far to the westward Strawberry Hill looks down upon the new-born village; across the Bay rise the purple hills of Tamalpais, guarding the Golden Gate.

No better selection could have been made than the spot chosen for the Mid-winter Fair. It was, as I have before said, a primitive region six months ago, and there was practically nothing to interfere with the landscape gardening necessary for the new effects which were desired. By wise foresight, competent men were engaged to lay out the grounds in accordance with a defined plan, and to have general supervision of the color effects. The result is that harmonious blending and dependence



THE FINE ARTS ENTRANCE.

of one building upon another, and of all upon the surrounding landscape, that at once is so noticeable. There is nothing incongruous, nothing startling or showy. The tints are so subdued that one takes no notice of their variety, but regards simply the effect of all. As the week



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THE FINE ARTS BUILDING.



Wash by Farnsworth

CAIRO STREET.

pass the stains will become more and more softened, through the action of the fogs that at times creep in from the sea. Even now it is almost impossible to believe that the Liberal Arts Building is but a modern creation. There is a softness about its apparently massive walls that is most deceptive. The planting of palms has also been most effectively done. Their foliage breaks any too great regularity of outline or superfluous space, and serves to intensify the

dull white of the walls. Potted plants are also used to good effect upon balconies, and along the paths leading to the well-proportioned doorways. Few, or perhaps no other exposition, ever had the opportunities enjoyed by this of San Francisco. In Europe, at Philadelphia, and at Chicago, every effect was created only at a large additional expense. At the Midwinter Fair grounds Nature lends her powerful aid without price. More can be done in a month in

California, and at nominal cost, than could be accomplished in a year and at great expense elsewhere. Before the month of March is ended, the Fair grounds will have a rich profusion of flowering shrubs, and the Grand Court and space fronting the several Exhibition buildings will be a mass of color.

The buildings of the Exposition proper, which front upon the Grand Court, are five in number. At the eastern end of the Court is the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building, designed by Mr. A. Page Brown of San Francisco. On the south side stands the Mechanical Arts Building, Edward R. Swain, architect; and opposite it on the south side is the Agriculture and Horticulture Building, by Samuel Newsum. At the western end of the Court is another of Mr. Brown's efforts, the Administration Building, while between the Horticultural and Liberal Arts Buildings is the Egyptian-like Temple of Fine Arts, B. McDougall & Sons, architects. There are a few minor unofficial buildings that face the Grand Court, and between one of these and the Fine Arts Building is a typical California building, wherein are shown in rich profusion the varied products of Southern California. This structure may almost be said to belong to the Grand Court collection, since its façade and red-tiled roof are plainly seen from the open Court, and its architectural features are in harmony with those of the other buildings composing the remarkable group.

That there should be no glaring contrasts of color in such a large collection of Exhibition buildings speaks well for the artist, Mr. Charles Graham, who has been the supervisor of color. His work has been well done. Broad effects have not been obtained at the expense of individual buildings. In my many visits at the Fair I have never tired of either the general or the particular effects. Looking westward from the log-

gias of the Liberal Arts Building, where, at a glance, one sees whatever is on either side of the Court or at its western end, or gaining a more bird's-eye view from the kiosks guarding the entrance to the Mechanic Arts Building, the effect is ever pleasing, ever instructive. Mr. Graham has caught the spirit of the country. Finding the opportunity, he has taken advantage of it.

If the architecture at the Fair is most satisfying by daylight, it is no less so at night, when the search light from the electric tower, that rises from the center of the Grand Court, flashes in succession its brilliant rays upon the different domes and pinnacles and façades. The effect produced by the sudden illumination of the Administration Building dome is indescribably beautiful. Usually the search light is turned upon this particular object just as the electric fountain at the eastern end of the Court begins to play. At a signal the rows of incandescent lamps that during the evening have brightly outlined the main buildings are extinguished, as are also the arc lights encircling the Court. Then a moment later, like a fairy vision, there looms into sight the graceful golden-tipped dome, its height increased by the darkness that envelops the lower half of the building, and the lighted portion hanging like a golden ball high in mid air. The effect is fascinating. Every line of the graceful proportions is accentuated and one stands enchanted at the sight. After the fountain ceases to play, the lamps on the main buildings are lighted again, and the Court is once more so brilliantly illuminated that every façade fronting upon it may be studied almost as well as during the day.

Originality in design was one of the requirements of the architects competing for the Midwinter Fair work. The conceptions are, in the main, most satisfactory. I should be inclined to doubt the desirability of housing the Fine Arts

in an Egyptian temple, but the building, *per se*, has many commendable features. As a bit of architecture it is most effective, and its situation, slightly above the level of the driveway around the Court, and fully forty feet back from the line of highway, adds greatly to the impression of size and massiveness. Its general plan is rectangular, one and two stories high, with a vestibule in front of and in the center of the building. The floor of the vestibule is of mosaic laid in Egyptian figures. The columns are in full relief, and there are richly colored bas-reliefs. In decorating the exterior, excellent judgment has been displayed. Lotus and palm leaves, and figures of gods in relief, have been lavishly used, and the friezes are richly ornamented.

In the Administration Building, Mr. Brown has cleverly adopted the Indian and Siamese orders, and by using broad steps and terraces has greatly increased the height and imposing appearance of the dome, which is 135 feet high and 50 feet in diameter. Reds and yellows are generally used, and the dome and four towers are gilded. Mr. Brown's other production, the Liberal Arts Building, is not only very beautiful, viewed as a whole, but is a remarkable product of engineering skill. Its main trusses of wood and iron cover a span of 158 feet between the galleries. The central and main entrance is surmounted by a dome 130 feet high and 56 feet in diameter. It is colored a turquoise blue and is capped by a gilded cupola. At each corner of the building is a tower fifty feet high, those facing the Court being connected by deep arcades. The main roofs are covered with stained tiles, to represent the old deep red Spanish tiles, and with over 14,000 feet of glass.

In detail, Mr. Swain's Mechanical Arts Building has a charming originality. I do not altogether fancy its minarets, and their effect is somewhat lost by the near presence of the necessary

smokestacks of the furnaces at the rear of the building. The main entrance is richly colored and cleverly designed, the prayer-towers or kiosks being particularly effective. The walls are ivory white, and the building is 330 feet long by 160 feet wide. The exterior is lavishly decorated, as are also the tall pinnacles at the side of the main entrance. It is perhaps the most truly Oriental-looking building on the grounds.

The particular features of the early Missions have been generally adopted by Mr. Newsom in his treatment of the Agricultural and Horticultural Building. It is 400 feet long by nearly 200 wide, and is surmounted by a glass covered dome which, when illuminated at night, is one of the chief attractions at the Fair. The arcades and entrances are well planned and attractive, by reason of their suggestiveness of shade and quiet, and the carved decorations well illustrate the purposes of the structure. I particularly like the outer wall tints, of dull yellow, and the low massiveness of the general appearance gives one a sense of stability and repose.

Of the score and more buildings scattered about the grounds, of which the Grand Court is the center and radiating point, one finds instances of merit and a relation between utility and beauty. As a rule, however, the prevailing architecture is of a nondescript style, and the variety of orders employed is confusing. Perhaps the most satisfying example of the purely California style or early Mexican is the Monterey County Building. It is a long, low building of adobe walls and genuine Mexican tiles, and at its rear is a typical garden of early days. The little structure is interesting as an illustration of the principle that no edifice can be perfect which does not harmonize with its surroundings, and in color partake of that of the ground on which it stands. It also represents utility. How suggestive it is, to be sure, of the bright, hot days.

during those busy, stirring times when Monterey Bay was the scene of political activity. At one corner of the building is the original flag-staff from which the national flag first floated in California, and near by is an old cannon with which the first salutes were fired. The deep porch extending along the front of the house, shading the well-trodden adobe beneath, the darkened interior, and the small deep-set windows are perfect; and there is great spirit in the dun-colored walls and bits of chipped whitewashed plaster peeling from the sun-dried bricks.

In strange contrast to the Monterey building is the little Tyrolean cottage in the Vienna Prater enclosure. It, too, is characteristic of the country it represents. The decorated outer walls, the tiny balconies and latticed windows, the straw-thatched, quick-sloping roof, and even the sedate stork perched upon the chimney-top are all typical and vividly suggestive of the Alpine country so far away. Near this cottage is another German bit of architecture, "Papa Seidl," long and low, and many-windowed, and with men and women in peasant's dress. Opposite is the Franz Joseph Hall, of no particular beauty in itself, but large,

and of good acoustic construction, where one may hear soul-stirring music by the Vienna musicians.

In the so-called Streets of Cairo the effect is theatrically produced for the most part. That is, the houses facing the street up and down which the camels amble are but painted canvas. But the illusion is good, and one gains a fair idea of Cairo's peculiar features. The Japanese Building is typical and interesting; and so too are the Esquimau and Arizona Indian encampments. In the two latter are seen instructive illustrations of how merely catering to one's physical needs early architecture was, and it is entertaining to turn from these rude villages and houses, if they may be so dignified, to the modern examples of architecture, as illustrated in the buildings facing the Grand Court.

The several county buildings most particularly noted in this brief sketch are mostly of the Spanish order, and are creditable examples of simple architecture, combining a degree of beauty with utility and symmetry. The buildings of "staff" are mostly of ivory white or light yellow tints, and are very effective against the background of green trees.

Edwards Roberts.



German Village



EDUCATION AT THE MIDWINTER FAIR.

ALIFORNIA'S educational achievements—it was suggested by the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, at the time when the Fair was first proposed—should be shown in a building specially erected for the purpose. Objection was made to the method by which he thought that the necessary funds might be raised, and as no other method was suggested the project failed. While the objection which was raised to the proposed method was perhaps a sound one, it is a pity that some other could not have been devised, for such an exhibit would have been highly instructive. We could have had a systematic showing of the actual condition of education in the State, of which we should have had no need to be ashamed before visitors from any part of the country. Further, we should ourselves have been able to see, almost at a glance, just what we have accomplished in this line, and to learn with some accuracy what are the weak spots in our educational work, and how they can be remedied. As it is, in order to discover anything about our schools as a whole, it is necessary to spend a day in wandering through various buildings, and to piece out various isolated scraps of information with knowledge drawn from other sources. Considered as a whole, the educational exhibit is unsystematic to the last degree, and gives startling evidence of the haste with which the whole Fair was got up. In looking through the beautiful exhibits of the northern and central counties, I could discover no evidence that these counties had any schools at all. Thinking it possible that I might have overlooked something, I

asked a very intelligent exhibitor if there were anything of the sort in the building. He looked surprised at first, and then sad. After thinking for a moment he said there was nothing; they had been in such a hurry that they had forgotten all about the schools. I left the gentleman in an attitude of "pensive discontent." It is evident that there was the same forgetfulness in many counties beside those whose products are grouped in this particular building.

The general educational display is to be found in the galleries of the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building. The most extensive and conspicuous of these is the exhibit of the University of California. It occupies the whole of the north gallery, and its fine Greek front, decorated in blue and gold, commands a view of the whole interior of the building. It appeared to the Board of Regents that the people of the State had a right to see, so far as it was possible to show, just what use was being made of the generous endowment of the State University. The result is worthy of the institution. Perhaps the most interesting display, certainly that which will attract the widest attention, is made by the Lick Astronomical Department. The remarkable success in photography at Mount Hamilton gives opportunity for an exhibit of much of the scientific work of the department in popular forms. No one can pass through the corridors without being struck and interested by this fine series of illustrations, or without being instructed in the nature of the work done in astronomy by the aid of the best modern appliances. The transparencies along the railing at the front of the gallery are peculiarly effective.

Of course the technical colleges at Berkeley make a more striking show than the literary colleges. The material character of the means and of the results of technical education make it possible to illustrate both the methods and the achievements as they cannot be illustrated in the other case. Indeed, most of the non-technical departments are obliged to confine their exhibits to charts indicating the courses of study pursued. The most marked exception to this rule is found in the exhibit of the mathematical department. The beautiful collection of mathematical models cannot fail to please and interest all who see them, although a knowledge of their meaning is a secret to all but the initiated few.

Those parts of the University whose work is most easily illustrated all make an excellent showing. We find ample and instructive exhibits from the Library and the Museums, from the Colleges of Agriculture, Mechanics, Mining, Civil Engineering, and Chemistry, and from the scientific departments generally. The Professional Schools are also well represented, including the latest addition to the University, the Mark Hopkins Institute of the Fine Arts, which gives very creditable samples of the work of its students. The interest of the whole exhibit is increased by a series of photographs, which illustrate the buildings of the University, and the beautiful site at Berkeley. It is to be hoped that this display will induce many visitors to the Fair from other parts of the State to make the trip to Berkeley to see the institution for themselves.

It is a great misfortune for the interest of the educational side of the Fair that there is no exhibit from Stanford University. Illustrations of its vigorous young life could not prove otherwise than interesting and instructive to many who have heard a great deal about its full-armed advent, but who

have never visited it. Its almost miraculous creation and its extraordinary promise have awakened a widespread curiosity, which might have been satisfied here, at least, in part. But circumstances of a temporary nature, which are partly known to the public, made any worthy exhibit impossible at this time, and an unworthy exhibit was not to be thought of.

As the visitor passes into the east gallery, the next in order of the educational exhibits is sure to attract his attention by the profuse display of blue decoration which marks the space assigned to Yale University. This exhibit, which was brought here from Chicago, consists entirely of photographs, enlarged to a uniform size, and illustrating, by exterior and interior views, the various departments and the peculiar life of a great university. Graduates who have not visited Yale for many years will find here indications of its recent rapid growth and development, and every one must be impressed by the beauty of the ancient institution. A facsimile of the famous "Yale fence" separates the space from the corridor.

It is to be regretted that Yale is the only one of the Eastern universities to make a general exhibit at the Fair. Stong efforts were made by Harvard graduates in San Francisco to secure the superb exhibit made by their university at Chicago. It was, however, found to be impracticable for various reasons. Two famous Eastern institutions are represented by special exhibits of extreme interest. Harvard makes a fine astronomical exhibit, which serves as a complement to that of the Lick Observatory. Johns Hopkins presents some remarkable evidences of the work of its department of physics. Both of these exhibits are to be found in the space assigned to the University of California.

Following along the east gallery, we find the exhibit of the California Insti-

tution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, with its practical explanations of the methods of instruction. What will most keenly interest the public here are the specimens of the work of the two deaf-mute artists, Tilden and Redmond, whom the institution has sent to Paris, and who have there achieved distinction. The exhibit made by the alumni of the Cogswell Technical School will increase the popular hope that the founder may be unable to withdraw his benefaction. His monuments do not seem likely to outlast himself. Next follows Mills College, with photographs of its beautiful grounds and evidences of its work in training young women. The next exhibit occupies more space than any other of an educational character, except that of the University of California. It is made by the Brothers of the Christian Schools of California, and includes abundant specimens of the work of St. Joseph's Academy, and of the Colleges of St. Mary and of the Sacred Heart.

The only county of the State which makes an exhibit of its schools in the main building is Santa Cruz, and the showing is so excellent as to make us regret the more that there is no systematic general exhibition of the public schools of the State. Curiosity will lead many to stop and examine the exhibit from the Mormon schools of Utah, although it is yet very incomplete. The work done is so like that of Gentile schools of the same grade that it would not seem to furnish an overwhelming reason for joining the Latter Day communion.

The rest of the exhibits in this building are mainly of private schools, and are of various degrees of excellence. There is one exhibit in the south gallery which is likely to attract as much general attention as any at the Fair. This is furnished by the New York School of Applied Design for Women. The display of the Architectural De-

partment is creditable; but the main interest attaches to the decorative designs, some of which reach an extraordinary degree of excellence. The systematic illustration of the progress of instruction shows how really success in this line of work depends on excellence of instruction and faithfulness of study. It makes one thankful to this school and to others of the same character for what they are doing to make life beautiful, while they are opening a new and admirable career for women.

What I said in the early part of this article indicates the difficulty there is in speaking in brief of the educational displays in the county buildings. No generalizations are possible, and it is impossible to enter into details. Any one with this particular object in view may find much that it is interesting, if he have the time and the patience. Alameda County, for instance, makes a good display of its school system, and partly reproduces the exhibits of institutions within its borders, which are shown on a larger scale in the Liberal Arts Building. Santa Clara does little more than indicate by a few photographs that Stanford University and the Lick Observatory are to be found there. San Mateo, with its multitude of private schools, only incidentally reveals that it has any schools at all, although a notice on the wall indicates that there is one more revelation to come. Other counties seem carefully to conceal any educational advantages which they may possess.

Outside of the main building the most extensive and interesting collection of educational exhibits is to be found in the building erected by the southern counties. The well known excellence of some of the southern schools is well illustrated here, although there is the same lack of coherence and system as elsewhere. Pasadena shows by photography the excellence and amplitude of its school buildings, but there is no in-

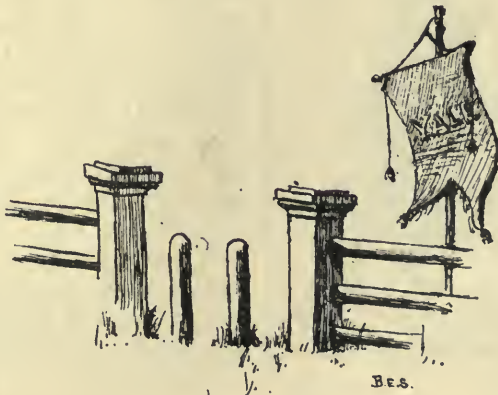
dication, so far as I could discover, of what sort of work is done inside those fine structures. From personal knowledge, I can say that the school work in Pasadena is excellent, but no one would know it from a visit to this exhibit. One of the most interesting displays, one in which we should all be interested, is found in the specimens of industrial work from the Whittier School. We can hardly doubt the value of its reformatory work, when we see such evidences that its pupils are thoroughly instructed in honest and honorable ways of earning a livelihood. But the question naturally arises: Why is this exhibit from a State institution found in the building of the southern counties? Why did the school abandon the excellent and ample space assigned to it in the Liberal Arts Building, and tuck itself away in these much less comfortable quarters? Why should an institution that belongs to the whole State be made to appear to belong to a particular part of it? It is difficult to find an answer. Can it be that this phenomenon is due to the secession feeling which is said to be prevalent in Southern California? I can hardly believe it. If it is so, it must be characterized as an extremely petty exhibition of extremely bad taste. The same question arises in regard to the frames of photographs illustrating the Los Angeles Normal School, al-

though in this case it is quite possible that the management of the school had nothing to do with the exhibit.

Some of the southern county exhibits are excellent. Particularly noticeable are those from Ventura and San Diego. Pomona makes a very good showing of the city schools, and Pomona College exhibits specimens of finely mounted collections in natural history. It is pleasant to observe, also, the admirable evidences of progress in technical education that are furnished by the Throop Polytechnic Institute. Whether or not the southern counties have better schools than other parts of the State, they certainly, on the whole, make a better showing at the Fair.

The difficulty that I have found in writing of "Education at the Midwinter Fair," owing to the scattered character of the educational exhibit, has been increased by the fact that a great part of the exhibits are not yet in place. A brief notice of this kind is necessarily very inadequate, but more justice could be done to the subject if the material for such a notice had made its appearance. The extreme backwardness in completing exhibits of all sorts, which is a necessary incident of the rapidity with which the Fair took shape, is evident on the educational side as elsewhere. We can only wonder that so much has been done in so little time.

Thomas R. Bacon.



THE WILD AND WOOLLY AT THE FAIR.

WHEN the name of Mud-in-the-Face first gained prominence in Fair vernacular, the hearer felt an irresistible impulse to trace it to its bearer, who proves to be a lusty savage whose dancing feats are the central attraction of the Arizona village. This man belongs to the Mayo tribe in Mexico, and his strongly marked Indian features and copper-colored skin are

in singular contrast with the bluish tint of his eyes and the sandy shade of a bristling mustache, both said to be peculiarities of his almost extinct race.

Mud-in-the-Face has a partner in his "Deer-and-Rabbit" dance, a tall, thin Yaqui, who goes by the slang soubriquet of "Sparrow Legs." They are dressed to represent the respective animals they personify, the Mayo wearing a

hood, coat, and skirt, of rabbit skins, a belt fringed with bells, abbreviated trousers which leave exposed his freshly-peeled knees, and anklets made of dry seed-pods strung together. The grim Yaqui, on the other hand, is imposing in a deer's head surmounting his black locks, the antlers wound with scarlet streamers, a red striped shirt, white cotton trouserettes, and a duplicate pair of anklets.

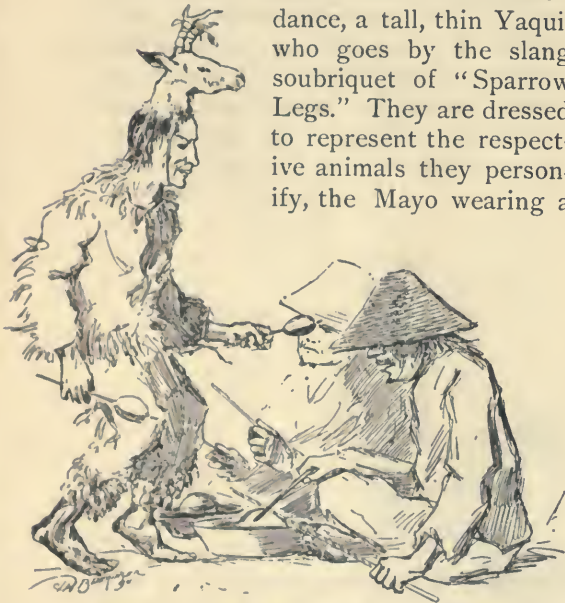
Three Indians sit cross-legged inside the dance ring, their rude voices keeping time to the rubbing together of sticks and drumming on gourds. The first monotonously saws one stick across another, to simulate the steady flow of a stream; the musician next him beats upon a gourd, as a hint of water falling over stones, and the third drums upon a gourd bobbing up and down in a bowl of water, which makes a sound not unlike the hollow gurgle of a stream dropping into pools.

The deer and rabbit come down to drink,—in other words, the dance begins,—and the rabbit is afraid of the deer, and both fear the wolf and the hunter. They advance and retreat, peering meanwhile to right and left, all in fairly good time and with no pause of motion. When the rabbit wearies of dancing on the ground, he executes a somersault and then stands on his head, his feet keeping step in the air to the jingle and rattle of bells and seed pods. The barbaric play ends with the overthrow of the rabbit by the deer, and a general hubbub of cries and drumming.

There are thirty Indians, young and old, who make up the population of the little village, the majority belonging to the Yaqui and Papago tribes of southern Arizona and Mexico. They speak no English, but are quite familiar with



MUD-IN-THE-FACE.



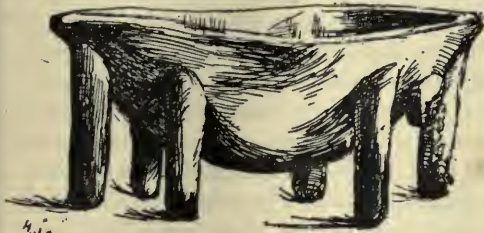
THE DEER DANCE.

the Spanish tongue. Their round huts, behind the prickly fence of candlewood, are made of the tough mesa grasses of Mexico. Every sloping roof has its cluster of long gourd chimneys, which form an inverted tripod, and serve for draught and ventilation. The routine of life here is much the same as on native soil. The women, who are pleasant-featured, busy themselves with cooking, sewing, and the making of earthenware and pottery, an art in which they show admirable skill and patience, while the men go to and fro with the freedom of other comers to the Fair. In the roomy building that separates the village from the street is a unique



favorite dish of Yankee farm folk. So, stimulated by awakened memory, you carefully undo the wisps of corn-fiber neatly confining the almost transparent husk, and expose a thin layer of yellow meal, which has just the faintest spicing from close contact with interior layers. You eat the meal slowly and with relish, and turn back another husk leaf only to find another layer like the first. The next unfolding opens the heart of the tamale, and you note with increasing ardor and appetite pieces of chicken and olives buried in an indefinable mixture of ground *chiles* and corn, and the whole deliciously peppery and savory.

The whole process of making a tamale is seen in the various rooms of the cottage. The corn husks used for its foundation are gathered by Mexicans and shipped in bales. Afterwards they



Hawaiian Poi Bowl.

collection of jars, baskets, and images, the work of Arizona and Mexican Indians.

The Eastern visitor to the Midwinter Fair is usually bent upon solving the mystery of a Mexican tamale. The veranda and garden of the "Tamale Cottage" are generally crowded with people sitting at small tables, on which the smoking delicacy is served by gayly appareled Spanish girls. To the uninitiated there is nothing particularly appetizing in the outside appearance of a tamale. Its coarse husk is suggestive of the fare craved by the prodigal son, and there is a noticeable absence of sauce or other garniture to lead the mind up to confident attack. It is true, the steam emitted from the oblong package has the homely flavor of country suppers away back in one's childhood, when cornmeal mush was the



HAWAIIAN Gourds

are separated and put through a washing that leaves them delicately white. The corn is first boiled in a weak solution of lye, and then kneaded with lard into a crisp dough. The *chile* peppers are first soaked, then ground to a pudding-like consistency. Four Mexican cooks stand behind a spotless table, on which the materials are spread. Each man rapidly does his part in the construction of one tamale, which is immediately dropped into a tin boiler in the rear, and allowed the prescribed one hour's steaming.

The "Haunted Swing" is a near neighbor of the "Tamale Cottage," and is the source of much mystification and merriment. One enters what appears to be a furnished parlor, and finds a seat in a large swing, which is suspended from a beam. The two or three dozen people who share the experiment take their places gingerly in the six compartments, and the electric lights are then turned on, and the doors closed.

At the first swing of the great cradle, the youth in charge urges you not to feel nervous,—a sure way of encouraging hysterical symptoms. Everyone takes a grip on the seat; the man in front holds on to his hat, and a pair of lovers hold on to each other. Another

rock of the swing, and yet another still higher, and the youth calls out, "Now, over she goes!"

Immediately, as far as eye and feeling can determine, the swing makes a giddy revolution on its axis, amid the wildest excitement of the passengers. When you appear to be hanging from the ceiling, looking down upon the chairs, table, and piano, and wondering how in the world you manage to hold on, the old darky next you collapses with a sepulchral groan, her cracked voice raised in prayer, and shouting that the world has come to an end. Others slide down under the seats, and not a man present but is doing his utmost to keep some woman from jumping out.

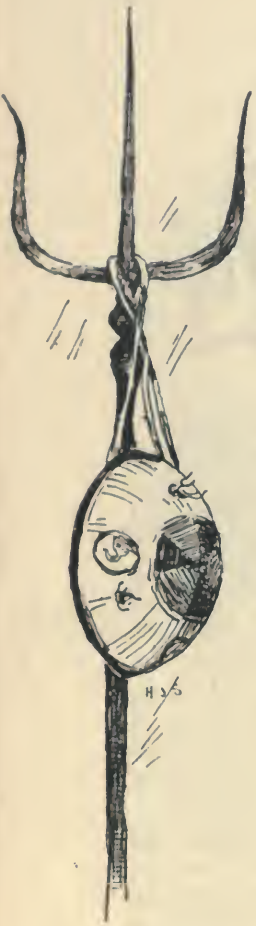
The truth is, the swing does not go over at all, but the walls and floor of the room do. When this is understood, it will be seen how ridiculous is the circumstance of an old man seating himself on one of the chairs in the parlor, and declaring, he "guessed he'd see the young folks try it first." In fact, he proved so obstinately determined that it took some minutes of persuasion on the part of the managers, to make him consent to try his luck with the others.

While in the vicinity of the Haunted Swing the attention is arrested by the



SKELETON OF A CHINESE MONK

聽
遊
春



oratorical flourishes of a dapper little man in a spick-and-span dress suit, who is haranguing the crowd before the Egyptian Hall. Inside this hall is the constantly recurring phenomenon of a beautiful girl being transformed into a marble statue of Pharaoh's Daughter. The delusion is exquisite, and is really a wonderful illustration of what effects can be produced by the scientific manipulation of mirrors and calcium lights.

The Santa Barbara Amphibion is a favorite resort for visitors from the East and such of our own people as come from inland sections. The seals are of the two varieties found on the San Miguel Island, where they were captured with the lasso by Spaniards, and brought to San Francisco for exhibition. The building in which they are kept is built after the style of Mexican architecture, and makes a picturesque corner to the street. The keeper is a robust Spaniard, bearing the historic name of Juarez. He has trained his charges to various tricks, and treats them like so many dogs. There are fifteen altogether, five having died since they were brought to the Fair. The building is not so arranged as to let in the sun, and the sleek, wriggling monsters are debarred from their greatest luxury—warming themselves on the rocks. They are fed on herring, and will greedily, one after the other, climb the steps leading up from the tank, push open a wicket gate with their snouts, and come floundering on the floor where Juarez stands with the fish. Each in turn stretches its neck to an alarming length to reach the herring, and is even induced to climb on a chair and up its back to secure the tantalizing tidbit.

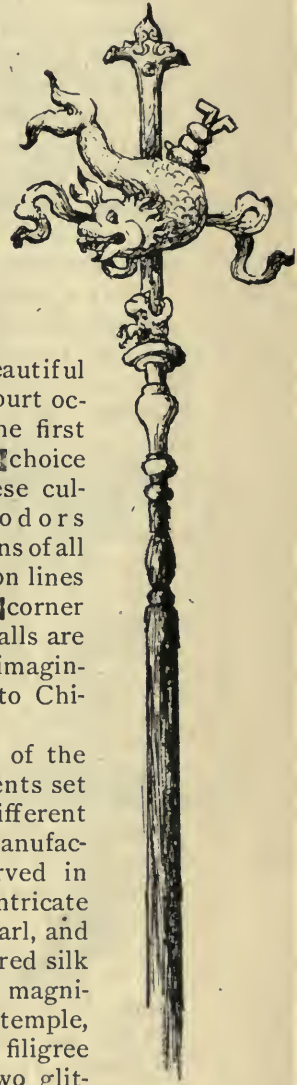
Before the crowd begins to gather on the grounds, if it be a sunny day, Juarez coaxes his unwieldy pets out from the tank through a side door, and then is seen the novel spectacle of a line of dripping, flapping seals out for a morning's saunter down the street. They

remind one of nothing so much as gigantic snails, leaving behind them wet trails on the dusty thoroughfare.

Across an angle of street stands the pagoda-shaped building of the Chinese exhibit, its pink walls and curving roofs making a perfect picture of graceful architecture. The Chinese merchants of San Francisco have spared no pains or expense to make their exhibit one of the richest and most unique at the Fair. The men in charge are patterns of suavity and intelligence, and cheerfully explain the use or meaning of the many wonderful things in sight.

To the right of the entrance is a large apartment, where tea and sweetmeats are served on square ebony tables which are stiffly set about with six square stools. Directly opposite the tea room is an elaborate outspread of China ware of beautiful and costly patterns. A court occupies the center of the first floor, and is filled with choice plants peculiar to Chinese cultivation, their heavy odors weighting the air. Lanterns of all conceivable colors swing on lines stretched from corner to corner of the ceiling, and the walls are the background of every imaginable decoration known to Chinese art.

To the left and right of the court are the compartments set apart for the display of different branches of Chinese manufacture. The furniture carved in ebony and inlaid with intricate patterns of mother-of-pearl, and the samples of embroidered silk draperies, are especially magnificent. A mimic Chinese temple, parlor, and pagoda, in filigree silver and coral, and two glit-



tering models of junks, representing male and female dragons, are evidently the special pride of the attendants.

In the industrial department are frames of silk cocoons, stalks of sugar cane, and sheaves of rice. Some Chinese children were examining the rice with curiosity, for being natives of California, they had never seen it before.

The Joss house, and a spacious reception room fitted after the custom of Chinese grandees, are hardly less places of interest than the theater, which is included in the building. The troupe numbers a dozen grown men, and twenty padded and painted little Chinese urchins, all under twelve years of age. Always during the afternoon and throughout the evening, visitors to the building can hear through the thin partition separating the theater from the main hall, the twang of rasping fiddles and the high falsetto of the actors.

The cyclorama of Kilauea is the grandest exhibit at the Midwinter Fair. Its realism is something awful and stupendous, and it is doubtful if the actual Kilauea could leave upon the mind a more vivid or lasting impression. One views it from a central ridge in the volcano, where lakes and streams of liquid lava and fire-lined blow-holes and chasms are in the foreground, while in the middle distance are the jagged, illumined walls of the crater, backed by the snow summits of Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa on the one side, and on the north, east, and south, a vast half circle of lower peaks runs to a moonlight expanse of the Pacific. The effect is intensified by the shifting of lights, the shriek of escaping steam, and the coming on the scene of a white-robed priest, who pauses on the brink of a boiling lake and hoarsely supplicates the goddess Pele. When the barbaric chant is ended, the priest slowly descends into darkness, and four young Hawaiians take his place and ravish the ear with the entrancing songs of modern Hawaii.

The main building of the Hawaiian village is under the superintendence of Mrs. Mary Piilani Cook, an educated, refined woman, who is part American on her father's side, and whose husband was a descendant of the famous Captain Cook. Mrs. Cook is a personal friend of the unhappy Liliuokalani, and your interest in the royal equipments of the court and palace here on exhibition is greatly increased by her soft-spoken words of explanation. You look upon the throne, furniture, and uniform of the late King, his yellow mantle of *oo* feathers, and embroidered saddle trappings, and feel a distinct shock when a richly dressed lady at your side, viewing the royal habiliments through gold-mounted eyeglasses, says coarsely, "Why in the world did n't you have the Queen here too?"

Mrs. Cook flushes, but answers with dignity, "Because, madam, our Queen is not on exhibition."

There are small circular huts in the village, made of plaited grass and tree ferns, after the manner of primitive house building in Hawaii. Before them the enormous ox, "*apalahama*," stalks with dignity, bearing astride his back a native woman in a bifurcated habit of freckled calico. Here and there about the plaza groups of islanders in white flannel suits and caps, and girls in gay petticoats laugh and chatter joyously, though two of the field pieces used by the troops to defend the royal palace point directly at them over a barricade of sand-bags.

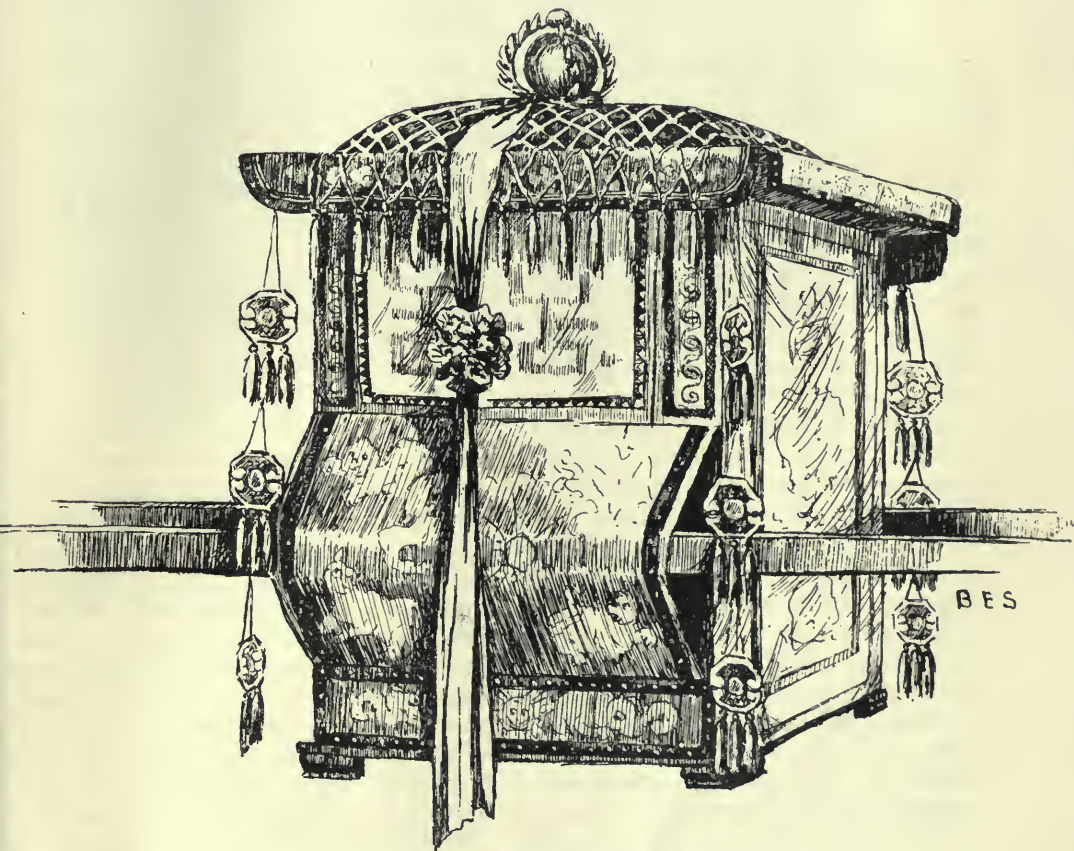
At the right of the great court, and on past the Administration Building, a weather-scarred old stage coach, drawn by six horses, is jerked crazily up the road leading to a west corner of the grounds, which is set apart for the '49 Camp. On the flat top of the rickety vehicle, a number of booted and bloused passengers yell discordantly, and now and again give wild flourishes of hats and six-shooters. Behind the coach,

but hopelessly in the rear, a train of laden pack mules toils wearisomely toward the same goal. There is nothing gay or inviting in either the stage or the dust-streaked mules; nevertheless a crowd hurries after, their faces expressive of various degrees of interest and amusement. The trees on either side the curving grade are now guide posts, with rude lettered scraps of boxes nailed awry on their trunks. These inscriptions are laughingly read aloud by the passers: "49 miles to Ragtown"; "39 miles to Piety Hill"; "9 miles to Gold Gulch."

An unexpected turn in the road, and the noisy procession crowds into the narrow street of an old-time mining camp, where all sorts of cabins, makeshift shanties, and dugouts, run irreg-

ularly to the broken gulch which gives the town its name. Beyond this rough gap is seen the blue water of the Sacramento stealing down from pine forests, which belt the snow-piled ridges of Mount Shasta. At the base of this noble peak, in the immediate walls of the gulch, the miners are at work taking out gold. On every hand are the appliances of practical mining,—sluice-boxes, cradles, and pans, a line or two of precipitous flume, and the black mouth of a shaft or tunnel.

Near the entrance of the town is the old toll house, brought down from Robinson's Ferry. Its occupants are two historical characters, James S. Brown, and Israel Evans. These men were called to the Camp from their home in Utah, that visitors to the Midwinter



CHINESE BRIDAL SEDAN CHAIR,



Photo by A. G. McFarland

EATING TAMALES.

Fair might see and converse with the only two living witnesses of the first taking out of gold in California by other than natives. A former comrade of Brown and Evans, Henry W. Bigler, kept a diary of those early days at Sutter's Mill, and the records were afterwards revised by John S. Hittell, and published in the September *OVERLAND* for 1887. The memorable occurrence took place on January 24, 1848, when James S. Brown had barely attained his twentieth birthday. He is still in the prime of life, hale, and keen-eyed, and possessed of a stalwart frame, which, unfortunately, lacks one leg, the missing limb having been accidentally shot off in a bear hunt. The homely terseness and sincerity of his language are well nigh dramatic:—

“We were soldiers in the Mormon Battalion, Israel and me, and started to California the day after my baptism. We reached the Coast by the southern route. The Mexican War was over, and our company was disbanded at Los Angeles. A part of the boys then marched

to Sutter's Fort, and six of us went to work on the mill. I worked at whip-sawing. It was in the mill-race that Marshall picked up something that looked like gold. He handed the flakes to me in his hat, and I bit them to see if they were gold. I could n't be sure till I had tested further, so I went in to the fire, and tried to melt the metal, but could n't do it. I knew then that it was gold, and went back to where they were working, and said, ‘Boys, it is gold!’ They all laughed and shouted, and there was n't much work done that day. Henry Bigler was honest and faithful, and tells the story true, but he did n't go into details. I've thought a good deal about those days, and am getting up a pamphlet that will have the whole thing set down as it happened. I don't know of any other man at Sutter's who kept a diary but Bigler. We did n't any of us know the importance time would give to what we saw. At first Cap. Sutter was mad about the gold, and swore a good deal, and said the discovery would ruin him. He wanted to

build a grist mill and saw mill on the American River, and we had skilled hands in our company that was willing to work, and take pay in cattle, horses, and grub. He was afraid we'd throw up the job and go to digging, but we stuck to our contract, and finished the mills. Afterwards we dug out enough gold to make each of us a small pile to take back to our friends."

Israel Evans listened respectfully of

States. We built bridges, burnt forests, and blazed our way through cañons, until we had marked out what was long known as the old Carson immigrant road. Our wagons was the first to go East. There was seventeen all together, and we crossed mostly on snow drifts. Each man had from five hundred to fifteen hundred dollars' worth of gold dust. We packed our outfit on mules, and one man lost his gold and



Photo by McFarland

UNCLE JIMMY WHITTSON.¹

this account, with now and again an assenting nod or word. He is a rheumatic little man, with a shock of sandy hair and beard, intelligent eyes and forehead, and the kindest, most conciliatory manner in the world. When his companion ceased, he gave a deprecatory cough, and in a mild but convincing tone took up the thread of narrative:—

"When we quit hunting for gold, we started to open out a wagon road to the

¹Since the writing of this article Mr. Whittson has been badly injured by being run over just outside of the Fair Grounds.

all his traps, by his mule getting scared at buffalo and running off. We was the first to take gold back to St. Jo and Omaha, and the first to bring the news of the great discovery. Before this it was put in print by Sam Brannan in San Francisco. By May 10th the first mule train after gold reached Salt Lake Valley, and from that on they come by the hundreds."

The mimic representation of Sutter's Fort, the office of Sam Davis' paper, "*The Midwinter Appeal*," and Marshall's



Photo by McFarland
CAPTAIN CHITTENDEN.

cabin, are objects of special attention at "Gold Gulch." Before the printing office are the two cannon that fired the first shots from Sutter's Fort in 1839. The rocker and pan used by Marshall in the first washing out of gold, the chair and washboard belonging to Mrs. Weimer, who was the camp cook,—the chair cost seventy-five dollars, and the washboard was made of lumber at a dollar a foot,—a variety of rough tools and firearms, and some half dozen musty books of mining and religious import, are a few of the articles which were once the property of James Marshall. This collection is under the supervision of John Schippman, a clean, bright-eyed old man, with a snow-white beard falling to a point from under his shaven chin.

Every mining town has its unique characters, and "Gold Gulch" is no exception to the rule. Opposite the "Calaveras Cabin," before a rude dugout curtained with canvas, there is seen dur-

ing sunny hours the dignified, picturesque figure of Captain Newton H. Chittenden, the famous North American explorer. The Captain's ethnological collection was a much-talked-of feature of the World's Columbian Exhibition, and includes articles of every imaginable kind used by native Western tribes. Weapons of warfare, ornaments, skeletons, and innumerable other relics of American antiquity, have been gathered by this indefatigable man, and classified with a nicety and judgment that could result only from scientific perception and training. Captain Chittenden is a handsome man of fifty, a native of Connecticut, a graduate of Columbia College, and a resident of Santa Barbara since the year 1873, until he entered upon his career as explorer of the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Coast from Mexico to Alaska. The Chittenden collection, which is now on exhibition at the Midwinter Fair, has been donated to the Province of British Columbia in



Photo by Adams
BUCKEYE CABIN.—"ROOT, HOG OR DIE."

recognition of the appreciation shown Captain Chittenden by this people.

The "Washoe Seeress" is also making her headquarters at the Camp. Nevada pioneers with difficulty recognize in this weird personage their once jolly hostess of the Bowers mansion. Sandy Bowers was at one time the richest miner at Gold Hill, and he and his good wife spent money like water in entertaining their friends. Their magnificent mansion on the banks of Washoe Lake has

was once presented to the Queen, and whose court dress called forth elaborate descriptions in the London journals. Surely, Romance is taking a gala day at Gold Gulch!

Coming retrospectively out of the snug cabin set apart for the "Seeress," I saw in the main street the gaunt figure of a man pushing before him a rude wheelbarrow. He was dressed in rags, and the sole covering on his feet were squares of untanned ox-hide tied on, hair side



Photo by McFarland

MARSHALL'S COMPANIONS, BROWN AND EVANS.

stood untenanted for years. Its furniture alone is said to have cost a hundred thousand dollars.

"It is not true, as everyone supposes, that Sandy left me in poverty," the poor lady asserts. "I had a hundred thousand dollars and the house, besides some mining stock, but I took bad advice, and lost everything. I was born with the gift of second sight, and the good God added to it the understanding of astrology, so I make my living by telling fortunes."

A strange calling for a woman who

stood untenanted for years. Its furniture alone is said to have cost a hundred thousand dollars. In the barrow were a sooty frying-pan and a coffee-pot, a few parcels tied up in a sack, and a scant roll of blankets. The man's face, under his broken hat-rim, was burnt to a dark leather, and his hair and beard were shockingly unkempt. He seemed eager to talk, and the bystanders closed about him to listen.

"They call me the Man Friday. I wheeled this barrow all the way across the Plains, and got to Hangtown in just one hundred and fifty-five days from the time I left Council Bluffs. I carried the

load you see, and reached the mines with one ounce of bacon, four ounces of shirt, and a thousand pounds of energy."

At all hours of the day and night, life at the Camp goes on fast and furious. Through the open door of a gambling den, an ominous wrangling is heard above the chink of coin and glasses, and at intervals the sharp report of a pistol chills the blood of the peaceable visitor. Across the way the sound of fiddles and uproarious laughter shows that a Mexican fandango is in full swing, and the uncurtained windows of a barn-like structure give fleeting glimpses of the gaudily dressed dancers. The dance hall has a corner walled in for a general post office, where camp methods for handling Uncle Sam's postal service can be studied at leisure. The letters are

thrust into pasteboard boxes, and cigar boxes, which are tacked with some attempt at regularity on the walls, and a smooth-faced man named Jim Armstrong, does double duty as postmaster and Justice of the Peace. A bar is in active operation at the farther end of the hall, next to the musicians' stand, and the opposite corner is partitioned off into a "Ladies' Corral" or dressing room.

The dark, dissipated face of the dancing master is in strong contrast with the blond, good-natured visage of his "pard," "Slim Jim," who is a gambler by profession. This young man is conspicuously decked out in a plug hat, diamond studs as big as buttons, swallow-tail coat, and check trowsers. They divide the honors of the ball room, and are un-



Photo by McFarland

THE PROFESSOR OF DANCING.

sparing in their efforts to promote order in their own peculiar fashion. If a man will not dance, the Professor, acting in his official capacity, fires a load of bird-shot into his legs, which sets the poor fellow hopping regardless of time; or if pretty Carmen is not sufficiently applauded, the bold Slim Jim promptly

In the corral facing the popular eating house of "Root-Hog-or-Die," a score of late arrivals, — bull-whackers, discharged Mexican soldiers, and Chinamen,—are unloading their tired beasts, while the barking dogs, the fierce growl of a caged grizzly, the whinnying and stamping of frightened horses, and the



A PAUSE IN THE FANDANGO.

puts a bullet through the heart of the most laggard, and then grandly orders his fawning admirers to "remove the *dec bris!*"

Life is hardly less hilarious at the Oro Fino Concert, where singing and ballet dancing win the wildest plaudits under the energetic management of two handsome young bloods, familiarly known about camp as Bonanza Ben and Nugget Ned.

bawling of an itinerant showman add to the clamor and confusion. The old coach in which Horace Greeley took his famous ride with Hank Monk is backed up alongside a "prairie schooner" minus its rigging of bent bows and canvas. Indeed, so realistic is the whole picture, that one's "store clothes" seem wretchedly out of keeping, and nothing short of an open violation of Gold Gulch etiquette.

When order is restored in the corral, the men, conversing jocularly, betake themselves to supper. The appetizing aroma of coffee and fried bacon fills the air, and the cheerful rattle of tin is heard from within. Great puffs of smoke ascend in the twilight ether from the stone-throated chimneys of "Root-Hog-or-Die" and "Rest-for-the-Weary," —

under it and heaped plentifully upon the closed cover, and the whole buried from sight for several hours. This is the favorite method used by the miners, and the most hypercritical must pronounce in favor of steamed beans as against the time-honored Boston baked beans.

A curious relic of pioneer life found in the '49 Camp is a bona fide bill of



Photo by McFarland

SEÑORITA CARMEN.

the most pretentious hotel in the place. The large dining room is papered with Eastern journals, those with pictures being given prominence, and a dozen oil-cloth covered tables stand about the clean-swept floor.

In a small outbuilding the proprietor of the "Rest-for-the-Weary,"—one Papa Peakes, a jovial gentleman, who knows a miner's idiosyncrasies by heart,—is personally superintending the steaming of a huge pot of beans. The pot is stood in a hole in the ground, with live coals

fare furnished to guests of the Eldorado Hotel, Hangtown, in 1850. It reads as follows:—

	SOUP.	
Bean.....	\$1 00	Oxtail (short)....\$1.50
	ROAST.	
Beef, Mexican (prime cut).....	\$1.50	
Beef, Upalong.....	1.00	
Beef, Plain.....	1.00	
Beef, with one Potato (fair size).....	1.25	
Beef, tame, from the States.....	1.50	
	VEGETABLES.	
Baked Beans, plain.....	\$.75	
Baked Beans, greased.....	1.00	

Two Potatoes (medium size).....	.50
Two Potatoes (peeled).....	.75

ENTREES.

Sauerkraut.....	\$1.00
Bacon, Fried.....	1.00
Bacon, Stuffed.....	1.50
Hash, low grade.....	.75
Hash, 18 carats.....	1.00

GAME.

Codfish Balls, per pair.....	\$.75
Grizzly, Roast.....	1.00
Grizzly, Fried.....	.75
Jack 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.

“Beef upalong” is a terse way of designating cuts up along the neck.

Some of the cabins at Gold Gulch are genuine '49ers, brought to the Mid-winter Fair in sections from mining districts. The most commodious and best preserved is the one built thirty-eight years ago by Senator George C. Perkins, and occupied by him while he was taking out gold at Thompson's Flat. It is made of logs fitted with no mean skill, and chinked with clay, the interior smoked to a dark finish by fires which once blazed in the capacious chimney. The furniture of the cabin consists of a rough bedstead, a pine table which age and a generous amount of bacon fat have wrought to a mottled polish, an enormous wood-box, shelves



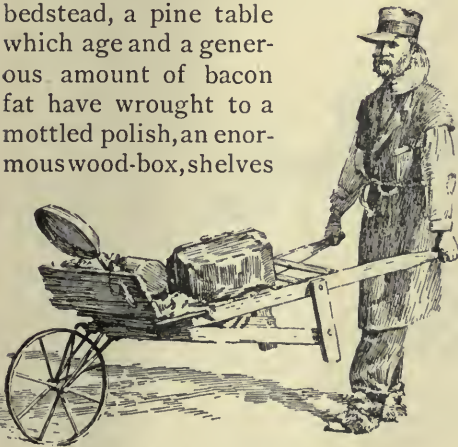
MACKAY'S CABIN.

on which are work articles found indispensable to primitive housekeeping, and a battered sardine box for a soap dish, nailed up near the door. The old '49er in charge is careful that nothing escapes the eye of the visitor. He points to tag ends of discolored rags fluttering from the crevices, and says gravely,—

“You can git some notion of the kind of shirts Mr. Perkins wore in them days.”

Next the Perkins cabin are three walls of rotting shakes,—all that remains of the shanty built by the millionaire, John Mackay, when he made his first big strike in Sierra. A few rods to the right is the fac simile of a cabin once belonging to the late Major William Downie. There is fresh crape over the door, and more than one gray-headed pioneer pauses to gaze sorrowfully at it. Uncle Jimmy Whittson, the oldest miner in the Camp, fixes an earnest eye upon the questioner as if to make sure of sympathy, before launching upon a subject that swells his honest heart:—

“Yes, ma'am, that's the livin' image o' the Major's cabin at Downieville. I hated to lose old brother Downie, for him an' me's both Scotchmen, an' 'bout the same age. There wa'n't no more hospitable man in the mines than the Major. He was comin' to meet us here from British Columbia, an' was so feeble that the joy of it was too much, an' he jes' dropped dead on the boat 'fore he could git ashore. It 'minded me of a



FRIDAY'S TRAVELING EQUIPAGE.



"SLIM JIM."

candle with one spark still burnin', an' the joy jes' pinched it out. I always

hed more vital'ty than him, an' you would n't think I 'm seventy-five," turning his round, unwrinkled face full upon me, and smiling with satisfaction at my emphatic denial. "Well, I be, an' when I was young the girls thought me fair lookin'; but I 'm like a calico that wa' n't fast colors—I 'm fadin' out."

The camp store is fitted up with all the essentials of a mining camp. On the end of the counter are small scales for the weighing of gold dust. A sack of flour is labeled "\$16 and no Johnny Bugs." A pick, pan, and shovel, stuck in a barrel, are marked "2 oz. of gold dust for the entire outfit," and a row of Dutch ovens bear the encouraging label, "Kittles at Kost, at \$1.00 for One." Onions are "cheap at \$1.00 each."

The night has settled to a drizzling rain, and the large lantern swinging from the central beam of the room dimly lights up the group circled around the cheerful fire. Boxes, benches, and kegs, are utilized for chairs, and the air is hazy with the smoke wreathing up from a dozen or more clay pipes. Under the genial influence of the pipes and the fire, these gray old pioneers while away a long evening in such a volume of song-singing and yarn-spinning as will make the experience of a lifetime.

Ninetta Eames.



THE MIDWINTER FAIR CONGRESSES.

THE Columbian Exposition has part of its significance in the fact that the makers of later expositions will be obliged to build with reference to artistic effect. Another fashion set at the same time was that of supplementing the material exhibit by a spiritual exhibit. The example set will be followed in both cases, yet it is not probable that any city will soon attempt to accomplish more in either line than was accomplished in Chicago. The Literary and Scientific Congresses held in connection with the Columbian Exhibition unquestionably made a powerful impression on many minds. The impulse given to some of the inhabitants of San Francisco was sufficient to induce them to attempt to hold a limited number of similar meetings. Some persons especially interested sent notices to others that were supposed to be of the same mind, informing them that a preliminary meeting would be held at the Occidental Hotel in San Francisco, on the evening of December 14, 1893. At the meeting thus called there were enough ordinary persons to make the conviction prevail that it was not a gathering of peculiar people. This was the first solid ground of confidence in the undertaking that was reached.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. C. A. Murdock, and the Hon. M. M. Estee was elected temporary chairman. By-laws were proposed, which provided a name and defined the object of the association to be formed. The object stated was to organize and conduct a series of meetings for the discussion of questions in which members of the community might be interested. The payment of one dollar or more into the treasury of the association was the only requirement fixed for membership.

The officers provided for were a president, two vice-presidents, a secretary, a treasurer, and an executive committee consisting of these officers and five other members. The extensive powers and duties that were assigned to the executive committee indicate the intention of the association to have that body provide for the holding of such congresses as it might find advisable, and carry them on to such success as might be achieved.

In the congresses to be held under this organization it was not proposed to make sex a qualification or a disqualification. At this meeting, however, it was stated that "progress had already been made in the effort to organize a woman's auxiliary congress," in which "the idea is to follow the same line that was taken up at Chicago, select the same topics, and have them treated during the seven days by women."

A second general meeting was held at the Occidental Hotel on the evening of the 20th of December, when the number of members of the executive committee was increased to twelve, the by-laws adopted, and the officers elected. Since its formation the executive committee has suffered only one change in its membership, the substitution of a new member for one resigned, and at present is composed of the following persons: Mr. James D. Phelan, President; Mayor L. R. Ellert, First Vice-President; Judge John H. Boalt, Second Vice-President; Mr. T. C. Judkins, Secretary; Mr. Sheldon G. Kellogg, Treasurer; Mr. William Greer Harrison, Professor Bernard Moses, President David Starr Jordan, Dr. W. F. McNutt, Mr. W. B. Harrington, and Mr. George T. Gaden.

The Executive Committee has met regularly once a week, on Friday after-

noon, and has held special meetings whenever they have been needed. One of the earliest questions which the committee had to settle proved to be one of the most difficult, namely, to determine what congresses should be held. There were obstacles in the way. The committee had no money. The time for preparation was short. It required nerve to ask distinguished men in the East to come three thousand miles at their own expense to enlighten us. But in spite of the obstacles the committee determined to hold a certain number of meetings, yet it was found to be impossible to escape calling them congresses. The affairs of each congress, procuring the speakers and arranging the program, were confided to a special committee appointed by the general Executive Committee.

After considering the alternatives of holding the congresses on the grounds of the Midwinter Fair or nearer the center of the city, the committee finally designated Golden Gate Hall, on Sutter Street, as the place of meeting. The dates fixed for the several congresses fall within the last three months of the period of the Fair, April, May, and June. The congress of Economics and Politics will, however, have two series of sessions, the first during the last three days of March, and the second during the last week of April. Two general subjects, labor and money, have been set for the March meetings, in which President E. Benj. Andrews, of Brown University, will take a leading part in the discussion of money.

Among the congresses for which more or less complete arrangements have been made, the most conspicuous are those dealing with the following subjects: Economics and Politics, Literature, Religion, Medicine, Education, Art, Music, Temperance, Chemistry, and a Woman's Congress, which appears to be named not with reference to the subjects to be discussed, but with reference to the sex

of those who are to participate in the discussion. In the congress of Religion the theatrical element which was prominent in Chicago will be wanting, but the list of topics which it is proposed to consider, and the standing of the persons who have this congress in charge, indicate that the meetings will be of unusual interest. Perhaps the most important question to be solved by religious congresses is whether genuine and thorough toleration among the sects can be secured without developing a spirit of indifference with respect to the vital features of religion. The congress of Economics and Politics will consider, in addition to the subjects of money and labor, the economic changes due to improved facilities of transportation, questions relating to the economic development of California, municipal government, charities, corrections, social settlements, and certain other topics to be brought forward by the special preference of the speakers invited.

The Educational Congress is bound to have abundant material. It will discuss, among other subjects, the report of the "Committee of Ten," the Chautauqua movement, manual training, and the course of study for secondary schools. In view of the remarkable revival of interest in matters of education throughout the country, this congress will, undoubtedly, be able to furnish an attractive program for the threedays of its sessions.

Probably no congress is more closely identified with the economic interests of the State than that which the chemists have been asked to organize. It will deal with chemistry and its relation to industries. In its program will be embraced discussions on agricultural chemistry, including the chemistry of soils and soil products; technical chemistry, including the chemistry of sugar production, explosives, petroleum, asphaltum; metallurgical chemistry, pharmaceutical and medicinal chemistry, and other subjects which individual

speakers may be interested in bringing to the attention of the congress.

At present it is not possible to speak of positive achievements beyond the work of preparation for the proposed congresses. There is one event, however, the mention of which should never be omitted from the acts of the Executive Committee. This is, of course, the Hawaiian Debate. The committee saw, as every one saw, that the whole nation was becoming dreadfully muddled over this subject, and instituted a debate on the resolution that the Hawaiian Islands should be annexed to the United States. The primary object in view in arranging for this debate was, naturally, to enlighten the American people; the secondary object was to raise money to meet the expenses of the Midwinter Fair Congresses. With respect to the first object, the result was simply marvellous. At the time the debate was held

the relations between the President and Congress were going from bad to worse. But after the masterful argument of General Barnes had been overthrown by the irresistible eloquence of Colonel Irish, there was nothing more to be said or done about the matter. The national hysteria passed off; Congress resumed its tariff talk; and the President sailed quietly down the Potomac to his favorite fishing ground. The achievement in pursuit of the secondary object of the debate threatened to be not quite so brilliant. The income was large, but the expenses were also large. While the committee was contemplating this state of things, the Chairman, Mr. Phelan, drew his check for the amount of the expenses, and passed it over to the Secretary. This made the income net, and provided part of the funds necessary for meeting the current expenses of the several congresses.

Bernard Moses.



SOME BREADWINNERS OF THE FAIR.



TWO distinct streams of people flow side by side at the Fair, namely, those who go to spend money and those who go to earn it. Viewing many of the latter, the question naturally arises, "What is to become of them when the flags are lowered on the last fête day?" Possibly we, who have formed the "Fair habit," as an addition to the theater habit, the novel habit, and the rest, which must be supplied with material for their indulgence, may be able to answer that question.

The elements that compose the Fair are varied. Represented there is the county fair of America,—which corresponds to the *mèsse* of Germany,—the mechanics' fair of the city, the museum, the bazaar, the art gallery, and the circus, with possibilities of future additions of the Roman Carnival and the Mardi Gras. Many of these foreigners, coming from the World's Fair to the Midwinter, have prolonged their absence from home until what was at first an avocation has become a vocation; and should the demand to see the strange peoples of the world remain brisk the problem of their future would be solved.

In the Esquimau village the imagination supplies a background of snow and ice; but the spectacle of a fur-clad perspiring native, snapping his fifteen feet of whip, and shouting "Put down five cent!" which, when he gets, he buries and whips out of the ground, yelling, "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!" brings one back to the streets of home with a jerk like

that which he gives his whip. The savage who braves the far ice fields of the north to keep the larder of his snow hut supplied with blubber, has been metamorphosed into a street fakir. At least, he adheres rigidly to his native dress, which is more than can be said of some. We demand that our foreigners shall be *simon pure*, as we demand that our coffee shall be hot and strong; and prefer cold water to a lukewarm mixture of the two. The combination of the Japanese *kimono*, American shoes, and a derby hat, is not pleasing.

The German Village, with its quaint houses, is an object lesson in architecture. From the harmony alone which it gives, may we not hope for a beneficial result in the future architecture of our city? In Papa Seidl's, one of the restaurants of the Vienna Prater, a bit of Austria has been transplanted bodily. What unadulterated good cheer beams from the countenance of every one connected with the place! The huge warder in leathern jerkin and plumed hat is a picture. He stands so rigidly, lantern in hand, that one old woman could not be convinced that he was not a wax figure until she had poked him with her umbrella. "Mercy sakes!" she cried, "It's alive!"

A buxom waitress, clinking her glass of beer with that of a gold-braided musician, who as one of the magnificent Prater orchestra must possess the love of music in his soul, is another picture which might have as a fitting background the black oak interior of an Austrian inn. A vision of what the place would be like, were the jolly Hungarian women replaced by Americans, rises before one. Draggled, careworn, supporting half a dozen relatives, and feeling above her position, the American would perform

her work with a chronic protest expressed in face and movement. As for accepting a treat from a customer, she would never do it as long as a vestige of respectability remained. While this may be an admirable trait, many an artistic picture would be sacrificed.

Addressed in her own language, one of the women became quite confidential. "I like Americans, but your people here are so different from those of Chicago," she asserted, with an expressive shrug. "In Chicago, when a gentleman took too much wine, he was offensive; here, when a gentleman takes too much wine, he is more gentlemanly than ever!"

It is puzzle enough to find one's way out of the bewildering Mirror Maze, without attempting to find the mysterious girl, who is the fly imbedded in its amber.

"It is very simple after you understand the method of construction," remarked a bright man. "Follow me, and I will show you just how it is done."

Too utterly bewildered to attempt any lucid explanation I followed passively.

"You see, it is exactly like the castellated element in architecture. Here a mirror meeting another at right angles, which meets another at right angles, and so on. Then you have, here a space with three mirrors, here again a mirror, here a space,—" but he had put his hand, and almost his head as well, against a mirror, and his theory was exploded. Later, upon being shown a pillar which stood entirely alone, he retired, a wiser man.

It is a funny sensation to see one's self multiplied indefinitely. We are accustomed to the Jekyll-and-Hyde idea of two personalities combined in one person, but the spectacle of a man standing in the center of a visible, admiring group of himself is new.

To feel truly Brobdignagian, one should visit the Japanese tea garden. A realization of his own ponderousness

pervades the spectator, as he watches the preparation of his Liliputian cup of tea; and he seats himself gingerly on a fragile-looking seat, and spears his sweetmeat as if he were a guest at a child's doll party. Extremely gentle, sensitive, and poetic, are these odd little people. While the dainty Yum-Yum, who sat for her sketch (p. 378), was posing obediently, a party of ladies approached. Not wishing to disturb the artist, she kept her position; but the proprietor, who had not observed him, rebuked her for her inattention to his guests. Whereupon, she was so overcome as to be obliged to remain invisible for the remainder of the day; and the sketch had to be finished on another occasion. The native artist, who paints characteristic pictures upside down while you wait, related in triumph how a party of celebrated French artists had essayed to do his work and failed ignominiously. As he sketches, shades in several colors, and finishes, all with one stroke of the brush, it is not difficult to believe that artists of another school might fail in this. With everything Japanese, there is a twist, withal a very fascinating one, which satisfies their peculiar ideas of



A LITTLE ESQUIMAU.

proportion. No doubt the fact that the trunks and branches of their stunted pine tree are a miniature copy of the natural tree, while the leaves are of almost normal size, does not in the least interfere with their idea of the beauty of the whole.

As you stroll through the Fair, occasional incongruities strike one forcibly. A procession from Cairo Street of loose-jointed, shiftless-looking camels swing their beaded necks slowly along, while an American brass band follows them up with "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," in brisk time. A note of similarity between barbaric nations is struck in their music, and that note is noise,—just plain noise. Doubtless the Chinese perceives some point of difference between his primitive drum and cymbal and those of the Egyptian, or the Javanese, or the American Indian, but none is apparent to the average ear. In speaking of barbarism, however, we should be careful, in the face of the wonderful expressions of learning and civilization which the past year has presented,—more careful than was the Orthodox minister who, at the World's Congress of Religions, prayed feelingly for the heathen.



AN UNWILLING "SITTER" FROM ARIZONA.

Cairo Street is fascinatingly clamorous. "Come right in! Don't fear! Camel not hurt; donk not hurt you. Name, Frances Cleveland, Mary Anderson, Yankee Doodle, Ta-ra-ra! Come right in!"

The knowledge that one is riding on a camel named "Frances Cleveland" should help to make an American feel at home on her high hump, and make the zigzag gait given by the feather-pillow feet as familiar as the motion of the national rocking-chair. It remains to be said that when one of the proprietors heard of the names given the animals by their drivers he objected violently, fearing that it would not be considered respectful to the ladies so honored, and the custom was discontinued. One wishes the entreaty to buy "Cheap suv'neer today" would cease. The remembrance of the fezzed and turbaned heads and graceful dress of these Orientals, of the placid faces of the camels, and their raggedy, wrinkled limbs, all of which speak so plainly of the hot red sand of the desert, is the best souvenir one could have. Taste varies in regard to the dancing. The control over the muscles is certainly wonderful, but to unaccustomed eyes it is closely allied to a disease where the muscles are uncontrolled. Even the beautiful Belle Baya with her wing-like costume, in her dancing reminds one of the convulsive throes of a dying bird. The dancing of the men is extremely graceful and fascinating, but the camel watches the performance with apathy; and the fierce clash of sword and shield, the swift strokes through the air, and the whirling bodies, call forth only a slobbery sneer.

Could one be assured that the attraction of Boone's Arena consisted in the development of intelligence in the trained animals, and not in the dangerous nature of the performance, one could enjoy it more fully. The savage instinct, the drop of blood bequeathed from some ancestor, who gloated over

the horrors of the Roman arena, dominates over all the rest, and revels in the presence of danger to human life. Nevertheless, the command of will power over brute force is wonderful.

In the Liberal Arts Building the gentle, courteous people of India, and their dark-skinned neighbors from Ceylon, show their wares with a princely politeness. A tempting display is their Benares brass and inlaid woods, their gorgeous embroideries, carvings, and rugs; and over all, like an incense, hangs the odor of sandal wood. It is a pleasure to meet these soft spoken, velvet-footed, shadowy men, whose high-bred hands touch their wares lovingly. They offer them for inspection with little or no praise, as though a capability to appreciate beauty must respond and yield involuntary admiration.

The Oriental knows little or nothing of modern advertising methods, and he has failed to grasp the fascination of get-



Photo by McFarland

"LITTLE BARKERS."

ting something for nothing that allures the average American. A woman said to her companion, who was looking at



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IN THE JAPANESE GARDEN.



YUM YUM.

some wonderful Eastern carvings, "Do stop looking at those things, and come on down this way, where there's a booth where they're giving away little gridirons!"

Instantly the other left her study of Oriental workmanship, and started for the gridiron attraction. The incident brought to mind one at the Columbian Fair. A line of struggling men, women, and children, a block long, attracted my attention, and curiosity led me to ascertain the cause. Upon nearing the head of the pushing line, it was seen that something was being given away. That precious something, the coveted prize for which they had fought and struggled so fiercely, proved to be a small green wax pickle, about an inch in length.

To know how the other half of the world lives is always good. Even to watch an Indian squaw seated on the ground, engaged in putting the handle on an earthen pitcher, is a sermon to him who will read it. She rolls a strip of clay between her palms, like a child playing with mud pies; then she pinches a piece out of the end, and it resembles a segment of snake with wide open mouth. This is fitted over the edge of the jug, the end patted into place against the bowl, and the pitcher is complete. But the self-reliance, the command over nature, within this savage, who is so serenely independent of all else save nature and self, are what amaze. We, who are handicapped by a multiplicity of needs, vastly independent in associated masses, but comparatively helpless as separate individuals, yield a wondering admiration to these capabilities.

The St. Bernard dogs are noble fellows, who, like many handsome people, rely entirely upon their looks. They are none too amiable, we are told; and from the gingerly manner in which the showmen handle them, there are some people who might almost prefer to be lost in the snows of the Alps to meeting one of them, should he chance to be in a bad humor. The mongrels who precede these gorgeous specimens of the canine race, not having anything but brains to carry them through life, exhibit a remarkable degree of intelligence. Their vivacity is wonderful, when one considers that their exhibition practically never ceases during the



time the Fair is open, but, as the audience is constantly replenished, a few minutes' respite only is given between each repetition.

A glass of beer in Heidelberg Castle should be a magic draught, by whose aid present surroundings would vanish, and in their place appear the vine-clad hills of the picturesque Rhine. But there are ruins and ruins. It is to be hoped that, in simulating the ruins of the ancient fortress, our Heidelberg will not too closely resemble a more modern ruin, and prove to be the Spectatorium of Sunset City. Its form has been, un-



fortunately, particularly appropriate to the undertaking.

"Gum, buy gum?" said a girl in a striking costume, whose dash was punctuated by a very short skirt and Stanley cap, which made one think that she might have escaped from "A Hole in the Ground" traveling company.

"What for?" The man addressed gave back question for question.

"What der yer s'pose? That's the way I make a livin'—by gum!" And she left him with a walk that would have made her fortune as "The Tough Girl."

It was all put on, walk and all. She was only acting a part which she had mapped out for herself as being the best for her purpose; and one leaves her to its fulfillment with a complacent conviction of her ability to take care of herself. The Blue Gum Girl is all right.

A ride in the Scenic Railway is one of those things which may be said to take a nail out of one's coffin. We are apt to mourn over fleeting Youth, without considering that there are many ways of postponing her departure,—keeping her standing in the vestibule with her things on, as it were. Such a ride, where the little "thank-you-ma'am" lifts your hair, and you give a whoop as you go whirling round a corner and plunge down a grade, is one way. To keep

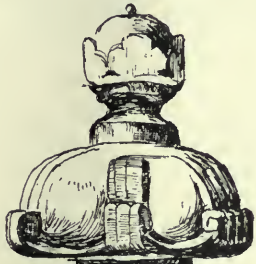




Photo by McFarland

IN CAIRO STREET.

Youth one must do the things she likes, even if it be only masquerading.

If imitation be the sincerest flattery, then the Firth Wheel should be a pleasant morsel to the inventor of the Ferris. The thrills of the latter may all be experienced in a milder degree. The ris-

ing sensation, as the earth is left behind, the panicky conviction that you're in for it and can't get out, is modified and some of the fright eliminated; the sense of being the top o' the heap when one's individual car reaches the highest point is there; and after terra firma is reached once more, the desire to curdle some one else's blood by treating them to a trip, and observing them under the successive stages of the operation, survives. Besides all these attractions, the pleasant picture of where you would land should the axle break is quite vivid; and so it is evident that in the Firth are to be found all the comforts of a wheel.



After viewing the Ostrich Farm, it is easy to believe that the bird is several kinds of an idiot. The space taken up by the enormous eyes and the bill leaves little room for brain matter. All sorts of fantastic tales about this creature recur to mind, and its expressionless gaze gives color to them all. Even the story of how it will put its yard of neck between the wires of a fence, draw it back on the other side, and again through the first aperture, thus tying a knot it has

not sense to untie, which thus proves to be its fatal noose, seems perfectly probable. Doubt attacks the reiterated statement that the male relieves the female from the care of the eggs while she goes in search of food. How could such a ninny be placed in charge of anything? The metamorphosis by which fluffy masses of dainty plumes for my lady's bonnet are evolved from the draggled,

the defiance of the law of gravity, which makes the verity of eyesight doubtful, and suggests the airy creations of dream-land. Foote's Museum is a misnomer. With its other quaint illusion, it should be called "the stuff that dreams are made of."

The Sioux Indians are as blood-curdling in their war and ghost dances as can be expected of them, done up as they



Photo by McFarland

EGYPT IN THE CONCESSIONAIRE'S PARADE.

raggedy, uncurled plumage of this gigantic bird is a marvel.

Dainty Ariel who, like Shakespeare's airy spirit, answers our pleasure "to fly, to swim, to ride on the curl'd clouds," floats in an unknown ether. Who has not dreamed of flying, of sweeping great strong wings up, up toward the light, has missed a great joy. Why is it that Ariel recalls this gift from the eccentric master of dreams, though there be only a slight resemblance between her floating body and the rush of strong pinions through space? It is something in the poise of the figure, the scorn of earth,

are in canton flannel and turkey feathers. As the horses of the fire patrol, when the noon hour sounds for drill, cannot be expected to exhibit the excitement produced by an alarm of fire, so these savages cannot be expected to move through their drill with other feeling than that of a tame indifference.

At a distance of half a mile a jinrikisha runner might be taken, possibly, for a Japanese, but at nearer view disenchantment must follow. The broad Hibernian face and the characteristic roll of the large figure are rendered grotesque by the tiny cap and skin-tight



Photo by McFarland

A FRIENDLY TUSSLE.

suit. The squat Japanese who accompanies the jinrikisha of memory is so very different. A suggestion that speed is not specially desired might be given. It is not so very far around the Court, nor around the Fair either, for that matter; and for an elderly lady to be whisked to her destination far in advance of her party is not the best policy, when future patronage is considered.

To shape the human form divine from a roll of butter does not seem strange, in view of the tiny wax model of Miss Hosmer's Isabella, of which we have heard. The marvel is that countless maids who have patted and pattered over a bowl of butter, alone in a cool dairy by a vine-hung window, have not discovered the plastic nature of the material in their hands and become sculptors. It is known that they all make corduroy roads and ranges of roll-

ing knolls across the bowl, and the next step would seem to be the curve of the human arm. The Butter Sculptress of Centennial fame does well; but for that reason there exists a wonder that one of her degree of talent could be guilty of her artistic crimes. To be able to model a head as well as she does, and then to commit the atrocity of placing the Hall of Records like a revolting excrescence in the Mayor's throat, for instance, is a curious incongruity of elements.

One might hear for the length of a lifetime about the "hanging wall," "foot wall," "stope," and "shaft" of a mine without forming any clear idea of their meaning. But to be drawn into the bowels of the earth,—or into a blackness equally pitchy,—by a real, live donkey, and to see the vague technicalities of mining parlance in the flesh, as

it were, accomplishes in a few minutes what many days of study might not succeed in doing. The realistic entrance to the Colorado Gold Mine, and the ingenious mechanism that portrays the workings of a modern mine in full operation on a miniature scale, are remarkably instructive. The tiny puppets, an inch or so in height, that toil and burrow in their shafts and levels, give the impression of how a giant a hundred times the size of man would regard his ceaseless delving for gold. For this — buried hundreds of feet beneath the surface of the beautiful earth — he gives his life, in the search for something that is an equivalent of dubious value. Viewing the proceeding from the giant's point of view, the game could hardly be regarded as worth the candle.

"We fly with our own wings," is the independent motto of the Oregon Hydraulic Mining exhibit. What a thrill the words "pay dirt" impart! They will always glitter in the history of the State, and posterity will feel something of the fascination of the solitary miner



A CINGALESE.



"SEVERAL KINDS OF AN IDIOT."

in his mountain fastnesses, as he watches the shelving bottom of his rocker for "color." To watch the operation of washing genuine pay dirt for gold is as fascinating as to watch Joshua Whitcomb wind up the old clock with the crank, and draw up a real, mossy bucket of real water from the well, or to eat maple wax that has been strung on real snow. It is all a part of history.

Masses of pink, azure, and golden tulle, magically flung upward, lightly, noiselessly, like some spell cast upon a "fairy ring" in the moonlight, is the wonderful electric fountain. A central jet, which surrounding clusters playfully strive to catch, higher, higher, now almost reaching, and again falling back only to rush upward with fresh vigor. And underneath the fairy ring, where water is transformed to an ethereal fluid, there is a subterranean cavern, we



THE SIOUX OBJECT TO THE CAMERA.

are told, where the magicians who produce these miracles brew their potent spells.

"Prettier than anything at Chicago," is the popular verdict of those who view the Bonet Electric Tower. While the old aphorism in regard to comparisons should always be remembered, still it must be conceded that there is ground for this remark. It were hard to find anything prettier than this obelisk of myriads of lights, which flash and change like thousands of rainbow-colored sensitive anemones. It is like a wonderful triumph in pyrotechnics, whose life is usually of a few minutes'

duration, but which man's genius has caught and crystallized, subject to his pleasure. A graceful, jewel-studded spire, it stands out against the indigo sky like a creation from Aladdin's palace, and from its point of vantage flings its pennon of white light over the horizon.

A new moon,—which every one was glad to note was a dry one,—hung in the western sky, its dark portion unusually distinct and outlined by a thread of silver. "O, look!" cried a woman in the crowd, "They've turned the search-light on the moon!"

The Fair is, or should be, essentially a place for leisure,—a breathing spot in the bustling activity of the average life; and to enjoy it one should leave the seven-league boots in which he rushes through existence outside the gates. The breadwinners of the Fair should bear in mind that its bread-eaters do not care to be hurried at table. To absorb; to saunter aimlessly, letting vagrant fancy have its head and carry one where it will; if instructed at all, to be so unconsciously; to have no plans, no programs to carry out, no anything of that with which we overcrowd our days,—this is the spirit of the Fair.

Elisabeth S. Bates.



THE LIGHTING OF THE FAIR.

WHEN Assistant Electrical Engineers Sprout and Meredith started with three laborers, about the middle of December, to plant poles around the Central Court, the prospect of getting the lighting plant installed and in operation looked very dim. Not a single engine or dynamo had arrived on the grounds, no foundations were built, the buildings offered little protection from the weather, work was barely started on the boilers, the Annex to Machinery Hall was still a matter of conjecture.

In August an attempt was made at Chicago to induce the various electrical companies to send such operative exhibits as would suffice to furnish power for the illumination of the grounds and buildings. The expense connected with the electrical exhibits at the World's Fair had, however, been so great that none of the companies would even consider the proposition of doing anything for the California Exposition without the idea of making a large profit. On the first of October not a single step had been taken in the direction of securing boilers, engines, or dynamos.

Early in the history of the Exposition, short as it has been, the most prominent engine builders of San Francisco refused to give any financial aid or countenance to the Exposition, unless the Executive Committee agreed to use only engines manufactured on the Pacific Coast. This brought a series of complications into the solution of the electric lighting plant that had been unforeseen. In any operative plant, engines must be designed to fit the machines they operate. It now became a serious question as to what the engine builders of San Francisco could offer in the way of engines for running the dynamos necessary for the electric plant, and to what

extent they might show their ability to build engines on this Coast. An interview with each and all of the engine builders of San Francisco showed a desire on their part to wait and see what would be done by other people. Knowing that delay was fatal to any possibility of successfully lighting the Exposition, the Finance Committee finally issued invitations to all of the engine men of San Francisco to assemble at the Exposition headquarters and see what they could offer. In response to thirty-seven invitations sent forth there were three replies, and on the first of November the Executive Committee had a faint assurance that it might possibly get the use of one 150 horse power engine, and one 25 horse power engine. There were indefinite promises of engines amounting to 2200 horse power in the aggregate.

In the meantime, new concessions were daily granted, it was decided to build annexes to main buildings, the space granted by the Park Commission was quadrupled in extent. A contract had been made for the construction of a great tower, which the Exposition was to illuminate and make the leading attraction of the Fair. The original estimate made by the Director General that 1000 horse power would be sufficient for the illumination was increased to 2500 horse power.

By the middle of October not a single engine had been absolutely secured for the use of the Exposition. At this time the Executive Committee applied to the Navy Department, to have Past Assistant Engineer A. M. Hunt detailed to take charge of the installation and operation of the mechanical engineering plant necessary for the operation of the dynamos still to be obtained. Mr. Hunt's

services were finally secured on the 13th of November, and in addition to the work he was detailed to take charge of, the Committee kindly allowed him to undertake the task of locating and conciliating exhibitors and concessionaires. Without the indefatigable efforts of Mr. Hunt, the lighting of the Exposition would, doubtless, have been much delayed.

The engines, boilers, and dynamos, necessary for furnishing light could not have been purchased and installed for less than \$200,000. The Executive Committee could not for a moment contemplate an expense of this kind. The only chance of getting the machinery was to have the various manufacturing companies enter into the spirit of the Exposition as a great commercial enterprise, and to take advantage of the opportunity to call attention to the excellent qualities of their machines. Engines and dynamos suffer little from careful use, and may be rented. Boilers, however, deteriorate rapidly, and once used, become much reduced in value.

Early in October, the local agent of the Fort Wayne Company offered the Exposition the free use of two sixty-light arc machines. These furnish sufficient light for the Central Court. A small amount of surplus electrical machinery is kept on hand in the city of San Francisco. Machines are either manufactured or sent from the East to meet demands. There is little sale for large incandescent light machines. The electrical companies absolutely refused to loan machines for which there was no probable sale in this part of the world. The General Electrical Company made a verbal proffer of the use of five railway generators. These machines would have furnished 12,500 incandescent lights on a series system, which was ill-adapted to the general needs of the Exposition. Further, there was considerable doubt as to the possibility of securing a sufficient number of large engines for their operation.

The use of two boilers, one of forty and the other of one hundred horse power capacity, had by this time been offered to the Exposition.

The contracts for buildings being closed, the Director-General found that it would be absolutely essential for him to go to Chicago to secure exhibits that would give the Exposition the international character that was its aim. He further saw that, with the facilities offered in San Francisco, it would be impossible economically to light the Exposition, and that in order to enlist the help of the various electrical companies it would be necessary to have them understand the scope, magnitude, and management, of the Exposition.

On his arrival in Chicago on October the twenty-third, the matter was at once taken in hand. The Fort Wayne Company endorsed the action of its local agent, by offering the free use of an alternating current machine having a capacity of 2500 lights. This machine now furnishes light for Administration, Festival Hall, and Exposition offices generally. The Standard Electric Company was found to have grave doubts concerning the financial responsibility of the Exposition. These being removed, they furnished four arc machines, and the necessary lamps for illuminating the Agricultural and Mechanical Arts buildings. The Western Electric Company had made propositions to illuminate the tower with eight thousand lamps, and were of the opinion that a successful illumination could not be obtained with a less number. After much consideration the number was limited to three thousand five hundred, and a contract for placing the same in position was undertaken at a very moderate figure. The Western Electric Company then volunteered to furnish the arc lamps and machines necessary for lighting Manufactures Building. In addition to these machines they have in operation the large generators for lighting the

tower, and a number of small machines for supplying various currents for motor service. Provision was now made for everything except lights for concessions, roadways, and cornice lights on main buildings.

The General Electric Company was very desirous of transferring to San Francisco one of the electric fountains that had proved such an attraction at Chicago. Their agent was inclined to make any offer of free use of machinery contingent upon the fountain being contracted for. The fountain was desirable, but the price asked for it was, in the opinion of the Director-General, exorbitant, and beyond the means of the Exposition. Negotiations were dropped, pending the decisions of the remaining electric companies.

The Westinghouse Company had furnished the vast incandescent system at the World's Fair, but found itself too occupied with preparing the machinery for the power transmission at Niagara to undertake any more Exposition work. The Siemens-Halske Company having in August absolutely refused even to consider the idea of sending machinery to San Francisco for the free use of the Exposition, now offered the use of a dynamo of 6000-lights capacity, provided a certain type of engine could be secured to drive it. In the limited time that was left it was found impossible to secure such an engine, and the offer of the dynamo was reluctantly declined.

In the meantime, the Director-General had reconsidered the question of the ability of the Exposition to stand the expense of the electric fountain, and the Electric Company was prepared to offer a more reasonable proposition. The fountain was contracted for on November 10th, and the General Electric Company offered the free use of eight arc-light machines and 400 lamps, now used in illuminating roadways and concessions; a direct current machine of 2500 lights capacity, which is now in use

for the cornice lights and motor service an alternating current machine capable of supplying current for all arc in concessions and buildings; the great searchlight now on the tower, and the dynamo necessary for operating the fountain and searchlight.

Again, in the meanwhile, Colonel Meier, the President of the Heine Boiler Company, developed great interest in the Exposition, and made an offer so advantageous to it that a contract was at once closed for boilers having a capacity of 1500 horse power. These boilers were in operation at the World's Fair on November 2d. A second contract for 1000 horse power in boilers was made with the Climax Boiler Co. The date of shipment, however, was left open, awaiting confirmation from the head office in New York.

All that remained was to secure engines to drive the dynamos, and pumps to supply the vast quantity of water necessary for the electric fountain. Finding that these questions could not be settled in Chicago without considerable delay, the return to San Francisco was made on November 13th, to take up the work of installation and construction.

Mr. Hunt brought fresh energy to aid in procuring engines as well as installing the machinery thus far secured. The local engine-builders no longer regarded the Exposition as a myth, and a fair proportion of the promises made were ratified. The representatives of Eastern companies furnished a number of high-speed engines suitable for the operation of arc light machines. The Exposition, however, was still short seven hundred and fifty horse power in engines. The scrap heaps of the machine-shops of San Francisco were ransacked, and work begun on putting two large engines in working order, to meet the now imperative demand.

At this time word came from the Climax Boiler Company that boilers could

not be shipped until late in December. Colonel Meier again came to the front in aid of the Exposition, by responding to a telegram that he would at once ship additional boilers of fifteen hundred horse power capacity. The first shipment of boilers got astray on the way, and arrived after the second shipment.

The question of fuel had been considered for some time. The disadvantages arising from the use of coal were definitely recognized, but oil was out of question at the prices quoted in San Francisco. Mr. Bart, the President of the Union Oil Company, took up the matter, and made a proposition so advantageous as to relieve the Exposition of all smoke, dirt, ashes, and labor, incident to the use of coal. The boiler plant as now installed is one of the attractive features of the Fair. The boilers are painted white, and have not a stain on them. Between two of them are hung in triumph a pair of crossed shovels, also pure white, and tied together with a red ribbon.

The Civil, Mechanical, and Electrical Engineering Departments of the Exposition were allotted one small inside room in the Mills Building, in which to perfect their plans, and conduct a business ranging from the location of sewer pipes to the placing of the searchlight on the tower.

The electric fountain had been contracted for in a moment of mixed despair and enthusiasm. Two serious problems concerning it now arose. To secure the necessary pumps, and to devise means for avoiding expense for water. The pumps required for the fountain are capable of supplying twelve millions of gallons of water a day, under a pressure of one hundred pounds. This is nearly two thirds of the capacity required for the city of San Francisco. Pumps of this capacity are not kept in stock, and are in rare demand. It was found impracticable to secure the pumps that had been used at Chicago. Mr. Geo. E. Dow, a public-spirited citizen, agreed in

five weeks time to build and install the necessary pumps, and allow the Exposition to have the use of them for one tenth of their actual cost.

At the lowest estimate, the quantity of water required for daily displays of thirty minutes would be three hundred thousand gallons. Mr. Herman Schussler arranged a system of catch-basins and pipes to avoid this continual expense. On the 10th of December it was discovered that the pipes could not be procured in San Francisco. Telegraphic orders brought them from Portland, Oregon.

This fountain, one of two operated at the World's Fair, was designed by Mr. Luther Stieringer, and after numerous delays on the part of the pumping machinery was put in successful operation some two months after the opening of the Columbian Exposition. The usual performance in Chicago was given on the thirty-first of October, 1893; the fountain was torn to pieces, transferred to San Francisco and as far as the fountain itself was concerned, was ready for operation on the fifteenth of January. This work was all done under the personal supervision of Mr. F. H. Dorr, who operates the fountain so successfully. The continual rains in December and January delayed the construction of the annex to Machinery Hall, where the pumps, engines, and dynamos, necessary for operating the fountain were to be placed.

The first test of the completed fountain on February 16th showed that the hydraulic and electric arrangements were perfect.

The General Electric Company contracted to wire the main buildings for the exterior decorative lights, and it was a daily struggle on the part of the wiremen to accomplish more than painters, plasterers, and carpenters, could destroy. The utilization of a railway generator for this lighting involved the adoption of a series system of arranging lamps. This system was accepted only on account of the possibility of

economic wiring it presented. Grave doubts existed concerning its success. Salt fog had ruined lamps and corroded sockets. The first test was a dismal failure. Simple but effective measures were adopted to remedy the numerous troubles thus caused, and these lights now stand permanently successful.

The electric tower is the particular feature the Californian Exposition offers to the world in the way of novelty in illumination. The construction of the tower has been slow, but the lights have marked its progress. The placing of the lights on the tower has been in the excellent hands of the Western Electric Company. Economy limited the number of lamps, but the fertile mind of Mr. Jenness has so placed them as to cover the tower with dainty jewels.

The great searchlight which throws its comet-like ray on the evening fog, was hoisted into position under the supervision of Captain J. E. Hansen. The top platform is barely large enough for the light. To hoist the ponderous but fragile lens into place and secure it required both skill and courage. This is the greatest searchlight in the world, and the power of its beam of light is roughly estimated as being equal to that of three hundred and fifty million candles. Sufficiently elevated, it may be seen one hundred and twenty miles.

On the 13th of January, it was finally decided officially to open the Exposition on January 27th. The boilers were not then installed; not a single engine was ready for test; no line wire was strung; many roadways were still undecided; grades had not yet been established.

Up to this time, the approval of the Director-General or the Executive Committee was necessary before any work could be undertaken or labor employed. The Executive Committee was daily and nightly surrounded by a *cheval de frise* of hungry applicants for concessions, and were thus fairly inaccessible to the heads of departments, and consideration

of questions of importance to the opening of the Exposition was indefinitely delayed. The engineers were now instructed to push work to completion.

At this juncture, Mr. Hunt received the cheerful news that one of the engines upon which he had been relying had been sent to Santa Barbara to pump out a sunken steamer, and had been washed overboard. San Francisco was out of engines; one was found in Portland. It was transferred and put in operation before opening day.

The contractors having failed to get the oil plant in place, temporary grates were installed, and on January 21 steam was raised on two boilers to test the steam pipes. A single arc light was offered as a harbinger of the future. Several days were necessary to perfect the steam and exhaust pipe systems. Pressure was not again obtained until January 25, when twelve arc lights were put in operation. Three arc light machines broke down under test. On the evening of January 26, two hundred arc lights were in circuit. On Saturday, January 27, poles had been erected, over one hundred and twenty thousand feet of wire strung, and six hundred arc lamps hung and put in successful operation. The number of men employed by the electrical department during this period never exceeded thirty-five.

The lighting of the Exposition is in no sense a great engineering undertaking. It is notable only that in a very short space of time a hastily constructed steam plant, and an ill-assorted set of untried engines and water-soaked dynamos, were put in successful operation without a single serious accident. Up to the opening day of the Exposition, not a single skilled employee of the Electrical Department received anything but laborer's wages. These men worked with intelligence and enthusiasm; no work was too hard, no hours too long. To them belongs the credit of the successful lighting of the Exposition.

W. F. C. Hasson.

IS THE MIDWINTER FAIR A BENEFIT?

IT HAS been said that Californians are less apt to agree on subjects affecting their own interests than are the people of the older States, under similar circumstances, while there is, at the same time, a greater necessity for united action.

It seems to be true that conflicting purposes have, unhappily, taken the place, on more than one occasion, of any combined effort to advance the general welfare. Perhaps this was due to the survival of slow methods from the ante-railroad period, when "steamer day" was an expression of greatest local activity; or perhaps it was attributable to the heterogeneous population which had not been completely amalgamated. Each had different interests to serve, and no considerable number of the population were sufficiently united to give to public action the character of patriotism.

In the East, where, for a hundred years, men have been born upon the soil and wedded to home enterprises, they have not only felt the instinctive motive, but they have learned the necessary lesson, of standing by their own communities. Furthermore, States which are closely united enter into a tacit compact, born of proximity and friendly relations, to advance the interests of their section.

To none of these alliances is California a party, nor are her citizens always moved by such considerations. Cut off by over a thousand miles of mountains and deserts, California stands alone, and shall receive no benefit which is not conferred by her own people. The vote of the State does not enter into the political calculations, and the Federal Government has treated her with proportionate respect. Even at home, up to

a recent period, the mountains frowned upon the valleys, and the South looked with distrust upon the professions of the North.

But has there not been a change? Has not the Midwinter Fair developed a practical unanimity, and cemented interests which heretofore have been diverse? Has not its consummation evidenced concrete State pride, and put to blush the pessimistic who foreboded failure?

Chicago projected a great Exposition with governmental aid, and the stock subscribers looked to reimbursement and dividends of seven millions, according to the prospectus of the Exposition Company; but the people of California with alacrity made donations freely to a cause whose only object was to promote their State's welfare, and from which no one expected to derive direct benefits.

The North and the South, the highlands and the lowlands, have been "drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together."

At first, with a knowledge of the old traditions, it was not surprising that an occasional voice should have been heard urging that the Midwinter Fair was not practicable, or even desirable; while a strident tone would break the harmony by muttering that it would even be detrimental. But these were voices of the night, and the day did not reveal an owner. Facts are arguments which cannot be refuted, and to some orders of intelligence facts are the only arguments that are at all comprehensible.

The logic of events has silenced the doubters, and the Fair will serve, in a broad and general way, to reconcile all sections, and bind the Pacific States in a fraternal spirit by showing them,

through the leadership of San Francisco, that success in a larger measure will follow a united people.

Already it has given courage to those who have despaired about the decadence of enterprise, and the difficulty of promoting great undertakings. The Sunset City, built, as it has been, in six months, is an object lesson in itself of incalculable value to the youth of California, in demonstrating before their eyes, the great fact that labor conquers all things, and that anything is possible to labor, directed by intelligence and spurred by perseverance.

It has been shown that even timid capital comes to the aid of great conceptions from obscure and unexpected sources like manna from heaven; for at the time of the building of the Fair, a money panic, due to the artificial scarcity of the circulating medium, menaced all industries, and gave currency to the metallic voice of doubt and evil prognostication; but the idea of a Fair appealed to a sufficient number, and the means mysteriously materialized; just as when Hamilton, in a crisis of the national finances, touched the dead body of public credit and it sprang to its feet!

What may be the consequences of this achievement? It having been shown how easy it is, when the movement is well directed and persistently followed, to build a city out of nothing, as it were, and in a few months, the people have learned that systems of drainage, or of boulevards, or public and quasi-public improvements of any description, are also easy of accomplishment when properly undertaken; that there are in every American community the resources which, when awakened, are adequate to the successful prosecution of great and worthy enterprises.

It was objected at the time that a Fair following so closely on the great Columbian Exposition was ill advised. It might well have been asked, why re-

peat a great performance on a small scale at a remote point? But there were many reasons why it should have been done.

It is not uncommon for smaller fairs to follow in the train of the great European Expositions. As California could not inaugurate so easily a great fair *de novo*, which after all would be similar in character to all others, it was in a position then to accept one ready made. Two efforts prior to the Columbian Exposition had been made to exhibit California to the nations; one, a projected Fair of international proportions in San Francisco, and another an exhibition in London, but they were both still-born. California's opportunity to gratify a clearly expressed ambition came in part with the Columbian Exposition, and her success there was a letter of introduction to the world. When she invited foreign exhibitors to come to her territory they accepted, and made possible the Midwinter entertainment. Not for ten times the cost, and perhaps not at all, could the California International Midwinter Exposition have been put together, had it been projected at any other time as an original undertaking. It was comparatively practicable after Chicago.

It was shown that the magnitude of the Columbian Exposition was such that but few were able to examine critically the exhibits. Moving crowds were wafted through the aisles as in a dream. They could not see the forest for the trees. If the best exhibits were brought to California, they would be an attraction even to those who visited the Chicago Fair; but what of the large numbers, especially on the Pacific Coast, who did not go to Chicago at all? Were they to be denied the pleasures and benefits of the Fair?

If the Chicago Fair was a benefit, as an educational medium, instructing the people in art, science, manufactures, ethnology, so is the Midwinter Fair, built as it is on the same lines, with less

confusing multiplicity of details and duplication of exhibits. It has been a revelation to our people and has brought them, for the first time, in contact with the world.

But we should not overlook the effect which the Fair will have on others. Will it not turn their eyes towards California? It certainly will. But do we want their attention? We certainly do. California languishes for the lack of people. Our lands are awaiting thrifty settlers. An individual's business is established by advertising what he has to offer, and a State's business does not differ in this respect.

There is no advertisement at once so dignified and efficacious as an Exposition. If the same amount of money which the Fair cost were used to subsidize the papers of the world, no such results could be expected as will now flow from the natural channels of legitimate news.

The attention of the world, attracted to America by the Columbian Exposition, has now been drawn to California by the transplanting of the greater show; and in that transplantation, that going into winter quarters, as it were, the main idea of the projectors has found world-wide publicity, that California's climate admitted of such an Exposition at a season when, in most other lands, the efforts of the people to keep warm absorbed most of their energy.

This Exposition inaugurated on January 26th in a flood of sunshine told the story, and is telling it to the world every day, that California possesses an ideal climate. This is an attraction of priceless value to the State, and the profits of its possession accrue only in proportion to the dissemination of a knowledge of the fact among the people of remote States and countries, and the keeping of that fact constantly before them. The flow of even tourist travel is a source of revenue not to be

despised, and the governments of Europe, in maintaining attractions for this class, appreciate its great value. Tourists put in circulation annually vast sums of money, earned elsewhere, and add greatly to the wealth of the countries favored by their presence. California is the winter State of America, and it is incumbent on the people and to their interest to give hospitable greetings to all who come, to make the cities beautiful and the resorts comfortable. Fairs, *festas*, flower *fêtes*, should enlist the support of every community, thus adding to the charm of life and harmonizing the spirit of California with her physical features of sunshine, fruit, and flowers. California should be what Italy and France have been and still are in a measure, and San Francisco and Los Angeles should be what Venice has been and Paris is to strangers, "the pleasant places of all festivity." Although Venice in its prime was as a holiday for visitors, its own people commanded the commerce of the seas, and Paris, with all its gaiety, is the artistic soul of Europe. The Fair has given force and direction to the idea.

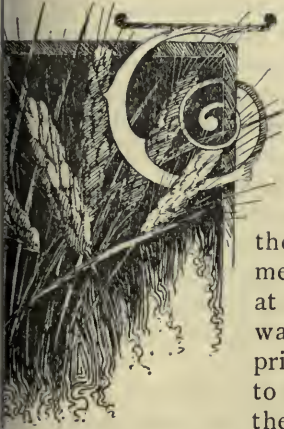
It was fitting that the New York press, in telling the story of the Midwinter Fair, after the day of the opening, should have blazoned their columns with the head-lines "Triumphant California!"

Well does our Exposition argue for the taste and civilization of the people, which, until recently, were regarded in certain quarters as semi-barbarous, with Bret Harte as their best and brightest exponent. The truth shall now enter the homes of thousands, and these very homes may follow the Columbian Exposition to the land of "all Art yields and Nature can decree."

What Nature has done for California this Fair has done for her people. It has also exhibited to the world that God's bounty and man's enterprise are united on the Pacific Coast.

James D. Phelan.

AGRICULTURE AND HORTICULTURE AT THE MIDWINTER FAIR.



THE proper person to give an official account of agriculture and horticulture at the Midwinter Fair, Professor Emory E. Smith, the chief of that department, was seriously ill at the time his copy was needed by the printers, and I have had to assume his place at the last moment, and

gather up into a general sketch the more striking features of that display, creditable already to California, and certain greatly to improve through spring and summer.

Take agriculture, in its fullest meaning, from the Midwinter Fair, and half of its value and attractiveness would be destroyed. The immense Agricultural and Horticultural building, the buildings of the northern counties and the southern counties and every one of the separate county structures, would lose, at least in a great degree, and probably entirely, their present interest for the public. Nor could anything be found to repair the loss. Even those great mineral districts, the State of Nevada and the Territory of Arizona, with their superb products of precious and useful minerals from thousands of mines, would seem altogether different without their manifold products of orchards and fields. No stranger within our gates can form a just conception of those perennial springs which feed California's prosperity, without a painstaking study of the products of our varied soils. Incidentally, the machinist and inventor will find new applications of ingenuity

to farm and orchard tools, to plows, harrows, cultivators, fruit wagons, digging machines and levelers for use in the irrigation districts, grape-shears, fruit-dryers, fruit-grading machines, and a multitude of useful tools of California make. In some form or another, it may be truly said, the products of California soil are of financial importance to very great numbers of persons, and possess more or less interest to every one who enters the Fair gates. This has been, in a measure, true of all the great American Fairs, so that one need not apologize for a brief general sketch.

Easy as it seems to an outsider to arrange collections of fruits, flowers, grains, vegetables, and other products of the soil, in great historical groups and classes, the history of all Expositions proves that it is one of the most difficult tasks imposed upon the directing and organizing chiefs of a Fair. Unlike the departments of manufactures and machinery, whose brilliant displays are chiefly collected from business men, who hope for more direct and immediate gain, and whose displays are always in a state of readiness, a department of agriculture and horticulture depends for the bulk of its displays upon a countless host of untrained collectors, and is subject to every fluctuation of wind and weather. The highest order of executive ability, joined with very exact, practical, and far-reaching horticultural knowledge, is required in the chief officers in this department, or periods of empty tables and grewsome, perishing remains will alternate with periods of waste and overflow. It must never be forgotten that a horticultural display is lifted into the realm of art only in one way—by being continually vitalized

with the living spirit of the gardens, orchards, and forests.

I have seen many fruit and flower displays in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and other cities, as well as on the Pacific Coast, and I have never yet failed to observe that in every case of large success, many painstaking and scientific specialists were toiling like Titans every working hour. At the New Orleans Exposition, the display, considering the money spent upon it, was for many weeks tottering upon the verge of failure, and was only rescued by the citrus-fruit growers of Florida and California, a few pomological societies, and about a dozen people of rare horticultural ability,—several of these from the Pacific Coast. At Chicago, much was done and done most admirably, as all the world knows; but there, also, it was made painfully evident that high specialized skill is absolutely essential even in lesser departments, for the collection, arrangement, and handling, of the perishable products of field, garden, orchard, forcing house, and conservatory. Nothing in its way was better managed in the Chicago display than the classification and arrangement of the exhibit of apples from Arkansas. States with greater natural resources fell distinctly in the rear, in comparison with this simple and exact display. At Philadelphia, New Orleans, and at Chicago, those States or counties that had allowed the management of their horticultural displays to fall into the hands of ordinary ward politicians were under much heavier expenses than necessary, were practically beaten in the contest by less fruitful districts, and ultimately became a hissing and a by-word among their neighbors. I have seen men in charge of horticultural displays who did not know one variety of fruit from another, but would calmly tell an inquiring tourist that, "Them red apples is Roxbury Russets, and that big yellow kind is Baldwins, and that kind over there

has four labels on it, and you can take your pick."

Agriculture and horticulture at the Midwinter Fair begin, for the visitor, with one of three structures, naming them in order of approach from the north entrance,—the Southern California building, the main Agricultural and Horticultural building, and the Northern California building. Afterwards, he should not fail to visit all the individual county buildings, and such buildings as that of Nevada. The Fair grounds and many lesser plantations of flowers and shrubs are very attractive to the visitor. Even the '49 Mining Camp adds the charm of a distinctive touch of horticulture.

The largest building devoted to soil-products is a low, solid, old Romanesque and Spanish Mission structure, of 400 by 190 feet in floor dimensions; walls, 40 feet high; dome, 100 feet across, and 96 feet high; ground area, 50,000 feet. Around the circle under the dome, and about the walls, are county exhibits, chiefly horticultural. Fresno, Kings, Merced, Tulare, Sonoma, Mariposa, San Luis Obispo, and other counties, make important and widely different displays. Mendocino County's exhibit is in a circular annex. The arcades are filled with grains, grasses, vegetables, and other heavier products. The State Board of Horticulture makes a very costly and instructive exhibit of fruits, nuts, olive oil, and botanical and entomological specimens. To a person interested in agriculture or horticulture, an entire day is not enough for this floor of the building, if any real study is to be done or any comparative notes taken. On the second floor of the annex is a constant exhibit of cut and wild flowers, and there will be times when half a day could be profitably spent here.

The separate displays are in many respects notable, and all will attract attention from tourists, although to those Californians who know their State well

it is sad to see how little some counties have to show, as compared with what they might very easily exhibit. It makes no difference, in the end, with such counties, whether the cause of their failure to represent fairly their own resources was lack of means, or a waste of ample funds—the result is alike in both cases, and the display had better not have been attempted. Life, change, the growth of the seasons, are what one expects in a really fine county display; and it must present new attractions as the days pass. It should be, as far as possible, a thumb-nail historical sketch of the district, an epitome of its resources in a vest-pocket edition. Brains must go to the ordering of its affairs, an accurate knowledge to every classification. It goes without saying, that the more nearly an exhibit can set forth the actual life and history of the region, the better the exhibit is. Fresh flowers from field, cañon, and garden; fruits, vegetables, and other products, fresh, or in various stages of preparation for human use, are infinitely better in these days than the apothecary-like rows of glass jars containing fruits steeped in preservative preparations. The proper use of such jars, and it is an important one, is that fruits can thus be displayed out of their season; but fresh fruits, as far as they can be obtained, are necessary to a successful exhibit. Correct nomenclature is also necessary; mixed products have only value, as a rule, for decorative purposes. The more completely a seemingly small and insignificant class of products is arranged, and artistically displayed, the more it rises in comparative value, and becomes a feature of its group. Twenty-five varieties of apples, correctly labeled, all excellent specimens, and kept up through the whole apple season, gains more credit among educated horticulturists than a hundred varieties mislabeled, or thrown into haphazard heaps.

So much for a few of the more obvious principles. Let us turn to a study of some striking elements of the separate displays. One feature common to nearly all the counties is, that new and promising varieties of fruits and grains are being produced in California. I do not mean introductions from other countries,—that in itself is worthy of a long article some of these days,—I mean seedling fruits, flowers, and plants of every description. They crop up in most unexpected places, and the nurserymen and seedsmen of the world are becoming interested in some of the results. A man in Sonoma County has many acres devoted to hybridizing and propagating entirely new varieties of flowers, berries, and fruits. A woman in Ventura is working in the same line with cannas, ipomeas, and numerous other flowers. An old nurseryman in San José sent out three seedling pears one season, and all are winning wide fame. A Solano fruit grower originated forty or fifty new almonds, half a dozen of them superior in quality and bearing capacity to any of the older varieties. Many such instances might be given, but these must suffice for the State at large. Now, at the Fair one finds already, early as is the season, several dozen promising seedling fruits, unknown to the commercial world. New apples come from Siskiyou, the land of great pines, wide, fertile pastures, and hydraulic mines; they come, also, from the Julian district, away up among the mountains of sunny San Diego. Other seedling apples are sent from the Washoe and Carson country, where quaint mining camps and ancient Mormon settlements on the eastern slopes of the Sierras are beginning to irrigate their lands. The mountain towns of the Coast Range and the Sierras have alike sent fine seedling fruits. New peaches, almonds, apricots, and plums, some new walnuts, and quite an array of new oranges, are on exhibition.

Wheat-growing is one of the great industries of California, and will long be of enormous importance. Wheats, barleys, oats, ryes, and the grasses, clovers, and other forage plants, can be studied in many county exhibits; in the agricultural department of the display made by the University of California, on the second floor of the Manufactures Building; in some displays of the Experiment Stations; and in such collections as that from Rancho Chico. For comparative purposes, Canada has a splendid display of cereals and grasses, well labeled and arranged, and chiefly grown at the Government Experiment Stations. Canada is a great country, and the more her Northwest Territories fill up with ranchers, herdsmen, and miners, the better it will be for California prunes, raisins, and citrus fruits.

For several weeks past, the best way in which to study the facts of California horticulture at the Fair has been to take "apples and oranges" as the keynote of the investigation. Take a map of the State, remembering how great a portion of the Atlantic Coast line it would cover. Begin at Siskiyou and note, first, the magnificently, large, highly-colored, finely-flavored apples grown there. No oranges, however, but the leading deciduous fruits, superb berries, unsurpassed vegetables, tall and rich grasses, and fine woods, such as oaks, madrone, firs, cedars, mountain mahogany. The horticultural resources of that least known of the northern counties, long neglected, but certain to attract many settlers, can safely be grouped about the apple.

Come south to Shasta, another old mining land full of romance and poetry. Trinity, whose old apple orchards were famous among the pioneers, lies on the west; Lassen and Plumas, equally notable for hardy fruits, lie east. None of these four, except Shasta, has sent oranges to the Fair, but Shasta had orange trees by the wayside twenty years ago,

in front of the old Wiser cabin, with massive palms not far off, in a hillside garden. Apples, too, from Shasta, and all that apples represent, besides a good deal of the climatic possibility represented by oranges. One can see in detail, from the Shasta exhibit, what people are doing there, and what they may hope to do. Apples and oranges measure the range for many great California counties after we leave Shasta, and wander south along Coast Range or Sierra. Sometimes the apples fall below the average; sometimes the oranges do; but what a commentary upon California is the fact that they grow within a few miles of each other, and often in the same orchard!

Typical as great apple counties, are Humboldt, Siskiyou, Sonoma, Placer, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Shasta, Butte, San Diego, and San Bernardino, all ranking very high in the quality of the product. But in at least six of these ten, oranges are shown beside the apples, always of a fair quality, and in the case of three or four the oranges hold their own in every market. By "apples of high quality," I refer to a simple commercial test. California apples are now selling in Denver, Kansas City, and Chicago, at higher prices than the same varieties grown east of the Rockies. In size, color, firmness, and flavor, our best mountain apples have few equals and no superiors. This applies emphatically to apples from such famous lemon, olive, orange, or walnut counties as San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Ventura, and San Diego, and the fact is amply proven by the exhibit being made at this time in the various county structures and the main horticultural building. What is true of the apple is true of all the deciduous fruits. They have special homes in districts of California where they reach the greatest perfection, but these districts must gain their reputations under a running fire of sharp competition.

Typical of highly successful citrus fruit counties are Riverside, San Bernardino, and Los Angeles. These and a few others long believed that they had a natural monopoly of the business of raising California lemons and oranges, just as some of the northern counties thought that they had a natural monopoly of the production of prunes, apricots, and apples. The Midwinter Fair illustrates upon a grand scale what some of us have been saying for years, in print and in private, that in the future no county or district can stand at the head in citrus culture without a long, severe, and unceasing conflict with other localities that are almost as good. Tulare, Fresno, Kings, and Merced, come in with San Joaquin Valley oranges. Sacramento, Placer, Butte, Yuba, Solano, Sonoma,—all have valuable orange lands,—how valuable only the commercial test can decide. All this a visitor can see in many a sharp contrast and interesting comparison at the Fair. It means, of course, that the science and practice of horticulture must develop with wonderful speed under all this competition of district with district.

What I mean by the "science and practice" of horticulture in this work of the future can best be illustrated by an incident of the work of the Agricultural Department of the State University. A good many years ago, able observers had predicted in a general way that the citrus fruits would be grown along the San Joaquin Valley foothills. There were a few seedling orange trees already there, and some of them were bearing. But no one thought of any serious comparison with the best oranges of the southern counties. One day, however, some oranges grown on a ranch in the Tulare foothills, some samples of the soil, and some climatic observations made in that region, were submitted to this Department. The land was cheap, merely used for pasturage and grain. The region was then thinly settled, and

twenty miles from a railroad. But the analyses proved that the district produced a most excellent orange of its type,—one seldom equaled in any part of California. Immediately upon the publication of these analyses people began to plant oranges there, and a prosperous colony grew up about the old seedling trees whose fruit had been sent to Berkeley for examination. After a few years the comparative test came in. The new orange district went into a Northern California Citrus Fair, and carried off many honors. It entered other contests with similar results, and finally, at this Midwinter Fair, it entered with the Southern California districts, and again won honors. Now, as the areas of the orchards enlarge, the commercial test must be applied, and oranges from this Tulare colony must compete in open market with those of Colton Terrace, Redlands, Ontario, and other famous and progressive districts. Then, if natural advantages really prove about equal, the leadership will finally rest with the district that contains the most highly educated horticulturists.

One could walk about the county displays for hours, and note how the local elements vary and mingle, how a few careful and able horticulturists in each district give character to large displays by their own accurately labeled and systematically arranged exhibits. Ventura, for example, showed fine yellow and white guavas in March,—very late for the varieties. Ventura also had the new tree tomato, not the much-advertised variety of garden tomato that some Western seedsmen lately depicted as growing to the top of a two-story house, but a somewhat rare species of solanum that has egg-shaped fruit, and seems to find favor in some directions for sauces and preserves. These displays, and a few pomegranates two months out of season, added to apples, oranges, walnuts, and all the special products of the county made Ventura's

exhibit interesting. Santa Clara has so far kept up a wonderfully complete and characteristic display, notable for the evidence it gives that San José is a great garden and nursery center. Monterey, with its beautiful Salinas Valley, its Gavilan and Santa Lucia foothills, and its Carneros orchard lands, has concentrated upon beets, potatoes, and apples. San Luis Obispo, another long-neglected corner of California, shows large and fine collections of grain from the Santa Ysabel Ranch and from the University Experiment Station near Paso Robles. Giant squashes, pumpkins, turnips, cabbages, beets, carrots, and other vegetables, that would take all the prizes at fairs outside of California, are heaped together in almost unnoted confusion. There are too many of them, and like the giant Pound pears, shaddock, and pomelos, in the fruit department, they merely rank as curiosities to attract the eye of the tourist. No one eats any of these monstrosities, any more than we eat a Gloria Mundi apple. Nevertheless, on the mere scale of size, some of these things seem quite respectable, and when the list of big horticultural products at the Fair is complete, it will be interesting to tabulate it. In the line of pears, however, I doubt if the old Mission San José record of 1855 can be surpassed. That particular Pound pear, when cut in half and laid on a page of *Harper's Monthly*, covered the entire length of the reading matter, and at the lower end, most of the width. That was certainly a pear!

It would be easy, if space permitted, to fill pages with details about the local displays, but every visitor must do this for himself. Beyond a doubt, the energy that so many counties have shown in erecting buildings and arranging exhibits constitutes one of the most noteworthy features of the Midwinter Fair. Everyone that enters the gate studies these county structures, and the county pavilions and concessions in the larger

buildings, with growing amazement at the enterprise and energy manifested. Successive features of importance will be introduced, and special displays after displays will unite the counties in groups and classes. After the winter fruits, such as are now passing, comes the season of early vegetables, flowers, and some small fruits. Next are the early deciduous fruits, and then an unbroken succession of crops, in which many districts can compete for supremacy. Without going into details, it may be said that every department of the agricultural and horticultural display can be increased in fullness and variety till the close of the Fair.

Already there have been important competitions, such as the Northern Citrus Fair, and the Southern Citrus Fair, and a competitive exhibition of fruits for which both sections have entered some 500 plates of fruit is now in progress. The "Northern Citrus Belt" is the comparatively frostless foothill region on the western slopes of the Sierras. It began to be known about eight years ago, although a few orange trees over thirty years old are growing in this district. The orange product of these districts during the present season is said to have been a hundred carloads. At the competition among the northern counties, awards were made by competent judges on February 1st. The premium for "best display of fruits from any county" went to Butte, the second premium to Placer, the third to Solano, the fourth to Sacramento, the fifth to Yuba, the sixth to Colusa, the seventh to Tehama. I may add from personal observation that this order of relative importance is very accurate, and well accords with the quality of the displays made. Butte and Placer, having abundant water supplies and many warm and sheltered locations, easily lead among the northern citrus districts. The first premium for "best display of budded oranges grown by the exhibitor" was

awarded to a Palermo grower; Oroville took the second premium; the third, fourth, and fifth awards also went in the Oroville district. Evidently the leadership at present in budded oranges rests within a radius of five miles from Oroville. This small district also took the first and second premiums for "best general display of seedling oranges grown by the exhibitor," and the first, third, and fifth premiums for "best display of lemons."

Of even more interest to the horticulturist are the award for "best thirtys" grown by the exhibitors. A Colusa grower took the highest premium for Washington Navels, and Oroville and Thermalito growers the second and third. In Mediterranean Sweets Placer County growers took first and second, Thermalito took third. In Mandarins and Tangerines Sacramento growers led the procession. Hart's Tardiff, Parson Brown, Jaffa, and Magnum Bonum, as grown at Orange Vale, Sacramento County, took premiums; so did the Paper-rind St. Michaels from Auburn. The best thirty seedlings were some grown at the old mining camp of Smartsville, Yuba County. The best thirty lemons were from Oroville, and those from the Putah Creek region came second. In details of packing and handling the orange crop, few northern growers have yet acquired the skill of those in the South who have made a business of these things for many years.

Three weeks after the awards were made to the Northern California growers of citrus fruits, the southern galaxy of golden counties was brought to the contest. Their exhibit as a whole has been most creditable, not unworthy of any or all of the counties that took part. Their beautiful building was under admirable management, and its fruits were arranged with consummate ability. As in the case of the northern counties, the awards were extremely instructive, showing the rise of new districts, and

the continued supremacy of some of the earlier centers of the industry.

The award "for best exhibit of fruit from any county in the district" went to San Bernardino; second best, to Los Angeles; third best, to Riverside; fourth best, to San Diego; fifth best, to Tulare; sixth best, to Ventura. These awards were based, of course, upon the sum total of exhibits from each county. Such a county as Tulare, which has but few groves and those young, and in only three or four new colonies, could not pretend to compete with such counties as Riverside and San Bernardino. The true test of quality, and of the promise of future development, lay in the lesser awards, such as those "for best exhibit of citrus fruit from any locality in the district," because in this case quantity had no weight. The first premium in this class went to Porterville, in Tulare; the second to Ontario, in the Chino Valley; the third to Redlands, in San Bernardino Valley; the fourth to Riverside. In class third, "best exhibit of budded and seedling oranges made by one exhibitor," a Porterville grower carried off the first prize, and San Diego took the second. In class fourth, "lemons," Ontario growers received three prizes, including the highest. The best packed box of oranges, commercially considered, came from Lamanda Park, and the best packed box of lemons from Ontario. The "best thirty specimens" of Washington Navels were grown in Palm Valley, San Diego County; and the second best in Riverside. Duarte took honors on limes, Malta Bloods, and Mediterranean Sweets; Riverside, on St. Michaels; Porterville, on Jaffa and seedling oranges, and Villa Franca lemons; Ontario, on Genoa and Lisbon lemons; Highlands, on the citron of commerce; San Diego, on grape fruit; Santa Paula, on shaddocks. To one who can read between the lines, these awards are significant of new developments in citrus culture.

In fact, the whole of the State, north and south, from the ocean to the Sierra summits is developing great industries, — the fig and the olive, the vine and deciduous fruits, the lemon and orange, the almond and walnut. Specialization is the order of the day, and the narrow jealousies that disturbed California a decade ago, are now fast disappearing. Where shall one plant an orange grove? In any of the districts where that fruit comes to perfection, — in the best orange soil and climate of that district. How shall a would-be investor who has heard much of the rival claims of the northern, central, and southern counties decide where to settle down? Anywhere on soil that is good for the purpose for which he proposes to use it; anywhere within the horticultural California that exhibits its realities on such a scale at the Midwinter Fair; anywhere between Oregon and Mexico.

A glimpse of the decorative side of horticulture was given to the public on Niles Almond Blossom Day. That little town in the midst of deciduous fruit orchards had chosen the almond, which grows especially well there, as its emblem, and carloads of blossoming boughs were taken to the Alameda County building to make holiday; the floors and steps were white with almond petals before the day was over. San Leandro is to have a cherry-blossom day, and doubtless all the other fruit blossoms will be brought into service by different districts. In some sense the culminating

points of the floral displays expected from the gardens of California will be sweet peas and roses, gathered by millions from hundreds of acres now growing swiftly after the abundant rains. Thousands of flowers, however, that thrive wonderfully out-doors here, and hosts of wild flowers will be displayed, — are already coming from broad valley-plains and sheltered hillsides. The procession of the flowers will continue until the last of the Midwinter Fair.

One should add in closing, that a visitor who merely studies the buildings of the Fair and the exhibits they contain, will miss what is perhaps more characteristic than any single feature. The Golden Gate Park itself makes one of the most attractive and important of items in the category of horticultural displays. It is beautiful at all seasons, but will be especially so from now onward. Through midsummer, when the great valleys are parched with heat, and cities like New York and Chicago pour out their sweltering armies to seashore and mountains, the cool sea-breezes will sweep over the lawns, forests, and gardens, of Golden Gate Park and the Fair grounds. The wild shrubs of the Northwest will be blooming at the doorway of the huge redwood palace of Humboldt County. The cacti of Arizona and the palms gathered from every part of California will find themselves at home with azaleas and rhododendrons, under the golden acacias of the Park.

Charles Howard Shinn.





Photo by McFarland

ON THE CLIFFS IN NORMANDY. CONSTANT TROYON (FRENCH).

IMPRESSIONS OF THE ART DISPLAY.

THE principal attraction at the California Midwinter Exposition is, without doubt, the display of paintings, statuary, and objects of art, at the Fine Arts Building. This is a bold declaration to make, for there are countless attractions on every side to allure the visitor to the Fair grounds. Wander through the Manufactures Building, and the eye is dazzled by the glittering baubles and wonderful stuffs from the Orient, the mosaics from Italy, and the silken fabrics from the looms of France. And then the roar and clatter of machinery, the whirr and whiz of the dynamos, the brilliancy of the incandescent display in the Mechanical Arts Building, interests you,—and wearies you at the same time. Continue your pilgrimage to the Horticultural Building, and the wonderful exhibits of the productions of our State, the pyramids of oranges, stacks of onions, bushels of phenomenal potatoes,—

all this you know of, and it interests you but for the moment. 'T is true, California is God's footstool, her resources are endless, but there is a sameness in hearing this continually dinned into us. We who are a commercial and speculative people, I say, know of all these attractions, and we seek enjoyment and rest within the Temple of Art. Here there is a strange atmosphere; these large squares of beautiful forms and colors upon the walls hypnotize us, and we are anxious to know and penetrate the mysteries of art.

Before entering the portals, let us ask ourselves what do we know of the mysteries to be found within. To me it is pathetic to see and to hear the mass of people who wander through the galleries, the majority of whom do not know what is meant by the vague term, art. For the benefit of this great majority I will tell them something of this art that

we as a people, I am sorry to say, do not interest ourselves in to any great extent.

The end and object of painting is to give pleasure by translating nature truthfully. In order that an artist should give us a true impression of nature, he must be in sympathy with everything that is beautiful, he must have a poetic temperament, and joined to that the rarer gift of a painter's eye. When we study a picture, we should endeavor to define the artist's meaning, and what ideas guided his brush. Moreover, we

to seek the harmonious, both in form and color, in nature. I do not wish to give a lecture on art, but I would like to see at least those who profess to know and admire art doing so in an intelligent manner. Painters have formed their eye by observing and studying nature continually; but there are those who condemn and pass criticism without a moment's hesitation, little knowing of the heartaches and worry the artist has had in his endeavors to search for the truth. As a rule, this class of critics will seek



Photo by McFarland

L'ETANG DE VILLE D'AVRAY. COROT (FRENCH).

should try and appreciate form and color, as these are the two essential parts of painting. We must be trained to notice these two things in nature before we can understand them in art. If, for example, you have acquired a knowledge of botany, what a pleasure you experience in examining the parts of a hitherto-unseen plant; or to him who studies geology, what new interests are awakened in studying the various strata on a trip through the country. So it is with art, — our appreciation of form and color exists only in embryo unless cultivated, so we should always accustom ourselves

for the *pretty* in art: watch them in a gallery, — at once they go to pictures that tell a pathetic story, or represent foppishness, forgetting that prettiness is often akin to sickliness, and that nature is healthy, dignified, and noble, not pretty or affected.

So this is the reason I have said in the beginning of my article that in the Fine Art Building we shall find the most instructive and pleasing of all the attractions to be found at the Midwinter Exposition. With this preface let us enter the galleries, and study some of the pictures on exhibition. We have

the works of French, German, Russian, Polish, Canadian, Italian, Spanish, and American painters, to scrutinize and understand.

I will first enter with the visitor the gallery of French pictures, because there is no question in an unbiased mind that the French lead in matters of art, and so we will consider them first. To be sure, in every nation are to be found artists of great worth; men of genius, who by their individual strength of mind and observation have been acknowledged the wide world over. But with the exception of these few geniuses, France and her art has influenced every nation, and she occupies today the place held by Italy in the days of the Renaissance. The French are responsible for the new school of Impressionism. Whether the effects of this school are good or bad remains to be seen. It is not in my province here to say what will come of it. This I do know, how-

ever, that the exhibitions of today, such as the Salon and Royal Academy, have been brightened and made more cheerful, simply owing to the work of the impressionist. The gloomy, meerschaum exhibitions of a few years ago have disappeared, and now we have light in our work that gives cheerfulness; and the atmosphere instead of being murky and black is glittering and lustrous.

Jean Baptiste Corot is represented by four gems. The canvas numbered 463, *L'Etang de Ville d'Avray*, is particularly a good example of the master's work. The tender poetical feeling that imbues Corot's work and gives it so much a touch of nature is to me remarkable. I have spent hours before this little gem. Whenever I wish to get relief from the yells and howls of the spiellers of the Exposition, I place myself before this work of the greatest landscape painter of the century. I try to imagine myself with the artist before this little lake, so



Photo by McFarland

LA GREVE. GASTON LA TOUCHE (FRENCH).



EVENING SONG. F. ZMURKO (POLISH).

placid and silvery in its tones, (I have been there in reality,) and at once there comes to me repose and comfort of soul.

With Corot are to be found the works of less great rivals, Jules Dupre, Daubigny, Constant, Troyon, giants in the world of art. Never since Corot's time has there been a man of so much prominence in art as Claude Monet. We can study two examples of this artist, numbers 502 and 503, *A Field at Giverny* and *The Cliffs at Varangeville*. *The Field at Giverny* is a simple canvas, but so full of atmosphere and color that it really dazzles you, and makes you catch your breath. This work may not be appreciated or understood by the masses, simply for the reasons I advanced in my introduction of this article, *viz*, that it is necessary to study nature, and those who are not artists require persevering observation in order to appreciate the works of an artist.

Montenard is an impressionist, but more severe in his treatment; but Pizarro, Renoir, and Sisley, are pronounced impressionists, and their works can be carefully considered by those who are interested in the new school.

Victor Gilbert, who is represented by *The Vegetable Market*, number 487,—a picture gloomy in treatment, dark and black, for a subject that should be full

of light, as it is an outdoor scene,—today has completely changed his methods, and his work at present is characterized by light and brilliant color. Undoubtedly he has been influenced by the new school, and to good purpose.

Henner, who paints the nude in such a wonderful way, is represented by a small canvas entitled *Reverie*, a charming bit of color. Boudin, who seeks the gray in nature, is well represented. His large canvas, *Shrimp Fisherwomen*, is opalescent and pearly in its qualities, and that gray atmosphere that envelops the French coast, especially near Boulogne, where Boudin works, has been well observed and appreciated in this picture.

There are examples of all the great artists of France in the gallery, that it would be well for the amateur to study.

Let us pass to the Russian exhibit, and we see that the works of Ayvasovsky and Makovsky are characterized by brilliancy of color, lacking somewhat in refinement. *The Toilet of a Bride*, by Makovsky, is a good example of Russian art,—clever in execution, good in composition, but a little vulgar in color, reminding you somewhat of a bedizened woman. Ayvasovsky, the marine painter of the Czar, is an artist of reputation in Russia, but his work is somewhat

crude in color. Sokoloff, the water colorist, is more agreeable in his treatment, more moderate in his color, and not so garish.

Poland is well represented, and we should have the most profound sympathy for a country that has been prevented from any strong artistic development on account of long-continued political trials. Poland up to the time of her struggle for independence had been noted for her artists, and these masters have left the the most wonderful testimonials of their proficiency in art. Russia has now for the last quarter of a century been more lenient to the Poles, and today we find flourishing art institutions in Cracow and Warsaw; and as they are an artistic race, art is and always will be fostered. It would be well to mention here how art and artists are encouraged in Poland. Crushed and trampled upon, long suffering, she cares more for her painters than we Americans, who represent the greatest of all republics; prosperous and successful beyond measure in commerce and enterprises financial, we lack that one great virtue that the peoples of Europe have to such a degree,—and that is the en-

couragement and protection of art and artists.

Take for example the checkered career of Mateyko, who painted the picture numbered 584, Wernyhora relating the History of Poland, etc. He received a medal in the Salon of 1864, and was offered a position of great prominence abroad; but as the man was a patriot as well as artist he refused to leave Poland. He was decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and received a gold medal for a historical picture, painted for the Salon of 1869. This artist's reputation was so great that when he traveled a kingly ovation everywhere awaited him. Mateyko was fervidly patriotic, and has depicted about thirty of the most painful scenes connected with the dismemberment of Poland. This should be a lesson to respect and honor our artists more than we do. With our commercial success there is engendered a conceit that makes us think we know it all, but this vanity must be stamped out or the result will be fatal to progress.

Zmurko who painted the Evening Song, is an artist of talent, inclined a little to what is known as the *chic* in art: he is however a decorative painter with



AFTER THE STORM, T. S. POPIEL (POLISH).

an agreeable color scale, and appreciation for subdued tones in nature. Jasinski, the painter of *Palm Sunday Mass*, is a young artist whom I met in Paris: a man of strong will power and nervous force, he has a bright career before him. He believes in plenty of light in a picture, and as is evident he has been most happy in his treatment of the soft, sub-

treated; the interior of the cramped-up room is bathed in a soft and transparent light; the head of the old man is well studied and is a good bit of painting. Also the study, *Salem Witches*,—the original, by the way, for his large painting of the same subject that received first medal in the Berlin Exposition,—is a good piece of painting, carefully un-



Photo by McFarland

THE ABSENT ONE. WALTER MCEWEN (AMERICAN).

tle light that fills the church and illumines every visage already alive with the expression of religious fervor. Gerson is also a strong painter. But space will not permit me to dwell too long upon the numerous examples of Polish art.

The works of Walter McEwen in the American section are always pleasing, and show a faithful student of nature,—especially his canvas "The Absent One." The curious spectral effect is well

derstood and intelligently treated. Walter McEwen is a hard student, and deserves the success he has made in his profession.

John La Farge's work is well known to every lover of art. The *Venetian Guitar Player* is a strong canvas; his color is always rich and harmonious, and his drawing always correct and dignified. Mr. La Farge is an artist that America should be proud of. We know

very little of him in California, but suffice it to say his work is appreciated in the world of art.

Kenyon Cox is represented by a portrait of Emil Carlsen, an excellent study, and any one who knows Emil Carlsen will perceive that the artist has caught the character and action of that most erratic of all artists. Charles Sprague Pearce is well represented by a portrait and a genre picture, entitled *Mother and Child*. Thomas Moran is so well known that it is useless for me to speak of his work. Howe is without doubt the best cattle painter in America, and his *Early Start to Market* is a good example of his work.

England is well represented by the work of Reynolds Stevens and Val Prinsep. The school is characterized by prettiness, and English art has always suggested to me bon-bons, crushed

strawberries, and sweetmeats. English artists run much to the pictorial in art. Everything artistic is sacrificed, providing a story can be told; they are not by any means as close observers of nature as their brothers across the channel.

Canada is represented by some very good work, all more or less influenced by the French school. Italy, Spain, and Germany, are for the moment represented in a sparse kind of way,—nothing great to speak of.

Of the California exhibit I will speak later on: suffice for the present to remark it is the cleanest exhibition of California artists that has ever been held in San Francisco. The result of this exhibition should be a good and healthful one.

The Exposition has been instrumental in erecting the first art gallery ever constructed in San Francisco. I will



Photo by McFarland

EARLY START TO MARKET. WILLIAM H. HOWE (AMERICAN).



Photo by McFarland

SUMMER. REYNOLDS STEPHENS (ENGLISH).

not speak of the architectural beauties or defects of the gallery,—suffice to say, it has been done. It has brought here the works of good and bad artists, at an immense expense, and I sincerely hope the great fault-finding public will reap the benefit of studying these pictures, and thereby improve and elevate itself

in art matters. Encourage your children if their bent is in that direction; do not quench any artistic longing, for you are doing a great wrong to yourself and the community. Art is an honorable profession, and if there were more artists among us and less politicians, the better for our refinement and taste.

J. A. Stanton.



THE MINERAL EXHIBIT.

AT no time since the discovery of gold in California has such an opportunity been offered the miners and mine-owners to make a display of the wonderful mineral resources of the State as that given them by the Mid-winter Exposition. So frequently are the new and remarkable discoveries written up that, as a rule, Californians have ceased to wonder, or give more than a passing glance at an article on this subject. "Rich strikes" announced in the newspapers are largely discounted by indifferent readers; but even the most sluggish imagination must be impressed by the varied beauty and unquestionable value of much of the exhibit in the east half of the Mechanical Arts Building. To see and put one's finger on a great boulder, so full of gold that even the unpracticed eye can make out the dull yellow veinings that make up a large part of its mass, is an experience that few are likely to forget.

To the California Miners' Association, or at least to a few of its enterprising members, is due in a great measure the credit of the splendid showing of mineral products now on exhibition. The mining counties, both north and south, responded readily to the correspondence of the committee appointed by the Hon. Jacob Neff, and in a short time after it was decided to have a mineral display committees were appointed in all the counties, and work commenced. Appeals were made to the supervisors of the various interior counties, and in some instances financial aid was obtained from them. Still, it is from the individual miners and mine-owners that the greater part of the funds have been received, and to their enterprise and public spirit the success of the mining exhibit is due. The fact that the work

of collecting ores and minerals for the exhibit was not begun until winter had fairly set in, and that in many places the roads leading to the mining districts were blockaded by snow, greatly delayed the installation of the exhibit; and it was not until the middle of March that it made anything like a presentable appearance, or deserved more than a passing glance from the average visitor.

It would require a volume in itself to contain a detailed description of all the minerals or even of the number of mines represented in the display, and I shall attempt no such description: it is only in a general way that I desire to call the attention of visitors to the more striking and remarkable exhibits from the well known as well as the prospective mines, and the leading features of the exhibit in general.

On entering the Mining Building from the Grand Court, the first noticeable feature is the sandstone wall in front of the exhibit, extending across the building, and forming the division line between the mineral exhibit and the main cross aisle of the building. This wall is the exhibit of the Sites Sandstone Company of Colusa County, and it is doubtful if it could be duplicated at any quarry on the Pacific Coast, or even in the world. The large façade forming the main entrance to the exhibit is built of the representative building stone and marble of California. Surmounting this façade is a huge sphere, to represent in bulk the recorded gold product of California, viz: \$1,248,272,935.00, or 3,833-69-100 cubic feet, or 2,071 tons, nearly one sixth of the entire product of the world for four hundred years past. It is estimated that at least one third more has been produced in specimens, and by Chinese miners who have shipped their

gold to China without a record of it being kept at the United States Mint.

As the visitor passes down the main aisle, the next feature is the bronze statue standing upon a pedestal of Inyo marble and Colusa sandstone. This statue represents a typical group of miners. It was made for the Trustees of the James Lick Trust, and is one of its historical groups to go in the Park at the City Hall. The modeling is by Frank Happersberger, and the casting was made by Messrs. Whyte & De Rome in San Francisco. It is considered one of the finest bronzes ever produced.

Across the main aisle, in front of the east entrance to the building, is a beautiful arch of sandstone, also exhibited by the Sites Company of Colusa County. To the left of the main aisle is the exhibit of Calaveras County, in which may be seen an exhibit of gold ore from the famous Utica Mine, one of the greatest producers in the world today. In this county exhibit will also be seen a fine exhibit of gold ores from the Moser, Lone Star, Reed and Hillory, Royal, Flour Sack, Sparrow Hawk, and others; also copper ore and a fine exhibit of copper bars from the Union Mine at Copperopolis, large quartz crystals, tufa, gypsum, chalk, manganese, marble, etc.; and a pretty exhibit from the Penn Chemical Works.

Adjoining Calaveras is the exhibit from Shasta County, and it is one of the best collections of representative mines and prospective mines in the building. One hundred and fifty-nine separate exhibits and one hundred and forty-two mines are shown, prominent among which are the Uncle Sam, Black and Brown Bear, Gladstone, Texas Consolidated, Clipper, Snyder, Squaw Creek, and other gold mines. Silver from Lost Confidence, silver lead from Round Mountain, gold and silver from Bullychoop, Rustler, Crystal, Mockingbird, Muletown, and many other prominent districts. A beautiful specimen of iron

stalactite from Charles Camden's mine is exhibited here, and attracts much notice.

Siskiyou makes a fine showing of coal, gold, silver, cinnabar, asbestos, and clay; also a fine collection of fossils, and four rare specimens of detritus or picture rock.

Amador's display consists of five massive pyramids of gold ore from the Kennedy, Gove, Bay State, Keystone, and Zeile Mines,—the Kennedy making a display of ore from the 1650 feet level. This mine is one of the great producers of the present age, having paid \$480,000 dividends to its stockholders in 1893.

In front of the exhibit of Amador County and facing the main aisle, is a carefully selected cabinet from the State Mining Bureau, comprising a large collection, filling six cases, of representative minerals from different localities in the State. The entrance to this interesting exhibit is through a beautiful arch of slate, which constitutes the exhibit of the San Francisco Slate Company of El Dorado County, and is one of the main attractions of the general exhibit.

Sierra County makes a fine showing of gold, silver, and copper ore,—principally gold. The exhibit is surmounted by an obelisk representing the total output of the County, viz, \$180,000,000.

Plumas County has a collective exhibit of gold, silver, copper, iron, and other minerals. Gold quartz from Plumas, Eureka, Diadem, Shenandoah, Hallstead, Savercool, Little Butterfly, Granite Basin, Indian Valley, McGill & Standout, Phoenix, Duncan, and Genessee mines; gold, silver, and copper bearing ore from Genessee Valley; metallic copper, with gold and silver, rich carbonates, oxides, and sulphides, of copper from Light's Cañon; rich specimens of gold quartz from the Bell Mine, Diadem, Plumas, Eureka, Specimen Ledge, and Granite Basin.

Placer gold in nuggets and fine gold

from Laporte, Emigrant Hill, Rich Bar, Feather River, Silver Creek, North Fork of Feather River, Gopher Hill, Badger Hill, East Branch of Feather River, Willow Creek; magnetic iron from Light's Cañon and Mohawk Valley: lapidary work, consisting of cut and polished agate, chalcedony, jasper, and crystal, from Spanish Ranch; beautiful transparent green crystals, containing chlorite, white and striped marble, granite, serpentine, verd antique, asbestos, fossil rock, petrifications, epidote, black tourmaline, malachite, and azurite, modeling clay of superior quality, photographic rocks, mineral paint, carbonized wood, and opalized wood.

Santa Cruz has a small but exceedingly interesting exhibit of granite, building stone, limestone, bituminous shale, aluminum, clay, chalk, sulphate of aluminum, hydrated alumina and aluminum, quartz, calcinate of lime, calcinated fossils, etc.

Santa Barbara County's exhibit is at the south of the great arch. Her one exhibit is of asphalt in the block as it comes from the mine, and barreled in liquid form as it is shipped. There are also paving blocks made of the asphalt, and photographic views of the mine.

The asphalt is from the mine of the California Petroleum and Asphalt Company.

A fine exhibit of cinnabar and native quicksilver is to be seen on the north side of the arch. This exhibit is from the Standard mines at Mirabel, Lake County.

Adjoining this on the north is the remarkable onyx exhibit from the Kessler mine in San Luis Obispo County. This is one of the most remarkable exhibits ever seen, and too much praise cannot be given it.

Placer County's main exhibit is in free gold specimens,—one of the finest collections ever shown. Four glass boxes stand in the corners, in which are shown sections of gravel banks. There is also

a fine collection of geological specimens from the cabinet of Alex. Keller.

In the center of the space occupied by the main exhibit is the exhibit of gold, silver, and other specimens of especial value, from various parts of the State. And in the cases provided for that purpose are many beautiful specimens.

San Bernardino has a fine exhibit of gold and silver ores,—principally the latter.

Kern County has a fine exhibit of asphalt, antimony, limestone, lithograph rock, sandstone, nickel ore, and gold-bearing gravel from the Mojave Desert.

Nevada County presents a large collection of gold-bearing ores from the following mines:

Grass Valley.—Idaho, Maryland, North Star, Original Empire, Omaha, Osborn Hill, Menlo, Ben Franklin, Perrin.

Nevada City.—Champion, Providence, Federal Loan, and Spanish; and gold-bearing gravel from the Odin drift mine.

North Columbia.—St. Gothard, Defiance.

Eureka.—National.

Rough and Ready.—Mistletoe.

Spenceville.—Copper ore and its products, by the Imperial Paint and Copper Company; copper and gold ores from the Bitner mine, and copper ore from the Jackson mine.

North Bloomfield.—North Bloomfield M. & W. Co., gold-bearing gravel, gold-bearing cement, mineralized gravel, pipe clay, wood petrifications, sesquioxide of iron, and also a model of the largest gold brick ever cast in California from one run, the amount represented being \$114,280.72; copper ore from the Bull Run mine; and also black marble, undressed and polished.

Indian Springs.—Hematite of iron, of pure quality.

Truckee.—Fire-proof building stone.

You Bet and Chalk Bluff.—Wood petrifications,—rare and curious specimens taken out of hydraulic mines at a depth

of one hundred and two hundred feet below the surface.

The ores in this exhibit are nearly all from mines that are being worked on a large scale, and with profit to the companies owning them. The exhibit is a representative one of the great quartz mining industry, and shows the importance the business has attained on the Coast.

Nevada claims to be the leading mining county of the State, and has produced nearly one sixth of the gold output of California. To illustrate this fact, the exhibit shows a golden sphere over ten feet and a half in diameter, which represents the gold product of the county as \$205,000,000.

Adjoining the Nevada County exhibit is the cinnabar exhibit from the Almaden mine in Santa Clara County. This is a remarkable exhibit of ore, showing native quicksilver, as well as sixty-five per cent ore of cinnabar. An odd fence of empty flasks divides the space from the main aisle. A large quicksilver tub stands in the center of the exhibit, which is to show the liquid metal in comparison with other heavy metal.

Mariposa has a neat and comprehensive exhibit of gold, silver, copper, iron, lead, asbestos, marble, lithograph rock, building stone, jasper, and serpentine marble.

To illustrate the manner of working gold quartz a completely equipped five stamp quartz mill has been built at the western end of the Mining Building, where the entire process is exhibited, from the rock breaker to the gold brick. The mill was equipped by the Joshua Hendy Machine Works for the California Miners' Committee, and is complete in every detail. In the mill building may also be seen a dry washer, similar to those used on the Mojave Desert.

The Butte County mineral deposits are well represented: iron, chrome iron, manganese, asbestos, antimony, copper, lead, lime, clays, platinum, silver, build-

ing stone, marble, sandstone, tufa, soapstone, shale, gypsum, as well as rich gold quartz and sulphuret ore.

The display of minerals made by El Dorado County faces on the main aisle of the Mechanic Arts Building, and is just to the left of the aisle leading from the main entrance to the building, on the Grand Court side. The distinguishing feature is a large fac-simile of the celebrated Marshall Monument at Coloma, commemorating the discovery of gold in California. An attractive arch of slate forms the entrance to the exhibit. Among the minerals shown are specimens of black silicate, crystallized quartz, marble, agate, lime, pumice, and a large number of relics and curios from the famous Sutter Mill at Coloma; Indian relics, curios, utensils, beads, baskets, and the like, a 6000-pound pile of Oro Fino rock, a fine collection of gold ore from the Idlewild Mine, copper ore from Mount Queen, magnesia and cinnabar from Greenwood, etc.

Across the aisle from El Dorado is the exhibit of Contra Costa County, made by the Selby Smelting and Lead Company. It is one of the most unique and elaborate exhibits made, showing lead ores and their products in the form of a pipe organ.

Adjoining Contra Costa is the Mono County exhibit, consisting of two rectangular blocks carried on posts, and representing the output of the county in fine ounces of gold and silver; models of the underground workings of the Standard Consolidated Mining Company and Bulwer Consolidated Mining Company, showing the portion of these mines about which there was an important lawsuit several years ago; photographic views of the Standard Company's electric plant (a 12½-mile transmission), and model of the pole-line; a valuable exhibit of travertine (a hot-springs marble), from Bridgeport; numerous ores, chiefly gold-quartz, from the various mines in the county; Mono

Lake salts, and calcareous deposits; also a model of square-set timbering from Standard mine, and an excellently made model (to scale 1 inch to the foot) of a double-deck mining cage with patent safety attachment.

Next in line is the display of Tuolumne County, the most valuable and one of the most beautiful in the building: 1000 pounds of ore from the famous Rawhide mine, at present the bonanza of the world,—this ore assays \$26,000 per ton,—a magnificent façade, made of native county woods, and a superb cabinet of native woods, the handiwork of Mr. Joseph Oneato of Sonora.

The cabinet contains leaf gold, foliated gold, crystallized gold, placer gold, gold gravel, nuggets, and river gold, worth in all between \$7000 and \$10,000, and from some of the 400 and odd mines of the county: marble from Columbia, twelve varieties; gold-bearing gravel, ten varieties; granite, chrome iron ore, manganese, iridium ore, platinum, hematite ore bearing gold; placer gravel and gold from the Stanislaus and Tuolumne rivers; photographic views of quartz mills, mines, tunnels, and mining scenery in Tuolumne County; 125 pictures.

Adjoining Tuolumne is the Inyo County exhibit, consisting of silver, lead,

antimony, borax, soda,—sodium, natural and refined,—tincal, and a beautiful exhibit of marble from the quarries of the Inyo Marble Company.

Just beyond Inyo is the exhibit from Trinity, the second in rank of the gold-producing counties of the State. Here may be seen not only a beautiful exhibit of native gold, but fine specimens of quartz, cinnabar, iron, asbestos, lead, etc., also a rare collection of curios and freaks of nature.

Behind Trinity is the exhibit of Sonoma County, including quicksilver, chrome iron, clay, magnesia, and other minerals.

Adjoining Sonoma is the exhibit of Napa, and here may be seen a remarkable display of magnesite in its raw and refined form, also its products.

Alameda exhibits chrome iron, magnesia, manganese, mineral paint, and marble.

San Benito County has a fine exhibit of antimonial silver crystals from the Ambrose mine, near Hollister, and an exhibit of cinnabar from the Vaughn mine, arranged to show a ledge in place.

Los Angeles County shows a fine display of soap-stone, onyx, verd antique, marble, mica schist, infusorial earth, copper, talc, galena, and stratite, mainly from Santa Catalina Island.

Edward H. Benjamin.



GOING WITH THE SWIM.

"THE world is mine," said Jimmy, as he emerged from the inner terminus of a secret sand tunnel under the fence, out in a remote corner of the '49 Mining Camp. He had not read Dumas's masterpiece, but he had seen the words placarded on many play-bills about town and those were his sentiments. He had sold his school ticket of entrance at a fair figure, and avoided the two hours' wait at the gates, where the rest of the children were waiting their turn to get in, when the boy runner for the tunnel had whispered to him the secret that a nickel would admit him into the Mining Camp, from which he could reach the Fair grounds, after seeing the special features of that show. By this transaction, he had realized about twenty cents. He belonged to the genus commonly known as "kids," and believed in appropriating to his own amusement anything that was loose or unguarded.

He was only one of thousands that had come as the guests of a great daily to "take in" the Fair, or at least that portion of it that was palata-



ble. With an ingenuity worthy of a better cause, he began to calculate how he could beat the concessions. He passed down the street of the '49 Camp, and peered into an old cabin by the roadside in which Senator Perkins had begun his fight for fortune, turning up his nose at the rough interior. An old man sat by the fireplace, musing. He was neatly dressed in city fashion, but the lines in his face told a tale of hardship. He looked up at a companion at the other end of the room: "I tell you," he said, "it almost makes the tears come to be among these old familiar things. I feel as if the years were chasing me."

Jimmy wondered why the old fellow wanted to be young. Then jingling in his pocket the price of three or four rabbits and pigeons, closed out at forced sale in preparation for this great gala day, he passed along the trail from the Camp. He was scheming how he could split his four coupons of admission to sideshows, so as to make them serve for more, without calling on the reserve fund in his pocket.

While he was revolving this scheme in his mind, he ran into the incoming tide of children from the main gates, at the point where the Camp trail struck into the main road of the concessions. A "barker" there called his attention to the wonders of the Esquimau Village. Before venturing to use up a coupon, he thought it best to survey the field from the top of an electric light pole, perched in the iron rounds of which he enjoyed a complete view without charge. When he was tired of this he struck for the animal show, where he was admitted with a companion to a small corner in the gallery. He enjoyed seeing the cockatoo put out a house afire, the monkey waltz with the poodle, the lion walk with the plump

Mlle. Carlotta without eating her, and he laughed boisterously at the clown's antics with the educated pig. But what puzzled him was the oratory of the master of ceremonies, who had suspended his gong-beating and hyperbole out at the entrance, where the children were crowding, to wrestle with the truth in the iron cage, where Parnell killed his keeper. The clown had finished his act, and was cheerfully leaving the arena with his educated companion, when he was arrested by a slap on the shoulder, and requested to "wait a moment." The pig looked unconcerned, but the man slightly embarrassed, when he saw the showman holding in his hand a small harness spangled with silver mountings. The showman began a presentation speech, in which there may have been some truth, but "he handled the truth kind o' careless," as the barker over the way said of him. Assuming a grandiloquent air, he burst forth,—“Ladies and gentlemen, I have this day the honor of commending to your respectful attention one of the World's greatest fun-makers; one who for the past ten years has entertained thousands upon thousands throughout the United States and the continent of Europe, in conjunction with the World's greatest aggregation of perpetual mundane wonders in everlasting confederation assembled. In token of a deep and heartfelt appreciation of his efforts, we present him today with this silver-mounted harness.”

The kid wondered whether he meant the pig or the man, as did all the rest of us; but when the clown turned to retire, bowing his appreciation, we decided it must be the man. He retired hastily, whispering behind his hand, "I can't speak," whereupon the showman turned to express thanks for him, explaining that the gifted gentleman could not speak a word of English.

Jimmy stayed until he was requested to "get out," and then sought other fields of amusement, in company with

several young companions. When I saw him next it was noon, and he had just received a broad hint from a concessionaire that he was unwelcome. Jimmy and his companion were in full retreat with sandwiches in both hands, and the tall concessionaire had just missed a beautiful free-kick, which indicated undeveloped foot-ball talent. The grounds by this time were filled by some twenty-five thousand children and their mammas, who sat down to devour the contents of their lunch boxes, with oranges fur-



A STANDING ADVERTISEMENT.

nished by the Placer County exhibitors. What a scene of desolation there was when that multitude rose and scattered the papers about them in road and by-path! The loaves and the fishes were devoured, but of the orange peeling there were gathered up much more than twelve baskets full.

The concessionaires were desperate, as the eager throng laid siege to their respective castles and took them by storm. In the Maze, they put their feet through the mirrors. In the Volcano Cyclorama, they were with difficulty re-

strained from jumping the railing, or trying to throw paper into the burning pit. In the Haunted Swing, the boys in the back seat threw peanut shells on the floor, which gave the whole trick away, when the room revolved around the swing. In the Japanese Village, a Jap with a long bamboo pole was busy poking the visible hands of industrious "Brownies" burrowing in the sand under his fence. The ostrich man had eagle eyes for the feathers in his birds. The Street in Cairo was crowded, with scarcely a dime in the crowd. The waffle man called desperately, "Go 'way you! Go 'way you! Why you no buy?" Jimmy induced Billy to invest a nickel, borrowed half of the waffle, and said critically, "Them waffles 're nothin' but holes with a little crust 'round 'em, and when yer chew down the partitions, there's nothin' left."

Once in a while, through the gaping multitude of small fry and brooding mothers, a bulky policeman might be seen leading a squalling infant to the lost child repository, there to be solaced in his tribulations with an orange and a handful of raisins. One child, with an eye to his own advantage, was lost once, and twice afterward intentionally, only to be found by his anxious mother with his face buried in an orange. When last discovered, he was at work on his eleventh ration, and calling for more, under penalty of another squall, which the good-natured police captain in charge was inclined to avert.

The children had a glorious time, and the showmen live to tell the tale of the sacking of the Fair. How all welcomed the coming of six o'clock, when all the special guests were expected to retire! Not so Jimmy and birds of his feather. Their pockets were empty, but their stomachs were not. They needed no dinner, so they resolved to stay within the great enclosure and enjoy the evening together. The police thought that not best. There arose the issue. Ac-

cordingly, very much as a rabbit-drive is planned in Kern or Tulare counties, they deployed to right and left, advancing through the pine tree groves and out-buildings in skirmish line, driving their appreciative but grasping guests before them to the gates.

"Children's Day" was the most interesting, if not the most remunerative, of the public days at the Fair, of which Washington's Birthday was, perhaps, the most successful. All through the sunny day the crowds filled the streets, and crowded on the Athletic field to see the fireworks in the chilly evening. It was interesting to hear the comments of the spectators on the set pieces, wondering why the Director-General had not erected another gigantic portrait of himself, towering above the Niagara of Fire, to shine before the public, as on the previous gala day; but it was still more instructive to walk up with the multitude and find yourself hearing the Director-General himself explaining to a companion how he had built Rome in a day.

The crowds in general differ little from a similar number in Chicago. There are fewer queer characters to be found here, fewer specimens of the "broad and liberal culture of the Mississippi Valley," and very many more handsome women, gifted with brilliant complexions by the mists of San Francisco. The well-dressed people differ from the visitors to Jackson Park in their darker, heavier clothing and the absence of the umbrella as a constant companion. The overcoat was as necessary there in midsummer in case of a sudden fall in temperature, as it is here in winter for the chilly evenings. There is a stimulating effect about the air that enables one to enjoy more with less fatigue and better spirits: but oh, for the marvelous Grand Court of the Dream City once more, even with its sweltering showers or biting cold!

The country folk often know not how



Photo by McFarland

MT. SHASTA AND THE MULE TRAIN, '49 CAMP.

to take our climate. I saw in company with a lady in an ordinary street costume, without wraps, a country cousin in checked skirt and waist of brown, with an ancient mink fur cape in an advanced stage of moulting. On her head was perched an open-work summer bonnet of faded brown straw.

A fat Japanese couple in European costume waddled through the crowd.

Stand aside by the Volcano House a moment. Here comes a stylish young woman in a jinrikisha drawn by a white man in Japanese costume, his blue woolen shirt hanging loose about his waist, below which his dress is very much like a cyclist's. "I don't like that, it's too much like having a white slave," commented a sympathetic mother. A flaxen-haired gum girl of brilliant, unpurchasable complexion, in a trim blue uniform of short skirts, walks with you a step or two, praising her wares.

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"How much is it to see the volcano?" asked a bilious old fellow with long black hair.

"A half," I answered.

"Gosh! Do they want to take all a man's got? Fifty cents to see a little fire spurtin' out of a hole in the mud! Yer can see it in the street any day fur nothin'."

I went in soon after, and listened to the lecture and the sweetest Hawaiian quartet singing in the moonlight among the volcanic rocks of the great Kilauea to the accompaniment of the "taro-patch fiddle." The musicians had departed down a hidden trail behind a blow-hole, leaving a delightful, restful quiet. We felt it profane to speak amid the grandeur of the burning lake, the desolate rocks, and the distant Pacific, silvered by the soft moon.

"Where are we at?" asked a harsh, ignorant voice out of the darkness.



INTERIOR OF SENATOR PERKINS' CABIN.

Then spoke up a positive old lady. "You can't fool me. I know natur' when I see it, and I know paintin' when I see it. You've got a hole over there, and we just see the bay, that's all. That there water ain't no paintin'."

Out in the street once more, you might be interested to see a number of Chinese girls hobbling along in their clumsy slippers, under the eye of a guardian. They were not of the exhibits but of the sight-seers. The pink and blue silk crepe of their costumes was striking among the subdued colors of their more civilized sisters. Their well-oiled hair was most elaborately dressed in fantastic shapes, covered with red, white, yellow, and blue beads, wound with silk threads of varied hues, and held in shape by ornamented gilt bands of metal.

I was startled by a shout, "All aboard for the '49 Mining Camp," with a snap of a whip, and the Chinese girls sat

down beside the road to watch the six mustangs prance through the crowd before the old stage-coach, bearing an armed messenger on the box and an incongruous load of fashionables.

If you can resist the alluring shouts of merriment from the Scenic Railway, go into the Maze and amuse yourself



with your own blunders. There, is a vain man's ideal,— to stand surrounded by nine duplicates of himself. But the fun increases when you look down the delusive corridors and see your own back some twenty feet away. Chase yourself down this corridor and you will see yourself disappear up a corner to the left; but before you reach that corner you will bump your nose against yourself coming abruptly around a corner from the right. It is said that it takes two to

tion to a patent cow that stands ready to give down milk-punch, and cool your peppered lips with her richly flavored milk, never equaled by mortal cow.

As the darkness comes on, the great red and green dragon eyes of Dante's Inferno begin to roll horribly, and the Oriental structures about the Grand Court are outlined with lights. Sousa's Band attracts to the neighborhood of the Administration Building, whence a fine view of the electric fountain's gor-



Photo by McFarland

CHILDREN'S DAY ON THE NORTH DRIVE.

make a quarrel, but when one of Boone's hounds got into the maze and found himself surrounded by nine snarling enemies, there was a one-dog fight without blood, lively enough to amuse a sport.

"Barkers" on many corners announce the most beautiful woman in the world within. Pass by on the other side and visit the Tamale Garden for a novel supper on red-hot tamales of real chicken, not all legs. If the red peppers there found prove unpalatable, go around the corner, where a tinkling bell calls atten-

geous effects adds to the delights. The black height of the electric tower, looming up above all from the flower beds, suddenly bursts into a fairy outline of golden light; then dazzling waves of gold pursue each other across its surface.

By and by the lights disappear again, and the electric fountain displays a shower of diamonds. What a shout went up on St. Patrick's Day when the band played "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls," and the fountain played green!



Photo by McFarland.

CHILDREN'S DAY.—LOST CHILDREN'S CORRAL.

Along towards eight o'clock, when sight-seeing grows tiresome, join the luxurious German population at the Vienna Prater, and enjoy with them their lager and Wagner. There the "smart set" and the Bohemians settled down for the evening, and left the barkers out in the quiet streets, to shiver and yell at the stragglers about their gates. A pretty flower girl glided silently among

the tables, bearing with her the fragrance of violets. A fantasia from Lohengrin carried me off to the clouds, to be yanked back to my beer-mug by the pop of a champagne bottle.

A lively party filled the cars homeward as the evening waned, and "merrily they rolled along,"—according to their own loud announcement in many keys,—till all were scattered at last.

Phil Weaver, Jr.



RUSSIA AT THE FAIR.

THE fourteenth of March is the day set for the opening of the Russian National Section at the Midwinter Fair. As at the Columbian Exposition, where Russia was one of the chief exhibiting nations, so here, at the California International Exposition, her exhibit will certainly be a revelation to most American people, who being familiar, perhaps, with the political life of Russia through the various works and lectures of men who have made it a careful study, know very little of the economical organization of the life of Russia's immense population and still less of that country's natural resources. In fact, of all the great powers that have participated in

the international Expositions of the last two decades, perhaps not one has done so much to acquaint the industrial world with her national resources as has Russia,—an empire of an immense area, “stretching for nearly 3,000 kilometers from the rocks of Finland to the mountains of the Caucasus, and from the Carpathians to the Urals.” But the manner in which this great empire has answered the invitation of the government of the United States to take part in the Columbian Exposition, by sending exhibits to represent her various industries, was a tremendous surprise to the world in general, and to the American people particularly. A good many could not be



THE RUSSIAN FUR EXHIBIT.

unaware of the fact that Russia, by the size of her territory, by the immensity of her population, (125,000,000, according to recent statistics,) and her natural resources, is second to but few of the great nations in manufactures and trades, and superior to many as a grain producing land,— the feeder of Europe,

the yoke of the Mongols, and later the defensive wars against the Swedes, Poles, and Tartars, who attacked her from the east, south, and west,— all this served to weaken the power of the Russian people to such an extent that there could be no hope whatever of beginning any organized, lasting industrial

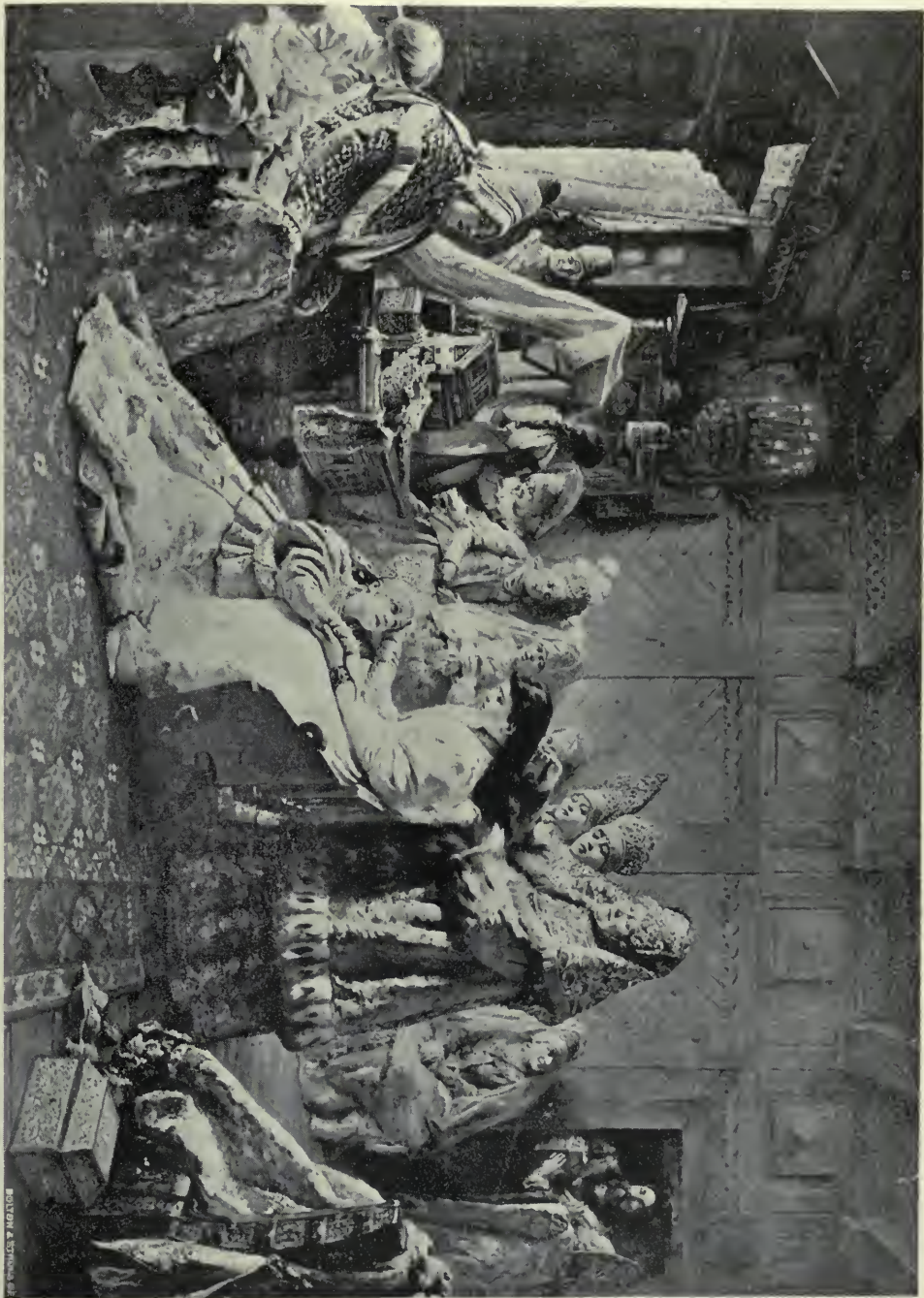


THE TOLSTOI BOOK-CASE.

as Russia is often called at the international grain markets ; yet but few entertained the idea that her exhibit at the World's Fair would be one of astonishing excellence, richness, and completeness, in all its branches.

The long division of Russia into many separate governments in the early centuries, the constant destructive wars of the various tribes, the hardships under

development. Thus Russia has ever been mainly interested in agriculture and horticulture ; the large tracts of rich land, the many lakes and rivers, some of them thousands of miles long, as the Volga and Dnieper, and the consequent easy irrigation, always assuring great success. It is true that the government, constantly watching the gigantic march of civilization in her neigh-



THE TOILET OF THE BRIDE. MAKOVSKY.

BOSTON & ST. LOUIS, MO.

boring countries, has made repeated efforts to develop the mining and manufacturing industries, as did Peter the Great, who visited the various countries of Europe disguised as a carpenter, to investigate the industries of the foreign lands, with a view to establishing similar branches in his own domain; and that the richness of the Russian soil, the abundance of metals, beets, and petro-



A LIVING EXHIBIT FROM CIRCASSIA.

leum, in different parts of the country, called out time and again numerous private enterprises. Nevertheless, the progress they made was very insignificant, and the demand for foreign productions was growing stronger and stronger.

The main cause of this slow movement was the organization of the economical life of the Russian peasants, who wasted all their strength on their small allotments, and in cultivating

lands and felling forests for the rural gentry (*dvorianstvo*), to whom they were bound. The famous act of liberation of the serfs by the late Emperor Alexander II. created a new era in Russian history, and brought a new and strong wave of life and energy. Mills and factories, like mushrooms after the rain, appeared then and there all over the country, and especially around "the heart of Russia," the ancient capital, Moscow, where the population was always very dense. Moscow, with her 1,600 churches, and her Kremlin, where the Czars are crowned, united in marriage, and laid to rest, has from time immemorial been the center where all trade relations with foreign countries of both Europe and Asia have converged. At present, thanks to the heavy customs-tariff that protects the Russian manufacturers against foreign competition, all branches of modern industries have attained considerable proportions in both European and Asiatic Russia. Thus the list, as furnished by the valuable statistical edition, published especially for American visitors at the World's Fair by the Russian Minister of Finance, and translated into English by the former Consul General to Russia, Mr. John Martin Crawford, comprises the following industrial branches: Cotton goods, hemp, flax, woolen, jute, and silk goods; wooden and metal industries; glass wares; India rubber; machines and implements; food products; chemical and naphtha industries; tobacco; matches; carriage manufactures; and also, for the last thirty years ship building. All these industries were fully represented at the great Columbian Exposition, under the personal charge of General Gluchovyski and staff, appointed by the Russian Imperial Minister of Finance, Mr. S. J. Vitte.

The Russian exhibit at the Midwinter Fair is not a government one. However, when the Columbian Exposition was counting the last days of its glori-

ous existence, and it was proposed to make California the scene of an international Exposition of her own, Russia was not behind other countries in declaring her wish to participate by promptly applying for space in Manufactures Building large enough to make a worthy representation of her manufactures and trades. At the same time a corporation of exhibitors entitled, "The Russian Exposition Company," was duly organized under the guidance and with the sanction of the Russian Imperial Commissioner to the World's Fair, Mr. Rakouza-Soustcheffsky. It is composed of Mr. Paul M. Grünwaldt, President and Mr. Louis M. Hamburger, Managing Director. Owing to unexpected delays at Chicago, the exhibit intended for the Midwinter Fair arrived in Sunset City a little late; and where the opening day saw all other national sections beautifully decorated and ready to receive visitors, Russia could boast of a flag as the only indication that the days of her festivals, success, and glory, were yet to come.

While the space occupied by this section is very large, and by its location forms the best part of the huge building, the construction of the pavilion is little short of being poor, betraying an absolute want of artistic taste; and in comparison with the magnificent structure erected by Russia at the World's Fair,—the masterpiece of a famous Russian architect, Mr. Petroff-Ropet,—may be considered unworthy to represent that country. The massive façade of the main entrance, and the arch of the other, as well as the large booth, all adorned years ago the Russian section of the Vienna Exposition. It was constructed by a dramatical society at that time playing before the Russian Colony of Vienna. The haste with which the pavilion is being constructed has, perhaps, much to do with its incompleteness and defects; but then it is only a private affair, and as such should not be criticized very

harshly. Private enterprises at State or international Expositions very seldom fully and honestly represent their respective countries. They have not the means of a government, nor the science and experience which such an undertaking usually requires; and while they take great pains to assure a financial success, the promoters' care very little for the educational part: but in this particular case the Russian Exposition Company was enabled to get all the benefit of the experience of its predecessors at the Columbian Exposition, the world-renowned professors, Mendelieff, Kroupsky, and others, whose science and thorough knowledge of their country's resources did so much to crown Russia's exhibit with the wonderful success it certainly achieved.

But inasmuch as the present exhibit has been systematically arranged in Chicago, and differs from the first, perhaps, only in quantity and in want of a few special features, which the Company could not reach, I will endeavor to give a brief statistical and historical review of the Russian industries represented at the Midwinter Fair.

First in importance are cotton goods. The manufacture of these occupies the first place among Russian industries. A subject of constant consideration by the government, they have rapidly developed in excellence, and at present not only suffice for home demands, but can be seen in great, annually increasing quantities in all foreign markets. Very original and interesting is the manner in which the manufacture of cotton goods was commenced, and gradually enlarged into its present magnitude. The yarn, mostly imported, was distributed by enterprising merchants in the villages, to the peasants. In the long and dreary winter nights, while the storm wind was holding high carnival outside, and the heavy snow covered the straw-roofed huts, by the dim light of the burning *lutchina*, (thin, dry wood

saturated with oil,) the mothers and daughters of the families worked up the yarn on hand looms, for general use by the poor people. But very soon the hand looms gave place to weaving mills, with room for thirty and sometimes fifty producing looms. At present, 11,500,000 pounds, or 1,040,000 bales of four hundred English pounds each, are worked up annually. Cotton goods of every kind are now made in Russia, mostly in small factories, but St. Petersburg and Moscow have a few very large spinning and printing establishments. The goods on exhibition at the Midwinter Fair are, for the durability of shades and unequalled beauty of designs, considered the cream of the Russian cotton production.

The popularity of the cotton goods in Russia, especially among the lower classes, where women hardly wear anything else, was strikingly to be seen in the fine collection of dolls at the World's Fair, arrayed in national, often very typical and picturesque, costumes, representing the various types of Russian women in ancient and modern times. These costumes, by the way, show very plainly how slowly but surely Russian women abandon their own traditional garments, as those, for instance, worn by the women of Little Russia, and adopt the more civilized fashions from the quasi-European styles of the large Russian cities, as Moscow, Warsaw, and Odessa, to the latest productions of the Paris dress-makers. This collection, which belonged to the grand exhibit of Russian women, has been brought to the Midwinter Fair, and will certainly attract much attention.

Next come the woolen manufactures. Russia, owing to her severe climate,—as in the northern parts of the country, where the rivers and lakes are for eight and nine months covered with ice and snow lying five and six feet thick,—consumes enormous quantities of woolen goods, which are often an absolute necessity. The poorer classes, mostly the

villagers, usually make their own coarse woolen tissues. Sheep are, therefore, a necessary part of every village household,—a thing the people can hardly be without; and the peasant who does not possess at least a dozen sheep, one cow, and one horse, is considered very poor and wretched indeed. But, little by little, as civilization began to announce itself, and mills and manufactures made their appearance in the remotest parts of the country, woolen goods became cheaper, and the working of the coarse woolens by the peasants has been constantly on the decrease, as the mill products are very satisfactory, both as to quantity and quality. Thus the Russian wool industry, besides furnishing clothing to the vast army, fully satisfies the home demand. As an illustration of the rapid growth and development of the wool industry the following fact may serve: In the year 1810, the Russian government, anxious to enlarge the manufacture in the Vistula region, invited several woolen merchants from Saxony and Prussia, giving them many advantages and concessions, as freedom from the various taxations, free use of lands and forests, etc. A little village by the name of Lodz, situated on the river Lodka, and surrounded by woods, was selected for the establishment of the first colony. In the year 1830 Russia had 390 mills, with 67,000 workmen and a production of 7,700,000 yards of cloth. At present the former village, Lodz, is the largest manufacturing center of the empire, and the output of her mills increases steadily. The annual yield of wool for European Russia, according to the statistical edition mentioned above, averages over 100,000,000 pounds, of which more than one fourth is exported. The fabrication of fine goods is very little developed yet, and many a year may pass before Russia will reach the independent position in international markets that she strives for, as her sheep-farm-

ing and spinning establishments are not all that can be desired.

The same is true with regard to the Russian silk industry, although the latter is even less developed. This is natural, as the Russian population as a rule is very poor, and only the wealthier classes can afford to wear silk garments, which are regarded as objects of luxury. Silks, however, have been used in Russia from the earliest times, many centuries ago. They were mostly imported, and the high prices paid for them induced the government to encourage various private attempts to establish the industry in Russia. The first silk-weaving factories were established as far back as the reign of Peter the Great. Very soon they found followers in different parts of the country, and the industry began to spread through the states of Moscow, Vladimir, and Yaroslav. But the further increase of the silk industry is materially checked by the great amount of silk imported and worked up in the Russian mills. So in 1891, for instance, Russia imported from the west more than 1,440,000 pounds of silk material.

There is one sort of silk, however, produced in Russia that no other country can ever hope to excel. These silks are woven with gold and silver thread, and bear the name of *parcha*. The beautiful designs, the artistic workmanship, brought world-wide fame to the Russian merchant, Sasikoff, who was the first to establish a factory in St. Petersburg. While *parcha* is sometimes used by the wealthier classes for adornment, these goods are consumed in great quantities only by the Russian clergy for their sacred robes, as well as for framing the *ikons*,—holy images of the many Russian saints. *Parcha* forms one of the best exhibits of the Russian Section, great pains having been taken by the commissioners to select from the Chicago collection the most beautiful pieces, both as to designs and workman-

ship; for no matter how little of it will change hands, yet it will do much in acquainting the world with one of Russia's most highly esteemed industries.

The metal industries have been prominent in Russia for a great many years, from even the time of Peter the Great. This statement is proved by many documents and court rolls in the archives of Moscow. The population of Russia, from the time of the first introduction of Christianity, has been very religious, and the building of numerous churches in remembrance of some great historical event, happy and unhappy alike, has given a great impulse to the development of the metal industries in the fabrication of church bells and church ornaments. The Urals being found especially rich in various metals, Peter the Great established there several factories, which have been ever since the chief source of metal supply of the largest part of the country. The present condition of the metal industries, and especially the home industry, is very favorable and promising. To understand what is meant by the term "home industry," one has to be familiar with economical life of the Russian peasants. They and their families devote all their time and energy to farming. But there are some months in the winter when the fields are one white mass of snow, and the severe cold keeps man and beast indoors. This has a great influence on the development of the home trades. Working for many years, winter after winter, gives them the necessary experience and skill, although the money earned in this manner scarcely averages more than 3.50 roubles (\$1.00) a week. But small as these earnings are, they help the poor peasants to pay their many taxes, which are generously imposed by the government.

The working of precious metals was introduced in Russia much later, in the second half of the 16th century. Very few gold-producing countries can com-

pete with Russia in her enameled silver and gold works. The improvement in these wares began with the arrival in Russia of the Byzantine artists, traces of whose influence can be seen even now in the character of Russian designs. There is a small case of jewels and gold and silver wares in the Russian Section that will, undoubtedly, become a subject of great admiration. These wares are the property and productions of Mr. H. Hahn, the court jeweler of the now reigning Czar. They have been awarded medals in Paris, Chicago, and at all Expositions wherever they have been exhibited. Among other valuables, the collection contains a golden cup set with diamonds and rubies, used by the royal family on extraordinary occasions only, as the welcoming of a foreign crown-holder, when the cup filled to the brim with wine is presented by the Czarina.

The production of copper household industries is also much developed in Russia. The city of Tula is especially renowned for the fabrication in great quantities of samovars (tea urns), which are represented by some fine specimens in the Manufactures Building. Perhaps no other metal production is so popular as the samovar. High and low, rich and poor, in the desolate steppes of Siberia, in the palaces of the capitals, and all over the world where the Russian tongue can be heard, every household is sure to have an honorable place for the beloved national machine. Russians, owing to the severe climate of their country, are great consumers of tea, which gives warmth and quenches the thirst at the same time. Places where tea is served (*chaini zavedeni*, they are called), are the most popular resorts, always crowded to the utmost. To see a Russian merchant pour down his throat twelve to sixteen hot, steaming glasses of tea in succession is a very common thing.

Hot tea, vodka (Russian whisky), and

furs, are the only things that keep the Russian from freezing during the long winter. But while the first two articles are cheap and obtainable by all classes, furs in Russia, as well as in all other countries, have a very high value.

Fur hunting has been a source of revenue to the Russian government for more than a hundred years. As it is pursued on a large scale only in the far East, the government is forced to leave this industry in the hands of private parties, reserving the right to have a full and constant control, and saving the animals from extermination. The favorite haunts of the seal, whose unequaled fur causes it to be more hunted than sable, or other animals, are in the Behring and Okhotsk seas. The population that makes its living by seal-killing is composed of various elements. Kamchadales and Aleuts can be seen together with Yakut, Cossacks, and others brought from the country of Russia by enterprising merchants.

In 1798 the Russian-American Fur Company was organized. During the first period of its activity (23 years) the Company took the enormous number of 1,232,374 fur sealskins. At present "The Russian Seal Fisheries Association," founded by the Grünwaldt family, holds the contract with the government for ten years, ending February, 1900. Bearing in mind that the existence of the Russian section in Sunset City is due to the Messrs. Grünwaldt, who intend to establish in the United States various branches of their fur business, similar to those in Paris and St. Petersburg, it may be positively said that their fur exhibit, by its completeness, magnitude, and richness, will eclipse anything ever seen on the Pacific Coast. Besides some fine specimens of sealskins, there are in the great collection a great number of Arctic foxes, Russian bear, red and black foxes, beaver, and sables. The beaver and Arctic foxes came from Kamschatka; the fur of the beaver is peculiarly

in esteem, fetching from 300 to 500 roubles apiece. But the pride of the fur exhibit is one skin, valued at \$15,000.

A small case of musical instruments from a St. Petersburg firm; two immense, old, lame-legged pianos, and a stalwart Circassian in his somewhat wild, native costume, watching the Exhibit, are the remaining features likely to attract popular attention. They are here rather for advertisement's sake than for any other purpose. The Circassian belongs to that class of Russian would-be noblemen who can be espied at all summer and winter resorts, World's Fair and other Expositions, and wherever there is a visible abundance of romantic girls, more ready to run off with some Bashi-Bazouk than to settle down with an honest native John.

In the Fine Arts Building there are a number of pictures, the masterpieces of Russia's great painters, Makovsky and Aivosovsky. These paintings, however, do not claim to represent Russian art, as it is a well known fact that for the last three decades Russia has made gigantic steps forward, giving the world of art such famous men as Repin, Semiramidoff, Reifsky, Rubinstein, Antokovsky, and a score of others. Russian paintings have been exhibited in Paris, Vienna, Philadelphia, Chicago, and wherever there was an opportunity to acquaint the art-loving world with Russia's progress in fine arts. The presence of the few paintings on exhibition at the Midwinter Fair can be ascribed only to the great efforts of the Russian Exposition Company, who looked upon it as a special feature destined to give their section a decided Russian character.

About Makovsky's picture, "The Bride's Attire," little can be said. It deals with Russian life of ancient times, as far back as the 12th century, when a young girl had no more will or right to choose a mate than she had energy to be something more than a mere slave of her master's caprices. The picture rep-

resents a scene in a rich *Boyar's* house before the wedding ceremony. The young girl, pretty and vain, looks very pale and sad, feeling that with the attire comes the slavery and vanishes the freedom and pleasures of girlhood. The coloring of the picture is not all that can be desired, a few faces looking lifeless, but the execution and the finish are very fine and have won the artist popular admiration. Another picture of Makovsky's is "Romeo and Juliette," it repeats the old, old story. While the faces are excellent, the picture is by no means the *chef d'œuvre* of this artist.

Aivasovsky is Russia's best marine painter. He is so skillful in depicting storm-scenes and ships tossed by the waves of the deep ocean, that he is considered at present to be the greatest living marine painter of Europe. Aivasovsky has a history. He was born in Feodossia, of poor parents. They were Armenians and had their hands full to make ends meet. But the little boy from early childhood showed a rare talent for painting. Feodossia belongs to the Crimean Islands on the Black Sea. The sea in different moods, in storm and sunshine, black with ships and vessels going up and down, made such an impression upon the boy that he decided to become a marine painter. By the assistance of kind friends he was enabled to enter the Academy of Fine Arts, whence he came renowned and famous.

Another and perhaps the most popular of Russian painters is Repin. He is the painter of the people. Repin is one of Count Tolstoi's most intimate friends and has taken great pains to reproduce on canvas the life and works of the famous writer, who is now leading the life of a peasant on his farm, the "Yasnia Poliana."

There is a remarkable piece of furniture on exhibition, which by its artistic and unique workmanship will attract general attention. It is called the Tolstoi Bookcase. Set into it are nine

paintings, portraits of Count Tolstoi, representing him engaged in his different occupations,—one represents him as a student and an officer of the army before he entered the journalistic career; one shows him working in his library; another shows him sitting in his garden amid a whole forest of blooming trees. All these pictures are set as in a frame in the wood of which the book-

case is made. Every picture has been burned into the wood by Mrs. Semetchkin with a surgical instrument, known as the thermo cautery. They look like fine etchings. On the top of the book-case is a bronze of Tolstoi, showing him engaged writing at a table. This book-case is valued at \$3000, and filled with Tolstoi's books, is a very fine feature, essentially Russian in art.

Nathan M. Babad.

THE VIOLETS.

I.

THOUGH all the rolling year
 Is garlanded with bud and wondrous bloom,
 Sweet violets, we look for you, ye dear,
 Low-lying beauties, scenting now this room!
 Though rare, lush vines, and spreading palms appear,
 No floating, rich perfume
 From roses hanging high,
 Or heavy orange orchards waving nigh,
 Can bring such ecstasy,—
 Such crowding thoughts, as when the violet,
 With petals dewy wet,
 Looks up and smiles once more!

II.

'T was on the other shore,
 Such flowers once did lie!
 The years have hurried by,
 Yet pause, and idly dream
 Of verdured banks, where gold of April's sun
 Was set in each rayed heart
 Of blooming violet. Still it doth run,
 That singing rill, and birds above it dart
 When April melts the drifts, and new buds start,
 And bloom in white and blue.
 O happy dream, come true!

Sylvia Lawson Covey.

BULLULLICOO.

VI.

REUNITED.

CALEDIN miscalculated the strength of the peasant girls, who were accustomed to active sports and the labor of the field and garden. He was seized by a dozen strong hands and firmly held, while the others pricked him with their pins most unmercifully. He howled lustily for help, and at last the girls, seeing that his confederate was coming with immense strides, lifted him from the ground and threw him into the river, where he floundered for a time, and finally emerged on the other side, and fled without looking back. The assassin paused when he saw the fate of his master, and observing that the warlike maidens were preparing to rush upon him, he turned and retreated with amazing speed. The girls, having put the enemy to flight, returned to Dacer.

"Bravely done!" he cried fervently. "You have saved my life. How can I ever reward you?"

As he spoke, he picked up his golden flute, which had fallen from the breast of his tunic.

"Will you play the flute for us?" asked the tall girl with sparkling eyes.

"Yes, with pleasure," replied Dacer.

He placed his flute to his lips, and blew such a lively air that soon all the girls were dancing on the greensward. They whirled and skipped in the most graceful and bewildering way, filling the woods with their merry laughter, until suddenly Dacer dropped his flute, and cried out,—

"Carmia!"

Carmia stood pale and silent as Dacer hobbled toward her. Then terrified words burst from her lips:—

"Dacer! What is the matter? Your foot—"

She paused, wavered dizzily, and fell senseless to the ground.

"Dear Carmia," cried Dacer, caressing her helplessly. "O, Carmia, awake!"

In a few minutes Carmia opened her eyes slowly.

"O Dacer, how did it happen?" she asked faintly.

Dacer, as gently as possible, told her the cruelty of which he had been the victim.

Carmia wept as if broken-hearted.

"My father told your friends that you had gone to Bulullicoo, where he had obtained for you a fine position in the King's household," she said at last. "And he told me that you had forsaken me, and would never come back again. So I ran away in the night. I thought that I might see you sometimes when you knew not that I was near. I hid in the woods, and when I heard the music of your flute, and the laughter far away, it made me think of the happy days at Napetoo, and I could not help approaching. And then I saw you, and I came closer. But O Dacer," she cried, weeping afresh, "how could my father treat you so cruelly!"

"Never mind," said Dacer soothingly, "I've one good foot left, and that's a blessing. The old gentleman acted badly, sure enough; but Trivian let me escape, or I might have fared worse."

"Did Trivian let you escape?" asked Carmia eagerly. "O, I am glad to hear that. I always told you that she had a kind heart."

While Dacer and Carmia were talking the peasant girls had withdrawn short distance, and were conversing among themselves. All at once a shrill, squeaky voice was heard exclaiming:—

"Now then,—now then! How's this? Dancing and dawdling on the work day! To work! To work! All of you! Do you hear?"

"The Patriarch!" exclaimed the maidens.

The Patriarch emerged from a thicket near by, and waddled toward them. He was a short, fat man, dressed in a flashy yellow costume. His cheeks and nose rose like mountains from the level of his face, and at the foot of these declivities his little weasel eyes blinked ferociously.

"Now,—now,—now!" he cried. "Six days you have to giggle and gape, to dawdle and dance, but on the seventh day you must work. I'm astonished, Idea," addressing the tall girl, "to find you taking part in such transgression. The law must be obeyed. Away, all of you! But what—eh?—what have we here?" he puffed, as his eyes fell on Dacer and Carmia. "Strangers leading our youth from the path of duty! Ah, ah, this is extremely bad. Ahem, young people, return immediately to your village. Where do you belong?"

"We are going to Bulullicoo," replied Dacer.

"To Bulullico! Then you are a fool!" gasped the Patriarch.

"Sir!" cried Dacer angrily.

"Patience, young man," said the other, as he mopped his face with his cloak, "you will not be a fool after you have resided in Bulullicoo for a year or two. If you would be immediately wise, go back to your native village and stay there. But if you are determined to go to Bulullicoo, go at once. Our village does not permit strangers to enter unless they bear a letter from the Patriarch of their town."

Dacer and Carmia rose and prepared to take their departure. All the peasants had disappeared except Idea, the tall girl, who now calmly came to them, although the Patriarch ordered her, with various severe inflections of voice, to

return at once to her garden. Taking no notice of him, she said to Dacer and Carmia:—

"I am glad you have found each other, and I wish you could stay at our village tonight. Our Patriarch was not half so fat and arrogant when he used to hoe corn in his garden. When you go, take the great road to Bulullicoo, and you will hear from me before you have gone very far. Goodby."

She then walked slowly away, without casting a single glance at the angry Patriarch.

VII.

ATOM.

DACER and Carmia left the wood, crossed the fields to the King's highway, and turned their faces towards Bulullicoo. The sun was now declining in the west, but his beams were still quite warm, though a cool breeze made the atmosphere agreeable. They could see a number of small villages, and on every side the fields were full of peasants busily engaged in cultivating the crops. The road was bordered by rows of trees. At intervals of about two miles were wells at the roadside where the thirsty could drink; and near by were seats where the weary could repose before assuming their journey. The Bulullicans had no horses, and therefore their highways were arranged for the convenience of pedestrians alone.

"See, Dacer," said Carmia, looking back after they had walked some distance, "there is a man coming after us like the wind. I wonder who he is."

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Dacer uneasily. "I never saw such a tall man before in all my life. I sincerely hope he is a friend."

The tall man came swiftly on with long strides. He carried a bag under his arm, and as he walked he wiped his face with the sleeve of his tunic. Just

as Dacer and Carmia reached one of the roadside wells, he overtook them and threw himself down on a bench near them. He was at least seven feet tall, and had a pleasant, smiling face.

"There!" he puffed, "I caught you at last. I've had a good long run. For my part I'd rather walk after sunset. I walked to Bulullicoo at night once with a crowd of young fellows. We went up to tread on the King's toe, you know. There was the biggest crowd in Bulullicoo that was ever seen. The Promenade was jammed with people. I got around to the King late in the afternoon, and he looked sick, I assure you. Three of his high officers were holding him up, but when he saw me coming, he fainted away. No, I did n't succeed in touching his foot at all, they carried him away in such a hurry. Some of the people complained a good deal about it. They said that the officers might have put him in a chair and let the ceremony go on. But I say the officers did right to take him away. It is rather tiresome for the King anyway, and I spoke up and told the people so; and I got into trouble right away for giving my opinion so freely. A man in the crowd as big as I am took offense and insisted on fighting me. So they made a ring and we went at it; but we had n't got it more than half fought out when a lot of those little policemen came up to arrest us. The other fellow resisted. There were nine of them after him, and the way he made them fly around was astonishing. They secured him at last, however, and I was so weak with laughing that they did n't have any trouble with me. They took us before the judge, who was a good-natured old gentleman. He talked to us like a father, and then told us to go, and be a little careful in future. I've heard since that the big fellow has been elected a policeman. There is to be another king chosen before long. I wonder who it will be. I don't care to try. If a man

misses the green gem, down he goes to the fishes."

"Who are you?" asked Dacer, as the man paused for breath.

"Who am I? O, I did n't tell you. My name is Atom, and I live at the village back here. My sister sent me to help you along. You saw her today, — a tall girl, dressed in blue. Her name is Idea. She's the smartest girl in the village. She said to me: 'Atom, there is the nicest little couple you ever saw traveling to Bulullicoo. Now you go and help them along, and take this bag of food with you, and this cloak for the girl.' But the sun is setting, so if you are ready we will go a little farther."

So saying, he got down on his hands and knees in the road.

"Come on," he said.

"What do you mean?" asked Dacer.

"I mean that you are to mount on my shoulders. You'll have a fine view of the country, I assure you."

Dacer objected to this, saying that he would be too great a burden; but the giant put an end to the dispute by seizing him and swinging him upon his shoulders with the greatest ease. Then taking the crutches in one hand and the bag in the other, he strode lightly away.

Carmia followed, smiling at Dacer's discomfited expression as he looked back at her. Thus they pursued their journey for some time, going but slowly, however, as Carmia was unable to keep up with the long strides of Atom. The giant kept up a rattle of talk by the way, and amused his companions so well that the miles seemed short.

VIII.

THE FUGITIVE LETTER-MAN.

Now the sun had set, and the shades of night began to gather. The travelers had reached a part of the road that wound through a thick wood.

"We must stop soon," said Atom.

"It is getting too dark to travel, and this wood will give us a comfortable shelter. There is a beautiful little glade a short distance away, where we can camp with comfort. I noticed it last year while passing over the road."

They soon reached the place, which was a little grassy glade encircled by fantastic trees, whose trunks were twisted in strange contortions. Many grew almost horizontally a short distance from the ground, with large branches springing up at intervals. Other branches had struck into the earth and taken root, making a low labyrinth of verdure. One old tree, whose trunk had decayed, was entirely supported by such branches, which formed a colonnade of small trunks. A little brook ran through this lovely spot, with musical murmurs, rippling over beds of pebbles, or pausing in deep pools beneath the gnarled roots of the old trees.

Dacer dismounted from Atom's shoulders and sat down beside Carmia, who was resting on a green bank. Atom plunged into the forest, but soon re-appeared bearing an armful of dry faggots, which he piled in the center of the glade, and soon a bright fire was throwing grotesque shadows on the trees.

Atom then took from his sack a supply of bread and roasted fowls, and they all began to feast with good appetites. While thus engaged, they heard a swift rustle in the wood, and in a few moments a wild-eyed, haggard man, clothed in tattered white garments, came flying among the trees, and dropped panting and exhausted on the ground near the fire. The travelers gathered about him with the deepest concern and pity, and by assiduous attentions endeavored to restore him. At length he seemed to recover slightly, and as he raised himself from the ground they saw a worn quill behind his ear. The mystery was solved!

When the fugitive letter-man had

recovered sufficiently to speak, he explored the company not to use violence toward him, however shocking his story might be. Then he said, in a melancholy and broken voice:—

"I was the Letter-Man of Bulullicoo;—now, I am a hopeless fugitive. One month ago I was appointed to the office, and entered upon my duties with a light heart. To be sure, my predecessor in the office had vanished over the eastern hills with an infuriated mob at his heels, but I considered his fate a just one, for he had dared to write on the Letter-Wall a jest that was ancient when Bulullicoo was founded. Alas! how ready we are to condemn others. I pity him now. I thought it an easy task to pour forth a stream of novel humor, and for a time all went well. The Promenade was in a roar at my clever hits, and I rode on the topmost wave of glory. But gradually my resources began to fail. Like a well-squeezed orange my brain yielded wit but slowly and threatened to become dry. I grew fearful, and my subordinates shared my distress as they shared my danger. I spent sleepless nights clutching my hair and trying to evolve fresh jokes. I trembled for those I used, lest I had unknowingly used them before; and I acquired the habit of walking to the outskirts of the city after the writing was finished,—as so many of my predecessors have done,—and remaining there until danger was over. The fatal day was only delayed. Last night I needed a joke to fill up the Letter-Wall, but my brain was parched and dry. A terrible temptation assailed me. I took a joke that I had used before. With a few hasty touches I disguised it, and my scribes wrote it down. We then hurriedly retired to the suburbs. We were silent, but our anxious looks were a whole library. We waited and listened in dreadful suspense. Suddenly there arose a murmur. We heard it with horror. It rose to an angry, tumultuous shout, and swelled into a

roar like that of the winter ocean. Instantly we flew across the country like the wind; but as we fled, there spread an ever-deepening howl behind us, as the city poured forth its multitudes in pursuit. I soon left my unfortunate subordinates far behind. What their fate has been I cannot tell, for this is the first time I have paused in my flight. I know I have sinned, but I was driven to it by stern necessity, not by innate badness of heart."

As the Letter-Man finished his sad story, he perceived that his hearers were bathed in tears, and he was comforted by their tender sympathy.

"Come, unfortunate man," sobbed Carmia, "here is food. Eat, that you may have strength for your toilsome flight. Here are chickens, bread, and fruit. Eat and rest, and on the morrow Mehera guide your steps."

The poor fugitive, deeply grateful, sat down by the fire and partook of the food which Carmia kindly set before him.

The moon had now risen, and her pearly light was streaming through the branches of the trees, flecking the dark carpet of the woods. The weary travelers and the wretched fugitive lay down to rest in the green and perfumed chamber of the forest.

IX.

IN THE GREAT CITY.

DACER awoke in the early morning. In the dusk of the green tree-tent he could dimly see Carmia wrapped in the large cloak that Idea had sent her. Neither Atom nor the Letter-Man were visible. The east began to brighten, and a black cloud that hung over the mountains was touched with gold. A choir of birds in the trees were singing their sweet matins, and there was a rustle in the woods as if the dryads were awakening from sleep. Dacer took his golden flute and blew a few soft

notes in harmony with the morning. Then Carmia came forth from her bowler with a fresh rose tint in her cheeks, and together they went to bathe their faces in the brook.

The day wore on and Atom did not appear; and at last Dacer and Carmia prepared to resume their journey, thinking that he had abandoned them and returned home. Carmia now proposed to build a raft, and float down the river until the confluence with the Zabycx was reached. They made their way through the thick wood to the river bank, where they found a pile of driftwood left by a flood, and soon formed a raft of dry logs, tying them together with tough vines from the woods. Having completed their primitive craft, they embarked and floated slowly down the stream, sometimes in the shade of arching branches, and sometimes through open fields where the peasants ceased their work to gaze at them.

The third day after their embarkation they saw the white houses of Bulullicoo rising above the low banks of the river. Observing that they were approaching the mouth of the stream, which emptied into the Zabycx below the city, they pushed the raft to the shore and landed.

Reaching the highway once more, Dacer and Carmia walked slowly toward the city, gazing with wonder and delight at the grand spectacle before them. They saw Mount Bylocazic, with its stately groves; and they looked upward with loving awe to the holy temple of Mehera on Mount Ruthia.

"What is that tall building at our right near the city?" asked Carmia.

"That must be the King's palace," replied Dacer. "Perhaps we may see him soon. Before I found you, I intended to go to him and demand justice; but now we have escaped safely, I am satisfied."

In a short time they entered the city and walked along the Promenade, which was crowded with gayly dressed people,

for this was one of the six holidays of the week. Many were seated on benches in the shade of the trees, watching the crowd that swept by. Others were conversing, or playing on instruments of music. Children chased one another around brilliant flower-beds, or played games in quieter spots. On every side they saw the Bulullican salutation exchanged, and heard a medley of voices and laughter. The Zabycx rolled swiftly along, and many pleasure barges were gliding about, carrying happy excursionists. Up the river they saw the great bridge with its seven huge arches.

Somewhat bewildered by this novel and exciting spectacle, they found a vacant bench, where they sat for a long time in silence, watching the kaleidoscopic shifting of brilliant costumes. Carmia began to attract a great deal of admiring attention, for it was a very unusual thing for a lady to appear on the streets of Bulullicoo without a tinted mask. Bands of young men began to parade up and down before their seat. Their numbers rapidly increased, until the crowd became immense. Dacer was astonished and angry, and Carmia covered her face, in great distress, and begged Dacer to go to some more retired spot. So they set out up the Promenade toward the great bridge, but the ever-increasing crowd of Bulullican youth followed and pressed eagerly upon them, and not till a strong phalanx of policemen interposed were they permitted to escape.

As they reached a quieter part of the Promenade, a cry arose that the King was coming, and all the people rose to their feet. The King presently appeared, borne in an open chair by four strong men. He was a small man with a vulgar countenance, and was richly attired in white grass-cloth. The iron crown, which was much too large for him, rested ungracefully on the back of his neck. On its shining front the huge green gem glowed with a baleful bril-

liance. This was the prize that each year decided the fate of the competitors for the throne. The King was accompanied by his Gatherer of Taxes, who was a very fat man.

After the royal party had passed, the people again resumed their sports. Carmia spoke with deep surprise of the personal appearance of the King, who she had thought was of extraordinary height and imposing presence.

Soon after they were so fortunate as to meet with a talkative tailor, named Doskin. This man had been so unlucky as to put out one of his eyes with a needle, when he was an apprentice, but in spite of this misfortune he showed himself to be a great observer. In the course of a three hours' conversation he told them all he knew twice over, and a great deal more besides.

As evening drew near, a big golden bell in a beautiful tower on the Promenade began to swing, and emit the most mellow and enchanting sounds. As the rich notes died away, they observed the people going to their houses, and ascending the steps leading to the flat roofs, for the hour had come to sing the hymns to the Goddess Mehera.

X.

DANGER.

As Dacer and Carmia stood watching the people, a tall policeman came up and told them that if they wished to sing to the goddess they could follow the crowd, and ascend any of the buildings they wished. They thanked the officer for his kindness, but Carmia asked Dacer in a wondering whisper how the policemen knew that they were not residents of the city.

With some hesitation they ascended the nearest flight of steps, and reached a pleasant balcony adorned with bright flowers in pots. From this another flight of steps led to the roof of the building.

On reaching the top they found themselves in an assemblage of people attired in green and yellow silk, who stared at them a moment in solemn surprise. A number of them held in their hands a peculiar sort of horn of dismal sound, and Dacer, observing this, kept his beloved flute carefully concealed in his bosom.

They looked out upon the city, and beheld a magnificent spectacle. Far and near the housetops were crowded with people attired in garments of every hue. All stood silently gazing toward the west. At their feet rolled the shining waters of the Zabycx, and beyond rose the dark mass of Mount Ruthia, crowned with the bright temple of Mehera, now glorified by the mellow rays of the setting sun. Then the great bell struck three notes, and as the golden sounds ceased a prodigious burst of sound from thousands of voices and musical instruments rose on the evening breeze, and floated upward to the smiling goddess of the sacred mountain.

There was a great bustle and clamor as the people descended. As Dacer and Carmia reached the Promenade, a number of people passed them at a rapid pace, casting apprehensive looks over their shoulders. They wondered for a moment at this until they observed over the right ear of one of the men the worn quill which distinguished the Letter-Man. They knew that the writers were merely retiring as usual to the suburbs, until the verdict of the public upon their work was known.

Both now discovered that they were very hungry. They had been so interested in the novel scenes around them that they had eaten nothing all day. Dacer felt in his pocket to discover if a stray coin or two still lingered there. His search was rewarded by a gold piece of no great value, and Carmia took this and went in search of a shop where eatables were sold. She soon returned with a supply of fruit and bread,

which they spread on the seat between them.

The light slowly faded from the sky. As the shadows deepened, boys ran along the Promenade and hung silk lanterns of many colors in the trees. The balconies and houses also began to gleam with lamps, which threw a soft light on the walks below. The Letter-Wall was illuminated by huge swinging lamps, and a great throng stood before it.

Suddenly Dacer's face assumed a horrified expression, and his eyes became fixed in a dreadful stare. Following the direction of his gaze, Carmia saw a man standing near, regarding them with a triumphant and vindictive look. The light from a lantern near by fell on his face, and Carmia shrieked and fell back on the seat. It was Caledin. Presently he turned and disappeared in the shrubbery.

XI.

THE FLIGHT.

"THERE is not a moment to lose," said Dacer, rising and grasping his crutches. "He has gone to get the police, and if I am once arrested, he and his assassins will swear my life away. He is the Patriarch of Napetoo, and I am a poor peasant. You know as well as I do, his smooth tongue and engaging manners. We must escape."

In a panic they hurried away to the northward along the Promenade, keeping in the shade of the balconies so as to avoid observation. After a long, hurried walk, they emerged into the open country, and began to breathe more freely. Dacer was much wearied by his exertions, and they sat down for a few minutes on a large rock at the roadside. As they sat there looking back at the brilliant perspective of the Promenade, they saw flaming torches darting hither and thither, and faint shouts were borne to their ears.

"They are after us," said Dacer, "but we shall escape them yet. They can not tell which way we have gone, and will spend much time in searching the city. So let us rest a little longer."

But Dacer was too hasty and confident in his conclusions. The flitting torches suddenly gathered in a group and approached them with astonishing rapidity. They had hardly time to rise to their feet when the pursuers were so near that it could be seen they were policemen, some very tall, and some very short, and each one endeavoring to out-run his comrades.

"We must make for the river," whispered Dacer. "It is our only chance. If we can find a boat we are safe."

They hurried toward the river as silently as possible. The policemen came swiftly along the road, and the fugitives saw with apprehension that while the tall men held their torches high in the air, the short men held theirs close to the ground, and ran in a stooping posture. When they reached the rock at the wayside, the tall men ran swiftly by; but the short men paused, examined the ground for a moment, then turned, and came on their track with a murmur of exultation.

Dacer and Carmia reached the river a short distance ahead of their pursuers. A small boat was secured to a bush on the bank, and Dacer hastily tried to untie the cord, while Carmia got in and was in readiness to assist him. The rope was tied securely, and seeing that it was impossible soon to loosen the knot, Dacer exerted his strength and broke the branch to which the cord was attached.

The slight delay was fatal. He was in the act of crawling into the boat, when the foremost policeman rushed down the bank, seized him, and dragged him backward. The boat, meanwhile, was caught by the current and carried rapidly away, and Carmia filled the air with cries of terror and despair.

XII.

THE TEMPLE OF MEHERA.

CARMIA was borne swiftly along, overwhelmed by the terrible danger in which she had left Dacer. The group of flickering torches on the bank was soon left far behind. She sat in the bottom of the boat staring at the distant flake of light on the dark shore until it disappeared. She then saw that she was floating through the city, which presented a scene of beauty and splendor. Long rows of colored lanterns illuminated the Promenade on either side of the river, and through the trees bright rays streamed from balconies and windows. The Letter-Wall loomed up with dazzling whiteness, and a crowd of people stood before it. Their boisterous laughter came across the water, mingled with the hum of voices, and music, and song.

Carmia's distress was too deep to permit her to appreciate this brilliant scene; her only thought was to reach the bank and find means to rescue Dacer. On examining the boat, she found, to her dismay, that there were no oars, and that she could only float with the current. She felt a thrill of terror at the thought that she might be carried out to sea in the frail skiff.

Then a great mass loomed up before her in the darkness. It was the bridge. It seemed to approach, and towered above her terrifically. She closed her eyes, and heard the rush of the river around the piers. She knew that if the boat struck she would die. There was a hoarse sobbing and lapping of water, which quickly died away, and when she opened her eyes the bridge was gone. The boat swept on, until the city was left far behind, and the banks were dark and silent. She was in the great bend, which the river made before flowing directly to the sea. She could distinctly hear the portentous moan of the

breakers on the coast, and her heart was filled with terror at the sound.

A happy thought occurred to her. The boat had but one seat, a narrow thwart in the middle. This she quickly tore from its fastenings to use as a paddle. With this awkward implement her progress toward the bank was very slow. It is doubtful if she would have succeeded in reaching it, had she not been assisted by an eddy, which set in toward the shore. The boat was caught in this and carried round with speed, and as it passed within a few feet of the bank Carmia jumped ashore.

The spot where she landed seemed lonely and deserted. A few large trees stood at the top of the bank, and she ascended and sat down on the ground beneath them. She could see no houses near, but the scent of orange groves hung in the air. Not far from the river a dark mountain rose, crowned with a great white edifice, which seemed to emit a dim radiance. This she recognized as Mount Ruthia and the temple of Mehera.

The eastern sky began to brighten, and soon the moon rose like a disk of burnished silver. The river sparkled and the orchards and fields smiled in the pure light. The temple on the mountain towered in snowy splendor. Carmia gazed at it for a long time with deep awe and kindling hope.

"It is said," she soliloquized, "that they who are in distress are made glad by entering the temple of Mehera. I will ascend the sacred mountain; I will kneel at her feet, and implore her pity and her aid."

Inspired by this comforting resolution, she rose and walked rapidly toward the mountain. She passed through groves of oranges, lemons, and figs; through vineyards, and across grassy meadows. At last, after penetrating a thicket of fragrant bushes, she emerged on a broad, well traveled road,—evidently the highway from Bulullicoo to

Mount Ruthia. As she entered this road, she saw an old man approaching from the direction of the city. His white dress showed him to be a person of distinction, and his long white hair and beard gave him a most venerable appearance. He carried a staff in his hand, and was indulging in a soliloquy as he walked. He paused when he saw Carmia, and regarded her with kindly looks.

"Good father," said Carmia, with deep respect, "is this the way to the temple of Mehera?"

"Yes, my child, this is the way. But why do you seek Mount Ruthia at this late hour?"

"I am in trouble. I am going to implore the aid of our gracious goddess."

"In trouble, my child? Then you are wise to seek the joyful temple of Mehera. Come with me, and I will show you the way. I am the Keeper of the Temple."

As they ascended the road, which wound completely around the mountain, and rose gradually above the plain, a very beautiful panorama was spread before them: the brilliant city, the shining river, the rich expanse of orchards and fields sweeping away to the distant hills, all in the pure, pale splendor of the moon.

As they walked, the Keeper told Carmia that among his duties that of foretelling the weather was not the least important; and that he had just been to Bulullicoo to inform the King of a change of weather which he felt assured was about to take place. He explained that he had acquired great skill by observing the direction of winds and the appearance of clouds; and also by noting the habits of birds and insects, whose instinct led them to prepare for weather changes. He told her also that he had been a hunter in his youth, and had once been attacked and mangled by a wounded bear; and he now considered his old wounds to be valua-

ble possessions, as they always informed him when a storm was approaching. He added with a triumphant air that by these various aids he had succeeded in preserving his beard almost entire.

They reached the summit at last, and stood before an entrance of the temple. The doors were open, and a broad flight of steps led up to them. After invoking a blessing on her, the Keeper entered his dwelling near by.

Carmia, with a fast-beating heart, slowly ascended the stone steps and entered the temple. It was filled with a shimmering, mysterious radiance, which almost dimmed the moonlight that streamed through high windows, and fell in broad bars on the floor and walls. In the center stood the statue of Mehera on a golden pedestal, that rose from a dark chasm in the pavement of the temple. The face was grand and lovely, and wore a smile of such potent cheerfulness that it seemed of itself to fill the temple with light. On seeing this majestic and beautiful figure, Carmia paused and held her breath, for the statue seemed about to speak. Indeed, so expressive was the face, that she seemed to hear the words:—

"Grieve no more, my child. Troubles shall vanish, and joy will come. Be happy."

In a transport of sudden happiness she fell on her knees and wept joyfully. She neither told her grief, nor poured forth supplications for aid, for her sorrow had vanished. She remained for a time in delicious meditation. The future held no shadow, and joy seemed near at hand. Then starting up, full of courage and strength, she raised her arms to the goddess in mute thanksgiving, and slowly retired to the outer world again.

XIII.

THE STRANGE MEN OF THE WOOD.

ON reaching the open air, Carmia

found, to her surprise, that the brilliant scene was darkened. Heavy clouds swept across the sky obscuring the moon, and she remembered the Keeper's prophecy about the weather. A chilly wind swept the summit of the mountain and caused her to draw her cloak more closely about her. She hastened to descend to the plain before the storm should burst. It became darker as she hurried down the winding road, and at times a drop of rain struck her cheek.

She reached the plain and made her way with all possible speed toward Bullicoo. Soon a vast black cloud hid the moon and threw a deep gloom over the earth. She hastened on; but as the moon again rode forth, she saw that she was entering a dark wood. This did not alarm her, for she supposed that she would soon emerge and enter the suburbs of the city. But the wood grew darker and the road fainter as she went on. She might have despaired and turned back, but sweet and comforting thoughts of her visit to the temple encouraged her to fresh exertions.

At last the road entirely disappeared, and she found herself in a wilderness of rocks, underbrush, and fallen trees. The clouds hung low and threatening, a hollow-sounding wind bowed the tree-tops, and thickening raindrops pattered on the leaves. The gloom was dense, and the woods seemed full of hideous shapes. After bravely overcoming many difficulties with the hope of finding the road again, Carmia was at last on the verge of despair. She extricated herself from a thorny thicket only to fall headlong over a log into a fen of nettles and foul weeds. Bruised and stung and hopelessly lost, she sat down and began to cry bitterly, and to reproach Mehera for deceiving her with false hopes.

As she sat in rain and darkness bemoaning her fate, a light appeared at a distance in the forest, moving in an eccentric manner. It seemed to ap-

proach, sometimes vanishing, and again merging into view at some nearer point. Carmia watched the mystical flame with great apprehension, for she thought it was carried by some of the malicious sprites that were said to inhabit the forests of the country. It came nearer and nearer, till at last she perceived that it was a torch borne by one of a party of wild-looking men who were hurrying swiftly and silently toward her. They were wrapped in cloaks made of the skins of animals, and their long hair fell on their shoulders. As they approached, Carmia crouched to the ground in terror and covered her face with her mantle. There was a sudden exclamation of astonishment, and hoarse voices said,—

“What is it?”

“A lady!”

“How came she here?”

“Is she alive?”

Carmia, wofully frightened, sat up, uncovered her face, and saw the men standing about her with looks of amazement.

“Who are you?” asked the man with the torch. “Why are you here in this wild forest?”

“Sir,” replied Carmia, in tremulous tones, “I lost my way, and wandered hither in the darkness. If I had money, I would give it to you.”

She wept afresh. The leader made haste to reassure her.

“Don’t be alarmed, madam. Believe me, we are not robbers. Some trisful spirit must have guided you hither, for you have entered the abiding place of woe. Arise, and come with us to our encampment. We have many comrades who will bestow on you their warmest sympathy. I cannot tell you who we are, but perhaps our Chief will do so. Come without fear, for we are all champions of the unfortunate and oppressed.”

An intense curiosity overcame Carmia’s fears, so she did not resist when they gently raised her from the ground

and led her by a winding path through the forest. The scenery grew wilder, and the flaring torch threw grotesque shadows on huge trees and towering rocks. They were penetrating the remoter depths of the wilderness, and approaching the hills, as the broken character of the ground showed. Carmia was sometimes assailed with misgivings as to the honesty of her companions; but a glance at their faces disarmed her suspicions, for she read in them nothing but kindness.

She saw a flickering light playing on the trees ahead, and presently they arrived at the edge of the wild vale. Through the thick bushes could be seen the sparkle of a fire below, and the minor notes of a mournful song floated up to them. They descended a steep, narrow path, and soon entered the circle of firelight. The place was a little secluded valley, encompassed by woods and crags. Around a huge fire of logs were sitting or lying at least a hundred men, who started up in attitudes of surprise at the sight of the stranger. As Carmia followed her guides to the fire, a tall old man rose to his feet. His hair and beard were white, his countenance kind and benignant. He wore a threadbare white cloak, — an evidence of former wealth.

“Whom have you brought to our vale of woe, Mr. Period?” he asked of the leader.

“A lady in distress,” answered Period.

“It is sufficient,” said the Chief. “We offer our warmest sympathy, and bid her welcome to our encampment.”

So saying, he advanced, and gracefully touched her toe with his worn sandal, according to the old school Bulullican etiquette. Then taking her hand, he led her to his own seat against the trunk of a mighty oak tree.

“Rest, fair lady,” he said. “Be assured we will assist you with every means in our power. Be not afraid among us. Though we hide in the wil-

derness and sleep under the stars, we are not criminals. You will find in each one here a friend and defender."

"I thank you very much," replied Carmia, surprised and comforted by the generous words. "I shall never forget your kindness; but alas! I fear that it is beyond your power to help me."

At that moment one of the men ran forward, and fell to his knees at Carmia's feet.

"O, madam," he cried, "do you remember one who can never forget you?"

Carmia recognized the poor fugitive whom she had assisted when he was fleeing from Bulullicoo.

"You helped me when I was in deadly danger," cried the man. "Command me forever, and I will prove my gratitude."

A loud burst of applause came from the assembly.

"You have now a still stronger claim upon us," said the Chief, when quiet was again restored. "We have all occupied a high position in Bulullicoo; but an exacting and merciless populace has driven us from our native city forever. You see before you a band of unfortunate Letter-Men, who have fled for their lives before a vengeful people, and wandered in misery on the desert. We met in the woods and on the mountains, and formed an association for mutual help and protection. We sought this lonely spot, as near our beloved city as we dared go, and here we spend our lives in sorrowful exile. We do not fear discovery, as this forest is believed to be inhabited by sprites and fairies, and no one ever ventures into its depths. Now tell us your trouble, and we will help you if possible."

The wind moaned in the forest; the fire crackled and sent a myriad of sparks whirling skyward, and the wild, haggard men crowded about Carmia as in a low voice she told her sad tale.

XIV.

THE TRIAL.

DACER was dragged from the boat, and found himself surrounded by a dozen little policemen. On the way back to the city they were overtaken by the tall policemen, who had run blindly on, and who were greatly chagrined at the success of their rivals. Taunting words passed between the two parties, and at one time Dacer thought the quarrel would end in downright hostilities.

They marched along the crowded Promenade, where the people stood on benches and climbed trees to catch a glimpse of the prisoner; and on every side he heard loud congratulations that such a desperate criminal had been caught. He was taken to a Judge's court in the Colonnade, and immediately placed on trial, for the Bulullicans did not believe in a delay of justice.

The court was a large, open place with a high seat at one side for the Judge. It was lighted by large golden lamps, which flickered and swung in the breeze. The Judge before whom he was taken was a large, pompous man, with such a severe countenance that criminals who were brought before him sometimes died of fear. The oily and obsequious Caledin appeared as prosecutor. A great crowd thronged the court.

The trial proceeded. Caledin made his plausible and artful accusation, and offered to produce witnesses from Nape-too to prove all his charges. When these witnesses appeared they proved to be the two tall, pale assassins who had amputated Dacer's foot.

In vain were Dacer's frantic denials, and fierce accusations against the witnesses. He was convicted, and sentenced to be thrown into the Zabycx on the morrow with a ponderous weight attached to his foot.

A murmur of approval was heard, and the people began to disperse, although many remained to stare at the convicted criminal. The Judge descended majestically from his seat, and moved away, escorted by policemen. Dacer was led from the court, and allowed to sit on a bench beside two large stone pillars. A little policeman was stationed to watch him, as that faction of the force had captured the prisoner. It was customary to bind ferocious condemned criminals to the pillars with a golden chain, but on account of Dacer's crippled condition that precaution was omitted.

A huge golden lamp hung near by, and threw a weird, fitful light around. The hum in the city gradually died away, and the Promenade was deserted. The vast Colonnade was gloomy and silent. At intervals, dim swinging lamps made little circles of light. There were no signs of life, except here and there a gigantic policeman on his distant beat.

Dacer leaned against a pillar and meditated gloomily. He feared that Carmia had perished in the river or the sea, and in his sorrow he cared little for life. Then the hope that she had escaped made him long for life and freedom, that he might find and protect her. It troubled him deeply that he was to die as a criminal, and he bitterly thought of the ingratitude and villainy of Caledin.

After awhile the moon rose, and the Colonnade was dimly illuminated as the chaste rays beamed from the eastern heavens. But soon the sky was overcast, and the shadows crept in darker than before. A chilly wind swept through the Colonnade, swinging the lamps, and making a fantastic shadow-dance on the pillars and pavement. Dacer shivered and wrapped his cloak about him. He tried vainly to sleep. At last he fell into a profound reverie.

Cumulatively the figure of a girl appeared to him standing in the shadow of a pillar. He thought it was an image

of his dream, and rubbed his eyes hastily. The policeman caught the sudden motion, and looked suspiciously about him. The figure disappeared behind the pillar, and Dacer pretended to sleep. Presently it reappeared; and when the guard had passed out of the range of vision in his walk, it stepped forward into the light of the lamp, and Dacer at once recognized Idea, the tall peasant girl who had been so kind to him. She laid her finger on her lip, and made a threatening gesture toward the policeman. Then she glided back and vanished in the shadows.

Dacer's heart leaped at the thought that he had one true friend near him. The stormy wind increased, and a sharp dash of rain came pattering down. He was on the alert, for he felt sure, from the energetic character of Idea, that a rescue would be attempted.

To his listening ears there came a shrill cry from a distant part of the Promenade. The sentinel started and listened. There was a confused clamor, and furious shouts, coming swiftly nearer and nearer and swelling into a hideous tumult. They heard the sound of running feet and the uproar of a desperate combat. Dark forms came flying along the Promenade, and torches flashed hither and thither. A terrified crowd of policemen were fleeing before a strange band of wild-looking men, who filled the air with dreadful shouts, and struck down every adversary within their reach. Their long hair and shaggy cloaks flew backward as they ran. Their fierce appearance filled their opponents with horror.

Four of the furious strangers came rushing through the Colonnade toward Dacer and his guard. The latter gazed at them for an instant, and then fled with wonderful speed. Dacer expected to be killed at once; but the strangers looked at him sharply, raised him to his feet, gave him his crutches, and pointing backward, said,—

"Escape!"

Then they darted on in pursuit of the sentinel.

Dacer stood bewildered, not knowing what to think of his strange deliverance; but hearing light, hasty footsteps, he turned, and Carmia clasped him in her arms.

"Come quickly!" she cried. "They are our friends, but I cannot explain now. We must escape at once."

They hurried away, out on the Promenade under the dripping trees. A terrible hubbub was heard in the distance, and they knew that their rescuers were engaged in a fearful conflict with the ever-increasing force of policemen. The whole city was alarmed. Lights were flashing from the houses, and a stream of men began to pour down the stairways and rush toward the scene of combat. The balconies were crowded with women and children, who filled the air with cries of alarm. Dacer and Carmia hastened along, keeping close to the river bank, so as to avoid the crowd, which was rushing in the opposite direction. Dacer could go but slowly, and began to despair.

"I fear, Carmia, that I can never escape on crutches," he said. "Do you hasten on, and I will follow as fast as possible. If they capture you, your fate will be the same as mine. It is the law in regard to rescuing prisoners."

"I shall never leave you again, Dacer," replied Carmia. "If we are captured, and must die, we will die together."

"If we only had a boat," sighed Dacer, "we could easily escape."

"Yes, indeed," cried Carmia. "Let us find one."

They descended, and searched the river bank, but they found no boat. The sound of conflict had suddenly ceased, but a muffled roar came from the aroused populace, and the fugitives felt the most dismal forebodings as to the fate of their brave champions.

As they again ascended the bank,

they were horrified to see a large party of policemen hurry by with torches. In the other direction they could see parties advancing toward them, searching every part of the Promenade. It was useless to continue their flight, and in despair they sat down on the ground.

The policemen approached from both directions. Suddenly Carmia sprang up.

"There is one more chance," she whispered. "Why did n't I think of it before?"

A heavy bench stood near by. She seized it, with wonderful strength, and dragged it down the bank to the water's edge. The police were near enough to hear the noise, and came hurrying along the bank, holding their torches high in the air.

"Whence came that noise?" cried a loud voice.

"Here's a bench gone!" yelled another.

They saw that it had been dragged down the bank, and flashed their torches along the track. Dacer and Carmia were just pushing off from shore in their novel craft. A great shout arose, and the policemen rushed to the edge of the water; but the fugitives were beyond their reach, and floating rapidly down stream.

A tremendous excitement now ensued. The people crowded the bank with thousands of torches, which threw a crimson light over the river. The policemen rushed wildly along, and the fugitives soon saw, with dismay, that they were crowding into boats and barges, and putting out to intercept them.

"Carmia," said Dacer lightly, "is not this a grand triumphal pageant? See, both shores and the great bridge are ablaze with torches. Did you ever dream, when we were at Napetoo, that we would ever reach such fame and distinction?"

"O, that we were back again in our little garden by the river," sighed Carmia.

"Let us enjoy this while we may," said Dacer ironically, as he saw the boats skimming over the water, "for I fear it will be as brief as it is brilliant."

They were not far above the great bridge when the boats intercepted them. It was, as usual, a race between the two police parties. There were two boats in the lead containing rival crews, and for a time it was doubtful which would reach the fugitives first. The

small men, unfortunately, had overloaded their boat, so that as they approached and moved about preparing to seize the prisoners, it suddenly turned bottom up, and plunged them all in the river. Immediately the tall men in the other boat seized Dacer and Carmia, and returned in triumph to the shore, leaving their unfortunate rivals to be picked up by the boats of their companions.

Charles E. Brimblecom.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]



AWAKENING.

FAR off, where mist and love are born,
The sleeping south wind woke at morn,
And from those unknown shadow lands
Bore hitherward with tender hands
The pregnant clouds, and new-born showers
Kissed all the thirsty earth with flowers.

The longing, listening meadow-lark
Heard whispers sweet of love, for hark!
From ground and fence with swelling throat,
He pipes with joyous, liquid note.

The white oak drops its leaves to show
To lovers fain, the mistletoe;
And night is powerless to tame
The passion of the poppy's flame.

A blithe and care-free maiden hears
The lark, the passing south wind's sigh;
In deepened eyes new founts of tears
And tenderness, discovered lie.

Albert W. Smith.

ETC.

IN the course of a service that is rather long, as magazine editorships go,—for we as a craft, are apt to feel ourselves drained by the time the Sabbatical year comes round, and to think both editor and magazine would be the better for a change,—the editor of THE OVERLAND MONTHLY has never in person, so to speak, addressed the readers of this department. When that was to be said which expressed the individual rather than the magazine in its settled lines of opinion, it has seemed best to say it like any other contributor, over a contributor's signature. I enter ETC. personally today, however, the more cordially to introduce to the friendship of readers my successor, Mr. Rounseville Wildman.

Mr. Wildman comes to the editorship of THE OVERLAND MONTHLY with literary and journalistic experience and that of active public life. Formerly United States Consul at Singapore, and at Barmen, Germany, and more recently United States World's Fair Commissioner for Straits Settlements and Borneo, he is also known as a writer of sketches and stories in various Eastern journals,—*Harpers' Weekly*, *St. Nicholas*, *The Youths' Companion*, and others. It emphasizes the character of THE OVERLAND as the magazine of the whole far West,—of the great Pacific and Rocky Mountain region,—that Mr. Wildman is

not, (save by proxy of marriage connection,) a Californian of long standing, but for some years a resident of Idaho, where he was proprietor of the *Idaho Statesman* of Boise City, and active in public life. He was one of the five delegates to Washington that secured the admission of Idaho to statehood. He brings enthusiasm and courage, and the promise of new popularity and prosperity to the magazine.

In resigning the guardianship of the famous grizzly to other hands, I linger to say, that while undoubtedly at times a wearying and difficult charge, he is an animal that one grows attached to. Not only his immediate guardians, but the contributors and readers of the magazine have realized, I think, this trait in his somewhat marked and individual character. I trust that he will continue to inspire, as he has inspired in the past, a faithful sectional loyalty, not out of keeping with a cosmopolitan liberality.

Except in the transference of the principal editorial and business responsibility to new hands, the conduct of THE OVERLAND will not be materially changed. The retiring editor will, for the present at least, continue to have much to do with the literary management.

Milicent W. Shinn.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The World's Parliament of Religions.¹

IT IS suitable in a number given over to Exposition matters to include a review of a book brought forth by one of the most remarkable departments of the great Chicago Exposition. The World's Parliament of Religions was a new feature in World's Fairs,—indeed, so far as the modern world is concerned it was a new idea, without regard to its connection with anything. Not since the old ecumenical councils, had there been an attempt to bring together even the Christian world in a parliament that should embrace the whole *orbis terrarum*. But in the city of Chicago, flushed by its conquests in material things, elated over its success in gaining the Exposition over all competitors, there were men that did not fear to rush in where the Archbishop of Can-

terbury feared to tread. Accordingly, these commercial gentlemen in checkered trousers sent invitations to learned Brahmins of Benares and Parsees of Bombay; to Buddhists, and Confucians, and Shintoists, of Japan, and China, and Ceylon; to Jains in the Himalayas, and followers of Islam in Constantinople; to Greek prelates and Romish dignitaries, representative men in all the leading sects of all the chief religions of the world, to come to Chicago, and talk over together their faiths, their achievements, and their aspirations. And they came; so that on the opening day the great platform of the Hall of Columbus was crowded with such an assembly as the world had never seen. Gorgeous robes and sackcloth, the flowing garments of the Orient and the black broadcloth of the West,—a *coup de theatre* calculated to impress even a Chicago public.

And here, for seventeen days, sessions were held morning, afternoon, and evening, and the leaders of

¹ The World's Parliament of Religions. Edited by John Henry Barrows, D. D. Vols. 2 Chicago: The Parliament Publishing Company: 1893.

modern religions presented papers showing in large the whole present state of man's thought concerning the Infinite:

When a newsboy in the street cries in your hearing his extra, with "all about the murder and suicide," you know that the "all" means a scare-head or two, and perhaps a column, headed, about the new sensation. It is in no such sense that Dr. Barrows' book contains "all about the Parliament of Religions." Seldom has any non-official body had so full—and so far as can be judged, so accurate—a record of its deliberations published. The papers are given verbatim, or nearly so, and all the occurrences are set down with an impartial hand.

It is hardly to be supposed that any of these papers contain much that is absolutely new,—indeed, their purpose was to present to the Parliament the views held by the multitudes which the speakers represented. But it would require long research and weary days to find in printed books the material for so good a conspectus of the whole religious thought of today as is contained in the 1600 pages of Doctor Barrows's two large volumes.

Doctor Barrows was the chairman of the Parliament, and to him more than to any other man was due its assembling and successful conduct. It is fitting, then, that the man broad-minded enough to have formed the plan, and fair enough to have presided acceptably over so incongruous an assembly, should set down the lasting record of it. The work is well done, as all must admit, whether they consider the Parliament the harbinger of the immediate millennium, or a monstrous coquetting with heathenism,—and both judgments have been made of it.

To this present reviewer both these views seem to be unjust. The "happy family" of the circus does not indicate by its harmony that cats shall eat rats and wolves shall worry kids no more; but it does show that both cats and wolves can be educated not to prey upon the lesser animals: and so in course of time—and the group on the Parliament platform proves it—the sects may be taught to show at least an outward respect for the opinions of other bodies of believers,—even smaller churches.

And equally at fault are the Christian believers who think that Doctor Barrows and his coadjutors did a wicked and Lord-denying act when they asked Jews, and Mohammedans, and even men that stood up and blessed the assembly in the name of a hundred gods, to come to this Parliament and reason with them.

"Light has no fellowship with darkness," is the cry of these men. True, certainly, and yet surely it is not the light that fears the contact.

But this is a review of Doctor Barrows's book, and not an essay on the Parliament. It is the chief merit of the book that it is so nearly the Parliament itself, that to review the book is to discuss the Parliament.

The practical questions of book-making in this

undertaking have been fairly solved. The two volumes are bulky and hard to handle, it is true; but the popular purse would hardly have justified an edition in four or six volumes. The cuts are an unusually complete and interesting collection of pictures of religious leaders and famous houses of worship. The books are so well arranged and indexed that any desired subject or speaker may be readily found.

The Book of the Fair.¹

THE parts of the present great enterprise of the History Company now at hand amply fulfill the promises made in the preliminary announcements. Hardly more than that can be said of it, because those promises were that the Book of the Fair should be worthy of the great Exposition itself. Four parts have reached us, of forty pages each, large folio, with heavy enameled paper and broad margins. When the thousand pages that are to make up the work are suitably bound in several volumes, there will result as handsome a set of books as modern ingenuity and unstinted expenditure can make. The cuts in half-tone are fine specimens of that process from well chosen and well made photographs; handled with intelligence by both platemaker and printer. They are to average three to the page, or three thousand in all.

The text of the first four parts carries the reader through the preliminary sketch of the origin and growth of the Exposition idea in many countries, through the story of American Expositions, and the preliminary organization of the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago. There is a chapter on Chicago itself,—the most wonderful exhibit at the Exposition, Mr. Bancroft calls it. The story of the building of the Dream City is told, and the systematic description of the Exposition is begun with the United States Government display in its own building, in the battleship *Illinois*, and elsewhere. Then Mr. Bancroft enters the Manufactures Building, and writes of the textile exhibits, and the wonderful work of the silversmiths. All these things are amply illustrated.

Briefer Notice.

The *Report of the State Mineralogist*² for the two years ending September 15, 1892, shows that gold mining in California even before the most recent revival due to the financial press and the agitation for the repeal of the Sherman Act, gave no sign of a decline. Thirteen million dollars was the gold output for 1892,—and this was greatly increased in 1893, and will probably be still further enlarged in 1894. Nor is there any decline in the interest felt

¹The Book of the Fair. Parts I-IV. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. The History Company: San Francisco and Chicago: 1894.

²Eleventh Report of the State Mineralogist, Sacramento. State Printing Office, 1893.

by the public in the historic product of the State, for nearly 8,000 persons a month have visited the State Mineralogical Museum in San Francisco. True, the prohibition of hydraulic mining has lowered the gold output very materially, and the new experimental efforts to revive it under governmental control have not yet resulted in rehabilitating that branch of the industry. Nevertheless, the great quartz and drift mines are pushed today as seldom before, and new processes and appliances, together with close business methods, make it profitable to work many abandoned claims, and even the old tailing heaps.

Silver, on the other hand, has never been a leading California product, and is not likely to become so. In view of this it is a little puzzling to account for the resolute leaning of public opinion in the State to the silver side of all the recent discussions. Colorado, certainly,—California, why? But a full armory of facts for the argument may be found in this State publication, wrought out with great accuracy and fairness, amply illustrated with cuts and maps.

Mr. Philip E. Muskett, author of *The Art of Living in Australia*¹ has put in print what is patent to anyone that has ever lived in a new English colony; that, other than Californian and English tinned vegetables, fruits, and meats, the table of the Australian resident suffers for want of a home-raised menu. Gardening and fishing are apt to be both neglected by the settlers for the more profitable employments or left to a shiftless floating population. Mr. Muskett bewails this oversight on the part of his Australian friends, and at some length points out the oversight and suggests a remedy. He describes with some detail the climate and soil, to prove that the country in which he lives can produce peas, cabbages, and beans, that will equal those imported in

¹The Art of Living in Australia. By Philip E. Muskett. London and New York: Eyre and Spotteswoode: 1893.

cans. For the benefit of the good housewives of Australia he includes some three hundred cookery receipts and instructs them in the use of the ice chest and the stock pot. There is also the inevitable chapter on exercise, a subject that is as typically English as the Gunpowder Plot, and he very properly closes with a most interesting essay on Australian wines. The work, as a whole is, without doubt, of value to both the old resident, as a corrective, and to the lately arrived citizen, as a warning and a guide.

Books Received.

Johnnie Quickstep's Whaling Voyage. By George Paul Goff: 1894.

Princess of Paris. By Archibald Clavering Gunter. New York: The Home Publishing Co.: 1894.

Lines by Lamplight. By L. H. Sproull. Pueblo, Colorado: Chieftain Publishing Co.: 1894.

"49"—Song. Published by Lelia France: San Francisco: 1894.

A History of the Mental Growth of Mankind in Ancient Times. 4 Volumes. By John S. Hittell. New York City: Henry Holt & Co.: 1893.

A Modern Love Story. By Harriet E. Orcutt. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.: 1894.

Thoughts and Pastels. By Charles P. Nettleton. San Francisco: The Griffith Publishing Co.: 1894.

The Peerless Cook Book. Compiled and published by Mrs. T. J. Kirkpatrick: Springfield, Ohio: 1894.

The Book of the Fair. Part Four. San Francisco: The Bancroft Co.: 1894.

Pestalozzi. By Baron Roger De Guimps. Syracuse, New York: C. W. Bardeen: 1894.

The Life and Educational Works of John Amos Comenius. By S. S. Laurie. *Ibid.*

From Earth's Center. By S. Byron Welcome. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.: 1894.

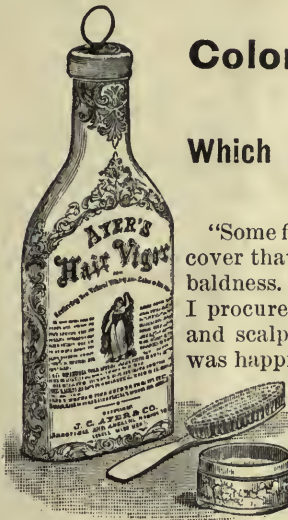
'96; A Romance of Utopia. By Frank Rosewater. Omaha, Nebraska: 1894.

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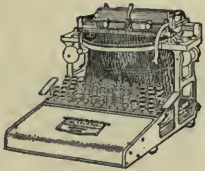
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Travis Hallett's Half-Back, *Frank Norris*. With illustration.
Two Sunsets, *Earnest Malcolm Shipley*.
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A Bribe Defeated, *Colvin B. Brown*. With 2 illustrations.
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Autumn on the Columbia, *S. A. Clarke*.
Port Townsend, *Leonard S. Clark*.
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Early Days on Elliot Bay, *Rose Simmons*.
The Rhododendron Bells. With illustration.
Up the Columbia in 1857, *Fred M. Stocking*. With 8 illustrations.
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- By Northern Rivers, *Ninetta Eames*. With 8 illustrations.
Outward and Visible Signs—She and the Other Fellow, *Frank Norris*. With illustration.
A February Day in El Montecito, *Harriet Winthrop Waring*.
The Requiem of the Dove, *Martha L. Hoffman*. With 3 illustrations.
One way to Get a Rancho, *J. D. Mason*. With 5 illustrations.
Eddie, *E. P. H.*
Ethics of the Tariff Controversy, *Orrin Leslie Elliott*.
After the Rain.—At Her Coming, *Silvia Lawson Covey*.
Old California Placers and their Possibilities, *C. D. Robinson*. With 9 illustrations.
Bulullicoo. Chapters I-V. *Charles E. Brimblecom*.
The Last that was First, *Julie M. Lippmann*.
Ah Me! *Frances Fuller Victor*.
Etc., Book Reviews.

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This is one of the few representative magazines which hail from the West that has the power to attract eastern readers. It acquaints them with some of the leading movements in western politics, and enriches their imaginations with glowing accounts of natural scenery and cultivation. It opens with a group of poems of places in Oregon and Washington, each poem illustrated from photographs of the place described—river or mountain, or forest or harbor, or town. The group shows the beginning, in the Northwest of that same disposition to notice patriotism that has been so marked in California. "Northern Seaside Resorts," by Mrs. Frances Fuller Victor, who is probably the standard living authority on the history of Oregon, is the leading descriptive article, and is full of interesting historical anecdote connected with the localities here mentioned. In "Up the Columbia in 1857," Mr. Fred M. Stocking deals especially with the picturesque aspects of the river, illustrating his article with some of the finest views that we have seen in this periodical for many a day. "Lincoln's Federal Townsite," giving the strange story of the vicissitudes of Port Angeles, is another illustrated article, and still another is "On the Oregon Trail," a story of Indian adventure. The most important paper, apart from any local bearing, is that by Mr. John Chetwood, r., on the question, "Is it Practicable to Regulate Immigration?" The subject is handled in a shrewd and suggestive fashion. There is the usual number of short stories of local coloring that are aptly chosen to amuse and absorb the attention of the reader, who will find this a fair sample of the general merits of OVERLAND MONTHLY.—*Herald, Feb'y 19, Boston Mass.*



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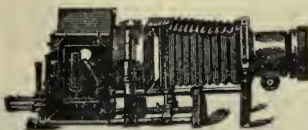
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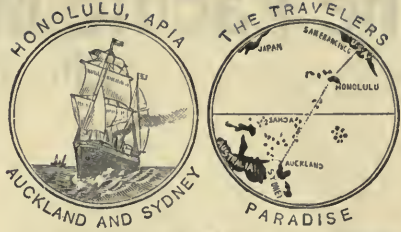
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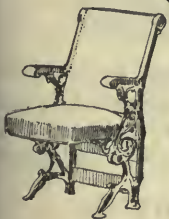
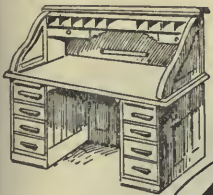
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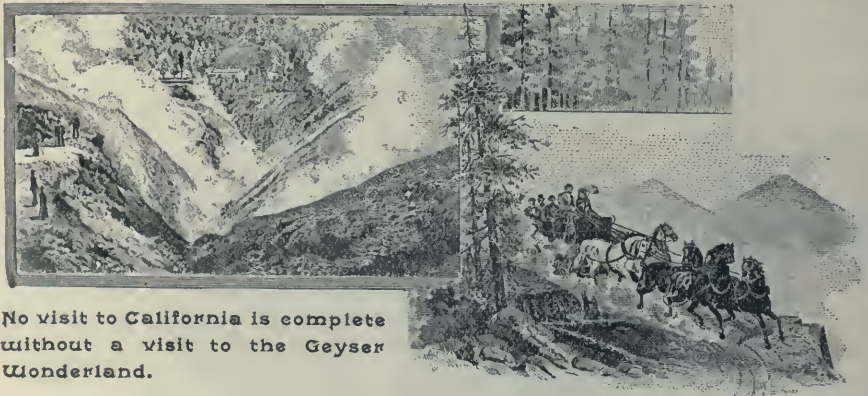
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*See the Adventures of James Capen Adams, Mountaineer and Grizzly Bear Hunter of California, by Theodore H. Hittell, (1860).



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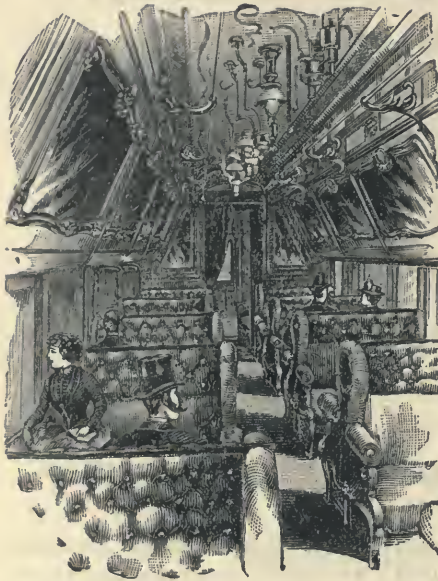
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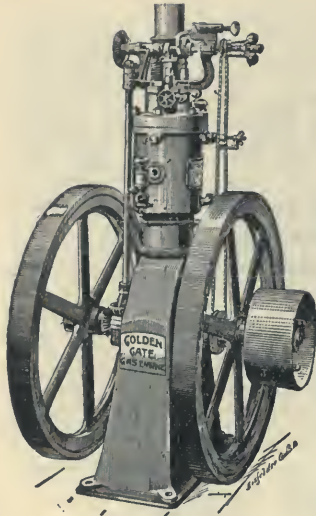
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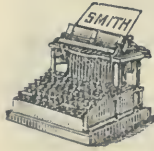
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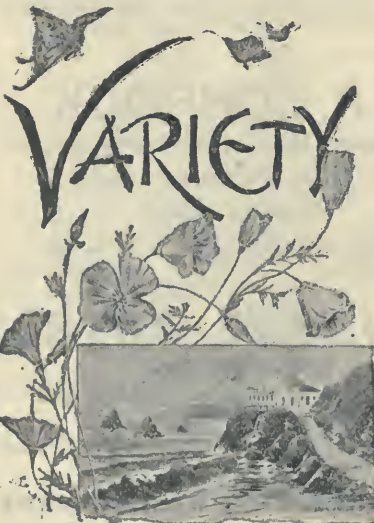
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Overland Monthly

Vol. XXIII. (Second Series).—June, 1894.—No. 138

AS TALKED IN THE SANCTUM.

BY THE EDITOR.

It is only to be expected that we had often gone over and over the Silver question,—how often, I think Senator Stewart would be glad to know. We tried to be fair in weighing the newspaper arguments against the use of the double standard, but I know now, and I think we all must have known at the time, that we were not. How could we be?—when every mining town in Nevada, Utah, Idaho, and Colorado, had each contributed its quota of epistolary matter to the Business Office, that invariably ran somewhat as follows:—“On account of the closing of the Little Blue Murder Mine, I shall be unable to continue on the subscription list of your estimable publication for the coming year. When times pick up,—” etc. There were months when these doleful letters rivaled in numbers the manuscripts of poems submitted.

The Poet. “The poetic instinct cannot be starved. The repeal of the Sherman Bill or the drunken gyrations of the present tariff tinkers may distract for the moment, but the heaven-born poet rises above such transient calamities.”

A poem had lately appeared in one of the big New York magazines, over the Poet's well known signature, “*Anonymous*,” and he felt that he had a right to testify for his less successful brethren.

However we stood as a body on most topics that came up in the Sanctum, I think we were unanimous on the subject of Silver. We had agreed that to make silver profitable to the producer we must create a demand for it among the consumers and in order to create this demand we must put it into merchantable shape. I think our plan for doing this is original,—at least, none of us have ever seen it advocated in Congress or in print. Now we modestly submit it to the forbearing consideration of Gold Bugs and Silver Kings alike.

According to the acts of colonial legislation, the American trade dollar is legal-tender for the payment of debts in Hong Kong, the Straits Settlements, Ceylon, and India. It is also legal tender in Japan, Corea, China, and the South Sea Islands. In one of these great Asiatic cities alone, Singapore, we buy ten million dollars' worth of raw material yearly, and pay for it in gold, or bills of exchange on London. Indirectly, that is through London and Liverpool markets, we buy ten million dollars' worth more from Singapore, for which we pay gold.

In exchange for all this vast amount of tin, rattans, gambier, gutta, rubber, tapioca, sago, and spices, we sell them yearly but two million dollars' worth of kerosene oil, leaving a balance of trade against us, not counting the indirect trade, of eight millions a year in gold.

Now what the Sanctum proposes to do is to coin our silver into merchantable dollars, trade dollars, and give it to the sellers in Singapore in payment for their tin and jungle produce, to Hong Kong for tea and opium, to Japan for silks and bric-a-brac, to Ceylon, to China, to India, to the South Sea Islands, and to Manila. Say this creates a demand for sixty millions of silver dollars a year, the purchasing clause of the Sherman Bill becomes unnecessary, the price of silver becomes firm, and the surplus is accounted for.

A few years ago the American trade dollar was a known quantity in the Asiatic market, and a demand was being created for it. Wall Street became alarmed,—silver was losing its gambling qualities. The trade dollar was first made unpopular, and then withdrawn from the markets of the world. Why should we persist forcing a thing into circulation as money that is unsalable, any more than we should force turnips on to the market as watches?

Today Mexico and Japan furnish the entire metal coinage of the Pacific-Asiatic coast, giving an honest dollar for honest goods at a profit; and we, dominated by Wall Street and Threadneedle Street, continue to coin a dishonest dollar, so that silver shall remain with stocks, oil, and pork, subject to gambling fluctuations in the hands of the few. It is useless to talk about free coinage, intrinsic values, seigniorage, bimetallism, or monometallism, as long as our government continues to mint a coin that is valueless as a medium of exchange outside our own borders. Give us back the old trade dollar, or a dollar containing $412\frac{1}{4}$ grains, and the Sanctum is willing to let Silver stand or fall, subject to the law of supply and demand, and with it our magazine circulation.

The Parson. "Amen!"

The Contributor. "And yet as simple as the remedy seems, if some daring Congressman were to introduce a simple bill, without frills or confusing clauses, authorizing the United States government to coin a silver dollar that could be used on the Asiatic Coast, in Mexico, and South America, for the payment of raw materials and imports, it would be so loaded down in fifteen minutes with amendments that its own framer would not recognize it,—it would be ridiculed by the press, and lost in committees. Its author would be dubbed a demagogue, a Populist."

We all knew the Contributor was right, although he could advance no valid reason for his assertion.

HENRY WATTEYERSON said the other day to the Sanctum circle, that all governments were a failure,—that the ideal government had never been realized,—it was simply a question of upholding the form of government that would do the least harm. To compromise right with wrong in order to placate the devil.

We agreed with him to a certain extent, but insisted that the American Constitution came the nearest to the ideal government of any the world had ever seen. At the same time we deplored the tendency of our legislators, who were our simple fellow citizens before they went to Washington, to strive to confuse and mislead voters on all national subjects the moment they got there.

The Contributor. "There is the question of Reciprocity, for instance. To me it is as simple as a horse trade. I give and you give, and we both take. Mr. Blaine never failed to show us by example and demonstrations, that reciprocity was the true solution of Protection and Free Trade. His reasoning was as clear as noonday, and his experiments proved that his reasoning was true."

The Parson. "I have listened for hours during the last campaign to orators who pretended to favor the doctrine of Reciprocity, and I could not make head or tail when they had finished."

The Contributor. "Yet they talk about the science of government as though it were anything more of a science than the science of housekeeping. Bah! We say to Brazil: 'Let our machinery, our hams, and our clothes, into your ports free, and we will let your coffee into ours free.' What is the result? Our trade with Brazil jumps up in one year from three millions to fifty-five millions; our manufactories are stimulated, our market expanded on the one hand, and the expenses of our breakfast table lessened on the other. Again, we say to France, 'You refuse to admit our pork, we refuse to let your art into our country.' Note the result! France gracefully concedes the point; pork and art join hands, to the benefit of both countries. Don't talk to me of the science of government. Reciprocity, protection, bimetallism, tariff, seigniorage, are terms that are committed to memory by the politician to frighten the voter. There is nothing more intricate in governmental affairs than in bank, or farm, or newspaper affairs. All that is required of a statesman or a layman is honesty and good judgment."

The Parson. "Amen."

The Contributor. "There is the tariff bug-bear. It makes me angry to the toes every time I read one of our Washington law-maker's long-worded harangues. I want a tariff for revenue only, and I want the tariff placed on articles that can best stand it, and articles that most need protection. I believe Mr. Wilson is an honest man, but the Wilson Bill as it now stands, is no more his bill than it is mine. It has been assaulted and maltreated by its so-called friends until it might as well be called the Coxe Bill."

The Poet. "I wish the Contributor would contribute something besides advice and complaint to this circle. As for me,—good-day!"

"A FRIEND, soon to be married, stopped me on the street with the remark, 'I have my house nearly furnished, and am ready for you to pick me out a library.'

"While I was duly complimented, I expostulated, trying to impress on him the fact that were I to choose his reading matter, his library would be but a reproduction of mine,—but to no purpose. He laughingly replied, he would never read the books, but wished to be given credit for a little brains in that line.

"Subsequently I had the pleasure of attending the opening of his home, and of hearing my selection criticized by the guests. As I peered through the glass cases on Bacon, Carlyle, Scott, Thackeray, Eliot, and Tennyson, on Goethe and Ebers, on Gogol and Turgenieff, on Cervantes and Flaubert and Balzac, on Irving, Hawthorne, Howells, and Harte, on *Editions de luxe* and *Editiones principes*, I thought, sadly, of the wealth of knowledge and entertainment stored within that antique oak mausoleum, never to be unearthed, and wondered if the authors named reposed easily the indignity of being considered furniture.

"Hardly a score of people in the room gave my high-priced collection of books the attention they gave the antique chairs, Indian rugs, Persian tapestries, hanging lamps, etchings, Delf plaques, and the thousand and one other kick-shaws that kind friends had donated and designated wedding presents. A design of camel's hair and Venetian embroidery thrown over an ornamental ebony easel called forth more honeyed 'oh my's!' than my magnificent folio edition of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, illustrated by Elihu Vedder. Then I tried

to imagine what effect, if any, the introduction into the collection the Book of Precepts of Ptah-Hotep would have on the assemblage."

While I was talking the Parson was pacing uneasily up and down the floor, to the great annoyance of the Reader. I had intended to draw some conclusions and to point a moral, but I knew that it was only the good man's Christian forbearance that had let me run on as long as I had.

The Parson. "I was one of the happy party. Did you expect me to mope over your vellum covers and illuminated texts? Not I. We are the critics and book buyers; we are individually the owners of selected libraries; it is for our tastes authors must cater; we are the public. We pay our bills; we are not paid to enthuse. Your satisfaction ought to lie in the knowledge that your choice of books may lead some scion of the noble house you helped to furnish, in the right direction. If our newly-married friend does not consider your Ma-caulay of half the importance of his meerschaum and 'Lone Jack,' it is no affair of yours. Some future Bossuet or Lowell will rise up to call you blessed,—when you are in your grave. Consider the reward and spare our feelings."

The Contributor. "Inasmuch as the Poet has turned his back on us, I will venture to assert that your friend is a fool. What do we want of private libraries in these times of the magazine, Sunday newspaper, and the encyclopedia? Nothing! We have outgrown them. If I want a book, I go to the public library and get the latest and the most talked of; I do not think of going to my literary graveyard to dig up 'Dombey and Son,' or 'The Lamplighter,' simply because I happen to own it. Not I. I want to read 'The Prince of India,' or 'Dodo,'—something that the world is talking of, and moreover I do not care to own either. I had rather invest my money in Nicaragua."

No one thought it worth while to argue the point with the Contributor.

I WAS in no way crushed by the Contributor's scorn at the idea of owning my own library. I even go farther, and agree with the sentiment of Mr. Birrell, so charmingly expressed in his "Obiter Dicta," that as good as it is to inherit a library, it is better to collect one. Each volume, then, however lightly a stranger's eye may roam from shelf to shelf, has its own individuality and history.

"In part I inherited my library, in part I built it. I began to love the books when they suggested nothing but material with which to build miniature forts. Later, when I became acquainted with their contents, they became my true friends. As I look over these familiar titles, I can trace my own growth from Robinson Crusoe to Tom Brown, to John Halifax, Gentleman. Side by side in Middlemarch are my father's pencil marks and my own. It is a never tiring pleasure to take down one of these well thumbed, well marked copies—Vanity Fair or Henry Esmond—and read over the italicized sentiments, and conjure up the motives that caused their emphasizing. It is a most charming if egotistical study of one's own mental and physical growth.

"Can you squeeze any such harmless pleasure from your circulating library, my dear Contributor?" I said, turning triumphantly on my opponent.

The Contributor. "No, sir! Nor do I care to. My temperament is too excitable to be indulged in such frenzied dissipation. I leave all such soul analysis to yourself and the spirit of the late lamented Madam Blavatsky."

The Office Boy. "Proof."



EXPERIENCES OF A "BLACKBIRDER" AMONG THE GILBERT ISLANDERS.

ABOUT two years ago Mr. W. H. Brommage, a young Englishman, inspired by a love of adventure, and a strong desire to visit the islands of the South Seas, determined, if possible, to sail on the schooner *Montserrat*, then about to leave the port of San Francisco. The vessel was supposed to be bound for British Columbia, but he believed her to be a "blackbirder,"—that is, a ship engaged in the deportation of South Sea Islanders to work upon plantations in Australia, Central America, and elsewhere. Being refused a passage, he shipped as a common sailor, and having in earlier days followed a seafaring life for some years, he was soon appointed quartermaster, in which capacity he had charge of one of the boats in which the "blackbirds" were taken from their island home to the ship, to be conveyed to plantations in Guatemala.

The commander of the *Montserrat* was Captain Blackburn, but the projector of the enterprise was W. H. Fergu-

son, formerly connected with the unfortunate *Tahiti*, which capsized at sea with four hundred "blackbirds" on board. The *Montserrat* carried a graduate of the San Francisco Cooper Medical College as doctor, and a Mr. James Osborne as passenger. To the latter we are indebted for the photographs illustrating this article, the negatives being taken by Captain Davis, of *H. B. M. S. Royalist*. Passing over the voyage, I will proceed at once with the narrative of incidents at Butaritari, and other islands of the Gilbert, or Kingsmill, Archipelago, from which group came several of the South Sea Islanders at the Midwinter Fair.

Butaritari, called the "touching island," from the fact that it is the nearest of the Gilbert group to the passing Australian steamers, was sighted on May 26, 1892. Its coast line is so low-lying that the beach was not discerned until the ship was within five miles of it. Butaritari is long and narrow, being not more than thirteen miles in length

by a quarter of a mile in width. Upon a map of ordinary scale a pin's head would fairly cover it.

To seafaring men not accustomed to regions where reefs run out eight or ten miles from land into the ocean, and where for a distance of perhaps twelve miles in a circle round an island coral reefs abound, the approach to a coral island is a very ticklish business. A swerve to the right or left in the narrow channel that gives entrance to the lagoon would mean destruction to the vessel, and perhaps to all on board. Having this danger in their minds, Captains Blackburn and Ferguson deemed it wisest to cruise about during the night, and effect an entrance in the morning.

Next day, as soon as the Montserrat was sighted from the island, two white traders came off to the ship to act as pilots. The two captains and the traders went aloft to pick out the channel, and issued their orders to the mate, who stood on the bridge, and passed the commands on to the quartermasters. Once fairly in the channel, the land was now ahead, then astern, and soon on the port or starboard side of the vessel. Two men were heaving the lead constantly, one crying out, "No bottom at twenty fathoms," while the other would shout, "By the mark ten fathoms," though there was only the breadth of the ship between them. The perils of navigation in such waters can easily be imagined; the direction of the ship is kept constantly changing; the wheel is "hard up" or "hard down" until the anchorage is reached.

Three distinct colors are to be seen in the waters of these channels — blue, green, and brown. The blue water generally indicates the safe course, while the brown water must be avoided as shallow and dangerous. These colors cannot be seen to any considerable distance by a man standing on the deck, but by one aloft they can be readily discerned.

When we reached the safe refuge of the lagoon, we found two other schooners at anchor there,—the Equator and the Tarawa. The latter, having left San Francisco after the Equator, brought down the more recent news, among which was an item of much interest and importance to the natives, viz., the news that their King, Tibureimoa, who had been visiting California in the hope of inducing the United States to take over from him the island of Butaritari, and incidentally to taste the sweets of a higher civilization than his own, would return to his realm on the Montserrat. Tibureimoa's kingdom consists of three islands,—Butaritari, Big Mokuu, and Little Mokuu, with a population of about four thousand persons. Each of the foreign traders doing business in his kingdom pays a tax of a hundred dollars a year; each man among his subjects pays a poll tax of one dollar; each woman, half a dollar; and each child, a quarter of a dollar. Besides this, the fines imposed for offenses against the law, for breaches of the peace and crimes, are paid to the King. Altogether he has an income of about eight thousand dollars a year, and he is also supplied with the best fish caught in the waters of his realm, and with the choicest cocoanuts. On the whole, he lives an easy life, free from care, and unburdened by any high sense of responsibility.

He is assisted in affairs of state by a council of old men, but he has absolute control of the lands of his subjects, and can confiscate them for non-payment of fines due to him. The population of his realm is diminishing, partly owing to the rough treatment which young mothers receive at child-birth, and partly also to the fact that large families are not desired. Tibureimoa has had one public work of some magnitude constructed,—a mole fifteen hundred feet long, fourteen feet wide, and eight feet above high water. The stones used in the construction of this useful, and for so small a

country really great undertaking, were gathered with much labor from all parts of the island, and transported on men's backs to the place where they were required.

During his stay in California, the King's "guide, philosopher, and friend," a pilot named Jack, had died, and this loss preyed much upon the good old sovereign's spirits. He spent much of his time in sad contemplation of the salt

ing death, and perishes from sheer lack of will force. But Tibureimoa was more lucky than most of his countrymen in like case. The people on board the Montserrat did all they could to cheer him up, and lively conversation, combined with strong stimulants, saved him. From the moment that he recovered hope he began to mend rapidly, and spent much of the rest of the voyage in playing cards, drinking wine, and listen-



A VILLAGE SCENE.

sea-waves, and seemed unable to rouse himself from his lethargy. At last he caught a cold and became quite ill. The ship's doctor pronounced his sickness to be pneumonia, and the King thought his last hour was very near at hand. He called his attendants round him, gave up his keys of office to them, and sent his farewell messages to his subjects at Butaritari. When an islander gives himself up in this way, he does almost always lie. He offers no resistance to approach-

ing to the music of a guitar. By the time of our arrival at Butaritari he was well enough to take part in the ceremonies attendant upon his return.

The appearance of the Montserrat at Butaritari naturally caused much excitement, which spread through the island like a conflagration. Natives, soldiers, and policemen, ran around with their arms full of palm branches, cocoanut leaves, and other emblems of joy. They evidently meant to surprise their sov-

ereign by a reception brilliant enough to eclipse anything ever before seen in the islands, and destined to be handed down as a great event in the history of Butaritari. And indeed Tibureimoa deserved this outburst of loyalty, not only as their King, but as the wisest ruler they have had. He is beloved by all his people, and respected by all the white people who have had dealings with him. His laws are strict, and he sees that they are carried out to the very letter. By this course he has made Butaritari the most prosperous island in the Gilbert Group.

At sunrise every piece of bunting the ship possessed was hung aloft, and the Montserrat looked very gay, the schooners anchored near her presenting a comparatively poor and insignificant appearance. To quote the forcible expression of a white trader, "the Montserrat loomed up like a nigger's face in a pan of milk." While the steam-launch was being got ready, the King was arraying himself in a manner intended to "paralyze" his subjects. He wore American-made trousers, a Prince Albert coat, and a collar of such prodigious dimensions that no laundry-woman would charge it as "one piece" in a wash-bill. At first Tibureimoa demurred about the collar, as it kept his head up uncomfortably high, and for the further reason that it would make his people think that his visit to the Pacific Slope had rendered him too proud to regard them in as kindly a manner as before; but a little persuasion from the Captain overcame his scruples, and he bravely donned it. At 11 A. M. everything was in readiness, and the King, his son Paul, and his niece, attended by Captains Ferguson and Blackburn, the doctor, Mr. Osborne, and an interpreter, stepped over the ship's side into the launch. The white coral beach was lined with people dressed in garments of the gayest colors; overhead were the waving branches of the palm, cocoanut, and pandanus trees, the

whole forming a striking picture. Nor was the effect marred by the sight of any old or tattered raiment, for those who were too poor to get a new suit for this great occasion kept well in the background. At the wharf two cocoanut trees, cut down for the purpose, had been formed into an arch, stretched over which was a piece of white calico, having painted upon it in bright colors the words, "Welcome Home, our Royal King." The bodyguard of twenty soldiers was commanded by the heir apparent, dressed in an old naval uniform, the private soldiers wearing white ornamented with red stripes down the trousers. They were equipped with weapons of all kinds, from the ancient flintlock to the modern repeating rifle. When the King stepped on shore he was met by the traders and missionaries, who welcomed him home. The guard having fired a military salute, Tibureimoa was escorted to the Queen, who sat on the veranda of the missionaries' house. Here began a long series of nose rubbings, followed by loud yelling.

After these preliminary outbursts, the procession marched along the avenue towards the palace. The avenue is twelve feet wide, and was almost the entire length of the island; it has a border of coral a foot in height, is macadamized with white coral, and has on each side thickly growing cocoanut, banana, and pandanus trees, the branches of which meet and interlace overhead, and reach to within about ten feet of the ground. Well shaded as the avenue was, the heat was intense, and the King, as he marched along, clad in the garments of a higher and more exacting civilization, looked miserable indeed. Before he had traversed more than a hundred yards, his huge collar wilted. When the first arch was reached, the Missionary came forward, and offered up a thanksgiving for the King's safe return; whereat the people waved their hats, and gave three rousing cheers.



AN EIGHT-YEAR OLD GILBERT ISLAND GIRL.

Then they moved on towards the second arch; but midway between the two arches the King could endure his collar no longer; he took it off, and his Prince Albert coat also. When the second arch was reached, thanks for the King's safe return were again offered; and so it went on until all arrived at the palace. The King took advantage of each halt to divest himself of some irksome article of dress, and had the royal house been a hundred yards farther, his attire would have been reduced to stockings and garters, for as he walked into his home a single garment only remained. His guests at once sat down to dinner, and having made a clean sweep of the food provided, they left the wearied King to the enjoyment of rest and domestic peace.

The ship's doctor, not having any work to do until some "blackbirds" were secured, usually spent his days in idling about on shore in company with Mr. Osborne. When it became generally known that one of the two was a real

live, full-fledged medico, people used to sit on the steps of the King's house, waiting until he came along. They then applied to him for treatment for their various ailments and maladies, Osborne acting as surgeon's assistant. Between them they did lots of work, and were brought into contact with most of the natives living in the part of the island occupied by traders. They found no particular difficulty in picking up enough of the language for purposes of communication. The natives esteem the medical profession highly; indeed it is held by them as next in rank and dignity to the kingly office. On this account the doctor and his assistant were kindly treated everywhere. The doctor especially became a favorite with the young girls, and as "he walked his flowery way" along the avenue, more than one dusky maiden might be espied taking sly peeps at him from behind a covert of cocoanut palms. At first the doctor was disposed to think it very rude and bold for the girls to come out

and stare at him, especially as they wore nothing but a handful of grass around their waists. But alas! human nature — or male human nature, at any rate — is weak, and the doctor soon lost this feeling of natural shyness, and reconciled himself to the open admiration of the fair sex. One day he spoke to the girls, but they scampered off in every direction, their bare arms and legs flashing in the sunshine. Hearing that the women were fond of perfume, he filled his atomizer with eau de cologne, and stealing unawares upon a maiden, sprayed it over her neck and shoulders. She, becoming conscious of the sweet scent, turned round to seek an explanation, and seeing the doctor, opened her mouth (displaying as she did so two rows of pearly white teeth), uttered one wild yell, and bolted. The wily doctor's scheme, however, was ultimately crowned with success, for on his return nearly a score of the fair damsels, having heard of their companion's adventure, were awaiting him. From that time forth the mutual shyness seemed to wear off.

During our stay at Butaritari, the doctor performed one decidedly novel operation. The king's nephew had, as the natives commonly have, great holes in his ears. Some one having told him that the Californians did not wear pockets in their ears, he desired to have his "filled"; for he intended some day to visit the Pacific Coast, and did not wish to be an object of unusual attention. Before beginning the operation the doctor desired to see how many articles the native really can carry in his ears, and asked his patient to stuff in as much as he could. Accordingly he put into the hole in the lobe of his right ear a box of matches, a clay pipe, two pieces of tobacco, and a pen-knife; and into the lobe of the left ear, an undershirt and a waist-cloth. After discharging cargo, the operation was begun. The edges of the holes were trimmed and sewn up, the patient seeming to feel no pain

during the operation, and quietly smoking a cigarette. After a lapse of eight days the ears were entire, and a scar was the only indication that there had ever been holes. The success of the operation soon became known all over the island, and had the doctor remained he might have acquired a fortune, for the natives had fully made up their minds that it was not the correct thing to have great holes in their ears.

On the day before we left Butaritari an incident occurred which was rather amusing. Both the doctor and Osborne were keen collectors of curios, and each tried to outdo the other in the size and variety of his collection. One day Osborne said that he knew of a Samoan family who had lots of mats for sale. Going to the house, Osborne, who was the better linguist, conducted the negotiations. He came out saying that the old man was asleep, and that he did not care to wake him.

As they walked away, Osborne said to the doctor, "Why should n't we stay down here, and get married? That fellow in there has four women fanning him all the time to keep the mosquitoes off. That sort of thing would suit me splendidly."

The doctor made no reply to the matrimonial scheme, but on their return the two called again at the Samoan bungalow. Still the man slept on, and the four women fanned him diligently. Osborne, unwilling to wake him, proposed to go on as far as Crawford's store, and on their return to wait until the old man should wake.

At the third call, the man still slumbered, and the women still fanned. Osborne, provoked at the delay, gave the sleeper a vigorous shake, but had hardly done so before something seemed to affect his nose, for he began to sniff vigorously. The doctor also observed a smell familiar enough to him, and after a look into the man's face backed out of the room, asking Osborne whether he

meant to wait until the sleeper woke up.

When Osborne announced his determination to wait, the doctor said, "Well, so long, I'm off. I don't care to stay until the Resurrection Day for a few mats. That's a 'stiff' you're shaking."

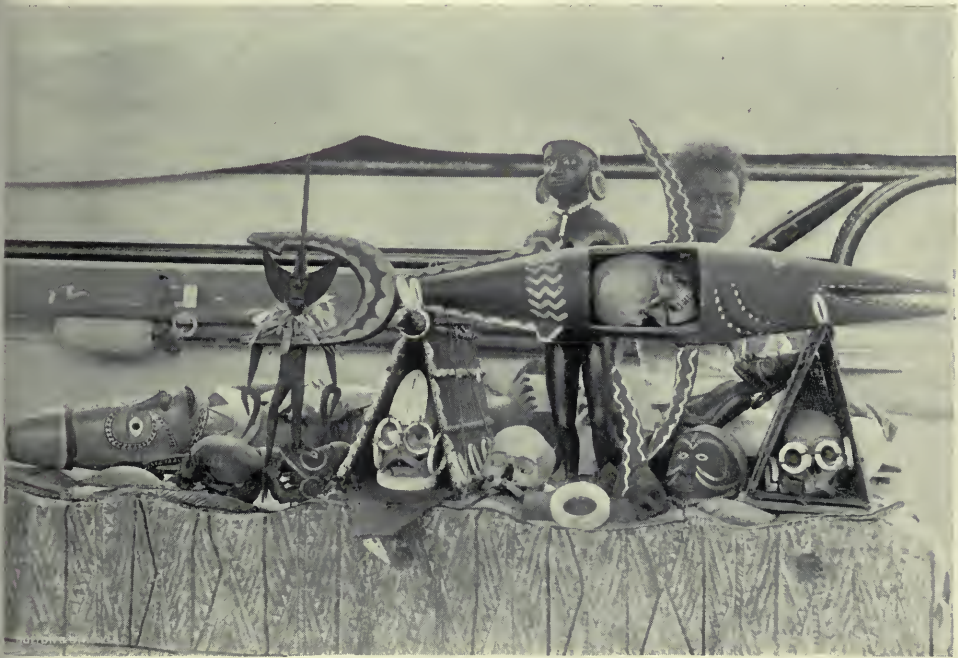
Osborne gave one terrified look at the corpse, and rushed wildly out. Upon inquiries from the neighbors it was ascertained that the man had died six days before.

It is no uncommon occurrence in the islands for a dead body to be kept even longer than six days, the surviving members of the family eating and sleeping beside it all the time, and constantly fanning it to keep it cool, and to prevent flies from settling upon it. The relatives of the deceased take turns in performing this pious labor.

While the *Montserrat* was anchored in the lagoon at Marakei, the British warship *Royalist*, under the command of Captain Davis, R. N., came in, and a

British officer soon afterwards came aboard the *Montserrat*. From the officers of the ship we learned that the British government had taken formal possession of all the islands composing the Gilbert group, and that the natives were now being deprived of their fire-arms. The natives were delighted to find themselves under British protection, and when the Union Jack was raised over the islands they shouted even louder than the blue-jackets. And not only the natives, but the white traders also, are pleased at the annexation, which means for them justice, good order, and security of life and property.

After the *Montserrat's* papers relative to the business in which she was engaged had been examined, two letters were handed in,—one for Garrick, the ship's interpreter, and the other for Captain Blackburn. The letter reminded Garrick of the laws of 1874 and 1876, providing that natives should not be deported while under the influence of liq-



SOUTH SEA IDOLS.

uors or opium, or of terror produced by the use of fire-arms or explosives; and further warned him against giving or selling any of these articles to the natives, under peril of punishment. The letter to Captain Blackburn was of similar import, with the further warning that, as he was taking natives from what had become British soil, they must be treated as British subjects; and if on inquiry it should be found that this had not been done, the ship's owners would be held responsible. Then the quarters occupied by the native laborers were inspected and approved; the British officers returned to their ship, which soon afterwards steamed away, much to the relief of Captain Blackburn and Ferguson, who did not wish a British officer to institute a close inquiry into their doings.

While we were lying at Tarawa, another island of the Gilbert group, the Royalist again appeared, and caused Ferguson much uneasiness, for he had neglected to give out clothes to the native laborers, a thing which should have been done as soon as they were taken on board. Instantly all was bustle and excitement, the Captain being very eager to get the natives into clothes of some sort before the Royalist came to anchor. Osborne was asked to deal out the clothes, and Ferguson himself began hurriedly to make out the labor contracts. A pair of trousers and a jumper were snatched up and tossed to a native, no regard whatever being paid to his size or figure, which however did not matter, provided only that all the natives had clothes of some sort before the man-of-war came in too close. Soon the Royalist came alongside, and entered into negotiations for coal. Captain Blackburn sold one hundred tons to the British man-of-war, and would have sold the whole ship had it been demanded. For the first time in his life Captain Blackburn was constrained to put on a polite manner; he could not do enough

to please Captain Davis, and no request of the British officer was too burdensome to be readily granted.

During his stay at Tarawa the British Captain was engaged in settling disputes between the natives and traders, and in dealing out punishment to offenders for crimes committed within the past fifteen years. Some were fined, others exiled, and sentence of death was passed upon one native who had murdered a white man at Butaritari, twelve years before. The story of the crime, which Captain Davis learned at Butaritari, was shortly this: The native had gone into a store to buy gin, which the shop-keeper, well aware of the penalties for selling strong drink to natives, refused to sell to him. In the presence of two witnesses he threatened as he went away to return and kill the trader. During the day he got intoxicated upon native liquor, which aggravated his desire for stronger drink. In the evening he went back to the store, and under pretence of buying tobacco gained an entrance. Then he watched his opportunity and ran a knife through the trader's body, killing him almost instantly. He contrived to hide until a schooner was ready to sail, smuggled himself on board, and escaped to Tarawa. Thither Captain Davis sailed to arrest him and put him on trial. The Captain took with him his private secretary, a first lieutenant, and a squad of bluejackets; called on the King, explained the object of his visit, and demanded the arrest of the accused. The King at once sent out some policemen, who in a quarter of an hour came back with the man. The King was then told to collect his chiefs, and to proceed at once with the trial. Everything was quickly in readiness, and the trial began. The accused tried to prove an alibi, denying that he was in Butaritari at the time of the murder, and saying that his brothers and sisters would substantiate his statement. When asked on what island they lived, he replied,

"At Miana." Captain Davis decided to go to Miana at once, to get the necessary evidence. The accused was handcuffed to one of the supports inside the house, and the King warned not to permit him to escape. The Royalist steamed off to Miana, procured the testimony required, and returned. The trial was begun anew. The accused's relatives testified that he was at Butariari at the time of the crime. The King and his chiefs being asked individually their opinion, replied that they believed the accused guilty. On being asked what punishment should be inflicted, the King suggested the native punishment of cutting the victim all over the body. But Captain Davis would not hear of this: "There shall be no butchering," said he; "he must be shot, or allowed to go free."

Then all present assented to his being shot. The King wished the bluejackets to fire at him, but Captain Davis said that the native policemen ought to execute the sentence, and that they might use the muskets of the British sailors.

During all this time the luckless prisoner was standing with his back to the pole supporting the house, and with his hands tied behind him, intently and calmly watching every movement made by the Captain. When asked if he had any reason to offer why he should not be put to death, he replied that he had none, but that he would like to see his wife. The Captain promised to send for his wife, and to permit them to spend fifteen minutes together. Soon she came, a passage being opened for her through the crowd sitting silently round the house. She was a mere girl, not more than fifteen years of age, and really pretty. When the King told her that her husband was condemned to death, she rushed to him, threw her arms about his neck, and sobbed as though her heart would break. The prisoner whispered some words, and seemed to pacify her, for she ceased to cry; yet

her bosom heaved spasmodically, and it was plain that though she made no sound, she was suffering terribly.

The Captain twirled his moustache, and looking at the prisoner, said to his First Lieutenant, "That man has not a bad face: I am very unwilling to put him to death; yet justice must be done. This is the second murder committed within the past fifteen years, and the crime must be stopped, even though it be necessary to punish several persons."

The prisoner, on being told that the fifteen minutes allotted to him to bid his wife farewell had expired, said that he would be ready as soon as he had had a drink. His poor little girl wife ran out, procured a green cocoanut, opened it, and gave it to him. A clean shirt and overalls were handed to him, and he changed his clothes for the last time. After one long, lingering embrace, his wife was taken away, and the missionary came in. To him the prisoner confessed his guilt. Then he was led handcuffed along the beach, under a guard of five native policemen. Captain Davis, wishing to make the execution as impressive as possible, issued an order that all the males in the village should be present, but that the women and girls should be excluded. As the prisoner marched along, he cast furtive glances at the bluejackets resting on their guns at the spot where he was to die. They began to tie a handkerchief over his eyes, but to this he objected; and as he could not use his hands, tried to prevent its being done by moving his head from side to side. At last his eyes were bandaged, and two bluejackets pinioned his arms behind him, and tied him with his back to a tree. Then for the first time his courage seemed to fail, and his knees gave way, but he was quickly straightened up, and his legs tied. Meanwhile some of the natives scrambled up the cocoanut trees, and others on to the roof of an adjacent hut, to get a good view of the execution.

The bluejackets advanced in double-quick time, and forming in line at a distance of ten paces, leveled their pieces at the prisoner. The native policemen stood in front of, but between, the sailors, whose muskets were handed to them. The interpreter gave a few hasty instructions to the policemen where to direct their fire. When Captain Davis saw that all was ready, he gave the order to fire: the interpreter raised his hat as a signal; in an instant flame flashed from the muzzles of the rifles, and at the report the prisoner's head fell backward. Four of the bullets pierced his heart, and the fifth entered just below the chin, so that death must have been instantaneous. His body was immediately unbound from the tree, and laid upon the path. His shirt was open so as to expose his breast, and the crowd eagerly gathered around to look at the bullet holes. The body was borne away by the dead man's friends.

I had heard much of the bravery of the islanders in battle, and of their utter disregard of danger and death, but tribal wars being now things of the past, I had no chance of witnessing a pitched battle, as Mr. Romilly, a Deputy Commissioner of the Western Pacific, had the good fortune to do. I therefore considered myself fortunate in witnessing the execution just narrated.

At Tapitonea, another island of the Gilbert group, Captain Davis sentenced a native missionary, named Kapau, to exile. He was a religious fanatic, who fifteen years before practically ruled the island, and exerted all his efforts to convert the islanders to his faith. Failing in this, he separated his followers from the rest, gathered them together, and moved away to another part of the island. Here a large village was founded, and extensive preparations made for war upon the unbelievers. Kapau worked his people up to such a pitch of religious frenzy that they were just as eager to fight as he himself was. When

their preparations were complete, they marched in a body upon the rest of the population, and catching them unprepared, murdered 3500 of them in a single day, piled the corpses together in heaps, and burned them. After this terrible massacre all the survivors hastened to join the ranks of the fanatic, in the hope of escaping the death that seemed the almost certain penalty of non-conformity.

After leaving Butaritari, where she had lain for ten days, the Montserrat sailed for Maraki, another islet of the Gilbert group, and there she obtained her first draft of "blackbirds." Ferguson and Garrick visited the king, and inviting him and the missionary to come on board the Montserrat, plied them with food and liquors until they were ready to consent to anything. After this the ship's boats visited the island daily, and induced many of the people to come with them. At Apiang, the island on which Garrick's home is, comparatively few natives were secured, as Garrick refused to try to induce the people of his own island, who were heavily in his debt, to leave, their return being a matter of very grave uncertainty. At Parawa the Royalist was again in harbor, and the presence of the man-of-war rendering forcible methods impossible, very few laborers were induced to sign labor contracts. Thence the Montserrat went on to Nanouti, and afterwards visited Taputouea, Peru, Nukunau, Aroroi, and Tamana. Altogether 388 men, women, and children, were in various ways enticed on board the ship.

While the labor-ship was cruising round the islands, the natives were well fed, well clothed, and supplied with plenty of tobacco and water. But once the ship had secured as many laborers as she could get or find room for, all this was changed. The water-tanks were closed, and that greatest luxury to an islander — a bath — became impossible. They resorted to every device to get a

little water, but all their efforts were brutally thwarted by the officers and men of the vessel. A shower of rain was welcomed with the greatest delight, and the health-giving drops were caught in every available can, cup, or cocoanut. Several of the natives tried to escape by swimming from the vessels, but they were fired at, and a ship's boat lowered in pursuit soon brought them back.

The last island visited was Tamana, which was left on August 9th. A weary voyage of twenty-three days brought the ship to San José de Guatemala. Here Ferguson left the ship, and going up to the city of Guatemala returned with several sugar-planters, who were much pleased with the appearance of most of the men. But some wrinkled, old, emaciated men and women the planters at first refused to take. However, Ferguson said that they must take all or none—so they reluctantly consented to accept all. The partings between the poor people were full of sadness, for they felt that, in all human probability, they would never see each other again. Cattle-trucks were sent down to the wharf to convey the laborers from the ports to the plantations. Here the sad truth first began to dawn upon them that they were intended to work on sugar-plantations, where the work is much harder than upon coffee haciendas.

The natives from the island of Miana

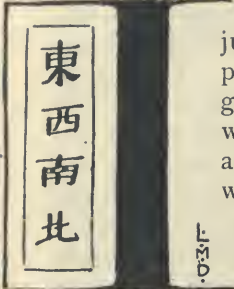
were taken on to Ocos. To reach the plantations they had to make a journey of seventy miles, crossing a mountain range. For this purpose mules were obtained, but as there were not enough for all, some were compelled to walk. It was the wet season, and the trail was broken and full of holes. The march was a dismal and toilsome one, and would have been even worse than it was had not the surgeon kept riding up and down the long line, doing all he could to alleviate the poor creatures' sufferings. Twice a day halts for meals were made, and the nights were passed in old sheds, built at intervals of fifteen miles along the roads. Here fires were lighted, beside which the poor people, too weary to take off their wet garments, lay down and slept the sleep of weariness and exhaustion.

Upon the plantations themselves the laborers are not so very badly treated, for there they are the property of their owners, and men treat their own property well, especially when it is of considerable value. But they are brought from a thoroughly healthy climate, where disease is almost unknown, to a fever-stricken region. Within twelve months their numbers will probably be reduced to one third, and at the expiration of the three years a wofully diminished number will return to their lovely homes in the Western Pacific.

*Arthur Inkersly and
W. H. Brommage.*



DID A CHINAMAN DISCOVER AMERICA?


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IN the Columbian year just closed, the world has paid its homage to the great European explorer who four hundred years ago astonished Europe with the story of a new world. The nation has welcomed any information that throws historic light upon the earliest European exploration of the Eastern Slope, and Californians cannot be less interested in any facts, however incomplete, which shed light upon the earliest settlement of this our beloved Western Slope.

The European explorers of the fifteenth century found upon this continent races of men who in stature, habits, speech, religious worship, and social customs, differed from each other as widely as any one tribe differed from the people of Europe. Whatever may be said of the lower and more barbaric tribes, there is evidence almost amounting to a demonstration that it was Chinese Tartars and Japanese that gave the best blood to the native races of this Coast, and who succeeded in planting on our soil those monuments of religion, art, and industry, which so astonished the Spanish invaders.

The Chinese scholar cannot study the Indian dialects of the Pacific Coast without being struck with their affinity to Chinese. The monosyllabic structure and general vocabulary of the Otomic dialect, for instance, will strike the philologist as a remarkable coincidence to say the least. Place an average Chinaman in the same dress amongst the North Pacific Indians, and the similarity in build and features leads the observer to the irresistible conclusion that they belong to the same race. A few years

ago, when the writer first visited Vancouver Island, he was so sure that the Chinook Indians in American dress were Chinese that he began to address them in Chinese. So closely do the Indians of the Northwest resemble the Chinese in stature and features, that it is no uncommon thing for Chinese women to smuggle themselves across the Sound into State Washington, disguised as Siwashes. Rev. J. E. Gardner says that "many words in their vocabulary are similar in sound and meaning, and all their earliest traditions are unmistakably Chinese."

Professor George Davidson, head of the United States Geodetic Survey, has a great deal to tell of the ethnological influence of the Japanese waifs who have been driven by the accidents of the seas to these shores. He has in his possession a photograph of Fraser River Indians, from which it would be impossible to determine whether they were Indians, Japanese, or Chinese.

No one that has lived in China and studied its people can fail to be impressed with the close resemblance between ancient Chinese laws, religions, manners, and customs, and those belonging to the civilizations described by Prescott. Chinese who have worked on railroads in Mexico, or who have traveled in Central America, have informed the writer that on some of the cliffs and rocks they have discovered hieroglyphics which they believed were degenerated Chinese characters.

That eminent scholar, the Rev. W. Lobscheid, who traveled in Mexico some years ago, mentions many striking coincidences between China and Mexico. The architecture presented many similarities. The tiles of the roof are concave and convex, just as are found in

China today. The anchors of the boats, with four hooks without a barb; the monosyllabic characters of the language spoken by the Otomic and other tribes; ideographic characters formed on the same principle as the Chinese; the absence of the R sound among those tribes where ideographic characters are found, and other peculiarities of speech and writing. He also mentions the belief in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, the monastic system, religious festivals, household gods, incense and chantings at worship; the use of the same kind of charms and amulets, their cremation ceremonies, the preservation of the ashes of the deceased in urns, the notion of a celestial dragon devouring the sun in its eclipse, are all closely allied to Chinese customs. The similarity of their marriage ceremonies, and that custom, so peculiarly Chinese, of one lawful wife living with a plurality of concubines. To this may be added their skill in working on precious metals, and of cutting and polishing gems. The similarity of the Mexican calendar to that used by many Asian nations was alone sufficient to convince Humboldt of pre-Columbian communication between Asia and this continent.

So much for Mexico: now let us see what traces of Mongolian influence are found elsewhere. Mr. H. H. Bancroft says that the personal resemblance of the Northwest Coast Indians to the Chinese is so very strong, that he has no doubt that Mongol blood is in the veins of the aborigines of those regions, and is convinced that the inhabitants of the northwestern shores of America have been in communication with Asia from time immemorial. "Once grant the Mongols a footing on this continent," says he, "and their language, religion, and customs, may for all we know have extended to Cape Horn."

Dr. J. Pye Smith, the celebrated antiquarian, says, "There are traits of resemblance in the manners, laws, arts,

and institutions, of the Chinese and ancient Peruvians which are too numerous, striking, and peculiar, to be the effect of chance."

Viewed in relation to the barbaric tribes that surrounded the Peruvians, their civilization was so peculiar and exotic that it is impossible to account for these Mongolian affinities in any other way, than to suppose they were introduced from Asia. It is wonderful to find how close is the resemblance of their type of government, and that a system which has been evolving in China through long ages should find its counterpart amongst a civilized tribe found like a social oasis in the midst of the barbarous tribes of the Southern continent. Since the days of the Emperor Shun, 2000 B. C., who was taken from the plow and made king because he was good, the sovereigns of China have been regarded as patrons of agriculture. The tradition of farmer kings is perpetuated by the singular custom of the Emperor of China inaugurating the year's farming work by going in state every spring to some field, and plowing a furrow with a yellow plow. It is not only interesting but astonishing to find that the Incas went through a similar ceremony in ancient Peru, the only difference being that the plow was of gold. There are other coincidences equally remarkable. The dramatical exhibitions of the Peruvians, so similar to what have been witnessed in China for over two thousand years; or their mode of sepulture, where the corpse is placed on the ground and mould heaped upon it, as is often seen in China today; or their style of architecture, all their buildings being built as in China upon the same model; or their bridges, made of ropes of twisted osiers almost exactly resembling the rope bridges of twisted bamboo found in some parts of China; or their huge rafts of lumber supporting a wooden hut and carrying mast and sail, just as may be seen on the Yangtze

or the Canton River today, are remarkable coincidences to say the least.

What can explain these resemblances? Or again, how does it happen that the Chinese process of manufacturing manures was practiced by the Peruvians; that in both countries internal taxes are paid in kind; that both peoples understood the art of fusing and alloying metals; that their public roads are similarly constructed and similarly managed; that both governments patronized literary men and gave promotion to the best scholars; that both countries divided the year into twelve months and began the year about the same time; that in both lands were found religious houses and convents governed by similar rules, and where the law of celibacy was strictly enforced. There are many other illustrations which might be given. Let these suffice. Taken separately, any one of these coincidences might be regarded as fortuitous; but taken in the aggregate, and remembering that the most civilized races of the American continent were found on the Pacific Coast, in a part of the world far remote from and practically inaccessible to all the ancient civilizations of the world, except that of the one they so closely resemble, the conclusion seems irresistible that Mexico and Peru must have been visited, if not colonized, by Chinese, Tartars, and Japanese, who during their residence there succeeded in stamping so many of their peculiar customs and habits upon the communities among which their lot was cast.

Mr. Wolcott Brooks, a celebrated Oriental scholar and a former resident on this Coast, was not only persuaded of the influence of China in the civilization of ancient Peru, but was convinced that its people were identical with the Mongolian race. He was so positive of their blood relationship that he put forth the extraordinary theory that since the trade winds would facilitate trans-Pacific emigration from Peru, and would be ad-

verse to sailing vessels coming from China to this continent, he maintained that this continent was the home of the Mongolian race, and that China and Japan were settled by ancient Americans. It is a novel idea, to say the least, that the old world was discovered and colonized by the new. In spite of the much-urged objection of the opposition of the trade winds, a little knowledge of the winds and currents of the Pacific will save us from such a far-fetched theory, and will demonstrate that a voyage from Asia to America presented no very formidable difficulty to a maritime people.

Professor George Davidson has furnished me with a list of fifty-six well authenticated instances of Oriental vessels that had drifted across the ocean via the Japanese Current, and were either stranded or wrecked upon the Pacific coasts and islands since the year 1710.

Captain Alexander Adams related the following case: "When sailing master of the brig *Forrester*, and cruising off Santa Barbara, California, March 24th, 1815, in lat. 32° 45' N., long. 126° 57' W., he sighted at sunrise a Japanese junk, drifting at the mercy of the waves and winds, with her rudder and masts gone.

"Although blowing a hard gale, he boarded the junk, and found fourteen dead bodies in the hold, and only three survivors. They were on a voyage from Osaka to Yeddo, and had been seventeen months out."

A case occurred in 1832, and is mentioned by Dibble in his history of the Sandwich Islands, where a Japanese junk drifted about for ten months, until it reached Honolulu. The ship sank close to land, but the survivors were saved. The natives, beholding foreigners so closely resembling them in physique, habits, and customs, exclaimed, "There can be no further doubt; our people must have come from Asia!"

Another junk found its way during the winter of 1833-4 from Japan, and

was wrecked on the coast near Queen Charlotte's Island. The survivors were taken in charge by the Hudson's Bay Company, and by them sent to England *en route* to their homes.

In 1845, the United States frigate *St. Louis* took from Mexico to China three shipwrecked Japanese, being survivors of the crew of a junk from Japan which had drifted across the Pacific and stranded on the coast of Mexico, where they remained two years.

In 1853, Captain Scammon discovered the wreck of either a Chinese or Japanese junk on the southwest, or largest, of the San Benito group of islands off the coast of Lower California. The vessel was bottom up, and gave evidence of having been a long time on the shore. As late as 1871 a Chinese junk was driven out of its course and disabled by a storm, and drifted upon one of the Aleutian Islands. Indian traditions also abound with similar stories of Asiatic vessels wrecked upon the Pacific Coast. It is remarkable that Mr. Wolcott Brooks, in his list of sixty wrecks since 1617, has not mentioned a single instance of a Chinese vessel having been found. It must be remembered, however, that there is such a close resemblance between Chinese and Japanese vessels, that it is possible that some of the former have been mistaken for the latter. In my travels in the East, I have seen hundreds of Chinese sea-going junks in the China seas, or lading in Chinese ports, and it would be very strange if some of these vessels have not occasionally been carried out of their course by typhoons and ocean currents till they have been driven upon our shores. It would require no great stretch of the imagination to suppose that some of these sea-going people, having reached this country by the accidents of the sea, should have discovered and taken advantage of the trade winds to return to their native land, bearing tidings of the new world.

The Reverend Doctor Shaw, a Chinese missionary, according to the *New York Tribune*, September 10th, 1890, professes to have discovered a manuscript in Si-Ngan-Foo, China, stating that a regular trade was carried on in the first century of our era between China and the natives of California. I have not yet been able to verify this extraordinary statement. A study of the North Pacific map will convince us that a voyage from China to California would be a very easy undertaking to a Chinese mariner. It will be seen that such a journey could be carried on without losing sight of land for more than a day. Japan has been in communication with China from time immemorial, and its contiguity to China makes it easily accessible. From Japan to the peninsula of Kamchatka the distance is broken by a chain of islands called the Kuriles. From Kamchatka the Komondorski group and the Aleutian Islands form a chain of landmarks that stretch across to the Alaskan peninsula. The Aleutian Islands are so thickly studded together in a continuous belt that an ordinary fishing boat could travel from one island to the other from end to end. Between the coast of Kamchatka and the most western island of the Aleutian chain there are the two islands called Copper Island and Behring Island of the Komondorski group. It is between this island and Attoo Island that the greatest stretch of sea is found on the whole route, the distance between these two islands being about two hundred miles. All the other points of land are less than one hundred miles apart. These geographical features will demonstrate the possibility of a migration of primitive fishermen from one continent to another.

But there is another consideration. Every schoolboy has heard of the Kuro Siwo or Black Stream, that great thermal ocean current analogous to the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic. Rising in the tropics, this stream flows northward

along the Japan and Kurilian Islands at a velocity, as I am informed by Professor Davidson, of from seventy-five to over a hundred miles a day; then bending eastward, it skirts the southern shores of the Aleutian Islands, till it expands its genial warmth upon the Oregon and Californian coasts, where it becomes deflected in its course towards the Hawaiian Islands. Just as the Gulf Stream transports the logs of the West Indies upon the Hebrides and the coasts of Norway, so the Black Stream carries trunks of camphor wood and other trees from China and Japan to the beaches of the Aleutian Islands, where they have been frequently found by travelers. We are now able to explain the cause of the stranded junks found from time to time upon the islands and coasts of the Pacific, and to understand how Asiatic people have reached this continent, and how communication between Asia and America may have been going on for thousands of years. The writer has often seen in Chinese ports hundreds of vessels of ponderous build and heavy rig laden with rice, salt fish, pork, native wines, preserves, and provisions of all kinds. Suppose one of these vessels is driven out of its course, or even disabled by one of those terrific typhoons which play such havoc in those seas, it is not difficult to understand how these Mongolian sailors could subsist for a whole year upon these cargoes of rice, meats, and drinks, till land is touched. A junk's crew with men and women cast upon a coast like Oregon or California would not be strongly tempted to hazard a return journey, and would be as willing to settle down and make a home for themselves as other sensible people have done who have come after them.

Captain Russell, who was many years ago a resident among the Indians north of the Columbian River, states that he found amongst those tribes numerous traditions of vessels with their crews that had been cast upon that part of the

coast. He also had in his possession two Chinese copper coins that had been picked up by Indians. Doctor Speers, the Chinese missionary, to whom these coins were shown, was unable to fix their date; but the absence of Manchu characters indicated that they were coined before the Tartar conquest. The Reverend J. E. Gardner, of Victoria, B. C., says, in a private letter to the writer, "Some years ago while digging for a foundation for a large building in Victoria, there was dug up an old and evidently long-buried Chinese bronze fan bearing ancient Chinese characters, and which was undoubtedly brought over from China in ancient times." The fan, I believe, has been sent to the British Museum. The *Weekly Colonist* of Victoria, B. C., in its issue of the 25th October, 1882, announced that a party of white miners who were running a drift in a bank on one of the creeks in the mining district of Cassiar made a remarkable find. At a depth of several feet the shovel of one of the party raised about thirty of the brass coins which have passed current in China for many centuries. Intelligent Chinamen to whom they have been submitted pronounce them to have been in existence over 3000 years. The question is, how the coins got to the place where they were found. The miners say there was no evidence of the ground having been disturbed by man before their picks and shovels penetrated it. The *Colonist* concludes by saying:—

Whether they belonged to Chinese mariners who were wrecked on the north coast about 3000 years ago, and remained to settle on this continent, or whether the Chinese miners who went to Cassiar seven or eight years ago deposited the collection at that spot, for the purpose of establishing for their nation a prior claim to the land, may never be known. But the native tribes of this Coast resemble the Mongolian race so closely that one would not be surprised at any time to hear of the discovery of yet more startling evidences of the presence of Chinese on this coast before the coming of the whites.

Evidence has already been given suf-

ficient to conclude that long before Columbus or Cortez was born the irrepresible little yellow man trod this soil, and made a home for himself here in those happy days when there were no anti-coolie clubs and "white labor leagues" to disturb his peace of mind. Whether the more ancient American people raised any objection to John Chinaman's coming, or whether some aboriginal sandlotter disputed with bow and arrow John's right to land, are questions upon which the history of those far-off times throws no light. One thing is certain,—that in those early days John's landing was not embarrassed by Treasury rulings, return certificates, and habeas corpus proceedings. He moreover showed his good sense in desiring to make this his permanent home, and to let his bones rest here at a time when the Pacific Mail Company had made no provision for his cheap passage home, either dead or alive.

The evidence of early Asiatic communication with this continent so far considered is that which rests upon tribal affinities, and the correspondence of language, customs, and religion, taken in connection with the accounts of stray Asiatic vessels thrown upon the Pacific coasts by the accidents of the sea. It is possible to go farther. There has been found in Chinese history an account of a long journey by sea undertaken by five Buddhist monks to a place called Fusang, which it will be shown must have been some part of this continent, and that one of these monks, after forty years residence there, actually returned to his native land, and gave an account of his travels to the Chinese court. The following translation I have made from the Chinese text found in the 231st volume of the great Chinese encyclopedia, called *Yuen-Kin-lui-han*. It is also given by Ma Twan Lin, in his work called *Wen-Hien-tong-kaio*.

In the first year of Wing Yuen, of the Tsai dynasty, (A. D. 499,) a Shaman or Buddhist priest

named Hwei Shām arrived at the city of King Chau from the kingdom of Fusang, who related the following account: "The kingdom of Fusang is situate more than twenty thousand *li* to the east of the kingdom of Tai Han. This land (meaning Fusang) lies to the east of the Middle Kingdom, (China) and abounds with Fusang trees, from which the country derives its name. The leaves of this tree resemble the Tsung tree. It sprouts forth like the bamboo, and its first shoots are used by the people for food. Its fruit resembles the pear, and is of a light red color. The bark is spun into threads, and made into cloth for wearing apparel. A kind of brocade is also manufactured from these threads. The people build frame houses, and their cities are without walls and fortifications. They understand the use of written characters, and make paper from the bark of the Fusang tree. They have no soldiers or military appliances, and do not wage war. The law of the kingdom has established a southern and a northern prison. Those who have committed petty crimes are placed in the former, and those guilty of capital crimes are placed in the latter prison. A pardoned criminal gets his release from the south prison, while those who cannot be pardoned are incarcerated in the northern prison. Men and women undergoing penal servitude in the latter penitentiary are allowed to marry. The male offspring of such marriages become bond servants until they are eight years of age, and the females until they are nine. Criminals are incarcerated for life, and are never allowed to come outside their prison. When a nobleman has committed a crime the great national assembly gathers together. The criminal is placed in a pit, and the council sits in front of him. A feast is spread, after which they bid him farewell, as they would do to a dying man. They then cover him (or encircle him) with ashes, and retire. For crimes of the first grade the sentence only involves the person of the criminal, who is cut off from society. A crime of the second degree involves sons and grandsons; while for a crime of the third degree seven generations are included in the sentence.

The king bears the title of Yut Chi, the nobles of the first rank are called Tui Lo; those of the second rank inferior Tui Lo; and those of the third rank Na-Tah-Sha. When the king goes forth he is accompanied with drums and trumpets. The color of the garments worn by him varies according to the cyclic year. In the first and second years of the ten-year cycle his robes are of blue; in the third and fourth years red is worn; the fifth and sixth years, yellow; the seventh and eighth, white; and the ninth and tenth, black. Cattle are found in Fusang with enormous horns, the largest holding as much as ten ordinary horns. Vehicles are drawn by horses, oxen, and reindeer. The people of the country raise deer just as cattle are raised in China, from the milk of which they make a kind of cheese.

A red pear grows there, which will keep a whole year without spoiling. Grapes also are plentiful. The country contains no iron, but it produces copper. Gold and silver are not valued in the market, and trade is conducted with no fixed price, and with no duties and levies. In their marriage customs it is usual for the lover to erect a cabin in front of his sweetheart's house. Morning and evening he must sprinkle and sweep the place for a whole year. If at the end of this time the maiden should not look with favor upon him, she is at liberty to drive him away. If they are pleased with each other the marriage takes place at once, with ceremonies for the most part resembling those in China. On the decease of a parent the mourning fast lasts seven days, for grandparents five days, and three days for brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts. Images to represent the deceased are set up, before which worship is offered morning and evening. No mourning garments are worn. For three years after the king's accession he does not occupy himself with the affairs of state.

In former times the people of Fusang knew nothing of the laws and teachings of Buddha, but in the second year of Ta Ming of the Sung dynasty (A. D. 458) five mendicant friars went there from the land of Ki Pin, who introduced the laws, canons, and images of the Buddha, instituted the monastic system, and reformed the manners and customs of the country.

This remarkable document is not found in some obscure book, but in the Imperial annals of the Chinese nation, in the Chinese geography of foreign nations, and other Chinese works of recognized authority, which have made Hwei Shām's story of Fusang as familiar to the minds of Chinese scholars a thousand years ago as the travels of Marco Polo became to European scholars in the fourteenth century.

One objection will be raised to this account, on the ground that until recent years the Chinese people have been regarded as an exclusive people, shut in from the outside world. They have also been regarded as indifferent sailors, and their vessels so badly constructed as to be incapable of a long and dangerous voyage across the Pacific. It could easily be shown that at the time of Hwei Shām's journey the Chinese were a maritime people, that they understood the use of the mariner's compass before

any other people, and that their merchants undertook long voyages by sea not only to the Philipines and Java, as they do today, but also to India, the Persian Gulf, and — if we are to believe Arabian manuscripts — even as far as the Red Sea. There is historical proof that at that time they crossed the almost inaccessible mountains of their western frontier, penetrated inhospitable Tibet, and undertook long and perilous journeys by land and sea for the extension of commerce, the acquisition of territory, and for what was nobler, the search for religious and scientific truth. It must also be remembered that the introduction of the Buddhist religion into China in the first century of our era awakened an extraordinary enthusiasm for travel in the minds of those Chinese scholars who had accepted the Buddhist faith. The Chinese chronicles for seven hundred years are full of accounts of pilgrimages to the Buddhist holy land to visit the scenes of Sakyamuni's life, to procure Buddhist scriptures, and to verify the historical evidences of their master's work. Fa-hien and numerous other Chinese pilgrims traveled for years in India and Ceylon, and undertook long journeys to central Asia, not for the glory of adventure, not to plunder helpless tribes, and return with a ship-load of spoils to enrich the treasury of some greedy king, but to acquire knowledge, and to propagate a religion which they believed would bring rest and peace to every land and every heart. If therefore, under the influence of religious enthusiasm and the stimulus of new thought, Chinese travelers could tramp the deserts of Asia, and undertake long journeys to the Persian Gulf, there is no reason why these same undaunted propagandists could not undertake a journey to North America by a route that was no more difficult and perilous than that to India or Arabia.

Another objection that may be urged in examining Hwei Shām's quaintly

worded narrative is, that some of his statements are at variance with what we know of this continent at the time of the Spanish conquest. His account of horses and carriages, which we have been taught were unknown upon this continent in pre-Columbian days; his mention of grapes, which are also supposed to have been introduced by Europeans, together with other errors, may lead some to reject the whole account as a myth. It must be borne in mind that the records of other ancient travelers, of whose explorations we have no doubt, abound with as many or even greater errors and exaggerations as the one before us. Fa-hien's travels are not discredited because he told of dragons and two-headed snakes, nor are Marco Polo's travels pronounced a myth because he mentioned a certain bird that could seize an elephant in its talons and fly off with him. In these stories we charitably believe these writers to have been the victims of some hallucination, and we should be as willing to make the same allowance for the exaggerations of our Buddhist priest, who in relating the story of his travels had the disadvantage of speaking through an interpreter, and whose account may have been mutilated and corrupted in its transmission through fourteen centuries down to our times. Maybe Hwei Shām was the victim of some enterprising reporter, as reckless of truth as the interviewer of our day.

The first question to be considered is, What reason have we for concluding that Fusang is to be sought for on the American continent? Hwei Shām tells us that Fusang lies east of China, and also 20,000 *li*, or 6,600 miles east of the country called *Tai Han*. No such place as *Tai Han* is of course to be found on our maps today, though it is referred to by ancient Chinese writers as a land lying northeast of Japan. The first European who called attention to Hwei Shām's narrative was De Guignes, who

published an account of it in the year 1761. He tries to show that *Tai Han* is identical with Kamchatka, and makes California the terminus of the journey of the Buddhist priests. The chevalier De Paravey has written a learned treatise, in which the same conclusions are reached. Professor Neumann, on the other hand, takes the view that *Tai Han* is to be found in Alaska, and Fusang in Mexico. The main difficulty lies in determining the length of the Chinese *li*, which is today reckoned at one third of an English mile, but is supposed to have been much shorter in ancient times. No one has yet been able to determine whether Hwei Shām's *li* was one third of an English mile, or a nautical *li*, reckoned at one tenth of a mile, and until that point is settled the exact location of Fusang cannot be determined. On either basis of calculation one thing is certain,—that Fusang must be sought for on this continent, and either in California or Mexico.

It is most probable that our Buddhist travelers started from the Yellow River, then along the shores of the gulf of Leao Tong and Corea, thence across the strait of Corea to Japan, rounding the island of Kiu Siu and along the eastern shores of Japan, then taking the course of the Kurile Islands and the Komondorskis in a northerly direction, till their course lay east along the Aleutian chain of islands to Alaska, and from thence down the coast of Oregon and California to Mexico. A reference to the map will convince the reader that this route presents least difficulty, having the advantage of proximity to land and also the advantage of the Japanese Current. An apparent difficulty presents itself in placing *Tai Han* in Alaska and Fusang in Mexico. Hwei Shām tells us that the course of the voyagers from the former place to the latter was east. Looking at ordinary maps of North America drawn upon Mercator's projection, we are accustomed to regard the

western coast of this continent as bearing due north and south, according to which Hwei Shām's journey must have been in a southerly direction. Looking at the Pacific shores of this continent as laid out on a globe, it will be seen how natural it was for our traveler to consider his journey from the Alaskan peninsula as a continuation of the same general eastwardly course he had been taking, instead of abruptly turning from east to south.

Let us see if there is any corroborative proof that Mexico was Hwei Shām's Fusang, for if his narrative is true it would not be surprising if history finds some traces of the result of his mission and some confirmation of his statements. It is true that some parts of his story do not agree with what the Spaniards told about Mexico. What of that? The Mexico of today is so different to the Mexico of Cortez's day, that we may conclude that changes just as great had taken place in the interim of the Buddhist mission and the Spanish invasion.

First, as to the name Fusang. Hwei Shām says that the country derives its name from a tree called Fusang which abounds in those parts. He also remarks that the first sprouts of this tree are eaten by the people, much as the sprouts of the bamboo are eaten in China; and what is most remarkable, that thread, paper, and material for clothing, are made from the bark of this tree. Writers on Mexico all tell of the maguey, or century plant,—a plant so wonderful that paper is made from its leaves, thread and hemp from its fiber, intoxicating liquor is fermented from its juice, needles and pins from its thorns, and palatable and nutritious food is prepared from its roots. It thus became meat, drink, clothing, and writing materials. While some part of the monk's description evidently refer to a tree of some size, like the mulberry, (*sang* means mulberry,) I think there is no doubt that the chronicler has

mixed up his account with that of the maguey. In any case, how could he describe so correctly a plant that in no other country in the world is put to such uses except in Mexico, if his account is to be regarded as a fairy tale?

Another important fact mentioned by the Buddhist traveler is, that iron is not found in Fusang though copper is, and gold and silver are not valued in the markets. This statement is remarkable, because nearly every writer on mediæval Mexico has observed the same thing.

Both Peruvians and Mexicans make their tools from copper, for which reason it is prized more highly than gold. (Vega, Book V., Ch. 15.) It is also a fact substantiated by many writers, that gold and silver were not valued as in other countries, and were used chiefly as ornaments. It is also well known that in the Mexican markets purchases and sales were made by barter, each giving that of which he had an excess in exchange for such goods as another had in abundance.

Another noteworthy statement made by Hwei Shām was that the country contained no walled cities or citadels, and that there were no soldiers and weapons of war. Duplaix says of the ruins of Central America, that there cannot be found in any quarter the least trace of enclosures or defenses or exterior fortifications; and all that we know of the pre-Aztec races supports the same conclusion. In January of last year a writer in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, describing the Arizona cliff ruins on the Verde River, mentions the fact that while the mountain resorts were of a defensive nature, the ruins of the cities in the plains and valleys below showed traces of the existence of a peaceful people, amongst whose ruined abodes not a single weapon of war had yet been discovered.

A great deal might be written of Hwei Shām's reference to the existence of

written characters in Fusang. H. H. Bancroft says of the inscriptions found at Palenque:—

They have all the characteristics of a written language in a state of development analogous to the Chinese in its ideographic character; and, like it, the characters appear to have been read from top to bottom.

Numerous writers, such as Sahagun, DeGuignes, Brinton, and De Rosny, might be quoted to prove that amongst the Mexicans was found a species of writing consisting of hieroglyphics or ideographic characters, with here and there traces of phonetic writing. It is greatly to be deplored that the insensate fanaticism of the Spaniards practically blotted out what would have been of such deep interest to the philologist today.

Another custom referred to by our Buddhist monk was that of placing certain criminals in a pit, surrounding them with ashes, and leaving them to die. This mode of punishment is so remarkable that it seemed hardly possible that there was any historical support for such a statement. Investigation proves that this singular punishment actually survived in Mexico up to the time of the Spanish conquest. H. H. Bancroft tells of a certain class of criminals who were "bound to a stake, completely covered with ashes, and left to die." Sahagun refers to the law of Nezahualcoyotl, and says that a person guilty of a certain grave crime underwent preliminary punishment, and was finally abandoned to the boys of the village, who covered him with ashes and a pile of wood to which they set fire. His accomplice was also buried under a pile of ashes, and there died of suffocation." Clavigero also tells of Mexican criminals who were suffocated under a heap of ashes. This punishment is so strange, that if Hwei Shām had mentioned no other authenticated fact it would furnish presumptive proof that Fusang was Mexico. If he had never

been there, where could he have seen or heard of such a singular penalty of transgression?

What our traveler says about the marriage customs of Fusang and their similarity to those practised in China is no less remarkable. In China, as in Mexico, there was the same prohibition of marriage between members of the same clan, the same custom of marriage go-betweens, and of parents choosing a bride for their son. There was the same custom of the bride going in procession to her husband's house, who receives her at the door. The very curious Mexican ceremony of tying the end of the bride's gown to that of the bridegroom was also an ancient Chinese marriage custom. To show how close is the relation of Chinese marriage customs and ceremonies to those of ancient Mexico, as described by McCulloh, Bancroft, and others, would exceed the limits of a single paper. If Hwei Shām had not observed these resemblances, we can only say that with no sources of information at hand he made a very happy guess.

The most interesting part of the narrative are the closing words referring to the success of the Buddhist missionaries in establishing monastic institutions, and changing the manners and customs of the people by the propagation of the Buddhist faith. There can be no doubt whatever that the religious faith, rites, and ceremonies, as practiced in Mexico at the time of the Spanish conquest, were the product of foreign influences. Their native traditions abound with accounts of holy men of a strange race that appeared amongst their people in earlier times, and from whom they derived their religious faith. The world would like to know more of that mysterious stranger, Quetzalcoatl, mentioned by Mexican historians, who came from beyond the seas, clad in monastic garb, spending his nights in prayerful vigil and his days in self-abnegation; and whose gentle words, noble deeds, and

life of piety and love, made such an impression upon the people amongst whom he sojourned, that many were led by him to renounce the pleasures of the world, and devote themselves, like him, to penitence, fasting, and prayer.

The hieroglyphic records that might have thrown so much light upon these missionaries and their work, alas! were all destroyed by the Spanish priests, and all that we have are a few traditions, perhaps much distorted, transmitted by the very men who had done their best to obliterate the historical evidences of these missions and the religion they propagated. A few traces remain in the pyramid-like altars, temple ruins, and images, found in Mexico, Palenque, and other places, which bear such unmistakable marks of Asian origin that many independent observers who knew nothing of Hwei Shām and his mission have become convinced that there must have been in early times communication between Asia and America.

On what other theory of derivation can we account for the pyramids in Yucatan, not like the Egyptian carried to a point, but truncated, like those Buddhist structures found in Pegu, Siam, Ava, and other places? What other theory can explain those eight niches on the southern façade of the ruined House of the Monks at Uxmal, in which are seated placid-faced, cross-legged images, the niches, position, and form, of the sculptures being almost identical with those found in Java and the East Indies? That these relics should follow East Indian rather than Chinese models is exactly what we should expect from monks who had just received their religious faith fresh from India, long before Buddhist architecture in China had assumed a definite and distinctive type. The Reverend Spence Hardy, the Ceylon missionary, the greatest authority on Buddhism, says that when he first saw engravings of the ancient edifices in Central America, he supposed they

were pictures of the dagobas of Ceylon. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1867, who knew nothing of the Buddhist Mission to Fusang, says that the great temple of Palenque, in Yucatan, corresponds so exactly in its principal details to that of the Javan temple of Borobudur, that it is impossible reasonably to dispute the community of the origin and purpose of the two monuments. Colonel Duplaix writes that he discovered an idol at Zachilla, in a seated posture, with hands crossed upon the breast, and which he believed could be no other than the image of the Buddha. Mr. Studdy Leigh, the Secretary of the Geographical Society of California, informs me that he saw a small golden image that was found near Lima, only a few years ago, that was in every respect similar to those of the contemplative Buddha seen in China today. Doctor McCulloch describes a Mexican idol holding a mirror in which are reflected the actions of men, exactly the same as I have seen in Buddhist temples today. How often, too, have I been impressed with that beatific serenity and dreamy, meditative expression of the images of the "Three precious ones" seen in some Buddhist temple, or the benevolent, tranquil face of some Bodhistava seated over some street gateway, that looks down with peace and comfort upon the toiling passer-by! The image of the Buddha rose up before my mind, as I read in a San Francisco paper a few weeks ago the interesting article on the Arizona Cliff-dwellers, in which was described "an image cut in the virgin granite, whose exquisitely chiseled face wore the sweet expression of kindness and meditation, rather than the ferocity and malignity usually associated with these prehistoric idols."

No traces of Buddhism on this continent? Then what explains the monastic system, described by a score of writers; the monasteries and nunneries and vows of celibacy; the daily routine of

religious observances, vigils, fastings, offerings of incense, fruits, and flowers; the belief in the transmigration of souls, enchantments, and thaumaturgics; the droning of liturgies, chants, and hymns, that one sees and hears in Buddhist monasteries in China and Japan? It would be very interesting to know whether these liturgies were in Sanscrit, but the chronicler cares not to satisfy our curiosity.

Again, what is the meaning of the Mexican annual festival of "All Souls," so unmistakably Buddhist, when sacrifices are offered to the wandering ghosts, just as takes place every autumn in China, at the festival of *Man yan Yuen*? What explains the rigid asceticism practiced by Mexican priests, or what explanation can be given of the Lama Grotto found by the Spaniards on an island at the mouth of the Colorado River, where was a holy man called Quatu Zaca, who was reputed never to eat? The name Zaca, too, opens up interesting speculations. What is its meaning? Why is it so frequently found in Mexican names? Why was the High priest of Mixteca called Tay Sacaa? Or if "Tay" means "man," why was he called "the man of Sacaa?" Is it possible that there is any relation between this word and the Sanscrit word Sakya? It is a remarkable circumstance, to say the least, that Sakya is the clan name of Buddha, who is generally known through the East as Sakya-muni, the "hermit of the Sakyas."

There is no space for more. With all these evidences before us in corroboration and confirmation of Hwei Shām's narrative, it is hardly possible that any unprejudiced person can ridicule his story as a fairy tale or the wild fancies of a Chinese Gulliver. What if some errors and exaggerations are found in the story? A large residue of well authenticated facts remains, which, taken with other collateral evidence, accumulating all the time, are sufficient to carry conviction to any unbiased mind, that at

least one thousand years before Columbus and his men set foot on American soil, missionaries of the Buddhist faith and the pioneers of an Oriental civilization visited the Pacific Coast, and spent their lives propagating a new religion and disseminating new ideas that changed the laws, manners, and customs, of barbarous tribes, and left behind them splendid monuments of art, literature, and science, which but for the brutal vandalism of the Spanish invaders might have survived to our day.

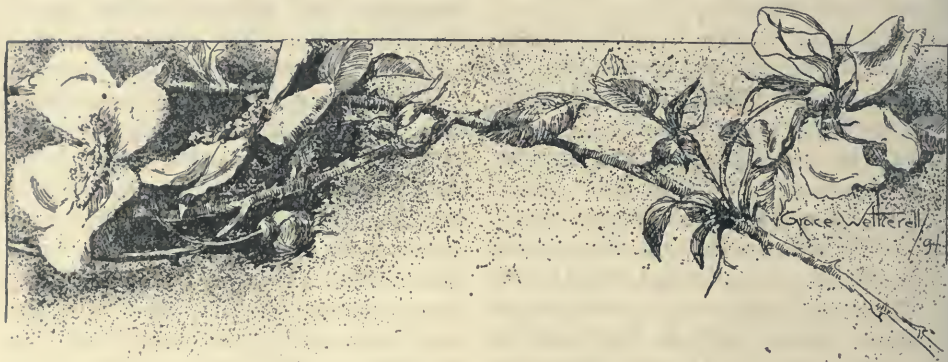
Fourteen hundred years have passed since Hwei Shām returned to his native land and told the story of his travels at the Chinese court. The gray-haired old man, it is said, wept when, after forty years' absence from home, he trod once more upon his native soil. His story was believed, and has been embalmed ever since among the annals of the Chinese nation. The world today may not be ready to give these Chinese monks the credit and honor which, I think, are their due. The glory of Hwei Shām's achievements, dimmed by the haze of centuries and eclipsed by the buccaneering exploits of more modern explorers, may not receive full recognition, or take hold of the fancy of an age that still continues to take more interest in wars and fisticuffs than in missions and philanthropy. But archæological research is every day brushing aside the mould and dust of ages, shedding light upon the deep-buried past; and the day may yet come when this country shall not only be convinced, but fair-minded enough to admit, that the first discoverer of this continent was not Columbus, not Leif Ericson, nor Americus Vespuccius; and that the earliest settlers upon the Pacific Coast were not Cortez and his Spanish soldiery, not Europeans at all, but the people of that very race whom Californians regard as aliens, outcast and accursed.

Some day when China's history and people are better understood, when na-

tional jealousies subside and race prejudices no longer blind us from accepting the truth, that little band of humane, peace-loving missionaries of Sakyamuni, who came to these shores to educate, elevate, and civilize, the native races of this Coast, may be thought as deserving

a share of our gratitude, and as worthy a niche in the temple of Fame, as the brutal European adventurers, whose progress on this continent was marked by plunder and destruction, and whose feet were swifter to shed blood than to ameliorate the woes of mankind.

Frederic J. Masters.

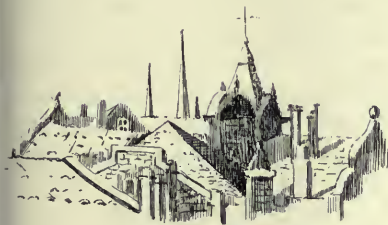
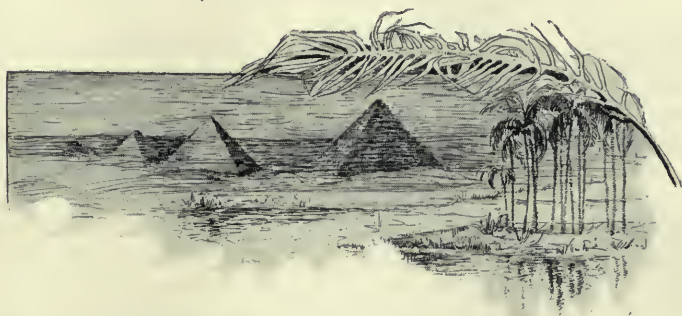


AVE, ATQUE VALE!

DEAR old Shasta! Amid the flowers wild,
That mingle with the locust o'er thy dead,
Where lupins and the roses, dewy mild,
Blossom in graves from whence all care is fled,
Thou yet art there.



Adown thy smiling glades,
 Though memory clouds the sunshine like a pall,
 With bitter and with sweet, that as sharp blades
 Are ever crost and striving for the fall,
 I lovingly linger.



From Afric's sun,
 From Asia's myriads, men without ruth,
 From wide world travel, and life's weary run,
 I come once more to thee, home of my youth.

And come will I again! For me thy hills,
 The balsam from thy pines, the roses sweet,
 Are dear as heavenly melody that trills
 To love and harmony on angel feet.

Jeremiah Lynch.



AMOK!

A MALAYAN STORY.



IF YOU run amok in Malaya, you may kill your enemy or your dearest friend, but you will be *krissed* in the end like a pariah dog. Every man, woman, and child, will turn his hand against you, from the mother who bore you to the outcast you have befriended. The laws are as immutable as fate.

Just where the great river Maur empties a vast volume of red water across a shifting bar into the Straits of Malacca, stands the *campong* of Bander Maharani.

The Sultan Abubaker named the village in honor of his dead Sultana, and here, close down to the bank, was the palace of his nephew — the Governor, Prince Suliman.

A wide, red, well-paved road separated the village of thatch and grass from the palace grounds, and ended at a wharf, up to which a steam-launch would dash from time to time, startling the half grown crocodiles that slept beneath the rickety timbers.

Sometimes the little Prince Mat, the son of the Governor, came down to the wharf and played with the children of the captain of the launch, while his *Tuan Penager*, or Teacher, dozed beneath his yellow umbrella, and often at their play His Excellency

would pause and watch them, and smile kindly.

At such times, the captain of the launch would fall upon his face, and thank the Prophet that he had lived to see that day. "For," he would say, "some day he may speak to me, and ask me for the wish I treasure."

Then he would go back to his work, polishing the brass on the railings of his boat, regardless of the watchful eyes that blinked at him from the mud beneath the wharf.

He smiled contentedly, for his mind was made up. He would not ask to be made master of the Sultan's marvelous yacht, that was sent out from Liverpool, — although the possibility made him catch his breath: he would ask nothing for himself, — he would ask that His Excellency let his son Noa go to Mecca,



PRINCE AND PEASANT.

that he might become a *hadji* and then some day — who knows — Noa might become a *kateeb* in the attap-thatched mosque back of the palace.

And Noa, unmindful of his father's dreaming, played with the little Prince, kicking the *ragga* ball, or sailing miniature praus out into the river, and off toward the shimmering straits. But often they sat cross-legged and dropped bits of chicken and fruit down between the palm sleepers of the wharf to the birch-colored crocodiles, who snapped them up, one after another, never taking their small, cruel eyes off the brown faces that peered down at them.

Child-life is measured by a few short years in Malaya. The hot, moist air and the fierce rays of the equatorial sun fall upon child and plant alike, and they grow so you can almost hear them.

The little Prince soon forgot his childhood companions in the gorgeous court of His Highness, the Sultan of Johore, and Noa took the place of his father on the launch, while the old man silently mourned as he leaned back in its stern, and alternately watched the sunlight that played along the carefully polished rails, and the deepening shadows that bound the black labyrinth of mangrove roots on the opposite shore. The Governor had never noted his repeated protestations and deep-drawn sighs.

"But who cares," he thought. "It is the will of Allah! The Prince will surely remember us when he returns."

On the very edge of Bander Maharni, just where the almost endless miles of betel-nut palms shut from view the yellow turrets of the palace, stood the palm-thatched bungalow in which Anak



A LUKEWARM LOVER.

grew, in a few short years, from childhood to womanhood. The hot, sandy soil all about was covered with the flaxen burrs of the betel, and the little sunlight that found its way down through the green and yellow fronds drew rambling checks on the steaming earth, that reminded Anak of the plaid on the silken sarong that Noa's father had given her the day she was betrothed to his son.

Up the bamboo ladder and into the little door, — so low that even Anak, with her scarce twelve years, was forced to stoop, — she would dart when she espied Noa coming sedately down the long aisle of palms that led away to the fungus-covered canal that separated her little world from the life of the capital city.

There was coquetry in every glance, as she watched him, from behind the carved bars of her low window, drop contentedly down on the bench beneath a scarred old cocoonut that stood directly before the door. She thought almost

angrily that he ought to have searched a little for her : she would have repaid him with her arms about his neck.

From the cool darkness of the bungalow came the regular click of her mother's loom. She could see the worker's head surrounded by a faint halo of broken twilight. Her mind filled in the details that were hidden by the green shadows — the drawn, stooping figure, the scant black hair, the swollen gums, the syrah-stained teeth and sunken neck. She impulsively ran her soft brown fingers over her own warm, plump face, through the luxuriant tresses of her heavy hair, and then gazed out at the recumbent figure on the bench, waiting patiently for her coming.

"Soon my teeth, which the American lady that was visiting His Excellency said were so strong and beautiful, will be filed and blackened, and I will be weaving sarongs for Noa."

She shuddered, she knew not why, and went slowly across the elastic bamboo strips of the floor and down the ladder.

Noa watched the trim little figure with its single covering of cotton, the straight, graceful body, and perfectly poised head and delicate neck, the bare feet and ankles, and above all, the sweet, comely face with its fresh young lips, free from the red stains of the syrah leaf, and its big brown eyes that looked from beneath heavy silken lashes. He smiled, but did not stir as she came to him. He was proud of her after the manner of his kind. Her beauty appealed to him unconsciously, although he had never been taught to consider beauty, or even seek it. He would have married her without a question, if she had been as hideous as his sister who had had the small-pox. He would never have complained if, according to Malayan custom, he had not been permitted to have seen her until the marriage day. He must marry some one, now that the Prince had gone to Johore, and his father had given up all hope of seeing him a hadji ; and besides,

the Captain of the Launch and the old Punghulo, or chief, Anak's father, were fast friends. The marriage meant little more to the man.

But to Anak,—once the Prince Mat had told her she was pretty, when she had come down to the wharf to beg a small crocodile to bury underneath her grandmother's bungalow to keep off white ants, and her cheeks glowed yet under her brown skin at the remembrance. Noa had never told her she was beautiful!

A featherless hen was scratching in the yellow sand at her feet, and a brood of featherless chicks were following each cluck with an intensity of interest that left them no time to watch the actions of the lovers.

"Why did you come?" she asked in the soft liquid accents of her people.

There was an eagerness in the question that suggested its own answer.

"To bring a message to the Punghulo," he replied, not noticing the coquetry of the look.

"Oh! then you are in haste. Why do you wait? My father is at the canal."

"It is about you," he went on, his face glowing. "The Prince is coming back, and we are to be married. My father, the Captain, made bold to ask His Excellency to let the Prince be present, and he granted our prayer."

She turned away to hide her disappointment. It was the thought of the honor that was his in the eyes of the province, and not that he was to marry her, that set the lights dancing in his eyes! She hated him then for his very love; it was so sure and confident in its right to overlook hers in this petty attention from a mere boy, who had once condescended to praise her girlish beauty.

"When is the Prince coming?" she questioned, ignoring his clumsy attempt to take her hand.

"During the feast of Hari Raya Hadji," he replied, smiling.



ANAK.

She kicked some sand with her bare toes, amongst the garrulous chickens.

"Tell me about the Prince."

Her mood had changed. Her eyes were wide open, and her face all aglow. She was wondering if he would notice her above the bridesmaids,—if it was not for her sake he was coming?

And then her lover told her of the gossip of the palace,—of the Prince's life in the Sultan's court,—of his wit and grace,—of how he had learned English, and was soon to go to London, and would be entertained by the Queen.

Above their heads the wind played with the tattered flags of the palms, leaving openings here and there, exposing the steely-white glare of the sky, and away to the northward the denuded red dome of Mount Ophir.

The girl noted the clusters of berries showing redly against the dark green of some pepper vines that clambered up the black nebang posts of her home, and wondered vaguely as he talked if she were to go on through life seeing pepper-vines and betel-nut trees, and hot sand and featherless hens, and never

get beyond the shadow of the mysterious mountains.

Possibly it was the sight of the white ladies from Singapore, possibly it was the few light words dropped by the half-grown Prince, possibly it was something within herself,—something inherited from ancestors who had lived when the fleets of Solomon and Hiram sought for gold and ivory at the base of the distant mountains, that drove her to revolt and question the right of this marriage that was to seal her forever to the attap bungalow, and the narrow, colorless life that awaited her on the banks of the Maur. She turned fiercely on her wooer, and her brown eyes flashed.

"You have never asked me whether I love!"

The Malay half rose from his seat. The look of surprise and perplexity that had filled his face gave place to one of almost childish wonder.

"Of course you love me. Is it not so written in the Koran,—a wife shall reverence her husband?"

"Why?" she questioned angrily.

He paused a moment, trying dimly to comprehend the question, and then answered slowly,—

"Because it is written."

She did not draw away when he took her hand; he had chosen his answer better than he knew.

"Because it is written," that was all. Her own feeble revolt was but as a breath of air among the yellow fronds above their heads.

When Noa had gone, the girl drew herself wearily up the ladder, and dropped on a cool palm mat near the never-ceasing loom. For almost the first time in her short, uneventful life she fell to thinking of herself. She wondered if the white ladies in Singapore married because all had been arranged by a father who forgot you the moment you disappeared within the door of your own house,—if they ever loved one man better than another,—if they could always

marry the one they liked best. She wondered why everyone must be married,—why she could not go on and live just as she had,—she could weave and sew?

A gray lizard darted from out its hiding-place in the attap at a great atlas moth which worked its brilliant wings, clumsily tearing their delicate network until the air was full of a golden dust.

"I am the moth," she said softly, and raised her hand too late to save it from its enemy.

The Sultan's own yacht, the *Panti*, brought the Prince back to Maur, and the Governor's launch went out beyond the bar, as it was low tide, and met him.

The band played the national anthem when he landed on the pier, and Inchi Mohammed, the Tuan Hakim, or Chief Justice, made a speech.

The red gravel walk from the landing to the palace gate was strewn with hibiscus and alamander and yellow convolvulus flowers, and bordered with the delicate maiden hair fern.

Johore and British flags hung in great festoons from the deep verandas of the palace, and the brass guns from the fort gave forth the royal salute.

Anak was in the crowd with her father, the old Chief, and her affianced, Noa. She had put on her silk sarong and kabaya, and some curious gold brooches that were her mother's. In her coal black hair she had stuck some sprays of the sweet smelling chumpaka flower. On her slender bare feet were sandals cunningly wrought in colored beads. Her soft brown eyes glowed with excitement, and she edged away from the Punghulo's side until she stood close up in front, so near that she could almost touch the sarong of the Tuan Hakim, as he read.

The Prince had grown so since he left that she scarcely knew him, and save for the narrow silk sarong about his waist, he was dressed in the English clothes of a Lieutenant of His Highness' artillery.



AMOK

In the front of his rimless cap shone the arms of Johore set in diamonds, exactly as his father, the Governor, wore them. He paused and smiled as he thanked the cringing Tuan Hakim.

The blood rushed to the girl's cheeks, and she nearly fell down at his feet. She realized but dimly that Noa was plucking at her kabaya, wishing her to go with him to see the bungalow that his father was building for them.

"The posts are to be of polished ne-

bong," he was saying, "the wood-work of maranti wood from Pahang; and there is to be a cote, ever so cunningly woven of green and yellow bamboo, for your ring-doves, under the attap of the great eaves above the door."

She turned wearily toward her lover, and the bright look faded from her comely face. With a half-uttered sigh she drew off her sandals and tucked them carefully beneath the silver zone that held her sarong in place.

"Anak," he asked softly, as they left the hot red streets, filled with lumbering bullock-carts and omnipresent rickshas, "why do you look away when I talk of our marriage? Is it because the Koran teaches modesty in woman, or is it because you are over-proud of your husband when you see him among other men?"

But the girl was not listening.

He looked at her keenly, and as he saw the red blood mantle her cheek, he smiled and went on:—

"It was good of you to wear the sarong I gave you, and your best kabaya, and the flowers I like in your hair. I heard more than one say that it showed you would make a good wife in spite of our knowing one another before marriage."

"You think that it was for you that I put on all this bravery!" she asked, looking him straight in the face. "Am I not to be your wife? Can I not dress in honor of the young Prince and—Allah!"

He tried to stammer a reply. The hot blood mounted to his temples, and he grasped the girl's arm so that she cried out with pain.

"You are to be my wife, and I your master. It is my wish that you should ever dress in honor of our rulers and our Allah, for in showing honor to those above you, you honor your husband. I do not understand you at all times, but I intend that you shall understand me. Sudah!"

"Tuan Allah suka!" (The Lord Allah has willed it,) she murmured, and they plodded on through the hot sand in silence.

After his return they saw the Prince often, and once when Anak came down to the wharf to bring a durian to the Captain of the Launch from her father, the old Punghulo, she met him face to face, and he touched her cheek with his jeweled fingers, and said she had grown much prettier since he left.

Noa was not angry at the Prince, rather he was proud of his notice, but a sinister light burned in his eyes as he saw the flushed face and drooping head of the girl.

And once the Prince passed by the Punghulo's home on his way into the jungle in search of a tiger, and inquired for his daughter. Anak treasured the remembrance of these little attentions, and pondered over them day after day, as she worked by her mother's side at the loom, or sat outside in the sand, picking the flossy burrs from the betel nuts, watching the flickering shadows that every breeze in the leaves above scattered in prodigal wastefulness about and over her.

She told herself over and over, as she followed with dreamy eyes the vain endeavors of a chameleon to change his color, as the shadows painted the sand beneath him first green and then white, that her own hopes and strivings were just as futile; and yet when Noa would sit beside her and try to take her hand, she would fly into a passion, and run sobbing up the ladder of her home. Noa became moody in turn. His father saw it and his mates chaffed him, but no one guessed the cause. That it should be for the sake of a woman would have been beyond belief, for did not the Koran say, "If thy wife displease thee, beat her until she see the sin of her ways?" One day, as he thought, it occurred to him: "She does not want to marry me!" and he asked her, as though it made any difference. There were tears in her eyes, but she only threw back her head and laughed, and replied as she should:—

"That is no concern of ours. Is your father, the Captain, displeased with my father, the Punghulo's, dowry?"

And yet Noa felt that Anak knew what he would have said.

He went away angry, but with a gnawing at his heart that frightened him,—a strange, new sickness, that seemed to drive him from despair to a

longing for revenge, with the coming and going of each quick breath. He had been trying to make love in a blind, stumbling way; he did not know it, — why should he? Marriage was but a bargain in Malaya. But Anak with her finer instincts felt it, and instead of fanning this tiny, unknown spark, she was driving it into other and baser channels.

In spite of her better nature she was slowly making a demon out of a lover, — a lover to whom but a few months before she would have given freely all her love for a smile or the lightest of compliments.

From that day until the day of the marriage she never spoke to her lover save in the presence of her elders, — for such was the law of her race.

She submitted to the tire-women who were to prepare her for the ceremony, uttering no protest as they filed off her beautiful white teeth and blackened them with lime, nor when they painted the palms of her hands and the nails of her fingers and toes red with henna. She showed no interest in the arranging of her glossy black hair with jeweled pins and chumpaka-flowers, or in the draping of her sarong and kabaya. Only her lacerated gums ached until one year after another forced its way from between her blackened lids down her rouged cheeks.

There had been feasting all day outside under the palms, and the youths, her many cousins, had kicked the ragga ball, while the elders sat about and watched and talked and chewed betel-nut. There were great rice curries on brass plates, with forty sambuls, within easy reach of all, luscious mangosteens, creamy durians and mangoes, and betel-nuts with lemon leaves and lime and spices. Fires burned about among the graceful palms at night, and lit up the silken sarongs and polished kris handles of the men, and gold-run kabayas of the women.

The Prince came as he promised, just as the old Kadi had pronounced the couple man and wife, and laid at Anak's feet a wide gold bracelet set with sapphires, and engraved with the arms of Johore. He dropped his eyes to conceal the look of pity and abhorrence that her swollen gums and disfigured features inspired, and as he passed across the mats on the bamboo floor he inwardly cursed the customs of his people that destroyed the beauty of its women. He had lived among the English of Singapore, and dined at the English Governor's table.

A groan escaped the girl's lips, as she dropped back among the cushions of her tinsel throne. Noa saw the little tragedy, and for the first time understood its full import. He ground his teeth together, and his hand worked un- easily along the scabbard of his kris.

In another moment the room was empty, and the bride and groom were left side by side on the gaudily bedecked platform, to mix and partake of their first betel-nut together. Mechanically Noa picked the broken fragments of the nut from its brass cup, from another a syrah leaf smeared with lime, added a clove, a cardamom, and a scraping of mace, and handed it to his bride. She took it without raising her eyes, and placed it against her bleeding gums. In a moment a bright red juice oozed from between her lips, and ran down the corner of her distorted mouth. Noa extended his hand, and she gave him the half-masticated mass. He raised it to his own mouth, and then for the first time looked the girl full in the face.

There was no love-light in the drooping brown eyes before him. The syrah-stained lips were slightly parted, exposing the feverish gums, and short black teeth. Her hands hung listlessly by her side, and only for the color that came and went beneath the rouge of her brown cheeks, she might have been dead to this last sacred act of their marriage vows.

"Anak!" he said slowly, drawing closer to her side. "Anak, I will be a true husband to you. You shall be my only wife,—"

He paused, expecting some response, but she only gazed stolidly up at the smoke-begrimed attap of the roof.

"Anak—" he repeated, and then a shudder passed through him, and his eyes lit up with a wild, frenzied gleam.

A moment he paused irresolute, and then with a spring he grasped the golden handle of his kris, and with one bound was across the floor, and on the sand below among the revelers.

For an instant, the snake-like blade of the kris shone dully in the firelight above his head, and then with a yell that echoed far out among the palms, it descended straight into the heart of the nearest Malay.

The hot life-blood spurted out over his hand and naked arm, and dyed the creamy silk of his wedding baju a dark red.

Once more he struck, as he chanted a promise from the Koran, and the shrill, agonized cry of a woman broke upon the ears of the astonished guests.

Then the fierce, sinister yell of "Amok! amok!" drowned the woman's moans, and sent every Malay's hand to the handle of his kris.

"Amok!" sprang from every man's lips, while women and children, and those too aged to take part in the wild saturnalia of blood that was to follow, scattered like doves before a hawk.

With the rapidity of a Malayan tiger, the crazed man leaped from one to another, dealing deadly strokes with his merciless weapon, right and left. There was no gleam of pity or recognition in his insane glance when he struck down the sister he had played with from childhood, neither did he note that his father's hand had dealt the blow that dropped his right arm helpless to his side. Only a cry of baffled rage and hate escaped his lips, as he snatched his falling knife

with his left hand. Another blow, and his father fell across the quivering body of his sister.

"O, Allah, the all-merciful and loving kind!" he sang, as the blows rained up on his face and breast. "O, Allah, the compassionate."

The golden handle of his kris shone like a dying coal in the center of a circle of flame-like knives; then with one wild plunge forward into the midst of the gleaming points, it went out.

"Sudah! — It is finished," and a Malay raised his steel-bladed *limbing* to thrust it into the bare breast of the dying man.

The young Prince stepped out into the firelight, and raised his hand. The long shrill wail of a tiger from far off toward Mount Ophir seemed to pulsate and quiver on the weird stillness of the night.

Noa opened his eyes. They were the eyes of a child, and a faint, sweet smile flickered across the ghastly features and died away in a spasm of pain.

A picture of their childhood days flashed through the mind of the Prince and softened the haughty lines of his young face,—the wharf below the palace grounds,—the fat old Penager dozing in the sun,—the raft they built together and the birch-colored crocodiles that lay among the sinuous mangrove roots.

"Noa," he whispered, as he imperiously motioned the crowd back.

The dying man's lips moved. The Prince bent lower.

"She—loved—you. Yes,—" he muttered, striving to hold his failing breath—"love is from—Allah. But not for me,—for English—and—Princes."

They threw his body without the circle of the fires.

The tense feline growl of the tiger grew more distinct. The Prince's hand sought the jeweled handle of his kris. There was a swift rush in the darkness, a crashing among the rubber vines, a short, quick snarl and then all was still.

If you run Amok in Malaya, you may kill your enemy or your dearest friend, but you will be kissered in the end like a pariah dog. Every man, woman, and child, will turn his hand against you, from the mother who bore you to the outcast you have befriended.

The laws are as immutable as fate.

Rounsevelle Wildman.



THE LARK'S SECRET.

TELL me, dear Lark, who taught you
 To make the meadows ring?
 Did the fair nymphs of Calypso
 Teach you to sing?
 The lute you play is silver,
 With delicate strings of gold,—
 Who was the generous giver?—
 I'd like to be told.

“Well, it is no great secret!
 My songs I learn in my dreams,
 I catch the gold from the sunshine,
 The silver I get from the streams;
 I sing but the beauties of nature,
 Too sweet for the human eye;
 My notes are taught by the angels,
 My lute came down from the sky.”

Warren Truitt

EXTRACTS FROM MRS. LOFTY'S DIARY.

APRIL 1ST. Wretched day; alternate spits of snow and rain and watery bursts of sunshine. Sore throat, too restless and feverish to either read, write, or sleep. Have divided the time pretty equally between hovering over the fire, and watching some people moving into the house next door. Suppose they thought I was taking an inventory of their belongings. Well, so I was. Old-fashioned and shabby as to upholstery, but good in their day; an old mahogany sideboard and hall table that are really gems; would like to buy them of her, but I know she would not sell. Has brought them all in from the country since her mother died. I know it as well as if she had told me; she is in half mourning yet. Only modern things were a kitchen table, with flour bin under it, a wicker crib and baby carriage, and a gasoline stove. Does her own work, of course. Was looking out for the baby all day; young girl brought it in the car about four o'clock; some friend kept it for her, I suppose, while she was getting things settled a little, for young girl went away again in a few moments. Between five and six hubby came home; quite a crowing and kissing time among the three of them at the front door, and later I saw him getting in kindlings and coal, and making a fire in the dining-room grate. Then they came and pinned up a newspaper at the window,—not having blinds up yet.

Then I thought it was time for me to try and brace up a bit and get ready for tea, when a messenger boy came up with a note, saying not to wait tea. "Late tonight." Very thoughtful of Harry; always sends word when he is late. Not wanting any tea myself, came up to bed, and am scribbling this for want of something better to do while Sarah is brush-

ing my hair, and getting me a hot-water bottle and a mustard plaster. Will really have to send for the doctor, if I am not feeling better in the morning. Wonder if the baby is a boy or a girl?

April 10th. Been in bed a week, and hanging around in my room. Bored to death with myself, but the doctor says I must not leave it for a week yet. Grippe. Disgusting just now, for my gown came home yesterday for Mrs. Smitherton's musicale; lovely, and fits me beyond praise. I shall raise Sarah's wages; she has been so faithful to me through this; Harry, poor fellow, undertook to sit up with me one night, but nearly yawned his head off, and I sent him to bed at twelve o'clock. I wonder how it is that they manage to keep awake at the club till all hours, playing poker. Suppose it is like a woman at a ball,—I could dance every night in the week, if the music was good, and the partners. That Mr. Wellington dances very well. What a *rara avis* a dancing man that is really grown up is in society nowadays. My neighbors are about settled. Of course I have peeked at them most of the time the last three days. He staid home Sunday all day and tinkered about, putting up blinds and hanging screen curtains. Have heard them tacking at carpets evenings. Wonder why they don't wax the floor and put down rugs? So much more stylish, and I should think, cheaper, too.

11th. Saw Mr. Wellington crossing the street, this morning. Such good shoulders. He did n't see me, never even raised his eyes to the house. Wonder if he knows we live here? Heard the little woman next door singing this morning; the windows were open while she was dusting. Has a nice little voice. She was singing, "Mrs. Lofty and I."

Suppose she thinks I am Mrs. Lofty. Just so.

"Mrs. Lofty has her jewels. So have I.
Wears hers on her bosom ; inside, I."

I believe I will have some jewels. Have always been sort of waiting for Harry to present me with some, but he will never think of it till the end of the world. Believe the first thing I do when I get well will be to go down to Sparkle & Sellers, and get that moonstone bracelet. I always had a weakness for those moonstones, and it will be just the ticket for that new gown. Dear me, when ever will I have a chance to wear it ?

Thursday, 12th. Such luck. Note from Mrs. Smitherton this morning, saying her two stars both have the grippe, and that she just must postpone her musicale until the twenty-fifth. Said she was going to have a notice to that effect in Sunday paper, but as she had heard me say I never read the Society Notes, she was afraid I would n't see it. I believe she meant that for sarcasm ; she could n't resist the opportunity to say a spiteful thing. No matter. I shall have a chance to wear my new gown and moonstone bracelet. Weather has improved, and my neighbor had her baby carriage out on her south porch this morning. Took my opera glasses and had a good look at the baby. Jolly little thing, two or three years old. Girl, I should think, but you can't most always tell,— when you're not an expert.

13th. Perfectly heavenly day ; certainly should have gone out, if the doctor had not come in early, on purpose, he said, to forbid such a thing, or even that I should dare sit by the open window. Horrid thing. I know it would have done me good. My neighbor seems to have Mrs. Lofty on her mind a good deal. This morning she was giving us the verse about,

"Her husband comes home beneath the starlight,
In the purple twilight, mine."

Wonder why those sort of people always think rich people are heartless and im-

moral? Dear me ! am I not the same person that ran around in calico pinafores on a farm down in Maine, fifteen years or so ago ? And did n't Harry work his own way up from office boy, and educate himself ? She dressed herself and the baby up and went down in the car this afternoon. Of course she did n't know how much "Mrs. Lofty" envied her that privilege.

April 15th. Beastly weather again. I vow I never will spend another spring in this climate. What is the use of having money, if you can't make yourself comfortable with it ? Of course, Harry won't go. We have never had but one trip together since the honeymoon, and then he took pneumonia and swore it was damp sheets. I thought it was standing on the rear platform of the sleeper at night, "to get a breath of fresh air," and smoke,— would n't go into the smoking-room because he said there were some "cads from Kansas City" in there, smoking the worst tobacco he ever smelled. One of the cads from Kansas City turned out next day to be a Boston man with a patronymic that claimed even Harry's respect, and the other was an Ohio man, first cousin to a very great person. I liked them both ; thought Kansas City had improved the original type, but Harry always says my five years in California have quite unfitted me for making nice discriminations in such things.

20th. Feel quite girly-girlish tonight and confidential, dear Diary. Had a lovely ride today. Harry gave me a shock, by coming home from the office in the middle of the afternoon to take me himself, and brought me a basket of violets, too. I could n't help but chaff him a little in honor of the unusual demonstration ; and he actually got stuffy about it. How funny men are ; you never know how to take them,— or rather, how they are going to take you.

21st, Saturday. That little woman next door is beginning to irritate me

with her "Mrs. Lofty." Does she intend to be personal, or does n't she think I can hear her? This morning it was,—

"Mrs. Lofty has her carriage, so have I."

Does she think it one of the crying sins of rich people when they don't happen to have any children? I think it is one of the crying sins of poor people that they have so many.

Friday, 27th. Well, I wore my new gown; it was a success, but otherwise the affair was not so much of a one as anticipated. The accompanist was down with the grippe, and had to be substituted at the last moment: Mrs. Senator Bilkins, in whose honor the musicale was to have been given in the first instance, had been called back to Washington by the illness of the Senator, and so Mrs. Smitherton was deprived of her biggest gun. Sad how these things will happen. That Mr. Wellington is very entertaining; has traveled everywhere. Mrs. Morrison is really getting too fat, she ought not to go décolleté any more. If I were one of her intimate friends I would tell her so. I have lost five pounds with the grippe. I can't afford to lose any more.

May 1st. What a bore a town of this size is. It is big enough to have lost all its neighborliness and homogeneity, and not big enough to make a success of the city ways it apes. Theater or opera only semi-occasionally, and cut down to fit the stage. Pah! I believe I will give an afternoon tea and ask the men. I wonder how many of them would come? Harry asked Mr. Wellington up to dinner Sunday. Seems to have taken a great fancy to him. So have I. I never could like a little man. It was Harry's back I fell in love with,—and I was so disappointed when he turned around, and I saw he had a big nose and wore glasses.

2d. I wonder if Mrs. Lowly, next door, and her Darby never get tired of one another? He stays home every evening. She bobs up serenely at the

hall door at night, and to dispatch him in the morning. If he is a little late coming home, she and the baby are hanging over the front gate, since the weather is pleasant. When he turns the corner she opens the gate, and the baby falls over itself trying to get to him. A bunch of Frances with compliments of Mr. Ferdinand Wellington this morning. Very polite of him. Suppose he intends that to do instead of a dinner call. Probably my taste is uncultivated, but I never could see why people have such a craze over those roses. To me they always seem like little pink cabbages.

Thursday night, May 3d. How deadly dull this town is! Nothing in view but an afternoon card party at Mrs. Joy's. If there is anything I despise more than other things it is those female card parties. They would n't gamble,—of course not,—but their eyes will shine, and they will get white around the lips with anxiety over the odd trick. And what they care for in the "prize" is its absolute money value. Don't tell me to the contrary. Pshaw! I had rather play poker or twenty-one for stakes, and done with it. It has got so that you can't even have people sit at your table and partake of your food, but you must give them a chromo for accepting your hospitality. If I were Mrs. Senator Bilkins,—for example,—I would revolutionize all that.

Nancy Hammond was here for two hours this afternoon. She is a simpleton, a lovable one, of course. She talked all the time about "Ferd Wellington." In a way, one does n't blame her; but even at her age I should have had sense enough to keep quiet. I did n't mention the roses, but told her if I had known Harry was going to bring Mr. Wellington to dinner Sunday, would have asked her to make a fourth. She looked so disappointed I could n't forbear quoting,

"All sad words of tongue or pen."

She only giggled, but of course one forgives a pretty young thing of eighteen for giggling.

May 5th. Thank Providence, the Bostonians are coming for three nights this week. Told Harry to be sure to go the first thing this morning and get seats, but of course he will forget it. Wish I had sent Martin down for them. Mrs. Smitherton was just in, wanting me to join some kind of culture class that she is getting up, to listen to a series of lectures on French literature by Mrs. Bloom, who has just returned from a year in Europe, and needs to turn an honest penny in some ultra-aristocratic sort of way. Of course I joined. Anything for a change, but as for French literature,—if I knew a good deal less about it, I think it would be a good deal better perhaps for me. Mrs. Lowly was out digging in her garden this morning, while I was out in mine giving Martin some directions. I made acquaintance with her over the fence by giving the baby a bunch of early posies. It is a girl, and its name is Dorothy — Dorothy Sanders.

Saturday, 6th. Mr. Ferdinand Wellington called last evening. Harry happened to come home early (9 o'clock,) and they had a great discussion on politics. Mr. W. is a free-trader as far as he is anything. It always seems to me that so much travel and culture makes people lukewarm in their sentiments about anything; but perhaps if Harry were not making pins himself for a living he would n't care about their being protected. I have always noticed one's business has a deal to do with one's principles, political or otherwise. Mr. W. is getting up a box party for the Bostonians' first night, and wants me to officiate as Chappie. Of course said I would be delighted, and arranged for them to meet here, and return for supper afterwards.

Wednesday night. Tired out with "assisting" at one of those stupid teas, where the receiving women get themselves up for the opera, and the received come in their street costumes. On the

way home they all discuss the quantity and quality of the refreshments, and the taste and cost of the decorations, as compared with Mrs. Somebody Else's. It will all be in the Society Notes, down to the last rosebud and the last half yard of gauze. That is what they give it for. But I would n't have stayed away for the world. Why, I wonder? I was suggesting to Harry tonight before he went out that he divide his attentions between me and the Club. I am not exacting; I am willing to make a fair divide. Suppose hearing Mrs. Lowly at her "starlight and twilight" again this morning put me on to it. Harry got out of patience; wanted to know why on earth I did n't do something to "improve my mind," so that I would n't be such a bore to myself. Told him that was what I married him for, to get my mind improved, and thought it was pretty near time he was making a beginning before the case got quite hopeless. Saw Mrs. Lowly in and out at her work this morning with a towel around her head. She really looked wretchedly ill, and I went to the fence and asked her to let me mind the baby for a couple of hours while she lay down. She handed it over rather doubtfully, remarking she was afraid it would not stay with a stranger; but bless you, it made itself quite at home, and I kept it nearly the whole day. Wonderful what a lot of company a little thing like that can be; it talks quite plainly, and sat up at dinner with us and behaved as properly as possible, and ate with such an appetite that it positively gave me one.

Saturday, May 12th. Box party came off in great shape Thursday night. Mr. Wellington sent up a big bunch of Jacks,—as he did to all three of the girls. Harry brought me a cluster of those eternal Franceses when he came home. It is a long time since I have had such an embarrassing richesse. I compromised by taking the half of each and putting them together, which was just the thing

for the pink and garnet costume I wore. Mr. Wellington was very polite, as of course he ought to have been. But I fancy Nancy was put out a little. Silly thing! does n't she know that she has the greatest of all charms—youth? And according to Mrs. Smitherton, I hear that I have none, except my good clothes. She is reported to have said that a hop-pole would look well, as exquisitely dressed as Mrs. Isham always was. What a mercy that Mrs. Isham knows how to dress. By the way, Ferdinand Wellington asked me the other night if I always looked bored. Now I am never bored, only tired. Have been tired ever since as a little girl I once figured out how many times I would have to breathe before I was forty. It is a fact, I never have recovered from that. I should fancy that Mr. Wellington would be a rather dangerous sort of man—to some people. He has a way, I notice, of giving a woman the impression that he understands her better than she does herself. But I understand myself very well, Mr. Ferdinand Wellington,—better, perhaps, than is generally credited.

The 14th. Was quite surprised yesterday to see Miss Dottie walking in just before church time, all dressed ready to go with her mamma. When I asked her how she got over the fence, she said the "black man" lifted up "so," bending herself over to the ground and making a great upward stretch with her little fat arms. Harry commenced teasing her, and after looking at him disapprovingly a little while, she asked me if that was "my papa." When I said yes, she remarked candidly that he was not as nice as her papa; her's had hair all over his head, and not so much on his face. Just then her mother commenced calling for her in a fright, and Harry took her out and put her over the fence to her "own nice papa," as she called him, patting him and looking askance at Harry, who was a little nettled. I wonder why it is that the greatest of us

are so puffed up with complacency when a strange little one takes to us, and so put out when it does n't. After dinner, when Harry and Mr. Sanders were visiting over the fence in their smoking jackets, she got herself put over again, and followed me around among the flower-beds. She was pleased to admire my garden hat greatly, and when I tied it on her little bare head she looked so cunning in it that I told her it was her own, and sent her home with it, after giving her some ice cream. I saw from the window afterwards her mother trying to coax it from her, while she stoutly maintained, "It is mine; 'ady said so," holding on to it with both hands, and stamping her feet with shrieks of wrath. I had to go to the rescue.

Wednesday, 17th. Harry came home yesterday in a great hurry to catch the four o'clock for New York. While I was packing his grip, he said, "I know what you are thinking of, but it is all right. You go with the Smithertons, and Ferd Wellington will look after you when you get there. By the way, there are some flowers on the hall table. I was in such a hurry, I hardly know what they are. Sorry I have to go just today, but you see how it is, Patsie. Take care of yourself, and have a good time." It was the Club reception that he was talking about, and at first I thought I would not go at all, handed about in that way from one to another. But I changed my mind after a while; the Club only gives one reception in a year. It is about the swellest affair we have. Everybody that is anybody always has a new gown for it, and I did want to go and wear mine,—dead white this time; no color but Harry's flowers and my own lips, which are always scarlet, no matter whether I am well or ill. Mrs. Smitherton, I believe, says I paint them. Ferd Wellington "looked after me" very well indeed. He said to me, while we were sitting out a dance in the hall, that Fate had made one of its frequent mistakes when it in-

troduced me to existence down in Maine in the latter half of the nineteenth century."

"And where and when, pray, should I have had my debut?"

"O, in the Orient somewhere, a very long time ago; or in France, perhaps, in the time of Le Grand Monarque."

"Then I should not have had the pleasure of knowing you," I said mockingly."

But he answered, with perfect seriousness, "O yes, you would. I should have been there. Fate does look after some things."

"I don't think Fate bothers itself about such trifles at all," I said shortly, and rose to go back to the dancing-rooms. It was after supper, and I notice champagne does make a difference with the best of men. I never drink it myself; it gives me a color, and that is not becoming to my particular style of beauty. Went in this afternoon and made a formal call on Mrs. Sanders. Dottie comes to see me two or three times every day now. Her mother says she can't keep her at home any more. She always asks the first thing, "Has you any ice-tream today?" She has a discriminating palate; appreciates good things, and does not forget their name or appearance between times.

Saturday, 27th of May. Ferd Wellington is certainly a godsend to the dull town. He is getting up a riding club; that is one place where I am sure Harry will find time to go with me. Have telegraphed for a new habit. Wore mine out completely last summer. Found a perfectly white hair in my head yesterday. Sarah tried to comfort me by saying that was nothing, you found a white hair in children's now and then. Good Sarah! Wonder what I shall occupy myself with when I am gray?

June 1st. Had Sarah cut out a lot of my hair yesterday. It's too heavy, now the weather is getting warm. Dottie was up in my room, and she cried when

she heard the shears going through, and said, "Oh, poor hair, you hurt it!" She really made me feel quite creepy, for I don't like the sound myself. She is a queer baby. She has a great fear, instinctively or instilled, I know not which, of electric cars; she told me that if she went out there the cars would cut her head off, and all the sawdust would run out. I find she feels herself to be stuffed with sawdust, like her doll.

June 6th. Ferd Wellington, last time he was here, was recounting some tale about climbing some volcano in Mexico. All the time he was talking, I was saying the most absurd thing to myself: "If you and I should be walking together, and should encounter a mad dog, for instance, I wonder what you would do?" I wonder if he is brave? He is big enough to be. Dottie spends half her time with me. Harry was saying yesterday he thought he would have to make Mrs. Sanders a present of the cottage, for he did n't know what would happen to me if they should move. He was in fun, but I would do it in a minute if she would accept it; but she would n't.

June 18th, Sunday. Have been writing letters all the afternoon. I always get retrospective and introspective when I write a lot of letters. I do enjoy the riding club so. We all go out together three times a week, but Harry and I ride every evening. Harry rides well, better than Ferd Wellington, to my thinking. He is too English in his style to suit me. I sometimes wonder if he has any residuum of America left in him somewhere? Nancy Hammond is rather cool to me, I fancy. Only my guilty conscience, I expect. Silly child!

June 20th. Came across my old bap-tiste in my wardrobe today, and had Sarah rip it up and press it, and had such fun fitting it over into a regular little picture-book frock for Dottie. She is the quaintest little thing, and I shall construct a frock that expresses her.

June 27th. Nothing but tennis and

riding, neither one conducive to plumpness. Doctor Pillsbury says I must drink a pint of cream every day. If I were a doctor and had a name like that, I'd have it changed by act of Parliament. Was surprised last night to find that Ferd Wellington still believes himself to have enthusiasms. Suppose I must have shown my incredulity in my face, for he stopped abruptly in the midst of his flight and said, "You are laughing at me," and blushed like a boy. It is the first time I ever saw him lose his self-possession the least little particle, and it has set me to reflecting a bit; but I think it was only wounded *amour propre*.

July 10th. The Smithertons have gone out to their farm — country place, I should say — for the summer. We made up a party and rode out the night before the Fourth, and staid till Saturday. It rained all day the 5th, and we all went out to the barn, and I tried to play "basket-ball" under Ferd Wellington's tuition. That young man is invaluable under such circumstances. I mistrust that he aspires to lead the Cotillion next winter. I thought better of him than that, at one time. When I said "Harry," he only laughed, — a little non-committal laugh that he has on occasions. I wonder if he would mind if I were to lead the first one with him — with Ferd, I mean? I know people who would mind, — and speak their mind.

July 18th. Found Dottie's pink frock today in my work basket, and gave it to Sarah to finish up. I never can bear to go back to anything after it has got cold. I notice Mrs. Lowly does n't sing about Mrs. Lofty any more: perhaps she has "dropped on herself," as the gamins say. She is a well meaning little body. Ferd Wellington did n't ride last evening, and they said he was sick. I wanted Harry to stop in and inquire after him today, but he said I could go and inquire myself, if I was so d — d anxious. I shall: that is, I shall send Martin, with some flowers and polite inquiries.

July 28th. Am going to the seaside on the first. The Smithertons have gone to Liberty Beach for August, and I shall go down for the month. I never have felt like myself since that horrid gripe. Doctor says I went out too soon; I maintain I stayed in too long.

Monday, 31st. What dreadful things children are. Yesterday evening, as we were all sitting out on the porch, Dottie on my lap, playing with all the bangles and all the other detached portions of my person that she could abstract, she suddenly spoke up, in the middle of a contemplative silence that seemed to have fallen on the group, "You have two papas, has n't you? My mamma has only one." You could have cut the ensuing stillness with a knife. I could n't speak, because I was choked with laughter quite as much as embarrassment, and neither of the men could speak. Wellington never flickered an eyelash, but took his cigar out of his mouth and knocked the ashes off it, with a perfectly preoccupied air; but Harry simply glowered.

Liberty Beach, Wednesday, August 3rd. Well, here I am; not really half as comfortable as I was at home, but it is cooler. Harry escorted me down with all due observances, and went back again this morning. I fancy he has appeared to be ruminating some cud not altogether to his taste, ever since Sunday last. To be honest, I must say, I would n't mind if he were.

The 8th. Am having a charming time. There is nothing so shames the trivialities and falseness out of you as the companionship of the ocean. It calls to you, day and night, until deep answers unto deep. I shall be a better woman for this month with myself and the sea. I say with myself, for Mrs. Smitherton don't count. I miss Dottie. I wanted to bring her with me, and it would have done her a world of good, but her mother would n't trust her with me. That's the way with these mother-hens. They

think unless you have hatched a setting of your own, you don't know an egg from a turnip.

Tuesday, August 16th. When Ferd Wellington walked into the dining room Saturday evening with Mr. Smitherton I was angry. That is honest truth. So much so, that I asked him, when he joined me on the piazza later, (the Smithertons having, I thought rather pointedly, left the field clear,) if there were no other place in America besides Liberty Beach where he could spend his vacation? He answered my question very coolly with another,—“Did you suppose for a moment when you came here that I wouldn't come?” But I am not angry any more. I am glad. Received a letter from Harry this morning, saying he was going up into the Adirondacks fishing for two weeks. If a man is too indifferent or too stupid to look after his own wife, why should she trouble herself?

Tuesday, August 30th. Ferd Wellington went back yesterday morning. We are going tomorrow. Shall be home in time to get everything in running order again before my liege returns from the Adirondacks. I have had a lovely two weeks; incense burned at my shrine morning, noon, and night. It is pleasant, even if you know it deadly. Mrs. Smitherton, on the whole, has behaved very well. Of course, I know she has been bottling herself up against our return to town, but I don't care. I don't believe I shall ever get over this cough, and a short life and a merry one was always my motto.

September 5th. Home. Dottie was so glad to see me back: the poor little thing is looking wretchedly pale and peaked. I must try and find something to coax up her appetite, she used to be such a little epicure. Harry is back from his fishing, looking brown and well, and says I don't seem to have fattened myself up much. We have reorganized our riding club. Shall be delighted to get in the saddle again.

September 12th. Midnight. Sleep is impossible, so here I am, little Diary, wreaking myself upon you. This evening Harry, Ferd Wellington, and myself, were sauntering in the garden, waiting for some others of our party, our three horses standing in a bunch at the gate. Some one of the people who are always doing such things, had left the Sanders' gate unlatched, and Miss Dorothy, of course, was the first to find it out. We watched her, as she opened it wide, and standing there a moment gazed longingly at the Great World outside. Then she put out one foot, then the other, looked up the street and down the street, to see if any of the rags and bottle men or 'lectic cars, or other bugaboos of her imagination, were in view. Seeing nothing alarming, she ventured out into the middle of the walk.

“Hi, there! said Harry. What will mamma do to you when she catches you?”

Thus challenged, she paused irresolutely, longing with all her little unfledged human will to do some forbidden thing, and yet hesitating before taking the plunge. Just then, from somewhere, none of us had noticed him before, appeared a mongrel dog at the end of the block. He was coming on at a trot, his head down, his tongue hanging out.

“What is the matter with that dog?” said I. “Dottie, come here to me directly.”

“That dog is mad,” said Harry, after a second's pause.

“Dottie, Dottie!” I shrieked wildly, and flung myself at the gate, but Ferd Wellington caught me in a grip of iron, and held me back. Then I saw that in the very instant of his speaking Harry had vaulted over the low iron railing that fences in our garden from the street, and was rushing towards the child. She laughed wilfully, and commenced to run with all her little speed towards the dog. Harry was on her in two bounds, and snatched her from

under the creature's very muzzle, and flung her over the fence into her mother's arms,— who had got there by this time, with such a look on her face as you don't forget when you have seen it. The dog gave one snap at Harry's legs and went on. As he passed the horses, my poor little mare, always nervous at dogs, shied at him, and he jumped at her and bit her lip; she broke loose with a snort of pain, and tore down the street, and the demon dog kept straight on his way. At the moment I thought of none of those things, for my eyes were fixed on Harry, who was walking back rapidly, putting on his glasses, which had fallen off in the fray.

"Harry, Harry," I cried, nearly suffocated with terror, "did he bite you?"

He looked at me quietly, without answering, and then I knew for the first time, that Ferd was still holding me by the shoulder with all his might. He took his arm down without any appearance of confusion or haste (blessed be such perfect self-possession) and said, "Your wife had to be restrained by main force from throwing herself into the breach."

"So I see," said Harry dryly, and passed on into the house.

He got his pistol, and went after the beast, without stopping to see if he had been touched by its teeth; but a singularly opportune policeman had killed him before Harry got up with him. Then he came back, and took off his riding boot and examined his leg; the boot had saved him, he had n't a scratch. I threw myself on him, somewhat melodramatically I am sure, but I would have got as much reciprocity from a lamp-post; and then, when somebody came running in and said Mrs. Sanders was in screaming hysterics, and nobody could do anything with her, I went out and drove away the mob of people that by this time had filled both my doorway and hers, and took the poor little woman in hand. No one could blame her for

having hysterics. I don't know why I don't have them myself. Just another phase of my utter heartlessness, I suppose.

N. B. I always knew Ferd Wellington would not be equal to the mad dog, — though why the idea of that particular form of danger should have haunted me is a mystery I would leave for the Harvard Laboratory of Psychology to fathom.

Sept. 16th. They killed my poor Gypsy yesterday. I made Harry do it himself, to be sure that it was done mercifully. It seems to me I never shall sleep again without seeing that horrid creature, with his red, unseeing eyes and his tongue lolling out.

Sept. 18th. Poor little Mrs. Lowly came to me in great trepidation today. She felt that she had a duty to discharge to Mrs. Lofty, or rather I fancy, to Mrs. Lofty's husband. She did n't relish it a bit, but how else could she pay the debt of gratitude she owed to a man who had saved her child's life at the risk of his own? I saw it all going on in her mind while she was beating about the bush, with a great deal of embarrassment and blushing (on her part, not on mine). By the time she arrived at the point I was there waiting for her. Of course it all amounted to this, "Don't you think —" and "Would n't it be better now, —" "Of course I understand perfectly well, but you know how people talk, —" "He really is here a great deal, —" "Of course everybody knows that the Hammonds are spiteful, but then Mrs. Smitherton, — and then she professes to be such a friend of yours, you know, —" "O, I hope you are not angry, for you have been so good to Dottie, and Will and I both are so fond of you."

"I am not angry at all, Mrs. Sanders," said I. "I appreciate your motives, but it seems to me that Mr. Isham is the only person who has any right to take any interest in this matter, and as long as he does not object, why should any

one else? I give you my word, Mrs. Sanders, that if he should once so much as say, 'Drop it now, Patsie, had n't you better?' it would be dropped."

Mrs. Sanders looked at me queerly a moment out of her big baby-blue eyes, and then replied persuasively, "If I were you, Mrs. Isham, I would n't wait for that. Men are queer; sometimes they don't say the thing that a woman would be the most obvious to say."

I believe you, my dear. It is remarkable how much penetration the little matter-of-fact, common-place women have sometimes. I suppose I ought to be winding up the spool, but the kitten at the other end of the string is so amusing. I don't know how I shall get through the long evenings that are coming on; they will be drearier than ever. When a person has n't her mind improved, or perhaps none to improve, it is so delightful to have some one about that is pleased with one's incipient idiocy; who will now and again laugh that little laugh of pure enjoyment in her folly which a woman feels to be a caress.

Oct. 1st. Doctor Pillsbury was asking me yesterday where I was planning to spend the winter.

"Where else would I spend it but here at home?" said I.

"O," he replied, "I thought I had heard you say you never would spend another in this place. If I were you, Mrs. Isham, I would go away for a few months to Florida, or the Bahamas, or Southern California, if you would prefer. That little cough of yours might turn out something more serious, if you let it get settled on you."

I laughed, rather shortly, "It's pretty well settled, I think, Doctor," said I. "And I shall be so much more comfortable at home."

"Well," he answered, "I shall speak to your husband. He will probably have more eloquence of persuasion than I."

"Doctor," I cried, "I forbid you to speak to Harry."

He took off his glasses and looked at me. "You women are all alike," he said.

"Which means in your dictionary, I suppose, that we are all fools," I said a little bitterly.

"I did n't say it," he returned calmly. "Young woman, I had the honor of bringing you into the world, and I intend to see that you don't leave it prematurely."

"I'll never forgive you if you meddle," I exclaimed passionately.

"Meddle nothing," he said brusquely. "I shall attend to my professional business. And, Patsie my child, do you try and be as little like the others that you were mentioning a moment ago as you can, in the course of nature. Mind that beef tea every day, and quit dreaming about mad dogs."

Oct. 4th. Having on one of my rare fits of housewifery today, I was going through Harry's *escritoire* in his "den," which I seldom enter, when what should I come across but a lot of long black hair done up carefully in tissue paper. It took me a moment or two to recognize that it was my own,—the same that Dottie felt so unhappy about the day Sarah cut it off. I told her to burn it up. As I stood passing it over the back of my hand, and laughing to myself at the discovery of such an unexpected streak of sentiment in my practical husband, suddenly the room seemed filled with the scent of La France roses, and I saw a little *bisque* doll creature giggling among the sofa cushions, while I mocked her with,—

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,

The saddest of these: 'It might have been.'"

Foolish, pretty Nancy. I wonder if I have robbed you of anything that ever would have been yours, in any case?

Oct. 6th. This evening, as I sat singing idle snatches at the piano, I heard Sarah ushering in Ferd Wellington. I rose hastily and disappeared into the library; he must have seen the last flirt of my skirts as they went through the

door. Sarah followed me through two or three rooms, and cornered me at last in the conservatory off the dining-room. I had not made up my mind to do it before, but I was making it up as I fled. I turned and faced her.

"Mrs. Isham," she said inquiringly, "Mr. Wellington is in the parlor."

"Tell him 'not at home,' Sarah," I said quietly.

She opened her mouth at me, and shut it again before she answered. "Mrs. Isham, how can I? He knows you are at home."

"Sarah," I said, "you must!"

Sarah said no more, but went off with a face like a peony, to falsify herself. I never did a rude and cruel thing like that before in my life, but observation has taught me there is no use in trying the "tapering-off" process in such cases. The pill can't be sugar-coated.

October 7th, 10 P. M. A messenger boy came up this afternoon with a note. 'T was brief:—

Have I offended you in some unknown way? Or has some one of our solicitous friends been making mischief of some sort? I think I have a right to ask you these questions.

F. W.

I kept the boy waiting, while I turned over the leaf and wrote inside the same sheet:

You have a right to ask, therefore I answer. No solicitous friends have made mischief, and you have not offended. On the contrary, for many acts of considerate friendship I shall always hold you in grateful remembrance. But I have awakened to a sense of my own folly, and I shall pursue it no further. It is my intention that we meet henceforth as the merest chance acquaintances. You are at liberty to think as ill of me as I deserve; it will help you to recover from any wounds your pride may suffer from my resolution.

Having thus burned my bridges behind me, I went upstairs and cried myself into such a headache that I could not appear at tea-time, and was glad of the excuse it gave me to hide my red eyes under a wet towel and darkened room. If Sarah were blind, deaf, and dumb, she could not appear more ob-

tuse than she does. Good girl. I shall remember her in my will.

October 9th. I asked the Sanderses over this evening for a game of duplicate whist. Harry stayed home when I asked him, with perfect politeness. His politeness is something appalling nowadays. I feel that I shall not be able to bear up under it much longer. We had no more than got settled down to the game, before Mrs. Smitherton dropped in to "wait until called for" by that docile mate of hers. I knew she was bursting with something the minute she came in, and kept wondering what it could be; I had an idea that perhaps Ferd had eloped with Nancy Hammond. She could n't hold in long.

"What in the world has Ferd Wellington gone to South Africa for?" she blurted out at me, as if I carried his motives around in my pocket.

I felt their eyes all on me in an instant like gimlets; all but Harry's,—they were like poniards, piercing to my very marrow. Thank Heaven, my surprise was so genuine that nobody could doubt it.

"South Africa! When?" was all I could think of to say.

"Why, this afternoon," ejaculated Mrs. Smitherton, her eyes all but starting out of her head at this unexpected turn of affairs. "He threw up his position at the bank yesterday, and would make no explanation to Mr. Smitherton except that he had important private business of his own which could not wait."

"I suppose his old craze for wandering has come back on him again," said Mrs. Sanders, coming to my rescue in this most matter-of-fact way. "That's the way it takes them, absolutely like some form of disease." "Mrs. Smitherton, you really must take my hand for a few minutes while I run over and look after Dottie. She was a little restless and if she wakes up she will cry,—no, my dear, you sit still, I'll be back in a minute."

Bless the men! They do have an inspiration of tact once in a lifetime. Poor Ferd! I had no idea he would take it that way; I have never thought that any grown-up man who would allow himself to flirt with a married woman deserved any consideration at her hands. But — my friend that was! — you have it to be thankful for that you are a man, and can go to South Africa.

October 13th. I wonder if Doctor Pillsbury has ever said anything to Harry about my going away? It seems to me that each day is longer than the last one in passing, and yet when it is gone it seems to have been so short. I wonder if that is the way a man feels that is going to be hanged? I don't know what would become of me if it were not for Dottie; dear, tender little soul.

"Is you not well today?" she will say, if I drop into reverie. "Let me wub your head. Tomorrow day you will be all wight." Heaven be praised for "tomorrow day," my Dorothy.

October 14th. Well, it takes a good deal to open some people's eyes; and I suppose if one wears glasses, it takes more. But at all events, Harry came home at tea-time quite in a flutter, and began abruptly, "I have been having a talk with the Doctor, and you are to get ready for Southern California right away. You must be off before the first of November, he says."

"Oh, Harry," I cried, quite unnerved by this summary dismissal, "it will be so little use, and I would so much rather stay at home."

"What do you want to talk nonsense for?"

"I can't go off by myself like that," I almost sobbed, "and I won't. I should

die of homesickness, if of nothing else."

"Patsie, what are you talking of?" he cried. "Do you suppose for a moment I would let you go by yourself?"

"Oh," I said, "that is a different matter. But —" I could not resist adding — "you know, Harry, you have let me go off by myself a good many times."

"Don't speak of it, Patsie," he said. "We have both of us done a good many fool things in our time that I am sure we are both sorry for."

And so we kissed and made up; and are to start for Coronado on the first of November, and perhaps will take a run over to Honolulu before we get back.

October 31st. To satisfy Harry, I let the Doctor test my lungs yesterday. Harry stood watching him with his lips set, while he thumped and listened and went on with it all. I felt awfully sorry for him; I did not seem to care so much for myself. There seems to be so little in store for a woman of my sort, after she is thirty, and that time is coming so close to me. But when the Doctor looked up, his face was wonderfully brightened.

"Well, my dear," he said, "to tell you the truly truth, as you used to say when you were little, like Dottie, you are not near so badly off as I feared. If you take care of yourself through the winter, you'll have time before you yet to do plenty more mischief. I believe what is the matter with you as much as anything is a lack of useful occupation. You will have to take up some regular course of study and improve your mind."

Harry and I looked at one another and burst out laughing, and good Doctor Pillsbury will never know what we were laughing at.

Batterman Lindsay.



AT THE SIGN OF THE RED CROSS.



AMONG the memorable days in the life of San Francisco and of the State of California must assuredly be recorded that day in August, 1893, which brought together the assembled multitudes in Golden Gate Park to witness the inaugural of the California Midwinter International Exposition. Then, as if by magic, the dream of a few sanguine Californians became a reality. The "Midwinter sun" of 1894 revealed the Exposition as an accomplished fact; a conception materialized and become a masterpiece worthy of the State and of the whole nation.

The Exposition has brought within its gates every variety and phase of American life, and mixed and jumbled these phases with the life customs of many foreign lands.

Wherever crowds are gathered and people mingle, miscellaneous accidents will happen. Frequently accidents are trifling or serious, according to the promptness and intelligence with which the injured ones are cared for. Lives may be wasted by a little ignorance or neglect; or saved by the quick and intelligently directed application of simple medical means and ordinary surgical apparatus. So the first duty of the Fair managers was to look to the safety and comfort of the visiting masses, and to provide suitable attention and care for those in anywise injured, whether they were visitors within our gates, or the busy men and women connected with the staff of employees.

Few of the many objects of attraction on the opening day of the Fair excited more curiosity, or gave rise to more

surmise, than the quaint cross-shaped structure, vague in outline, unusual in architecture, lying half hidden in the great shadows of the golden dome of the Administration Building. Nothing about the grounds has attracted more attention, or caused more questioning, than the quick-flying ambulance, with its uniformed attendants, its general air of completeness and comfort, and its red cross flashing as its glitters by. Many unacquainted with the history of wars, and the regulations of that which is called "civilized warfare," have asked the meaning of the cruciform building and the red crosses on the structure, the banner above it, on ambulance, and on the uniforms of the doctors and attendants.

The Society of the Red Cross was founded by Henri Durant, a Swiss gentleman, ably seconded by M. Gustave Moynier and Doctor Louis Appia of Geneva, February 9, 1863. The Geneva Convention, for the "relief of the wounded in war," took the matter under consideration, the result being that the representatives from thirteen different nations signed an agreement, giving wearers of the Red Cross many rights and immunities on battlefield and in hospital. Those signing the agreement included the Swiss Confederation, Grand Duke of Baden, King of the Belgians, King of Denmark, King of Norway and Sweden, Queen of Spain, Emperor of France, Grand Duke of Hesse, King of Italy, King of the Netherlands, King of Portugal, King of Prussia, and the King of Wurtemberg. This agreement was entered into August 22, 1864.

Soon afterward other powers signed, including Great Britain, Russia, Austria, Greece, Pontifical States, Turkey, Persia, Chile, Peru, Bolivia, and the Ar-

gentine Republic. The United States entered the list as the thirty-second nation on March 16, 1882, during the Garfield administration, when Congress, through the able efforts of Secretary of State James G. Blaine, ratified the Geneva Convention. Thus the United

greatest inhumanity, that the emergency service at the Fair took its symbol of the red cross, and began its work of relieving those in sudden distress, and caring for those who are in pain. This very useful adjunct to the Exposition was the result of a timely sugges-



THE SIGN OF THE RED CROSS.

States, which should have been the first in such a work, lagged reluctant, and was one of the last.

Previous to this, however, a National Association of the Red Cross in America had been formed. Of this Clara Barton was made president, a position which she still occupies.

So it was out of this one concession to common humanity in man's time of

tion made at one of the meetings of the trustees of the San Francisco Polyclinic, — a worthy charity well known to San Francisco. A committee was appointed to consider the best way to render first aid service in case of accident or illness upon the grounds of the Exposition. This committee consisted of Doctors Martin Regensburger, Fred. W. D'Evelyn, Geo. F. Shiels, and W. E. Hopkins.

These gentlemen convened, and interviewed the Executive Committee of the Exposition; were gladly received, and were appointed as Medical Directors, with Doctor Regensburger as Medical Director in Chief, to organize and conduct the Emergency Service.

The assistance of Doctors F. F. Knorp, S. J. Fraser, J. C. Seymour, B. F. Fleming, J. M. Macdonald, P. Collishom, F. W. Browning, E. Johansen, H. Lagan, C. S. Maguire, S. E. Barrett, H. Partridge, and myself, was solicited, and we

drill by Medical Director D'Evelyn, who has had previous experience in the Zulu and Boer campaigns of South Africa, and this influence has been frequently felt in the rapid and careful handling of patients.

To the constant labors of the doctors I must add great praise for the trained nurses, as their onerous duties have always been performed with devoted ability.

Upon entering the hospital, the visitor passes through the drug-store, a room filled with drugs of every description, including dressings, bandages, and everything necessary in case of emergency. These were donated by Messrs. A. L. Lengfeld, Clinton Worden, and Johnson & Johnson. Here the visitor is kindly met, and conducted by the druggist in charge to the operating room, a spacious apartment, well lighted by a large skylight. This fine room presents as cheerful a picture as is possible. Its modern operating table and also the fracture bed were presented by the Duncombe Surgical Supply Company of San Francisco. The antiseptics are at hand upon a shelf upon the wall, ready at a moment's notice, and connected by tubes running to the operating table by an overhead trolley system. The instruments for operations call for a close inspection, as they include all that is modern, and were donated by Dr. D'Evelyn, and the Executive Committee of the Exposition.

From this room one can readily look into the wards, both male and female, placed at right angles to the operating room. Each contains five beds and every convenience for the comfort of patients. The building also contains rooms for offices, lavatories, etc., thus making a neat and well furnished hospital, in which the ill and injured are skillfully and kindly taken care of.

Those who have been treated include representatives of all nations, from the



ON DUTY.

consented to remain on duty each day at stated hours.

Trained nurses were also secured through the courtesy of the managers of St. Luke's and the Children's Hospitals. Communication was opened with Doctor Owens, General Medical Director of the Emergency Service of the recent Columbian Exposition, and with Messrs. Studebaker & Co. of Chicago and San Francisco, who kindly furnished the ambulance. The guards of the Exposition were detailed by Captain G. B. Baldwin, and were instructed in the various systems of the stretcher



OPERATING ROOM.

Esquimaux of the frozen North to the South Sea Islanders. Filled as these people are with the deepest ignorance and most weird and mythical superstitions, yet they have in all a sense of gratitude for the attention shown them at the hospital. The number of cases treated averages twelve a day,—a good showing compared with seventy treated daily at the Columbian Exposition.

In the treatment of the peculiar people from afar, those in charge of the hospital have had many opportunities to study the habits and queer customs of the different nations, and no doubt they have picked up information not usually given to our public. For instance, when a call came from the Indian village for a doctor, word was given that a death was expected there of a baby, as the photographer had been there a few days before, and the Indian superstition has it that the life of some Indian leaves this world for the spirit land whenever

the camera shows its deadly eye. The child died a few days later from pneumonia.

Then there was the case of the Yaqui woman who had lived her four score years, and then died of consumption. Her family, realizing her condition as the end neared, placed her in the open air upon the damp sand, with her head raised upon some stones, the ankles and wrists crossed and tied. What the doctor could suggest for her relief was received with negative grunts and groans by the relatives, and thus the woman passed into another existence without the comforts usually granted to the pale-face in time of stress.

The climate of San Francisco has been especially trying to the representatives of the tropics, and many a call has come from the Hawaiians and the South Sea Islanders for medicine for coughs and colds, the latter people having been supplied with cough mixtures by the gallon.

The little boy, Christopher Columbus, born at Chicago last summer of Esquimau parents, was a patient at the hospital, and passed out of existence from mal-nutrition, closely watched by his parents. Thus passed away a wee stranger who, at his birth, had focused the attention of the entire country.

At one time the hospital beds were filled for a week by the members of the '49 Mining Camp, the result of an overturned stage. In the conveyance of patients by the ambulance from the point of disaster to the hospital, that night, the guards and attendants showed the results of their drill, and proved themselves equal to any emergency. This was the Fair's worst accident up to date, but fortunately there were no fatal results.

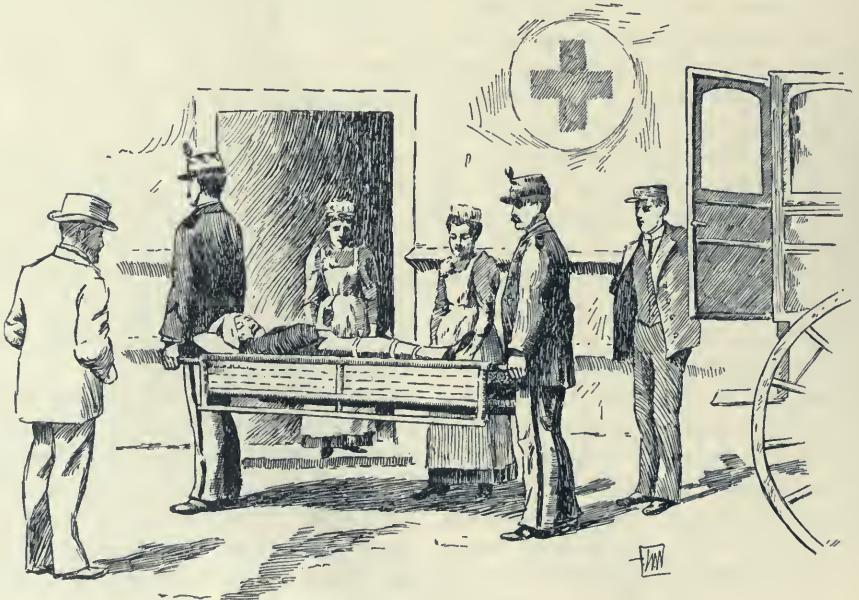
The busiest time was on "*Chronicle Day*," when the grounds were thronged with children, and twenty-eight cases were treated. One little girl went into the Arizona village, and was crowded against the cacti. She was brought in with one leg stuck full of the sharp spines. There were two fractured arms of boys that had fallen from swings.

One lad was bitten by a camel in Cairo Street, and a policeman had had his hand lacerated by a dog. But the equipment of the hospital was such that all were treated without hurry or the necessity for slighting any hurt, no matter how trivial.

However busy the day may be, the night comes; the lights wane; the visitors flock homeward; the big whistle shrieks its *au revoir*; the concessionaires figure up their accounts; the loud "spielers" cease their tireless tongues; the hum of life is stilled; the panting machinery is at rest. The weird shadows flit across the narrow court, fringed with its majestic buildings and cool foliage: life at the hospital seems hushed in silence, broken only by the occasional roar of the lion in his cage, or the sudden bark of the wolves intently busy in futile efforts to escape.

But even then the call may come at any moment, and the red cross of the ambulance go flashing through the night. Tireless vigilance and sympathizing patience are the watchwords of the Emergency Hospital at the Mid-winter Fair.

G. Huntington Redding, M.D.



AN EMERGENCY CASE.

TWO NOTABLE EXHIBITS.

IN spite of newer features that have added much to the complexity of the modern Fair, such as the intellectual side, fostered in the Congresses, and the anthropological side, shown in the Midway, the two main ideas remain unchanged. These are the bazaar, where a multitude of sellers congregate to attract a multitude of buyers, and the object is immediate gain in the disposal of wares; and the Exposition, the display of the best productions of a country, with the purpose of gaining future commerce or immigrants. The goods in this last notion are not for sale, but are samples only; and the purpose is not the small present gain, but the greater advance in the future. In a sense it is advertising, but advertising of so high a class that the greatest gov-

ernments of the earth have thought it no loss of dignity to make use of it. This, it seems to me, is the true Exposition idea, — where the goddesses of earth display all their charms to gain the meed of fairest from the modern Paris. California has had this thought prominently in mind in the whole conduct of the Midwinter Fair, and her reward will be measured by the census of 1900, not to say that of 1910. But most of the countries and States outside of her borders have sent their goods here in hope of taking back in place of them the red gold of the Sierras. Some of them will be disappointed. But two regions outside of the State have made notable displays on this more rational exposition plan, and to these this article is to be devoted.



NEVADA STATE BUILDING.



AGRICULTURAL NEVADA.

I. NEVADA.

ONE is housed in a single building, the only State building on the grounds,— Nevada. It is situated on the northwest corner of the Fair site, in plain view of the multitude that keep holiday by a spin on the North Drive. The place would be a little retired, and even lonely, but for the fact that the diligent spicing of the '49 Camp people close by draws the crowd that way. The building is pleasing in appearance, with no great striving for architectural effect. Like almost all the Fair constructions, it is made of wood covered with staff. The windows with their diamond panes give a touch of the unconventional to its aspect. Beneath an awning on the roof is a café, where visitors may sip their coffee, and at the same time watch the carriages that roll by.

Nevada has had a very definite and a very intelligent purpose in this display, and it has been admirably arranged to

make that purpose effective. To the public at large the name of Nevada brings to mind two things, and only two things,— sage brush desert and deep silver mines. The alkali plains, variegated chiefly with the skeletons of animals that have perished from thirst, and the Comstock Lode, make up the Nevada the world knows of,—and since the downfall of silver, and the consequent lessening of mining operations, there is little to attract in this picture. But there is another Nevada, young, vigorous, growing. Those who have mourned over it as the pocket borough of American politics, and destined to remain so unless Utah could be annexed to it, may cease their lamentation. The lowest point has been reached,—from henceforth Nevada is to take the upward path. And the signs of this are to be seen on entering the Nevada State Building, and in such profusion that he must indeed be blind who fails to perceive it. Agricultural Nevada begins to make itself felt.

Nearly the whole of the main floor is

given up to agricultural products, and they are so good in quality and so great in variety that no region, however famed for its farms, would need to be ashamed of it. True, there are no citrus fruits such as make many of the California county buildings glow with color, but there are fifty-eight varieties of apples that challenge unstinted admiration ; as many kinds of potatoes that yield to

fruit is going to be taken back to the lady that put it up, and used right on her own table."

This prospect is so alluring that the visitor is inclined to ask whether the good woman would not consent to receive a few boarders. For it truly is a fine display, in great variety and close to perfection.

The exhibit of the Nevada Experi-



THE WORK OF NEVADA WOMEN.

nothing that grows underground ; and honey that bears the blue ribbon of success at Chicago in competition with the whole world. Directly in the center of the floor a pyramid of preserved fruits attracts the eye. The attendant observes this, perhaps because he is used to it, and at once begins to enlarge on it.

"Yes, sir ; that is a fine lot of preserves, and the great beauty of it is, that it can all be eaten ; it's not like some of this fruit you see in other buildings, put up in embalming stuff that would poison you. When this exhibit is over that

ment Station at Reno is extremely interesting. The fact that Nevada has an experiment station so well equipped as the work proves it to be, is evidence that the attempt to encourage agriculture to take the place of the clouded mining interests is no fad of a moment, but the settled policy of the State. The exhibit is largely made up of the results of analyses of farm products. A series of jars, for example, contains the constituent parts of one hundred pounds of alfalfa, vegetable fiber, fat, water, ash, etc. Analyses of butter, cheese, milk,



I. A. YERINGTON.

and buttermilk, are likewise shown in this clear and striking way, and also the amount and proportions of each

kind of food necessary to make a given increase in weight in each of the chief domestic animals. In this exhibit also is a collection of all the insects of the State injurious to vegetation, together with the insecticides best to fight them with. Collections of weeds, sixty varieties of grains, and many other interesting things are found in the Experiment Station exhibit.

In one corner of the room are three bales of alfalfa, reaped in three successive mowings in one season on the same piece of ground. Of course there is a noticeable difference in the quality of the different crops, but even the third is hay so sweet-smelling that any ox should be satisfied to devote at least two of his four stomachs to it.

Apples and potatoes I have mentioned as being present in great profusion,—they are spread out on long tables in tempting array, carefully labeled as to variety and place of growing. The prize honey, too, is shown in a separate case decked with its broad blue ribbon of



THE CARSON FOOTPRINT DISPLAY.

honor. Another Chicago prize exhibit is the flour of a Reno mill. Samples of Nevada sugar beets are also prominent, and an official analysis showing 15.69 per cent of sugar, which Nevada people claim is the world's record.

Altogether, this lower floor in the Nevada Building is a revelation so unexpected that many people fail to apprehend it; for the attendant mourn-

In a room to the right of the entrance is an attractive exhibit of work of the children of the public school. This work runs in grade from that of the kindergarten to the high schools, and consists of essays, maps, and object lesson cards. It attracted attention from educators in Chicago, for the special reason that absolute assurance is given that the work was done by pupils them-



THE CANADIAN CLUB.

fully told me of many visitors that departed from the building saying, "Pretty good for Nevada County!"

And the exhibit is not yet complete, we are told; for soon there are to arrive from Rioville, a little place on the Colorado River in southern Nevada, grapes, figs, and almonds, of this year's growth,—six weeks ahead of Los Angeles. Sixty-five thousand grape vines are growing there in one colony, and cotton and tobacco are part of the crop.

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selves, and was not corrected in any particular by anybody else.

Directly over the school exhibit on the second floor is a display of woman's work. Here are to be found the crazy quilt, the fancywork in bygone styles, and the uninstructed art work, that show the stirrings in quest of the beautiful in the little far off nooks of the State, where time, industry, and the earnest desire, are the only favoring elements. But beside these is work that shows



A CORNER IN THE CANADIAN CLUB.

abundant acquaintance with modern fads, and the precepts of the schools, and some work, especially in the lace and drawn work, is of so fine a grade as to be of the kind that never goes out of fashion. Of it, as a whole, Mrs. Potter Palmer said that it surpassed the exhibit of woman's work made by any other State in the Union. This gallery floor is given up in general to the mineral display. There are ore specimens representing mines whose aggregate output of gold and silver is reckoned at \$690,000,000. There are fourteen different conditions of silver shown, and all the varieties of gold. There is ore taken from 3250 feet below the surface, —the lowest rock ever worked, it is said. Mr. Yerington, the genial superintendent of the building, generally comes out of his office in this gallery when he sees people that seem to be in-

terested in his treasures, and he told me of his trouble about this ore. So many people had begged specimens of it from him,—learned men that wanted it for its true scientific value,—that he feared it would all disappear.

"But you could send for more," I suggested.

"Indeed, no!" he said, "for there are 1600 feet of water over that ore now. But here is another piece of ore from that same mine," he added. "It is the original piece of 'black stuff,' as it is called, that Comstock picked up in discovering the Comstock Lode, and from that piece to this other, mined in the Con. Virginia thirty-two hundred feet below it, there has been taken out ore that paid seventy-seven millions of dollars in dividends."

One of Mr. Yerington's assistants used this argument on silver.





ISLAND TEAM—BLUE.



MAINLAND TEAM—MAROON.

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA LA CROSSE TEAMS.

“Those fellows that try to drive out silver don't reflect that they are hurting gold at the same time; for both metals are generally found in the same ore, and when silver goes down so that mines are closed, why there is a lot less of gold produced too.”

But there are plenty of other minerals than gold and silver to be seen in this gallery. There is the collection of Mr. E. G. Morrison, the prettiest and most complete cabinet collections of minerals I have ever seen. There are some five thousand specimens from all over the world, displayed in cases arranged not only for scientific purposes in careful classification, but with a keen eye for beauty as well. And Mr. Morrison loves his opals and turquoises, his garnets and lapis lazuli, and a multitude more of stones, precious for their beauty and rarity. He is never tired of showing them to the visitor, and making him stand where the prettiest facets and best lights are presented. Some public institution ought to add this collection to its treasures.

There are samples of a beautiful sky-blue marble, and aluminum, cobalt, and nickel, soda, borax, and tincal, sulphur, crude and refined, great sheets of mica from the Czarina mine in Lincoln County, and a hundred other kinds of mineral products. One of the most curious of these is the mineral soap. In color and appearance it might easily be mistaken for a cheap Castile soap, and its only lack to make it a real soap is the fatty matter. There is alkali enough in it to make it thoroughly good to use as soap in washing any greasy object.

The gem of the whole exhibit, however, and the matter of greatest scientific interest is the Carson Footprints. These remarkable phenomena are shown by actual specimen, slabs of the limestone hewn out and brought bodily to the exhibit, and more in detail by photographs and diagrams. The full description of them and the quoting of the

opinions of Harkness, Le Conte, and other scientists, upon them would require a whole article to the subject alone. Perhaps that may some day be done in the OVERLAND, and thus a completing touch be given to the description of this varied, valuable, and most interesting collection in the Nevada State Building.

II.

THE CANADIAN EXHIBIT.

THE Canadian exhibit, like that of Nevada, is planned on the exposition idea, and not that of the bazaar. It is designed, and well designed, to bring prominently before visitors the advantages that broad and thinly populated regions offer to home-seekers. Unlike the Nevada exhibit, however, it is not housed in one structure, but is divided among the buildings, as the class of the exhibit makes proper.

There is, nevertheless, a Canadian building, and a very attractive one, as those who have visited it will all agree. This is the Canadian Club, situated on the South Drive, near the San Joaquin building.

This, as the name implies, is not a place for an exhibit, but a social headquarters, where resident Canadians congregate, and to which they welcome visiting Canadians. That it has been useful in this way is proved by its register, which shows names of Dominion visitors from all the provinces between Newfoundland and Vancouver Island.

Early in the history of the Midwinter Fair a number of loyal Canadians resident in San Francisco were moved to combine in a strong effort to bring to the Midwinter Exposition as much as could be brought of the Dominion exhibit at Chicago.

They were organized as the Canadian Auxiliary Committee, and had headquarters in the Mills Building, where all the Exposition offices were located at

that time. The preliminary Committee was composed of D. A. Macdonald, Chairman, Fenton T. Newbery, Secretary, John Elder, J. J. Morrison, Dr. Walton Preston, and M. J. Reid. Subsequently, after the preliminary work had been arranged, and an extensive correspondence carried on by the Secretary with the Canadian government, the governors and premiers of the various provincial governments, and all the principal boards of trade throughout the Dominion of Canada, Mr. D. A. Macdonald, owing to ill-health, resigned the chairmanship. Permanent Executive and Finance Committees were then elected, with H. Le Baron Smith as President; J. H. Winks, Vice-President; Angus McLeod, Treasurer; Harry Partridge, Assistant Secretary; D. J. McDonald, Wm. Sexton, and P. Amiraux, Finance Committee. Several of the members elected on the Executive Committee took no active part in the work. The burden of the labor in promoting the construction of the cottage, overcoming many obstacles, and raising and collecting the necessary funds for carrying on the work, devolved upon the President, Secretary, and Messrs. Reid, McDonald, Amiraux, Partridge, Morrison and Winks.

The committee found that the Canadian exhibit at Chicago as a government exhibit had been promised the Antwerp Exposition, but undaunted by this setback they set to work to find what could be brought. From the Canadian Department of the Interior they obtained the striking exhibit of the Northwest Territories. They secured the fine exhibit of coal and other British Columbia minerals that is now in the Mechanics Building. For the Liberal Arts Building they gathered a fine collection of manufactured goods, which is in charge of Mr. H. B. Hardt, the commissioner appointed by the Exposition Committee to represent Canada.

They arranged also for two teams to

come from British Columbia, to show in its best development the Canadian national game, lacrosse.

Of these there is much more to be said, but the home of the Canadian Club, an association that grew out of the Auxiliary Committee, is the chief evidence of the loyal liberality of the Canadian citizens of California. It is a pretty cottage surrounded by young pines, suggestive of Canadian scenery: to it those who have the privilege go for rest from the fatigues of the Fair, and a comfortable meal served in homelike fashion. There is a hospitable porch that leads into a square hallway. At the end of this is a club-room, to the right the pleasant dining room, and to the left a cosy ladies' parlor, and a retiring room with all facilities for seeing "whether my hat is on straight." The whole air of the place is quiet comfort, a perfect refuge from the bustle of crowds and the fatigues of sight-seeing. The walls are decorated with paintings and photographs of Canadian scenes, and of the men that Canada is proud of. A fine canvas shows the great national resort at Banff, and there is a remarkable birdseye photograph of Montreal. Sir John Macdonald, Sir John Thompson, Hon. T. M. Daly, and many more distinguished Dominion statesmen, look down from the walls. There is also a fine terra cotta medallion of Sir John Macdonald, presented to the Club by Messrs. Gladding, McBean & Company. The stars and stripes and the Canadian flag are everywhere draped together.

This pretty little building has been the scene of many interesting reunions of the Club, and distinguished guests have shared its genial hospitality.

The most notable of these occasions was when ex-President Harrison was entertained by the Club on Stanford Day at the Fair, March 23. To meet Mr. Harrison they invited the Director General, Mrs. De Young, and Dr. MacNutt. President Le Baron Smith and

Secretary Newbery represented the Club. In the visiting party beside Mr. Harrison, there were Mrs. McKee and her two children,—the boy, the historic Baby McKee,—and Mr. Harrison's secretary, Mr. Tibbetts. There was no formality, only a health drank to the distinguished guest, no speeches, but a quiet luncheon, vastly more agreeable than the most elaborate banquet. Of course, the party all registered in the book provided, but the visitor now looks in vain to see where, for the autograph fiend has been before him and cut out the page.

April 2 was Canadian Day at the Fair. It was glorious weather, and a great many Canadians came to it. There were exercises in Festival Hall before a fine audience. President Smith made an address of welcome for the Canadians and Director General De Young for the Exposition authorities. The main address was an eloquent presentation by Doctor W. F. MacNutt of the mutual benefits that Canada and the United States, and more particularly Canada and California, would gain from the freest intercourse.

May the World's Fair at Chicago and this Mid-winter Fair of San Francisco be the means of securing commercial reciprocity between Canada and the United States. With commercial reciprocity will come mutual interests, friendships, and respect, and what the relationship of these two nations may be one hundred years from now we may not predict. But we may venture the assertion that, if they be one nation, it will be the greatest power on the globe; if not, they will be the two foremost nations in wealth, in intelligence, in their respect for law, order, freedom, and liberty.

After the exercises had been concluded by a few words from Mr. Partridge of the Canadian committee, the people all flocked to the Recreation Grounds to see the first game of lacrosse. Two teams from British Columbia had arrived the day before. A team made up of nearly the same men had the year before made the grand tour of the Ca-

nadian provinces, and met defeat but once on the trip. They were fine looking fellows, and gave a very interesting exhibition of a game that may grow popular in this country when football wanes. It is far less dangerous than football,—no fatal accident is on record against it,—and it offers opportunity for great skill, fleetness, and strength. San Francisco was charmed with it, and many people saw all the games that were played.

April 2, Mainland vs. Island	2 to 2
“ 4, Mainland vs. Island	4 to 2
“ 5, British Columbia vs. All California	4 to 2
“ 7, Mainland vs. Island	4 to 3

The remarkable exhibit of the Northwest Territories remains to be mentioned, though there is far less space at command than it should have. This exhibit is under the care of Mr. James Anderson, and occupies a large space in the western end of the Agricultural Building. It is an official collection made by the Experiment Stations at Brandon, Manitoba; Indian Head, Assiniboya; and Agassiz, British Columbia, under the direction of the Dominion Department of the Interior. Cereals make up much the larger part of it, and they are shown in great variety and of the highest excellence. The wheat is the dark-colored, heavy berry, that shows abundance of gluten, the most valuable part of the grain. There are large paintings of views in the great territories represented, Assiniboya, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, and British Columbia; and a multitude of photographs of places, agricultural operations, fine stock, and other subjects of interest to settlers. A mass of printed matter in attractive and convincing shape is given parties interested. The exhibit is well calculated to gain settlers for the region it covers, and Mr. Anderson was some time ago able to name some thirty people that he had persuaded to start for the Northwest.

Fred Warren Parks.

THE TRAMP PROBLEM.

BEFORE the end of the year, there will be in the United States, in round numbers, one hundred thousand tramps. The presence of such a body of men in our country, unemployed, undisciplined, and largely vicious and uneducated, constitutes the gravest problem of the present hour. Their idleness means a loss of ten millions dollars per annum, if we estimate their wages at only one hundred dollars per man a year. Their living, which is now begged and stolen or paid for by the taxpayer, even at twenty cents per day represents a loss of \$7,300,000. Their clothing, and what they beg and spend for liquor and tobacco, added to their sustentation, will run the sum up to another ten millions. The tramp account on the face of it is a debt against society of twenty millions a year, or equal to the expense of the State governments of ten average States. But this is not the largest bill by any means. In almost any city of ten thousand people there are on an average two hundred convictions of tramps a year under the various vagrant acts, costing in fees and court expenses from ten to fifteen dollars. They are sentenced as a rule to five days in jail, where their board and fees to jailers run the bill on an average to twenty dollars. Twenty dollars is a moderate estimate in most cities where the police and justices are allowed fee bills. Estimating that only half the tramps are jailed only six times a year,—and this is a low figure, for many of them are jailed at every town they enter,—there is another bill of six million dollars. Many of them commit graver crimes than vagrancy, and prefer wintering in some well managed penitentiary to staying on the road. In those cases, the bill for conviction and detention will run up to five hundred dollars in each

case. It is not improbable that the present army of tramps, and the way they are managed, costs the nation, in one way and another, as much as all the State governments, and certainly as much as our standing army.

The existence of the tramp is not so great an anomaly as the manner in which we treat his presence among us. In an economic sense he is an unemployed individual, without the capacity for setting himself at work, or making himself independent and self-sustaining. He is a burden upon the self-employing population. The citizen who by his own exertions relieves society of the care of himself and his family must feed the tramp. The taxpayer who sustains school and State must also sustain the present expensive and inadequate machinery of local and State government which deals with this army of idle, ignorant, and vicious men, and which leaves them not a whit the better for the expense. Is it not the duty of the State to organize, discipline, and employ, those who cannot do that for themselves? The State says to the man who is too ignorant or indifferent to school his children, You shall be taxed for free schools, and your children must be educated, whether you see fit to educate them or not. It is the duty of government and of society to help those to the essentials of civilization who cannot help themselves. One of those essentials is that men shall have a place to labor and live by their industry, so long as they are capable of contributing to the general welfare and prosperity of the community. Man cannot be left to wander in idleness and criminality, to prey upon his brother, who is already burdened with the cares of State and family, the maintenance of church and school. The tramp is as

large a body of men today as the able-bodied Indians of our country, upon whom the government expends its millions lavishly to keep them from becoming wanderers upon the face of the earth. Is not our own race as worthy of being provided for on industrial reservations as the dusky savage? He is liable to become far more savage, if that is not done for him which is necessary to redeem him from a state of nomadic criminality.

The problem of the tramp is the problem of the individual,—the rendering of the indefinite definite, the transforming of the uncertain into the certain, the solution of the unknown into the known factor of society. A farmer gives a tramp his breakfast. He asks for work, as many of them do. He is given tools and set to clearing land. After dinner the farmer goes out to see what has become of his tools and his man. To his surprise he has worked hard, and cleared much more than enough to pay for his meal. He explains that he has decided he would like to do enough work to pay for another meal and to stay over night. While the tramp is the problem of society, staying over night is the problem of the tramp. He can get a meal at almost any farmhouse or poor man's home; but, only in rare instances can he get shelter for the night, even in the barns with the cattle. The farmer decided to keep his tramp. He employed him, and he has become a valuable hand on the large farm that is three quarters brush and timber land.

There is probably enough uncleared land in the timbered and brush land States of the Union to employ all the tramps in the world the next fifty years in rendering it tillable. It is the most valuable agricultural land in the world. When it is cleared, it is worth ten times as much as in the wild state. Might not the State profitably employ the tramp thus to develop the resources of the undeveloped lands fit for agriculture?

Would not the State and society be enriched by thus transforming worthless real estate, and still more worthless men, into productive farms and useful, self-sustaining citizens?

But, it is said, it would require the application of force to bring about this desirable change. But does it not require the application of force to raise the taxes now required to try the tramp for vagrancy, to maintain him in idleness, to feed him at the back door, and imprison him for crimes and outrages that will be committed as long as we allow such an army of dissolute men at large in idleness? Will it not require more force to allay this terrible social evil when he grows to be the unfed, formidable terror of nations which has given the death-blow to more than one organized government? Is it not the duty of society and government to apply intelligently organized force to compel the man that refuses the obligations of an honest citizenship to earn an honest livelihood? The State takes hold of the man who steals horses or money,—shall it not also handle the man who steals a living, whether it be from incapacity, misfortune, or indisposition? Shall not the unemployed idler be forced to become an employed worker, if it be necessary for the preservation of society and the protection of the honest and industrious citizen? These are questions that the tramp problem thrusts upon us.

No one will argue that a man has the right to become a tramp, and follow tramping for pleasure. It is not the less a social enormity, regarded from an economic standpoint, because it may be compulsory, or because laws or social conditions have compelled some to become tramps. The causes of the tramp evil may be interesting for theorists in the colleges to speculate about, but the question before society is not what is the correct theory of his origin, but what shall be done with the tramp now

that he is here. The most perfect scientific theory as to the cause of trampism would not do so much to destroy trampism as the successful experiment of the farmer in setting one tramp to work brushing his land.

Provident associations, so called, have been undertaken in many cities of late years. One of the best illustrations of the application of this system to the solution of trampism is the St. Louis institution by that name. It is primarily a woodyard for the poor, where able-bodied men, unemployed but willing to work, can enter, and by sawing a certain amount of firewood, which is there provided with proper tools, can obtain a meal, a night's lodging, or cast-off clothing, and in some instances, family supplies. The object, as set forth in its circulars, is "to provide help for distressed able-bodied men, without encouraging laziness or inefficiency." Such men out of work, but able and willing to labor, are by this plan afforded an opportunity to earn temporary food and shelter, instead of receiving it as alms. This substitutes honest labor by which self-respect is preserved, for the other plan of free meals without labor, which supports vagrancy, tends to make paupers, and fosters trampism. The people's woodyard at St. Louis is located in an old abandoned mansion and grounds in the heart of the city. It is fitted with kitchen, office, sleeping and dining halls. A rack is provided holding one sixth of a cord of wood, which the indigent must fill before he gets a meal ticket.

As this association has only been in operation two years and was only recently opened for this season, there are not statistics enough available to enable one to pass judgment upon its financial management. There is one objection to it that is fundamental: a solution of the tramp problem must not depend upon charity, and this plan does. The provident association asks donations of wood,

of groceries, of money, of clothing, and finally donations of the labor of the poor who are still provident enough to accept of its really liberal propositions. Real trampism it hardly reaches.

Trampism as it now exists in our country is known by three well-defined traits:

Idleness, mendicancy, nomadizing.

A fourth element is a variable degree of criminality, ranging all the way from petty larceny to child-stealing, rape, murder, and arson. It will be readily seen that this class, possessing these traits, the provident wood-sawing association does not reach. The second objection to the provident association is that it is apparently in private hands, and competes in the market of free labor as a charitable institution. It is no remedy for the man who will not work, for it cannot bring force to bear. It is not a relief from the class who prefer begging to laboring for a living, for it must be remembered that the profits of mendicancy afford many luxuries and the gratification of many vices that free and voluntary labor does not. Besides, the woodyard affords society no protection against the commission of crimes by an irresponsible element of population, which, as soon as it is distressed and at large, becomes a menace to good order. The woodyard is only adapted to the large centers, while the tramp is heaviest as a burden to the small towns, and most dangerous as a criminal to the country regions that have no police protection. The St. Louis Provident Association is one of those taking, plausible, apparent solutions of a great evil, yet is not a solution. It has already three branch establishments in that city, and is liable to have a popular following in other communities. Its tickets admitting the applicant to the hospitality of the woodyard are scattered all over the city. It costs thousands of dollars to maintain. There will be at the end of its labors and expenditure not one tramp

the less, and society will not be the more secure.

It is the experience of city boards of charity, that fully two thirds of the meal tickets furnished to applicants are called for by the tramp element. The tramp knows a new source of supplies as soon as it is established. He feels grateful for the new and sure avenue of sustenance, and patronizes it accordingly. He will not allow all these providential arrangements to enable him to live without labor to go unappreciated. The charitable efforts of the best people are not thrown away upon the tramp by any means. He absorbs the free meal at some restaurant or boarding house with great gusto, and then slides out to the camp of his associates in the suburb, to sleep around the fire and plot how the next train shall be wrecked, or the next city shall be reached for another raid on charity in its several forms. The "rock-pile" is impracticable, and not a remedy for trampism, because the tramp can and does live and flourish, and need never enter the jurisdiction of a city having police and graded streets. The rock-pile is not used, because most cities are not equipped to take advantage of it. They are equipped to take care of criminals, who must be kept in cells, or of drunks, who are incapable of working to any advantage. For so large a class of able-bodied idlers the city government has not yet made provision, and as before said, it would not protect the body of the country and the villages, where now the tramp most does ply his vocation. The city as a rule has no "rock-pile." The rock-pile exactly typifies the great want of our country for dealing with trampism — that is, that the State shall take these unemployed men, who are incapable of setting themselves at work, or keeping themselves at work, furnish them with labor, and keep them at it. It shall not be labor at the expense of the present wage fund of free labor. It must be labor under

sentence of law and under restraint and constant direction and application of intelligent force. It must be a judicial system, and yet applied with military force and military order. The tramp class must be recognized and dealt with by the State in the interest of the State.

The plain remedy for trampism is the organization, disciplining, and employment, of the tramp. It might be that if the tramp knew for a certainty that work awaited him at a certain place in every county along the lines of his travel, he would change his mind and disappear, only to come to the surface of society in a more dangerous form. But this transformation society is always exposed to, and it is actually going on all the time. It is but a step from idle mendicancy to criminality. The step is often and easily taken.

To draw conclusions from conditions and experience with trampism, the following results are reached:—

It is the duty of the State to enact laws that shall regulate the tramp, and protect its citizens against him. Let a stockade of several hundred acres of wild land—timber land whenever it can be had—be enclosed and owned by the county in each county in the State. In the other States where this is not practicable, a smaller stockade for other employment must be used. But in the newer States the most profitable employment for compulsory labor must remain the subjugation of wild land. Within this stockade let plain barracks be erected on the cottage plan. By proper direction all this can be done with tramp labor. Let straw and blankets be supplied, and an open fire-place for each cottage. Only the actual necessities of shelter and comfort should be supplied for the novice who is sentenced to the barracks. The plainest and cheapest food should be supplied in abundance, and all tobacco and liquor cut off. A uniform of duck or other material must be supplied, that all may be known

by their having the same appearance everywhere, and all other clothing destroyed. A free bath should be supplied, and all required to take it. Their labor should be clearing and tilling the land in this enclosure by hand. There should be no labor-saving machinery employed in a trampery, as this institution might be named. The land shall be cleared with mattock and ax. The soil shall be tilled with spade and hoe, as is done in England and France to this day. This would afford the largest possible amount of labor within one enclosure. The sentences to the trampery should come from the county or police courts, and should be indefinite, but never for less time than to make the cure of trampism radical. Whenever the disorganized citizen became organized and capable of self-support and self-direction as a free man, he could be allowed to go on parole. But until then he must lose his identity, his freedom, and his vote, just as completely as the man in the State prison. A system of rewards for meritorious conduct should be invented, to draw out and develop the best services and the best traits of

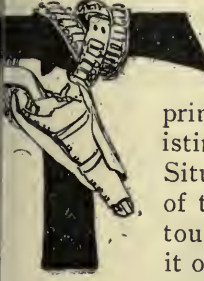
the men. As soon as trusties could be found, they could be let out in bands of ten or twenty to clear lands in the neighborhood, which work on the Pacific Coast, and on both slopes of the mountains, and in parts of the South, is now done by Chinese labor. Within the stockade his labor could be made remunerative by preparing the wood he cuts for firewood, and the products he grows should be entirely for his own maintenance and support. Then he would simply be not a tax on the rest of the community, as he now is, and that too on those least able to bear it. Uniformed, restrained, and employed, he would become self-supporting, — he would cease to be a terror to the community, and would no longer be a burden upon the tax-payer. The first step would have been taken to render him a certain, definite element of citizenship. Idleness, mendicancy, and nomadizing, would be made unattractive as a calling, and by bringing order and discipline into his life, the tramp might be redeemed from the great gulf of misery and destruction that now so surely awaits him.

E. Hofer.



COUNSEL MUST HANG TOO.

A STORY OF PIONEER JUSTICE.



HE settlement of Tip Top is perhaps the only survival of the primitive mining camp existing in California today. Situated high up in a spur of the Sierras, the precipitous slopes that surround it on every side, as well as its distance from any other

settlement of importance, together with certain almost insuperable natural difficulties, have discouraged the building of so much as a wagon road to connect it with the outside world. Its houses are for the most part built from timbers rough-hewn from the pines that crest the summits above, with a single business block and two-storied mansion constructed from the products of a brickyard that was once established in a righteous impulse towards progression, but which went out of business for lack of patronage, after burning its first kiln. The soil of the elevated valley in which it lies is a rich alluvial loam, and all manner of deciduous fruits and berries, as well as green things and root crops for the table, flourish in its gardens during the brief summer season, while the hills yield a rich pasturage during the open months, and cut a little hay to tide the cattle over the winter. The demand for provender is slight, for Tip Top is not in a stock region.

Tip Top is not only a mining camp, but all of its inhabitants are directly or indirectly dependent upon the productive Tip Top Mine, a galena ledge worked by a series of tunnels and cross drifts into the mountain side, a mine in which there has never been a rich strike, and

whose stock has never been put on the market. Tip Top was at the time of its discovery incorporated by a company of miners, and has for thirty years yielded a steady output of good, low-grade ore, and bids fair to continue its prosperous career to the close of another century. The ore carries enough lead to smelt it, and it is treated on the spot in rude reduction works; while the bullion is conveyed over the mountains by means of pack-trains, which, returning, bring the necessary supplies.

Tip Top, as regards its interdependent relations, has an uncommon unity of interest. Such of its inhabitants as are not actually employed in the mine or the reduction works cook, wash, sew, or mend, for the men who are, sell supplies to their families, or fatten upon them in other ways which it is not necessary to specify. What little banking business is done is transacted in the superintendent's office; real estate never changes hands; there is a district school; the arrival of its presiding divinity, who is always in petticoats, (and who is regularly changed by the State Board of Education each year for some occult reason,) is the annual sensation of the settlement; and there is a doctor who busies himself in assaying ores, save on the rare occasions when some man in the works tries rash experiments with the machinery. Two of Tip Top's citizens are dimly understood to have undergone that mysterious process known as being admitted to the bar, but seeing no opportunity for the exercise of their special prerogatives, they have busied themselves in the more useful vocations of blacksmithing and butchering.

Up to a date far advanced in the eighties, the few disputes and flagrant violations of the proprieties of life that agitated the camp were disposed of, without the aid of counsel or jury, by old Judge Penniman, whose court had, by various legislative enactments, been declared a justice's, a district, and a superior court, but whose administration had never known any material change with growth of dignity or change of code. And if the old Judge's decrees sometimes savored of the arbitrary methods of pioneer justice, they were invariably satisfactory to the community and to himself, and met with no interference from the superior powers, which were dimly recognized as existing far down in the hot central valley. Thus Tip Top went on, calmly and tranquilly, until Civilization, with one gigantic stride, laid hold upon the camp and encircled it with its octopus-like rays.

Mr. Jonas Barnaby, as he rode down the steep trail leading to Tip Top late on one October afternoon, did not appear like an agent of civilization, nor, it should be said in justice to him, did he recognize himself as such. He was tired of body and weary of soul, this joint exhaustion being due to the fact that the donkey he bestrode had developed a sullen determination to carry no load up grade, a resolution of so firm and unyielding a quality that Mr. Barnaby himself had been obliged to dismount innumerable times during the course of his tedious journey, and not only to convey his own weary frame up the rugged ascent, but, by dint of diligent whacks and apostrophies even more eloquent, to induce the canny beast to precede him. He was in the midst of one of these apostrophies, when he saw the smoke of Tip Top curling through the trees.

"Get along, you stupid, driveling imbecile!" shouted Mr. Barnaby, incorporating into his speech a string of

other and more vigorous adjectives which it is not necessary to put in print here. "Oh, if ever I get through this God-forsaken wilderness I'll flay you alive, but I'll get even with you for this day!"

It was at this moment that donkey and driver reached the top of the ridge, and the smoke of Tip Top, curling upwards through the trees, greeted them with a pleasant suggestion of rest and sustenance. To Mr. Barnaby the sight came with the force of a great surprise. He was a shrewd, keen-eyed man of the valley, who for a consideration had undertaken to make known to the voters of this distant mountain settlement the virtues and excellences of a certain legislative candidate, who desired election from the district of which Tip Top formed a minor part. As before intimated, little was known of Tip Top outside of its own borders. Mr. Barnaby had almost expected to find a set of barbarians, living in dug-outs or tepees, and he was at once impressed by the look of general prosperity that invested the small village.

This impression was but heightened by the warmth of his reception and a closer acquaintance with the people. He was received with the cordiality invariably accorded a stranger, be he a member of either or no party, who has the courage to penetrate these mountain fastnesses. He was amazed at the output of the mine, and the prevailing comfort of the inhabitants. He shrewdly suspected that in many a humble home there were stockings filled to overflowing with secret hoards. Most of all, he was surprised at the peace and harmony that prevailed, and the seeming absence of litigation and strife.

"Don't you fellows ever go to law?" he asked of his host, genial Tom Watkins, of the sign of the Grizzly, who had for as many years as Tip Top numbered held undisputed possession of the hotel custom of the camp, boarding such of

the upper hands as were single, together with the doctor and butcher, and invariably entertaining the occasional tourists and summer guests.

"Now what would we want to be doing that for?" drawled Watkins argumentatively, for he was a typical Yankee, and dearly loved a chance at friendly strife of words. "We ain't got

"So you are such a strictly law-abiding community, possessed of such angelic dispositions, that nobody ever raises his hand against his neighbor, or runs amuck of the law," sneered the lawyer.

Watkins eyed him sharply. There was something in his tone and air that he did not understand.



no land titles to dispute about, for the government's never surveyed these high mountain lands, and whenever the surveyors come this way, squatters have the fust right to make entry. The mine's owned by good square men, who make their own divvy, and pay all hands down on the nail. If a man took a notion not to pay for his grub or clothes he'd have to go hungry or naked, for there's no rival establishments to give him credit."

"O, now and then some fellow, when pay-day comes around, gets hold of a little too much fire-water, and Judge Penniman claps him in the calaboose. Years ago, when the mine was first worked, a man or so was killed, and a horse stole, and once in a while, of late years, some wild fellow has had his gun too handy; but we catch the scamp that does it every time, and the Judge he puts 'em through the paces so quick that they never know what ails them

when they are strung up on the old cottonwood down there. That tree's done good service," he added meditatively, nodding toward a sturdy old tree on the bank of the mountain stream that flowed across the road but a few rods away, and which stretched out one stout horizontal bough in a very suggestive manner.

"You don't mean to say that you always convict your criminals," exclaimed Barnaby, in unfeigned astonishment.

"You bet we do. Every time!" was Watkins's laconic response.

"And what becomes of the property of the man you hang?" asked Barnaby eagerly.

"O, if he has a wife or family, or if there's an old mother back East, it goes to them. If there are no apparent heirs it goes to the State, accordin' to law," returned Watkins gravely.

The lawyer's eyes glittered. If he had only had the luck to come to Tip Top when some serious breach of the law had been committed, what a lesson he would have taught its inhabitants, and what a triumph he would have scored for himself!

Now Fate, who seems to be a very capricious and untrustworthy personage, sometimes plays directly into the hands of the unprincipled and unscrupulous. In this case she so decreed that the night before the intended departure of this stump orator, a crime, the first that had disturbed its peaceful tenor for months, was committed at Tip Top. At dead of night the desk in the Superintendent's office was rifled. The deed was clumsily done,—so clumsily that a man sleeping in an adjoining room was aroused, and grappled with the robber, who contrived to stab him in the side with a knife, and make good his escape with his booty. Suspicion was at once directed upon one "Dutch Jake," who had been drinking heavily of late, and whose whereabouts on the night of the robbery could not be accounted for.

Barnaby resolved to stay and watch the outcome of the affair. Every man, woman, and child, in the settlement became a self-constituted detective. Within three days Jake had passed a marked coin over the bar in Sampson's saloon, and in a drunken fit of confidence had boasted of the treasure he had stored away in some hidden spot in a neighboring gulch. The Dutchman was promptly arrested and charged with murder. The man he had stabbed was in a fair way to recover, but the attempt was equivalent to the deed in this primitive community, and the people braced themselves for the execution of the sentence the old Judge would be sure to pass without delay.

The prisoner, sobered by his approaching doom, was meditating in the log stockade which constituted the calaboose of the settlement, his jailer keeping guard outside, when Barnaby walked briskly up the path and demanded admission.

"What in thunder!" was the man's amazed challenge.

"The right of counsel. I am the prisoner's counsel, engaged to defend him against the charge now pending: ask him for yourself. Every man under accusation has the right to counsel for his defense," said the lawyer blandly, raising his voice so that the prisoner might hear.

Jake heard, and dimly realizing that a friend waited outside, eagerly endorsed this statement. The jailer, awed by the lawyer's attitude and claim, granted him admission, and the two were soon closeted together; but this extraordinary action on the part of the stranger, and the complications which it foreshadowed, aroused wide and vigorous comment throughout Tip Top that night.

"It's the fust time anybody has needed counsel in Tip Top," growled Tom Watkins. "The good will of the community, and the word of honest men, and a prisoner's own testimony, and the say-



ARRIVAL AT TIP TOP.

so of a judge that's straight as a string, has been counsel enough. We've had to string up a man now and then, but they took their medicine without a kick, and there is n't one of 'em would deny, if he was standing here this moment, we did n't give him a fair show."

"You bet!" was the universal comment that ran around the room.

"And as for the Judge," continued Watkins,—who was by general assent recognized as the speaker of the settlement in times of public emergency,— "every man here knows what sort of a clear-headed, kind-hearted, truth-loving

old man he is. He would n't condemn a man if there was a shadow of a doubt of his guilt. And if he would, by Jiminy! we'd string him up ourselves, and he knows it."

At this there was another burst of applause and approval.

"I've distrusted that Barnaby fellow ever since I first laid eyes on him," said the doctor gravely. "He's a slippery rogue, or I know nothing of human nature."

There was a considerable concourse of citizens in the court room the next morning. The Judge himself was ill at

ease. Barnaby was easy, and dapper, and self-possessed, the prisoner timidly confident, stealing uneasy glances at the man who had constituted himself his protector. Barnaby's first act was to ask for a stay of proceedings, blandly explaining that as he had come to Tip Top on wholly different business, and his engagement in the case was unexpected, he would need to send below for his law-books and certain necessary authorities, and he so glibly quoted the clause which entitled him to ask this privilege that the blood in the old Judge's veins ran chill, and he could do no less than grant the request.

Barnaby himself went down the mountains the following day, and brought back with him, as the community afterwards asserted with one voice, "a hull pack-train of sheepskin books, and paper and ink and printed documents without end."

When the case was again called, he shocked the court by demanding a jury trial for his client.

"Do you mean to intimate, sir," said the old Judge, trembling with indignation, "that you deem me — me! — unable or unworthy to try this case?"

"By no means, your honor," was the counsel's sleek response. "But I must call your attention to Section 7 of Article 1, of the Constitution of the State of California, which accords to every citizen, held on whatever charge, the right to be tried by a jury of his fellow men."

Judge Penniman flushed, but he slowly lifted from his desk a small leather-bound volume. There, on the title-page, stared back at him the well known clause which he had so wilfully disregarded for years.

"Counsel's right is granted," he said shortly.

Tip Top was thereupon stirred by the hitherto unknown experience of the paneling of a jury. The Judge issued a venire calling for twelve men, taking care to name those whose standing in

the settlement was above challenge. To his surprise and the indignation of these worthy citizens, Mr. Barnaby insisted upon putting to each of these gentlemen questions relating to their knowledge of the case and the opinions that they might have formed concerning it. The doctor, a man of stately presence, was the first to undergo this ordeal.

"I wish to ask you, sir, if you have ever discussed this case?" said Barnaby.

"Of course I have. You know very well, Mr. Barnaby, that the affair has been discussed throughout the settlement. There is scarce a man, woman, or child, with whom it has n't been the leading topic the last three weeks, or who does n't recognize the prisoner's guilt."

"That will do. Your honor, I challenge the juror, upon grounds set down in Section 1074 of the Penal Code of California."

The Judge fumbled with the leaves of the Code, adjusting his spectacles, until he found the clause designated.

"I am very sorry, Doctor," he said apologetically, "but I shall have to allow counsel's challenge."

The doctor left the stand in a fine rage. So did Tom Watkins; so did the superintendent of the Tip Top, and the general store-keeper, the foreman of the mine, the engineer of the works, and all the remainder of the twelve honest men the old man had innocently summoned to pass upon the case. Another venire was issued, and still another. After several days of anxious searching on the part of the Judge, and of artful manipulation on the part of the strange attorney, twelve men were found who were willing to swear that they had heard nothing of the case, and had neither discussed it nor formed an opinion as to the guilt of the prisoner. The men who composed this remarkable jury were chiefly Swedes and Italians, who understood English imperfectly.

The result might have been predicted. Dutch Jake swore that he had long carried the marked coin for a pocket-piece, and there was no man to gainsay him. Two low cronies of his own were brought forward to prove an alibi. In his closing address for the defense the counsel artfully appealed to the jury, reminding them that any day a similar false charge might be laid at their own door, and they, too, be needing the faith and sympathy of their fellow-men—a suggestion that found response in the tender hearts of the Swedes and the lawless proclivities of the Italians, who joined in acquitting the prisoner without leaving their seats.

While Jonas Barnaby still lingered about Tip Top, apparently undecided as to whether he would best make his way to fresh fields or await events there, a series of exciting occurrences disturbed the peace of the community. A pack train was held up and robbed of bullion on the other side of the divide. The bartender at Sampson's saloon robbed the till, and ran away with his employer's wife, the buxom mother of seven children. A mill hand was sandbagged on his way home one winter night, and his month's pay abstracted from his pocket. In each of these cases, and many others of equal gravity, the offender or offenders were promptly arrested, and there was a moral certainty of their guilt; but the plunder had invariably and mysteriously disappeared, except in the case of Sampson's wife, who returned to her liege lord in tears and contrition. Of the miscarriage of justice in all these cases let the inhabitants tell.

They were assembled in Tom Watkins's place one evening, when conversation turned upon these events.

"Tip Top is traveling straight down the road as leads to eternal perdition," solemnly announced the cobbler, the unordained preacher of the settlement, who "came out strong" on the rare oc-

casions when it was necessary to christen a child, or to pronounce the last sad rites over a fellow-man. "She's on the road to spiritooal ruin. Sin and crime are multiplyin' every day within her borders."

"It is a fact," said the doctor thoughtfully, "that even in her infancy, and when no settled order of things could have been expected, there did n't begin to be the outrageous breaches of the peace and violation of law that we have seen this last few months."

"It's all owing to that fellow Barnaby!" exclaimed Tom Watkins, with vigor. "He comes crowding in here, with his lawbooks and newfangled notions, and sets up a partnership with every rascal in the camp. The fact that he's here, ready and anxious to help them out of any scrape they get into, is an aid and encouragement to ill doing. Mark the result. Tip Top has n't seen a single square deal of justice since he came poking his nose into our affairs. There's that case where the nigger was caught who robbed the pack train. A nice, clean case we had,—plenty of good, reliable witnesses, and the darky ready to make a clean breast of the whole affair, and skip the State if we'd spare his neck. And along comes Barnaby, with his badgering of honest men and his darned alibis, and the man gets off scot free, and not an eye does anybody who had a right to them lay on them bars again. As for that bartender at Sampson's, we'd have given him a nice coat of tar and feathers and rode him out of the settlement on a rail, if Barnaby had n't proved it was aailable offense, got the fellow out on bonds, and helped him to skip the country; and after all, the bonds was n't worth the paper they was writ on. Boys, we've had enough and to spare of this criminal lawyer business. The man's getting rich out of the felons he's rearing here. The next time that this fellow Barnaby tries to run our bar of justice,

we'll give him a lesson that he won't soon forget."

The advent of old Judge Penniman at this juncture, for an instant dampened the ardor of the company, but after a moment's hesitation he was made acquainted with the subject under discussion, and entered heartily into the plan laid before him.

It often happens that men are singularly blind in regard to future events, which are unfolding beneath their very eyes. Tip Top camp was by this time prepared to awaken any morning to news of fresh outrage and lawlessness, but one day in March, it received a shock which penetrated the sensibilities of her most callous inhabitant. Next to the Judge the doctor was the most popular member of the community,—a man of genial parts, with a bright smile and ready wit, always greeting his neighbors with cheery words and an infectious smile. Therefore, one who passed at daybreak the snug little cabin where he dwelt in cosy bachelorhood, mixed his drugs, and tested the ores submitted to him by ambitious prospectors, was startled to find the door ajar, no smoke issuing from the broad chimney, and a prevailing air of desolation. When it transpired that no one had fallen ill in the settlement, to necessitate a sudden call to a sick bed at this early hour, and that the good man had not been seen since some one encountered him at Tom Watkins' the night before, people became genuinely alarmed. A search was organized, and resulted in a series of startling discoveries. There were tokens of a struggle in the cabin. A heavy body had been dragged through the door, and the light snow that had fallen at midnight had not served to wholly efface its track, which led to a hidden glen on the hillside, where a smoke arose from the remnants of a fire. A careful raking of the ashes resulted in uncovering some charred bones, and a remnant of woolen cloth, which was quickly recog-

nized as a portion of the doctor's new tweed suit.

Who had been such an abandoned villain as to commit this dastardly crime?

Every man looked at his neighbor with hideous suspicion. One there was who instantly remembered that he had beheld Tom Watkins at early sunrise, industriously washing his hands of some red stain outside his door. A party of grim, determined men marched to Watkins' inn, and harshly demanded the surrender of the host. Tom, who appeared to be in a state of maudlin inebriety, gave himself into custody without resistance, even weakly murmuring a confession of his guilt, crying out:—

"I did it. Yes, I did it. I took his life with my own hands."

On the way to the calaboose some black circumstances were recalled. No one had seen the doctor since he lingered talking with Tom the previous night. They had apparently been on friendly terms, but it was well known that Tom bore the doctor a grudge for a mustard plaster that the latter had clapped on his stomach during an attack of bilious colic ten years before. The blister had been worse than the disease, and Tom's rancor had never abated; he had been notoriously touchy on the subject, and while maintaining an armed neutrality with his tormentor, had sworn to get even with the doctor some day.

A man's opinion regarding the dispensation of law materially depends upon the point of view from which he regards it. Tom Watkins, the felon, moving swiftly along the road to conviction and sentence, hailed the appearance of Barnaby as a drowning man clutches at a straw. It was Barnaby's turn to frown, and to extend a cold greeting to the man who had openly denounced him.

"Well, Watkins," he remarked, "you are in a bad fix."

"I know, I know," said poor Tom, shivering at the recollection of the cottonwood tree's stout arm so invitingly

extended. "But you'll save me, Mr. Barnaby; there's a good fellow."

"H'm!" Barnaby's face assumed an owlish solemnity. "I don't know about it. It's a bad case, a bad case. Of course you took the gentleman's life, to put it mildly."

"I did," replied Tom.

"Murdered him in cold blood. And then went and owned up like a consummate donkey when you were arrested!"

"The — the deed was so fresh," pleaded Tom, in extenuation. "If you've ever killed any one yourself, Mr. Barnaby, you'd have some notion of how the idea of it preys on your mind at first."

"Me! Kill any one!" angrily repeated Barnaby, rising and preparing to take his departure, in offended innocence.

Watkins laid hold of his coat-tails.

"Don't, don't go. Can't you see that you're my only hope? Would you let a fellow mortal swing from the cottonwood down there, and feel that his blood was on your hands? Mr. Barnaby, I've got property."

"Ah!" said Mr. Barnaby softly, returning a step and looking kindly at the prisoner. "How much, may I ask?"

"Five thousand dollars in coin, buried — but I'll only tell you the place after you get me off," whispered Tom with a cunning look.

"And how much will you give me for my fee?" persevered the lawyer, rubbing his itching palms together as he listened to this announcement. "Half of it — three fourths of it? What is money worth to a man, Mr. Watkins, in comparison with his life?"

Tom's hand instinctively clutched at his neck.

"The whole of it," he said desperately.

For an hour the prisoner and his counsel sat in close consultation, and when Mr. Barnaby withdrew there might have been seen on his face the look of smirking self-satisfaction that

always dwelt there when he had outlined a cunning and impregnable defense.

The murder of the doctor was a case of peculiar atrocity, and excited intense feeling in the camp. On the day set for the trial the court-room was crowded to overflowing, and spectators thronged the outside steps, and peered through the windows. Tom Watkins had hitherto been a general favorite in the settlement, but his behavior throughout the course of the trial was such as to create a feeling of repulsion in all right-minded people. He listened with an appearance of hilarious amusement to the reading of the charge, and made a jesting remark to his attorney when he arose to enter his plea of "Not guilty." During the impaneling of the jury he sat with averted eyes.

This jury was a surprise to the distinguished Mr. Barnaby. Instead of the usual venire of the most ignorant and worthless of the community, the men summoned on this occasion again represented the flower of the settlement. All were acquainted with the doctor and Watkins, and the circumstances under which the latter had been arrested; yet each stolidly swore that he knew nothing of the crime; that he had neither discussed it nor formed an opinion concerning it, and felt no prejudice against the prisoner. This remarkable unanimity of sentiment was a suspicious fact, and savored of some secret conspiracy to defeat the machinations of the law, and to railroad the prisoner to justice; but Barnaby soon exhausted his right to peremptory challenge, and helplessly watched the jury box fill with men whom he had every reason to believe were hostile to his client.

A stronger case against a criminal was never made out in the court of Tip Top settlement, up to the time that the counsel for the defense began his cross-examination. The chain of evidence

was complete to the last link. The doctor and Watkins had been seen going to the latter's cabin at midnight, and a couple of hours later Mrs. O'Leary, who kept the boarding house opposite, rising in the night to get her toothache drops, had heard the sound of a scuffle across the road, and looking out beheld the light suddenly extinguished in the doctor's cabin. A miner, returning to his lodgings at Watkins's from a late game of poker, had met his host hurriedly returning from along a path that led straight to the glen where the fire and charred remains had been found. A dozen reliable witnesses testified to the confession made by the wretched man at the time of his arrest.

Mr. Barnaby pursued the brilliant and original tactics which had won him renown in other desperate cases which he had so successfully defended. He did not make the mistake of attacking or attempting to break the stout chain of evidence produced by the prosecution, but he addressed himself to the destruction of the character of the witnesses. This he undertook with much wisdom and dramatic skill, preferring no direct charges against them and introducing no direct testimony, but getting his line of argument before the jury by a series of adroit insinuations and significant questions. With much circumspection he inquired of Mrs. O'Leary whether or no she had once caused the death of her youngest child by administering toothache drops in mistake for soothing sirup; and he aroused her Hibernian wrath by gently suggesting that the noise she fancied she had overheard on the fatal night was merely the echo of a savage scrimmage she had had with Mr. O'Leary, who had also returned at a late hour from the poker game before alluded to. When the superintendent of the mine, who was something of a chemist, testified that he had analyzed certain rusty stains on Watkins's garments and hands at the time of his ar-

rest, and had determined them to be blood, Barnaby mildly asked the witness whether it was true that his father had died upon the gallows on a certain date in a certain year, and was unruffled by that gentleman's indignant denial, merely demanding of the court that such additional information as the superintendent attempted to give regarding the high standing and official position of his aged parent, in his native town, be stricken from the records as incompetent, irrelevant, and immaterial. He persisted in questioning the belated poker player, who testified to meeting Watkins coming down the path from the glen, concerning minute details of his life in San Quentin, notwithstanding the latter's earnest denials that he had ever been within the gates of that institution. He badgered the men who had discovered the fire and gathered the charred remains, until to an unprejudiced observer there would have seemed a moral certainty that they had all united in a colossal conspiracy to murder the doctor, and to throw the crime upon poor Watkins.

The method of the defense was soon made clear. Before the witnesses for the prosecution had left the stand, half a dozen men had been cozened into owning that they had at various times perceived certain peculiarities in Tom Watkins's behavior, that pointed to mental aberration. The Chinese cook at the sign of the Grizzly was summoned, and in pigeon-Englisht testified that the blood Watkins had on his hands the morning of his arrest was the blood of his pet turkey, which he had reluctantly executed on account of the fowl's habit of roosting in the attic, and awakening his guests by its unearthly habit of tumbling off its roost and gobbling at midnight. This intelligent witness also testified that he considered Tom "heap crazy." Half a dozen men from the mine, several of whom had appeared in previous cases where Barnaby had figured, added corroborative testimony.

Watkins himself was summoned to the stand, told the story of the turkey, shedding a few weak tears, and made various and conflicting statements in regard to his whereabouts on the night of the murder, laughing foolishly when his attention was called to his contradictions, and joyfully acquiescing when Barnaby pleaded with him to try and recall whether his father and mother had not both become members of an insane asylum. The lawyer wound up his efforts with a brilliant speech, in which he invoked the sympathy of the community for his client, suddenly stricken with hopeless mental disease in the zenith of a useful manhood, and denounced the dastardly attempt to sentence him to the gallows for a crime for which he could not be held responsible, and which it had not been proved that he had committed.

The Judge's charge to the jury was brief. He merely reminded them of their duty, as good and responsible citizens, to uphold the law and protect the interests of the community. The learned counsel listened with affable condescension. He had already made his charge to that body, and he had confidence in his powers as an orator.

The jury was out but a short time. The criminal lawyer settled complacently back into his chair as they filed in. His victory had been easier and more complete than he thought.

"Mr. Foreman, you have agreed upon a verdict?" asked the Judge.

"We have, your Honor," returned the foreman.

"We will hear it, sir," said the Court.

The foreman unfolded a small paper. There was a solemn hush, and he read:

"We find the defendant and his counsel guilty of murder in the first degree."

Mr. Barnaby turned purple. He struggled to his feet.

"I—I protest, your Honor! Such a verdict is outrageous, infamous, unheard of. I denounce it. The man my client

killed was almost a stranger to me. I never exchanged more than a dozen words with him in my life."

"Mr. Foreman," said the Judge calmly, "upon what grounds do you bring this verdict against defendant's counsel?"

"*Particeps criminis*. Accessory before the deed," declared the foreman.

"This is preposterous, monstrous. I will appeal. I will have justice."

"There is no appeal from the decisions of the Court of Tip Top Camp," returned the Judge gravely. "No other court has jurisdiction here."

"Ha, ha, ha! It is a good joke. A very good joke," said Mr. Barnaby, changing his tack. "You quite made me think you were in earnest. I actually forgot that I myself have not been on trial."

"I must correct you, Mr. Barnaby," said the Judge severely. "You have been on trial. You and all your kind are perpetually on trial in the esteem of your fellow citizens, and it is wholly due to their long sufferance and mercy that a verdict is not oftener brought in against you. Regarding your complicity in this crime, I will enlighten your mind, if you will permit me. The attorney who sets out in his profession to make a reputation for defending the guilty and assisting them to escape the just penalties of their crimes, has entered into a partnership with crime. He virtually says to the would-be criminal, 'Go and rob, murder, assassinate. Here am I, with all my legal skill and learning, my ability and talents, ready to protect you from the consequences of your deeds. Furnish me my fee, if you have to take it from the pockets of your dead victims, and I will see that you are set free. No matter how bad your case, I will discover a loophole of escape. I will badger honest witnesses, insult the court, confuse and perplex the jury, suborn false testimony, avail myself of all the intricacies of the law, and bring myself into

infamous celebrity while rescuing you from the gallows, that you may continue your career of slaughter and crime.' Mr. Barnaby, these may be advanced methods of legal procedure, but we want none of them in Tip Top Camp."

Manacled and cowed in spirit, Jonas Barnaby skulked along to the calaboose, in company with his whilom client, and under close guard. Jeer as he might at the absurdity of the sentence, he knew too well the awful swiftness and certainty of its execution in Tip Top Camp. The mildness of spring was in the air, and the buds of the cottonwood were swelling. Life—the life that he had profited by men's taking—was very sweet, and he was about to sacrifice his own, all for a paltry fee from a red-handed murderer. He looked at Watkins in a sudden rage. By Jove! His defense had for once been on honest lines. The man was an idiot, grinning and laughing as he walked to the dungeon which would cage him until he went to his doom!

But that night as Barnaby, totally collapsed in spirit, sat brooding in the darkness with awful thoughts of the morrow, the door of his prison swung open, and a dark figure called his name.

"Quick!" it said. "Don't arouse Watkins. Fly while there's time. Take the short cut over the divide, and make sure that you put twenty miles between yourself and the Camp between now and morning. If the boys catch up with you, they'll make mince-meat of you."

The lawyer needed no further bidding. Without stopping to ask the name of his deliverer, he fled down the road and up the rugged mountain side. A score of men, including the Judge and the entire jury, the Chinese cook, Tom Watkins, rational once more, and the doctor, all quaking with laughter, watched the black speck creeping up the steep trail, until it disappeared from view around a jutting ledge.

"There's an end to his whole rascally business," chuckled Watkins. "He's got a scare that'll last a lifetime."

"Don't you believe it, Tom," said the doctor earnestly. "A man of that stamp will fit spectacles to Justice whenever he gets a chance."

The Judge heaved a sigh of relief.

Which of these predictions came true the good people of Tip Top Camp have never been able to determine. There have been rumors that Barnaby, following his natural bent of knavery, has been arrested for safe-breaking in various Eastern cities, but has always escaped conviction by means of his plausible tongue and eloquent address. Reports have also reached the settlement that, under another name, he has achieved distinction and wealth in the courts of a distant metropolis. These latter rumors have been indignantly scouted by the mountaineers, who wisely argue that a populous and progressive city would never tolerate in her courts methods which a little mining settlement like Tip Top found it so easy to exterminate.

Flora Haines Loughead.



AN EGYPTIAN BALL.

[HELEN caused a ten years' war, but we are now able to parallel that historic fact by showing how the fascinations of a sixteen-year-old French girl were the cause of a ten years' peace. Those who have heard the charming wife of the Chevalier de Kontski, Court Musician to the Emperor of Germany, relate her reminiscences, will be glad to have a little piece of them in print.—ED.]

WE SEE frequently how small and insignificant incidents influence great and important political events. In 1871 Egypt was in its greatest splendor and prosperity. Gold was thrown in profusion to the invited (foreign) ladies at the wedding of one of the Viceroy's daughters, while the next day silver was thrown in great masses among thousands and thousands of people standing along the road, where the wedding procession had been passing from the Viceroy's palace to the palace of the happy husband of the Princess. But the spirit of revolt and dissatisfaction against the reigning sovereign was already deeply spread among ministers, courtiers, and even among the army. At the head of the opposition stood Hafis Pasha. This fanatic Mahometan was strongly opposed to the European civilization, which Ismaël the Second tried to introduce, and particularly against his surrounding, composed principally of Frenchmen.

I came to Cairo for the sake of my bad health, and for more than two months was obliged to refuse all invitations. Since it is my principle to study first the political and literary standing of any country where I intend to stay a certain time, I engaged the dragoman (interpreter) of the Prussian Consulate, and began to study the Arabic language, as well as

other information concerning the country. After two months of serious studies, thanks to my retentive memory and a certain facility for foreign languages, I began to manage pretty well my Arabic, but probably my pronunciation was somewhat fantastic, as nearly every Arabian who heard me speaking smiled involuntarily at my efforts. Nevertheless I became a curiosity to all consuls, ministers, and pashas, and when introduced to the Viceroy I gave him a greeting in his native tongue, comparing him to the shining stars, and blowing zephyr. (He was very short and immensely stout.) He was so amused with my eloquence, and particularly with the complete knowledge of etiquette with which my speech was marked, that he arranged a beautiful picnic with intention to show me the Pyramids. Soon after every minister, except only those of the conspirators' party, gave a ball in my honor. In this way, thanks to my microscopic knowledge of Arabic, I became at the head of the fashion.

One day the Finance Minister came to beg me to accept a ball, which he wanted to arrange for me. I had already begun to be a little blasé with balls, but a new idea flashed into my head. Having heard that His Excellency had three hundred ladies in his harem, I thought that it would be a good opportunity for these unhappy creatures to see a little how the European ladies enjoy their liberty, and with time they might follow their example. So I put for condition that if His Excellency wished me to be present at his party, he must build a balcony around his ball-room, put a silk trellis all over it, and cause his ladies to enjoy a view of the reception. He eagerly accepted my con-

dition, asking me in turn to come early in the afternoon, and see if everything was satisfactory to me.

On the day of the ball he came to our hotel to take us both in his carriage and drive to his palace. This amiability was rather prejudicial to me; going with him I could not take my maid with us, and the coming story will show how badly I was to need her.

On approaching the palace I was struck with the originality with which the entrance was arranged. The awning was made out of the most beautiful Turkish and Indian shawls, while on the top large letters, N. K., were formed with colored lamps. His Excellency begged me to go up stairs to the apartments destined for me. There he introduced to me his three legitimate wives. Leaving my little valise, containing my ball dress, I accepted the Minister's arm, and in company with his nephew we moved towards the stairs, but a most strident scream, resembling a savage bird's whirling, was suddenly heard behind us. I turned myself round and saw that the remaining girls of His Excellency's harem were in a pleasant mood to tear me into pieces. They had probably taken me for a dangerous rival. Here I must mention that I was only sixteen years old, newly married and deeply attached to my husband, while Ismaël Pasha was over sixty, particularly small and fragile looking, with a great resemblance to a homely monkey.

In offering me his arm his intention was to take me to the music school-room. On entering this sanctum, I found about twenty young girls, all veiled, standing in a circle, and blowing each in a different instrument and in a different tune. In the middle of the circle a teacher was blowing a trumpet, without mercy for my ears. I was sure I had entered an insane asylum. After a few moments of this informal charivarie, my nerves had been so strained that I caught the Minister's arm and pushed him

toward the exit, but he seemed to be much astonished, and naïvely asked me if I did not care for music.

A little angry, I answered maliciously, "O yes, but Wagner's music usually affects my nerves."

He, misunderstanding my words, began to explain that those ladies did not belong to Wagner; they were his own property, and they played for him alone.

On return to my apartment I was thunderstruck, — my expensive tulle dress just sent to me from Paris lay on the floor all torn into pieces; some of its fragments were still floating in the air. All this was the noble work of the high-minded ladies of the harem, who would not forgive me for accepting the arm of their master.

My position grew very difficult: it was already very hard to dress without my maid, but to dress without my clothes was a still more problematic task. Fortunately the lining of the dress was of white satin. The necessity making the law, I became industrious in spite of myself. I gathered all untorn silk embroideries, all flowers that had escaped the general carnage, and sewed them on the white satin.

At 10 o'clock sharp the orchestra was heard, and Ismaël Pasha was already receiving the Viceroy, his suite, and other distinguished guests. A eunuch was sent for me. I joined my husband, and on his arm I entered the hall.

In spite of the great crowd that soon gathered round my seat, I could not help noticing that an old pasha seated at a certain distance from me was persistently staring at me. Several times he tried to advance towards me, but returned to his seat. Finally he profited by the approach of the host, began to talk to him, and soon I saw them approaching in my direction. Hafis Pasha, the chief of the opposition party and the dangerous plotter, was introduced to me. The expression of his face was hard and unsympathetic, his manners,

stiff and cold ; but all this did not scare me at all. I began to talk my best Arabic, and saw him bursting with a hilarious laugh.

Encouraged by this beginning, I rose from my seat, and seeing that a polka was announced by the orchestra, I proposed bravely to Hafis Pasha to dance it with me. He stammered something about impossibility, but I was determined to make him dance, though the poor old gentleman had never danced in his life. I simply placed my arm around his waist, and pushed him towards the middle of the hall.

All other dancers stopped dancing ; some went to fetch the Viceroy, who was delighted to see his bitterest enemy exposed to such a ridicule ; while for my part, I found that it was a hard task to turn around and jump like a sparrow around my heavy partner. Finally, when completely exhausted, I begged him to take me to my seat.

The Viceroy, followed by a great crowd, came to thank me and shake hands with me. He felt grateful to me for having converted one of their most fanatic adversaries. But I found that my rôle was not quite finished. I again took Hafis Pasha's arm, and asked him to take me to the dining room. Mr. Ferdinand de Lesseps, Mr. Bravet, (the famous banker whom Alphonse Daudet took for his hero in his work "Le Nabab,") consuls, ministers, pashas,—a great crowd,—followed me to the dining

room, and stood behind my chair. I asked for claret, and filled my glass and his. From the beginning he tried to resist, telling me in Arabic that the red wine is strictly forbidden by Koran. Of course I knew it, and that was why I insisted so much that he should drink my health. I approached my glass to his, and spoke some funny words in Arabic. He took the glass and saying, "*Aviva, Madame,*" drank.

Great hurrah was shouted from all parts. The famous conspirator could no more remain at the head of his party. This insignificant incident, where a girl of sixteen years was simply making fun of a man of seventy, gave nearly ten years of peace to the whole country. Arabi Pasha was chosen as chief of the opposition.

Feeling extremely tired with all this excitement, I wished to retire, and went towards my apartment to take my valise. Hardly had I set my foot on the balcony, when a regiment of enraged women surrounded me, and screaming, began to strike and pinch me, and to tear my clothes. They would positively have killed me, if my clamors and screams had not brought His Excellency and several eunuchs to my rescue. These women were Hafis Pasha's wives and slaves.

All Turkish and Indian shawls forming the awning of the entrance were sent to me by His Excellency the next day.

Natalie de Kontski.



PACIFIC COAST OYSTERS.

ANYONE calling for these delicious bivalves in the cities of California at present, if not satisfied with the canned article imported from the Atlantic Coast, learns that he may choose between two kinds, the so-called "Native," and the "Eastern," but must pay nearly twice as much for the latter as for the former kind, which he is generally satisfied to do after finding the Eastern are twice as large as the Natives, or even larger. He will probably wonder a little at this difference, considering the usual superiority of California productions, but will finally consider it proof of the improvement that must have been effected in oysters by long cultivation on the Eastern coast.

Both of these conclusions are wrong, as are also the names given to the oysters, for the fact is that both kinds are taken from San Francisco Bay, and are therefore alike Western. The Natives, however, have been brought here when small from some of the bays between Northern California and British Columbia, while the Eastern are the descendants of those imported from the Atlantic Coast many years ago, and now naturalized here, so that they are really more "native" than the original stock brought from the North. Furthermore, it is found that both kinds are improvements in size and flavor on the imported stocks, thus confirming the usual opinion as to the effect of the California climate, even when acting beneath the water.

The history of oyster cultivation on this Coast is an interesting subject, not only in its practical aspects, but scientifically, as it demonstrates many facts in the life-history of these bivalves, and the influence of environment or changes of condition on them, that were before

unknown. Though popularly supposed to be of very simple structure, and extremely variable under disturbing influences, it is found that they have strongly fixed characteristics, so that one species cannot be transformed into another by removal from its native bay to a distant home, though slight changes in flavor or external form may take place.

To those who have not studied the subject further than to look at the shells and eat the softer parts as usually met with, there is no definite idea of what extremes of form, size, etc. may be found under the rough and irregular outside of oyster shells; nor what curious differences and special adaptations are to be seen in the various kinds inhabiting various portions of the world. This refers only to true oysters, known by the similarity of the animals, and excluding pearl oysters, fresh water oysters of Africa and South America, and other rough shells often confounded with them, but which are formed by animals as distinct in structure as it is possible for the bivalve shell to contain.

Naturalists have always recognized many distinct species of these shells, determined by the shell alone, as very few of them have had the whole animal examined. Yet the internal surface of the shells has regular and decisive markings by which they could be known as oysters, while the other shells, similar outside, could be as easily distinguished as being of other orders. Thus, too, the fossil oysters, which have also great variety of outside forms, belonging to different ages of the world's history, can be recognized as more or less allied to the living species, some of the latter fossils indeed being identical or closely similar.

Thus the gigantic oyster shells common on the California Coast Range of

mountains up to a height of four thousand feet, are at once recognized by everybody as very similar in everything but size to the common oyster of the markets. This is not, however, true of some fossil oysters, nor of some living kinds, in which the shells differ very much from the common forms. A very complete work, with illustrations of all the fossil oysters known from the various geological formations, as far back as the Carboniferous age in North America, has been published by the United States Geological Survey, and to this I refer those who wish to examine further as to the variations among them. The United States government has also investigated the natural history and cultivation of living oysters of the Atlantic side of this continent very thoroughly, with the assistance of Professor J. A. Ryder, Ernest Ingersoll, and other naturalists, for more than ten years, from whose writings I here quote more or less; but little has been written as to the cultivation of oysters on the Pacific Coast.

Nearly forty years ago it was stated in Woodward's Manual of Mollusca that there were then known about sixty species of oysters living, and about two hundred species fossil; but many of the latter are now separated from the oysters, and called *Exogyras* or *Gryphæas*. Not many have been since described as living, and probably as many have been reduced to varieties that were at first described as species.

Some are to be found in all temperate and tropical seas, those of salt water being usually different from those of brackish bays, and none of the kinds are able to exist in both situations. Thus the amount of fresh water running into bays, either from permanent rivers or from temporary floods in the rainy season (which may be at different periods of the year), has an influence on the growth of oysters, and especially of the kinds most cultivated. We must conclude that the native oysters of San Francisco Bay did not find the alternation of dry and wet seasons favorable for a large growth, for on examining the

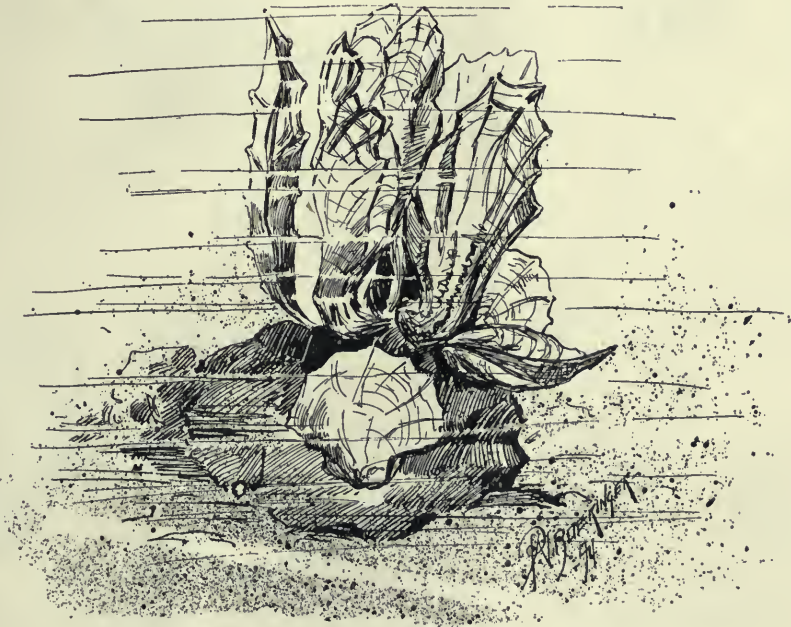
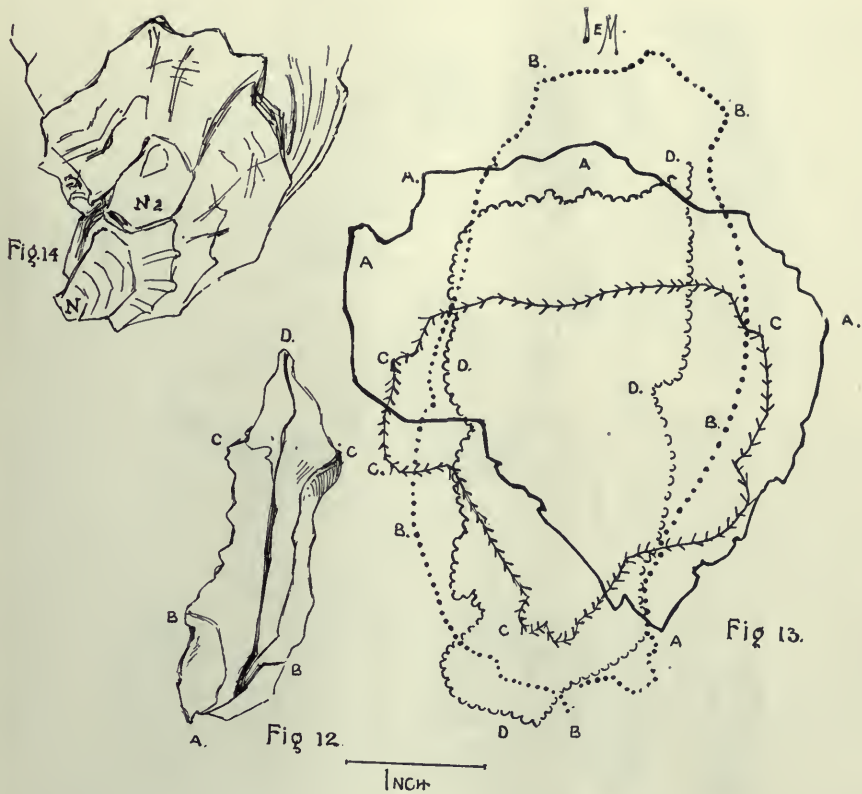


FIG. II.



EXPLANATION OF FIGURES.—THE EASTERN OYSTER, (*O. Virginica*).

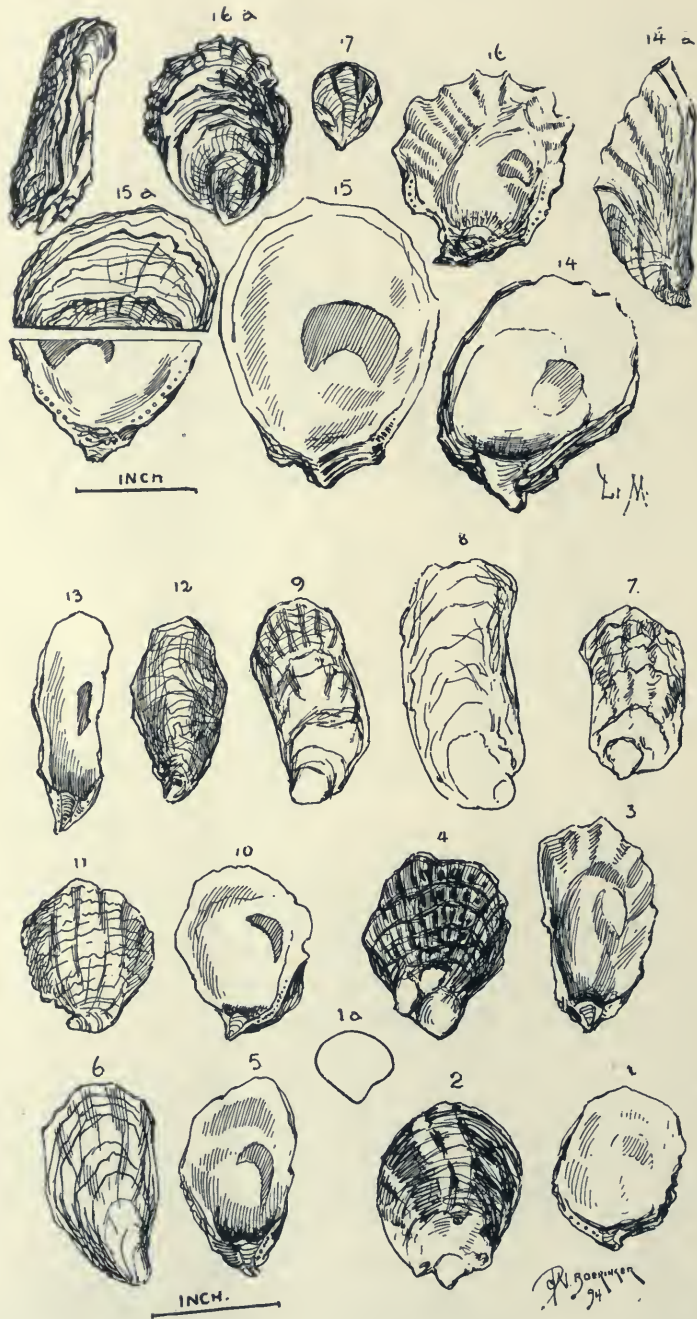
Fig. 1: Earliest or "larval" shell of *O. Virginica* magnified 90 times, the real size being like the dot after Fig. 1.—2: A "spat" in 20 days.—3: In 45 days.—4: In 75 days.—5: In 80 days, long form.—All the above



from Prof. Ryder's illustrations of shells, grown in artificial tanks on tiles.—6: Lower valve of an *O. Virginia* from San Francisco Bay, showing changes of surface caused by being moved from deep still water to rougher shallow water at three stages of its growth.—7: Another, showing a large growth in still water, then in a rougher bed, thirdly, an abrupt bending upward to escape mud, and lastly a very vigorous growth in the best of locations.—8: An *Exogyra*-shaped lower valve, which probably got turned upside down when young, and had to make a turn of half a circle in growing back to its natural position, mouth upward.—9: A rare form of the upper valve, showing ribs commencing in its last year's growth, perhaps from greater roughness of the water.—The above figures and the next show specimens with the hinge-end or "beaks" in three positions, namely, (when looked at on the upper side,) dextral, medial, and sinistral. Of these the sinistral or left-handed shells are the most numerous in the proportion of about one third.—10: A 5 or 6 year old oyster shell, grown under the best conditions, in rather still water, probably below tides, on a natural bed. Such shells are not strongly ribbed even on the lower valve, and when not broken off the base the upper valve is often ribbed also.—11: A somewhat ideal group of oysters in a natural bed below tides, showing the forms taken when free to grow upward, when crowded sideways, and when attached to a wall.—12: An accurate outline of an oyster, showing the effect of frequent moving. The line A D is at junction of the valves, B B first stage of growth, C C second stage, the rest the third stage. Being crowded, it could not take a regular form, but made its valves equally convex.—13: Outlines of four oysters, showing what variations of form may be caused by pressure.—14: Part of a shell of *O. Virginia*, which began growth on a shell of *O. lurida*, N. N. 2. The "Eastern" oyster fastened its shell to one valve of the "native" N, and by its rapid growth soon attached itself to the other valve, N 2, and in enlarging pulled the valves apart, firmly cementing its shell to the whole surface of each of the valves, which remain on it. The ribs shown belong to the "Eastern" oyster, and show that it began to grow in rough water.

THE "NATIVE" OYSTER, (*O. lurida*).

Fig. 1: A lower valve of the size and form described by Carpenter as *O. conchaphila*, from its most common growth on other shells.—1a: The young, magnified 28 times.—2: Outside of a lower valve, with stripes of yellow and purple, and very light ribs.—3: A lower valve that was fixed to some base by over 1/3 of its surface, and grew away from its base, forming a ribbed and elevated margin. Fig. 9 is a corresponding upper valve. This is variety *laticandata*, Carpenter.—4: A lower valve between forms 2 and 3, less strongly attached to base, and with the free margin very wide, shell thickened and high colored.—5, 6.—Shells of the thin, brownish form, called by Carpenter variety *rufoides*.—7: An intermediate lower valve, with the beak medial and faint ribs, color yellowish.—8, 9: Upper valves showing beaks both dextral and sinistral, the latter a rare form, and rarely ribbed in upper valve.—10, 11: Reversed (or sinistral) valves, connecting the above with variety *expansa*, Carpenter.—12, 13: Valves that grew more crowded, representing the forms called "Coon Oysters."—14, 14a: Average marketable Shoalwater Bay oysters, with thick shells, perhaps 6 years old. Shells mostly greenish or gray, with some purple



rays, inside all white.—15, 15a: Thin shells from same bay, very shallow inside, from growing on a flat log or stone. The little pits and teeth of this species are strongly shown in some shells, but in older and thicker ones they disappear. Ribs scarcely visible.—16, 16a: From San Francisco Bay, connecting the northern variety with those before figured. These have purple stripes outside, and inside are of a mixed purple and olive, from which the name *lurida* was given them by Carpenter.—17: A young northern shell, showing its olive and purple stripes as in the southern.—18: A shell of variety *expansa*, Carpenter, seen edgewise, the lower valve showing a wide basal attachment, the raised box-like margin and upper valve like a lid. This is a San Diego specimen, and this variety is most common southward, growing on rocks. It has the pits and denticles exactly as in the other varieties, and in color is more like the northern forms than those south of Oregon.

mounds left by the Indians, who used immense quantities of oysters for food, it is a rare thing to find one larger than a dollar. It must be supposed that the Indians obtained as large ones as were to be found, as savages usually excel in collecting such things. Since the American era more or less imported shells have been washed up on the bay shores. As early as 1851 larger ones began to be brought from Shoalwater Bay, just north of the Columbia River, where the largest supply of native oysters known to exist on our Coast is easily accessible. These appear to be of the same species as those of the whole coast southward nearly to Cape St. Lucas, but from the more uniform and constant dilution of the tide water of that bay by the influx of several large streams, with very little diminution in the short dry season, the growth of the oysters is so stimulated that they become much larger than southward.

These are collected when small, from scattered small beds near or below low water mark by Indians in canoes, and sold to white men, who bed them near low water mark on somewhat gravelly bottom, or where mussel beds have made it firm, most of the bay being transformed into soft mud flats at extreme low tides. These recessions of the sea occur at every quarter of the moon, but are lowest at full moon in July and December, when they give the best opportunities for collecting the native oysters along the edge of the permanent channels, although something can be done with oyster tongs or dredges at other seasons.

The small ones, called "spats," collected during the warm months when oysters are not marketable, being planted on the flats, grow considerably, and in the fall are culled over to select the largest for market, and some are also shipped to be planted in San Francisco Bay for later use. A great drawback to the trade, however, was the freezing of

those planted on the flats when left uncovered by the low tides in cold winter nights; also the slow voyages made by the sailing vessels that carried them south during stormy winter weather, whole cargoes of them dying on the way. Then when planted in San Francisco Bay they were eaten by various enemies, one of the worst being a fish called "drum fish," otherwise known here as white sea bass, sea trout, corvina, and to naturalists as *Cynoscion nobile*, allied to the Atlantic Coast "drum fish."

These northern oysters supplied the only live material for this Coast during eighteen years, where in 1869 the first spats were brought by way of the newly completed overland railroad from the East Coast. It must be noticed, however, that a few shipments of the large Mexican oysters were brought by steamer from south of Cape St. Lucas, but the experiment was not sufficiently successful to establish a trade, and those planted in bays along the California coast did not survive long.

On December 5th, 1870, shells of the Eastern oyster were presented at a meeting of the California Academy of Sciences, and Prof. Davidson said "they had grown as much in nine months as they do in New York Bay in three years, while the little native oyster had scarcely grown at all." It appeared, however, that the imported spats were a year more advanced than those planted in New York Bay, or only the largest of them were exhibited.

On August 21st, 1871, Prof. W. H. Dall, of the Coast Survey, made some remarks at the Academy on changes observed in the shells of these imported oysters, such as purple stripes and stronger ribbing, which he thought to indicate a tendency to become like the native species. These changes, however, are now known to occur in any northern oysters carried to warmer waters, and the purple colors are most com-

mon in the most southern native oysters, while often quite absent in northern examples.

The ribbing of the shells seems to have another cause, which will be explained later. There is one character which distinguishes the Eastern stock from the native at all ages, however close may be their resemblance in shape. This is, that the muscle-scar is always dark purple in the imported shell, and colorless in the native. Thus we almost always find the marketable shells carrying numbers of small shells on their valves, and examination of these shows that nearly all are the native stock, with occasionally some of the imported, having purple scars.

That they are distinct species is shown by the absence of hybrid or intermediate shells, not only as regards the purple scars, but in other points of difference, such as the rows of little pits on each side of the hinges that characterize the native shells. While the native shells grow very little in a year, the Eastern kind, growing with them, increase about four times as rapidly in size, and even faster than on the Eastern coast. It even seems probable that they absorb the food contained in the water around them so rapidly as to cut off the supply from the native shells, which never reach a larger size than they did when the native Indians gathered them, and indeed seem very short-lived—perhaps only annual.

For nearly twenty years after the importation of the Eastern spats it was supposed that they could not become naturalized on this Coast; and it was said that the strength of the animal was all expended in growing large, while no spawn was produced, and consequently they died of old age unless marketed, leaving no progeny. This has proved a mistake; for while it may be true of those cultivated near the mouth of the bay, where the water is the saltest, it appears that some spawn must have

been produced and carried by the tides towards the south end of the bay, where beds of mussels and native oysters were common. They found on these a congenial home, and grew for some years before being discovered.

To explain this, it must be stated that the most natural location for the young oyster, and where alone it can flourish, is below tides, with water constantly around it. When hatched from the egg (or spawn) it is a microscopic bivalve, with the power of motion, swimming rapidly by vibrating its cilia. After a short free life it must attach itself to some fixed surface, and if this happens to be above low-water mark or unprotected from the hot sun, the oyster is killed in a day or two. Therefore the young colonies grow permanently only below tides, and their natural growth is upward, the attachment of the shell to its base being near the hinge, and the valves rising as they enlarge toward the surface of the water.

In still bays along tropical coasts they continue growing upward, and being crowded together cannot spread sideways, so that the form called "Raccoon Oyster" is produced, often only an inch or two wide and a foot or more long. In mangrove thickets they grow on branches dipping into the water, and being protected from the sun by the trees above them reach a considerable size, and become one of the wonders brought by travelers from the south.

But in temperate regions the shells, being but slightly attached below, become too heavy and large to resist the force of the waves, or the disturbances caused by drifting logs, fishes, etc., so that they are broken off and fall helpless to the bottom. If they sink into soft mud they are smothered and soon die, but if not too deep for the waves to act on them they are gradually drifted higher on the shore, and some carried to the highest point reached by the waves in storms, though most of them only

attain a level a little above the lowest tides, and become entangled among dead shells, living mussels, and other oysters, thus forming "oyster beds" as usually understood. They live some years in these beds if not removed, but do not grow to the size, nor so rapidly as they are sometimes found in their original and more natural positions, attached to a rock or other firm object below tides. The usual "marketable" oyster is therefore not the best representative of any species of oyster.

It is by imitating the beds formed as described above that the cultivation of oysters is carried on. In cold climates, however, frosts destroy them every few years, and in hot climates the sun does the same, so that only the supply from below tides keeps them up, aided by more or less skill shown by the oystermen in protecting them.

Having thus sketched their modes of growth, it will appear plain why it was about 1873 before large oysters three or four years old began to be found on the mussel beds at extreme low tide, toward the head of San Francisco Bay. These were at first considered as drifts carried by the waves from planted beds near the mouth of the bay, or perhaps brought to the spot by some experimenter.

It has, however, become manifest now that they are fully naturalized, and have established large colonies in all that region. Attempts were made by several oystermen to get possession of these beds by means of land claims of various kinds, but fortunately for the public, tide lands cannot be converted into private property by such means.

Mr. H. E. Dore states in the *Nautilus*, Vol. V., p. 58, 1891, that in Portland, Oregon, most of the oysters used are the *Ostrea lurida* from Shoalwater Bay or Puget Sound (the "Natives") and only a few are the "Eastern" *O. Virginica*, which are taken there from San Francisco. It appears from this that

the latter has not been successfully cultivated in those northern waters. As stated before, the "Natives" are still sold in San Francisco as a cheaper kind, and one or both kinds are somewhat cultivated as far south as San Diego.

All kinds of cultivated oysters are extremely variable in form, much more so than would appear from an inspection of a number of them in market. In this they resemble several other distinct families of bivalves, which, like them, are at first free to move or drift about, but have the habit of attaching their shells to a fixed base, and growing from that in various directions. As shown in the figure, a group of them will start close together, and grow as nearly vertical as possible, but if crowded are forced to spread more or less laterally, or even horizontally, and sometimes remain flat on the base.

Where very much crowded, the shells press so strongly on each other that all kinds of notches and bends are formed by irregular growth. Sometimes a shell that has been broken off is caught among others and obliged to continue its growth, regular at first, in some new direction, at right angles or even upside down. The figures give an idea of what forms result from these accidents in the oyster's struggle for life, and also show us why those of the market are more uniform. Being freed from their basal attachments, they are no longer crowded, and the shell in growing easily moves if it meets any obstacle, not voluntarily, but by yielding to the resistance of fixed bodies, assisted in moving by the motions of the water, and by the reduction of its specific gravity.

One peculiarity of the Oyster family is the inequality of the two valves, quite unlike the symmetry observed in those of most other bivalves, and even in the very young oyster. Thus, we generally recognize in cultivated oysters a convex lower valve and a flat or somewhat concave upper valve. But when the animal

is dissected, it is found that the convex valve is on the *left* side, and the flat valve on the *right*, so that it is said that the shell always lies on its left side, unless growing attached by one end to a base. Even then we find the left valve a little more convex, and as it contains most of the animal's weight, it naturally falls downward when broken off, giving the animal the advantage (if it is one) of lying in that position.

It is even said that oystermen, after throwing a boatload of spats overboard on a bed, find every shell at low tide in that position, the shape always causing it to sink thus. It is doubtful, however, if some of the very irregular shells rejected by oystermen as "culls" would come right side up, and there is proof enough that they can live with the other side up. For instance, those growing attached by the whole of the left valve to the bottom of a vessel or other very convex surface often have the valves upside down, or at least have the attached valve concavely fitted to the base, and the free valve convex. But of course the form of the marketable oyster is the best suited for human use, as it is easiest to open and retains the juices.

The ribs observed on most oyster shells are not merely ornamental or accidental forms of growth, but seem to have their uses and laws of development. In the oysters of the temperate zones only the convex valve is usually ribbed, and that very differently in different shells. The young ones and some of large size growing in very still water have little roughness, but those from water subject to waves and violent winds seem to produce ribs in proportion to their exposures to these influences. The use of ribs to the shell after it is broken off and drifting toward the shore is to aid it in becoming fixed again and firmly bedded, just as a drag may save a vessel from being blown ashore.

As shown in the illustrations, young shells of the Eastern *O. Virginica* are at

first smooth, then begin to show undulations and radiations of the shell, corresponding to variations in thickness, which may under the disturbing action of ripples and waves develop into ribs. It is to be understood that the delicate "mantle" of the animal, lying next to the shell and chiefly around the margin of the valves, is constantly depositing the lime and animal tissue forming the shell, both at the thin edge and on the interior surface, thus enlarging and thickening the shell at the same time. This deposit is at first fluid, but rapidly "sets" like plaster of Paris, and may be supposed to spread itself more or less uniformly, according to the motion of the shell by the waves.

Deep water oysters are found which are very smooth and thick-shelled, showing that at a certain depth there is no wave motion, and that more lime is deposited. Some seas contain more lime than others, and there the shells are also thicker. It is supposed that the giant *Ostrea titan*, mentioned before as a common fossil on our Coast Range, existed in very deep and lime-thickened water when these mountains formed the bed of the Miocene ocean on this coast. It is evident that below a certain depth ribs are not needed to prevent such heavy shells from washing ashore, even when young, as they all show a great thickening of shell, even when no larger than our marketable kinds in circumference.

But a still more curious mode of obtaining anchorage, existed in the fossil *O. diluviana*, which had long spines that ran down in the soft sea-bottom for several inches, thus firmly holding the shells where they lived. These spines were formed at the edge of the shell at intervals of its growth, and must have been made by long branches of the mantle gradually penetrating the mud and building a shelly tube as they progressed. Something similar on a small scale is found in some kinds of tropical oysters still living, and is seen

in other very spiny bivalves, though not always for anchorage. In some kinds of oysters, living on stormy reefs in tropical seas, the ribs are much stronger, and developed on both valves, so that it must be difficult for the waves to wash them far without entanglement among the rocks, and many of this form of oysters are also very heavy. From the zigzag form of their margins they are distinguished as "Cockscomb Oysters."

One form of irregular growth has not been mentioned, and it occurs probably in nearly all species of oysters. This is found where a young shell has fastened itself upon a hard flat rock or other similar object, and being alone, without anything to crowd it, spreads its shell in all directions equally. With a tendency to uplift itself, if the rock is like a wall, it grows longer vertically; but if an inclined or level surface, it forms a very broadly attached base before venturing to turn upward. This causes the attached valve to have a firm hold on a surface of several square inches, from which it is almost impossible to separate it if the rock is very hard. These shells, although beaten by strong waves, develop no ribs, and being generally inclined in some degree cannot retain fluids long in the shell, consequently they are unable to deposit lime rapidly and are thin-shelled. Some of the figures given represent this form of growth. Like some other variations which can be explained as easily, it has been considered to belong to a species distinct from the same shell under different conditions, but is really an instance of imperfect development, the characteristics of the young shell remaining all of its life, because it is prevented by its environment from undergoing the usual changes.

When young oysters are kept in tanks with suitable conditions around them to favor growth, and protected from natural enemies, they grow much more rapidly

than on natural beds for some time, but with very thin shells, and if then planted would easily become the prey of fishes, etc. Professor Ryder raised some on tiles in this way, that grew in two or three months as large as the spatæ collected by oystermen are supposed to grow in as many years; but the shells of the latter are much thicker. Though they are said always to attach the left valve alone, and to make it deepest, the illustrations of natural growths here given show that their environment causes many variations afterwards that would in other shells be sufficient to constitute many species.

The colors of oysters and their shells are derived from the food, which consists of microscopic infusorial objects of the seaweed family, and can be recognized in the contents of their digestive organs. In some bays these are so abundant as to color the water green, and have been mistaken for copper stains in the oysters, which were therefore supposed to be poisonous. This idea is now proved to be wrong, and the cases of poisoning by oysters have some other cause.

The shells often have a tinge of green from the same vegetable matter, which becomes mixed with the animal membrane deposited with the lime in the layers of shell as they grow. Northern and deep water oysters have little if any other color.

Another common color found in the shells is red of various tints, from pale rose to a deep purplish, varying into bluish-purple,—almost black. It is most common in the muscle-scars of several species, but also colors the outside of valves, and extends throughout their thickness, except a thin layer of white, covering the inside. This has been attributed to iron contained in the water, but seems more likely to be caused by stains from the absorption of algæ or their spores, belonging to the red and purple groups, just as the green is ab-

sorbed from green algæ. There seems to be a slight trace of iron in the shells, but not more than in white shells, and the algæ themselves may contain iron, as well as iodine, bromine, etc. All these colors disappear after burning or sun-bleaching the shells.

As before remarked, the Eastern oysters growing in San Francisco Bay are always recognizable by the dark muscle-scars; but this is not a constant characteristic of the species, for a variety is found north of Long Island, extending to Newfoundland, which has them white. The oysters of northern Europe (*O. edulis*) also have them white, as have our native oysters, though these often have red and purple patches in their shells, especially southward. In warmer climates most of the oysters have dark muscle-scars, and in some the inside of the shell is more or less colored, sometimes quite black, while other kinds have no inside colors. The form and structure of the hinge, external surface, and general appearance, are therefore more important for distinguishing the species, making allowance for the variations in each caused by environment, as here described.

The cultivation of oysters dates back to the time of the Romans, who found those of the British Isles better than the Mediterranean species, and seem to have succeeded in carrying them living to the sea, and planting them—temporarily at least. This has been done again in modern times, and the change had effects on them similar to those on this coast with *O. Virginica*. But no hybridizing or mixing of species is observed; and the same is found true of the more southern or Portuguese oyster, carried to the north of France and cultivated. That species, the *O. angulata*, is much like *O. Virginica*, and though both have been successfully cultivated in France, and are much larger than the native *O. edulis*, the people, from long habit, prefer the latter as food, with its

small size and metallic flavor, in spite of its slow growth. The metallic flavor is, however, a local character, depending perhaps on the composition of the seawater forming the “juice” of the oyster, and is observed at Shoalwater Bay also.

Several varieties of flavor are noticed in oysters from different localities, though all of one species; and I have found a very large native species at Panama as good as any *O. Virginica* from either coast. This is the form called *O. iridescens*, but another small species found there is said to be bitter, and therefore named *O. amara*.

The iridescent colors observed in the Panama oyster-shell, though giving it a name, are not a constant character, but are found in many shells that have lain for a time in the shade with the animal decomposing in the inside. Indeed, it may be produced even in glass by burying it in a heap of moist animal matter for a certain time. It is more or less common also in many living shells, but how produced in such shells as “mother-of-pearl,” abalone, etc., needs a different explanation.

The west tropical American oysters have been much studied by naturalists, and several distinct species can be distinguished by well marked differences. *O. megodon*, of the Gulf of California and southward, almost rivals our fossil *O. titan* in size, though not very thick-shelled, and belonging to the Cockscomb group. The form makes it unfit for use, except by roasting in the shell. This species is also found fossil in Southern California.

There is one species found which has been considered a variety of *O. Virginica*, and like many other shells found on both sides of the Isthmus of Darien, it is quite probable that the species extended to both oceans before the isthmus rose above the sea in the middle Tertiary age, as proved by fossils. But if so, it never seems to have extended

north of Cape St. Lucas on this coast, although apparently so well suited for naturalization in San Francisco Bay. The influence of marine currents on this coast, where they are so different, or run contrary to the Gulf Stream in the Atlantic, may account for this fact. The *O. iridescens*, as before stated, was imported from Mexico to California without success, no doubt needing warmer waters. By P. P. Carpenter this species was considered identical with one found on the West African coast, and several other shells are found on those two coasts that have not been collected on the eastern American coast. It is possible that these may have been carried by ships, adhering to the bottom, and thus spread to other parts of the world in which unexpected shells have been found. Oysters very similar to *O. Virginica* have been found in Japan, Australia, and other warm regions, but in some cases there were evidences enough to prove them to be native, and having constant specific differences.

As to the size of *O. Virginica*, Prof. Heilprin gives figures in "Fossil Oysters, etc.," of "Coon Oysters" from Florida, eleven and one half inches long and two and three quarters wide, but these are probably not the largest to be found in the Gulf of Mexico. Dr. D. H. Storer mentions shells dredged in Charles River, near Boston, Mass., that were twelve to thirteen inches long, and Dr. C. A. White refers to others dredged on the coast of Maine, that were eighteen inches in length. As no such are found living now north of Georgia, those shells must be considered extinct relics of oyster beds that flourished on that coast before the Glacial epoch, in bays as warm as those of Florida.

In the *Nautilus* for February, 1891, the Rev. H. Winckley states that the living oyster is now found, but rarely, in Sheepscote River, Maine, but not of marketable size, and all reports from farther north describe them as small.

Oysters from beds known to be four years old are stated to be about four inches long and two and one half wide, — a common marketable size.

The largest I have seen grown in San Francisco Bay is nine and one half inches long and five and one half wide, and appeared from the marks of annual growth to be about six or seven years old. The largest one I have found myself is about five years old, and is six and three quarter inches long by two and three quarter wide, so that their growth seems to be more rapid than in Chesapeake Bay. No positive rules for the rate of growth can, however, be stated, as it must vary in nearly every locality, according to the amount of food, lime, heat of water, and various other circumstances.

The "Eastern" oyster is also found fossil from New England to Texas, in great abundance where Tertiary beds exist, at least as far back as the middle or Miocene Tertiary, which accords with its probable existence on the Pacific side of the Isthmus of Darien. Some of the imperfect fossil oysters described by Conrad, from Southern California, may prove to be varieties of it, extending north to Point Conception.

An extinct and older fossil species, *O. Georgiana*, is described as much larger and thicker, twenty-two inches long, and approaching our *O. titan* in heaviness. It doubtless lived when the sea contained more lime, but may possibly still exist at a depth where such heavy shells cannot be dredged up.

Our native oyster (*O. lurida*) has not been found as far back in geological time, but is recognized in Pliocene deposits near the coast and as far inland as Benicia. The other Pliocene species of oyster shells found in California are partly identical with species now living further south, and partly unlike any known to be now living, the latter being found in the more inland valleys,—the Salinas, San Joaquin, Tulare, and Col-

orado. The latest enumeration of fossil species in California gives as Pliocene and living, three species; Pliocene, extinct, four; Miocene, extinct, two or three; Cretaceous, four. Thus it appears that the seas from which this State was uplifted contained a far greater variety and larger kinds of oysters than now, with no men to eat them.

We can imagine what a feast a Miocene family would have enjoyed if they could have obtained one or two of the *Ostrea titan* to roast, as they could not have opened the shells in any other way, unless by letting them die in the sun. The first illustration of this species, given in the Pacific Railroad Reports, Vol. V. measures nine and one half inches long, four wide, and each valve is two and one half thick, so that even a hot fire would have taken a long time to cook the animal. Some have been found larger, but usually the valves are separate and somewhat imperfect. They, however, doubtless lived in water too deep for savage oystermen to reach them, and were too bulky for handling even if reached. The animal was also much smaller, compared with the weight of shell, than in living kinds.

Though large for oysters, other living kinds of bivalves are far larger, and are eaten in the regions they inhabit. The *Tridacna gigas* of Polynesia sometimes weighs five hundred pounds; the animal alone twenty pounds, and is good

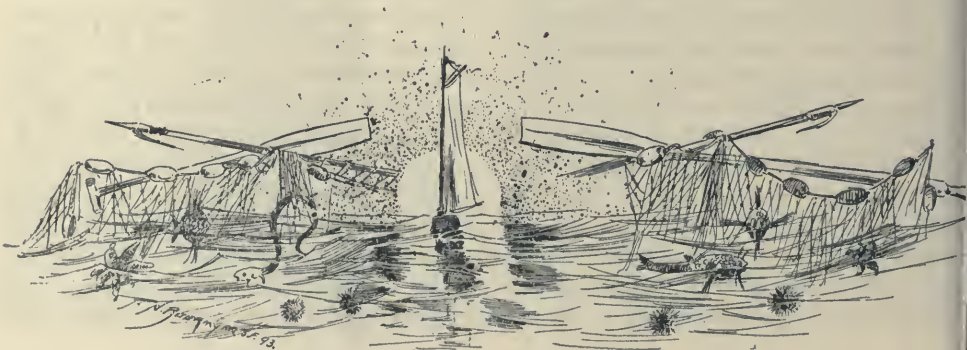
eating. The shells can only be handled and loaded on ships by machinery, but many are brought to this country for ornamental uses.

On the west Mexican and tropical American coast grows the *Spondylus calcifer*, which is a little more highly organized animal than the oyster, and like the *O. titan* grows two or three inches thick in each valve. It is eatable, and accessible at low water, so that the shells are gathered for burning into lime. In weight, a pair of the shells equals the fossil oyster, but they have a more uniform and oval shape.

A very similar kind is found in Polynesia, and some more or less like it in other seas. The *Spondylus* group of shells show other variations of structure analogous to the oyster, among them being species that instead of having weight to hold them in place have long spines branching in all directions from rather thin shells, and these are much valued for ornamental purposes, on account of their fine colors, a higher development of those found in oysters. But if our oysters were armed like them, the business of oystering would be far more dangerous and difficult than it is.

In structure, the oysters rank the lowest and simplest of the Class Mollusca, but in usefulness to mankind they are fully equal to any of the class, even pearl shells not excepted.

James G. Cooper.



ETC.

Aphorisms.

There can be no human justice other than the state of equity.

Only one eternal law runs through the universe, and that is brotherly love.

Evolution of mind and morals is but the ladder to heaven.

The price of man's wisdom has been fully paid for in his sufferings.

A ruined life is but a warning post to the rest of life's pilgrims, pointing out danger.

Sin has its purpose. The light is only loved by some through fear of the dark.

Modern society seeks only to nourish the flower, while the root is ignored.

To all who think sincerely, uninfluenced by personal motives, the road to eternal happiness is pointed out.

Knowledge comes from within, not without. Light is nothing if the eyes do not see it.

God is man evolved.

Emma R. Endres.

Anti-Spoils League.

IN THESE days of Coxeyites and *peaceful* armies, marches on Washington by means of stolen trains, minority demands upon authorities lawfully established by majorities, resolution for the immediate addition to our constitutions of initiative, referendum, and all the rest of the socialistic program, it might seem that representative government in this land is rapidly ceasing to exist. But before giving up the ship for lost, it is wise to see if the breaches cannot be mended, and if with a vigorous pumping out she cannot again be set to breast the waves, as worthy as when first she rode the sea. Surely if any such work is to be done, it is the crew on board that must do it. So, also, for the present generation of citizens of the United States.

Nothing has ever done more in our past, nothing is doing more at the present time, to degrade and corrupt the public life of Americans, than the giving over our political parties to the doctrine and the practice of spoils. In the complete extension of the spoils doctrine over all States, and thence by force of example and habit to local organizations of city and county, are easily to be seen the neglect of public interest, the paralysis of government and the debasement of citizenship.

But the time is ripe for improvement. The very magnitude of the evils will facilitate their cure. As a helpful agency in the extension of Civil Service Reform, a league has been organized, centering at

New York, and aiming to gain popular support through the enrollment of voters in all parts of the Union. This is an outgrowth of the Civil Service Reform Association, and the present method has been adopted for the purpose of popularizing the movement, strengthening public sentiment, and bringing it to bear upon reform work at as many points as possible. These purposes are set forth in the accompanying address, circulated by the League, copies of which, together with enrollment cards, can be obtained by addressing,

F. H. CLARK, Local Secretary,
1418 Myrtle street, Oakland.

[THE CIRCULAR.]

THE ANTI-SPOILS LEAGUE.

Office, 54 William St., New York.

DEAR SIR:

It is believed that the moment is ripe for the consolidation of public sentiment in favor of good government by the formation of a new and larger National League for the complete abolition of the spoils system. It is desired thoroughly to popularize the movement, and to make it effective in every part of the United States. Membership in the new League is to be without dues, although voluntary contributions will be welcomed. In order to simplify its working, the general management will rest with the Officers and Executive Committee of the National Civil Service Reform League.

It is hoped that you will yourself join in the movement by signing the inclosed, and that you will exert your influence to promote the objects of the League;—especially by obtaining signatures and forwarding the same to the Secretary. Newspapers may be willing to print the declaration, and to receive names of members. It is hoped that in every community in the United States signers will be found, and that a great and effective demonstration of popular opinion will result.

THE CIVIL SERVICE includes all those who transact the *ordinary* business of the Government, just as soldiers are included in the MILITARY service, and sailors, etc., are included in the NAVAL service.

There are probably more than half a million persons employed in the Civil Service of the whole Country and its parts.

By the REFORM OF THE CIVIL SERVICE it is meant that every *competent* citizen of the United States shall have an equal chance to enter the Service, and that it shall no longer be kept for the support of the party politicians; that in order to enter the Service a man must show that he *is* competent;

that when he has entered the Service he shall be kept there as long as he faithfully and efficiently performs the duties of his office, and not be compelled to give up his position because it is wanted for a party hack or the henchman of a Boss; that a citizen shall be able to go freely to the primary meeting and to the polls, and not have his political action controlled by a body of office-holders; that office-holders shall not be assessed by party politicians for political purposes; that if salaries are so large as to admit of such assessment, they should be reduced.

A POOR MAN has a personal interest in the ABOLITION OF THE SPOILS SYSTEM, because he is not *incompetent* in consequence of being *poor*, and he has a right to a chance for appointment if he wishes it; because if not competent himself his SON OR DAUGHTER, educated in the public school, may readily become so; because the spoils system wastes the public money, and the poor man pays his full share of taxes, in house rent, and food, and clothing, and everything that he uses; because it is to the interest of *every* citizen that the business of the Government shall be honestly managed; because the politician who is trying to feather his own nest is always the worst enemy of the citizen, while pretending to be his friend, and the *Abolition of the Spoils System* means the destruction of the Boss, whose power rests on the distribution of offices as spoils; because no other reform is safe or can ever be successfully prosecuted until the *Abolition of the Spoils System* has been secured.

CARL SCHURZ, *President.*
 WILLIAM POTTS, *Secretary.*
 SILAS W. BURT, *Treasurer.*

[THE ENROLLMENT CARD.]

THE ANTI-SPOILS LEAGUE.

We hereby declare ourselves in favor of the complete abolition of the Spoils System from the public service,—believing that system to be unjust, undemocratic, injurious to political parties, fruitful of corruption, a burden to legislative and executive officers, and in every way opposed to the principles of good government.

We call upon all in authority to extend to the utmost the operation of the present reform laws; and by additional legislation, to carry the benefits of the Merit System to the farthest practicable limits under our national, State, and municipal governments.

NAME.....
 OCCUPATION.....
 ADDRESS.....

A Communication.

“WHAT SHALL I DO WITH MY BOY?”

UNDER the heading, “Boys in the industrial Army,” a leading daily of this city made the following statements:—

“The fact that many of the Industrials who are

now in jail at Vacaville are boys, invites thoughtful consideration as to the causes which led these misguided youths to join an organization hostile to the laws of the country. To what extent were these young fellows the victims of necessity? Did they become outlaws in a small way because they were unwilling to work, or because they could find no work to do? * * * The saying is common, that it takes as much influence to get a boy or girl a place, as it does to secure a berth in the Mint or Custom House.”

That these are *facts*, not exaggerations, is well known to every person whose occupation renders him liable to be interviewed by parents seeking situations for their children. Why this is so the writer above quoted proceeds to say:—“The employment of Chinese to do the work that might be done by white boys and girls, is the principal cause of the lack of employment which our young people complain of.”

This is a most lame and impotent conclusion, which might satisfy a shallow-brain, sand-lot Kearneyite, but is entirely inadequate as a reason for the difficulty which has assumed such portentous proportions. No alien race could wage successful warfare upon American youth, unaided by the recreant fathers of these same children, who have banded together, and stand with unbroken front, barring the way to honorable toil and successful manhood against their own flesh and blood.

The powerful and prevailing cause may be found in the hostile attitude assumed by the various Trades Unions, which — not content with the imposition of such burdensome exactions as have ruined several promising industries on this Coast, and seriously crippled many more — have put a stop to the teaching of trades to willing boys and girls, by limiting the number in each shop, under threats of the strike and boycott.

The writer is an employing mechanic, and not a week passes without bringing one or more parents desirous to procure for their sons a chance to learn a trade. Not long since a father came on this errand concerning his son, of whom he said: “He is a good, well-disposed boy, who has been to school until he is now sixteen years old, and wants to go to work. His mother is dead, and I wish him to be employed. I am a laboring man, and cannot see to him during work hours. In all this city I can’t find him a place to work. Three months’ loafing in the streets will ruin him, body and soul. *What shall I do with my boy?*”

And to this father’s despairing cry no answer of hope could be given!

No graver question confronts the thoughtful lover of his race today, on this American continent, than this. Some look for its solution in the establishment of technical and labor schools, and hail the benefactions of a Lick and a Wilmerding as the millennial dawn for a labor day.

But aside from the fact that theoretical instruction can never supply the place of practical education and daily routine in the work-shop, how are the graduated students from these schools to find employment? The American apprentice must serve from four to five years as such, before he can claim the wages of a journeyman, under "Union" rules; and under the "limit rule" as to the number of apprentices allowed to each shop, these graduates — being still "apprentices," although never so skillful — would seek for openings in vain.

As a grave social problem this question deserves the front rank, and ought to receive prompt attention. Our society of Native Sons should take it up, as a matter of vital importance, and bend all their energies towards the abrogation of these arbitrary and oppressive restrictions against the proper instruction of our youth; or it may soon sadly but truthfully be said of American children,—"It were better for them they had never been born."

Brevity's Great Gift.

At the first, reader, let us understand that there are many peculiar names abroad, such as Room, House, Bridge, and others; even such as Strikehammer and Cakebread. Among these, that of my friend Brevity sounds well. And as I knew him, the name was appropriate; for Brevity was brief, short in stature, in manners short, to most men; and at the first, short in purse. And he was always short in language—not of it, but in it.

Using them as if he paid taxes upon them, or rent for them, his words were few. Brevity was no gusher: it takes words to gush. For that reason—were there no other—he did not, or would not, swear.

Hearing a stammerer vainly trying to voca ze or articulate, he would cry out as if in pain at the indiscriminate spilling of consonants and vowels. Speech not required was to him lost speech — letters wasted.

Speaking of Brevity's great gift, quite a gift in itself was the name. Entering an editor's sanctum to apply for a position as reporter, upon giving his name the astonished editor asked: "Do I understand you, sir, to say that Brevity is your name?" The applicant assuring him that Brevity certainly was the name given, said the editor: "It is enough; your salary shall be twenty dollars per week, and you are to enter upon your duties at once."

What Phineas T. Schermerhorn or Ebenezer Oliver Clinkenbeard possibly could not have obtained upon application, Brevity, by the influence or euphonioussness of his name, did get. As a reporter, however, he was an inexpressible failure. A finished skeleton of facts he would produce, but no more, and if ever he got in a scoop it was sure to be a toy.

Set to condensing manuscripts, he parboiled, boiled,

and reboiled, until the authors of them could by no possible means have again known their own. He was the abbreviator *par excellence*, but really too good; for in less time than it takes to tell it he was again holding down the pavement in Bohemia.

Hush! Breathe softly, dear reader, while I say that an inspiration came to Brevity: to embrace authorship. And inspiration upon inspiration, the short-story, French form. Strange to relate, in this Brevity made the great hit of his career, and too, by his very aptitude or adaptability for the work chosen.

De Maupassant's short forms were nowhere in comparison. Even pastels and storiottes were bulky beside his. Thirty of Brevity's words had as much vigor and meaning as an hundred of De Maupassant's. When I say that publishers and book-dealers became furious in their demands for his work, consider the saving of ink, paper, help, wear of machinery, and shelf-room even, and the reason is evident. Brevity became the rage, the fashion of the hour, the idol of the period; and dudes and dilettantes took his — what shall I call them? not stories nor sketches, but shreds, to the seaside or to the mountains with them, there to extract, by the powers of apt and expansive imagination, the ten thousand varied meanings which clustered about his every letter and syllable.

And the more Brevity's manuscripts were in demand, the more his work sold, the harder and more constant was his toil.

Then Byron, who awoke with his Childe to find himself famous, was not a circumstance in comparison with Brevity. Brevity's photos, taken at different periods, from the time when he was one month and five days old to the time when he was thirty-two years, sixteen days and five hours old, were copied and sold everywhere; gilt, mahogany, walnut, leather, and shell, and Kensington art, even, framed them about.

His great work: "Pennings" — its first edition of two hundred thousand copies was contracted for in advance; its second lasted but five days, after reaching the public; and its third was swept in by the hungry horde in just three days, thirteen hours, and thirty-eight minutes by the watch. Metaphorically speaking, Brevity's work was as the five oceans in a saucer; for, with sprightly and ample imagination, the reader could see (elaborating the comparison) the cables underneath, the ships riding the waves, the sailors on board the vessels, and the storms vexing the vast surface into foam.

Brevity is — and I am just in from a visit to his rooms; and what do you suppose reader, I found there? — Really? Nothing less than a Ms. three-decker novel.

Astonished, I exclaimed at sight of it, "Why, Brevity!" all the while eyeing the work much as a woman would a toad or a spider.

"Let me tell you," said Brevity, with a warning

finger in the air as he approached within whispering range, (his announcement too momentous to voice audibly,) "I am not so brief as I look, as my name indicates, as my writings hitherto have revealed me to be. I got a pointer on my uncle's farm when a boy. Uncle would sheep-farm, then suddenly he would plow and sow, then again as suddenly 't was colts or horned cattle; or back again to sheep. And

I overheard him say to a friend: 'Ef ye warnt a good bank account, ye must feel the commercial pulse, the pulse of trade, an' kalkilate when to change; 'deed, ye must.'

Brevity's great gift?—Likely it is the hint of shrewdness his uncle gave him about knowing when to change; yet we will reserve judgment, and await the outcome of his three-decker novel.

Duane Morley.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Hittell's History of the Mental Growth of Mankind.¹

THIS work would be entitled more appropriately, "A History of the World in Ancient Times." For, in effect, it affords us something far above a simple intellectual diversion. It has been said that Plutarch refers to some two hundred and fifty authors in his various volumes, whose works he had read and quoted. But Mr. Hittell must have perused with careful and methodical accuracy the writings of more than twice this number of authors, and from many of them culled flowers to be bound into the everlasting bouquet that he offers to our mental delectation. In turn he presents each of the nations of antiquity, and gives clearly, though in a manner somewhat too dry and terse, a rapid resumé of their laws, customs, religions, and national as well as individual life. For the savages of the Andaman Islands and Arctic latitudes, as well as the semi-civilized Egyptians and Assyrians, he displays equal erudition and makes equally just deductions. The volumes are not profound nor especially convincing in many of the author's conclusions, but they are wonderfully recondite and interesting. And yet that interest is of such a character as one finds in an encyclopedia rather than in a romance. Some of the historical statements are not verities; for though Mr. Hittell quotes his author, yet "must good reasons give way to better ones," and one obscure writer as in his statement of the career of the Gracchi cannot be upheld against standard historians after whom history has taken a different averment. He is coldly logical, and indeed scientifically didactic in his diagnosis of the various religions, especially Christianity. One can readily observe that the author's love for concrete truth has carried him beyond those boundaries imposed by Christ upon his believers.

¹ A History of the Mental Growth of Mankind in Ancient Times. Vols. 4. By John S. Hittell. Henry Holt & Company: New York: 1893.

It is said that a French nobleman early in this century wrote a history of the French Revolution, consisting entirely of quotations from ancient and classic Latin authors. We should fancy that even this enormous labor did not exceed the time and toil of Mr. Hittell in the preparation of his contribution to the world's library. It is a pity that he did not bestow more attention upon his style, and while not asking more diffuseness, we should have remembered it still more kindly if it were not so deadly monotonous,—if it possessed some sprightliness in the sentences. But, all in all, the volumes are a remarkable example of study and application, and will rank, to students, among reliable and faithful text books of history.

The Book of the Fair.²

PARTS Nine and Ten of the great *Book of the Fair* must delight the farmer's heart; for with the exception of half a chapter that finishes up the wonders of the Palace of Mechanic Arts, and half a chapter that opens the marvels of the Electricity Building, it is entirely given up to the exhibits of the Agricultural Building. There are one hundred and sixty half-tone illustrations, not counting eight full-page ones on this section alone. Every State from little Rhode Island to great Texas has been done full justice, both in description, text, and illustrations; while the foreign nations from Johore, the smallest of them all, to the great nations of Europe have not been slighted or overlooked in any particular. Nothing seems to have been forgotten.

One is almost as much amazed at the amount of work, care, and expense, taken with this great souvenir of the Exposition, as one is at the Exposition itself. There are fifteen numbers yet to come of the popular edition to complete the thousand pages promised, and the reader that has followed its course from the

² The Book of the Fair, Parts IX-X. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. The History Company: San Francisco and Chicago: 1894.

moment it began with the introductory history on the Fairs of the past and the evolution of the Exposition, down to the tenth number, cannot avoid the impression that he is poring over the brilliant pages of some illustrated volume of romance. The author was wise in not trying to force his great book on the attention of the public the moment the gates of the White City closed. He has rather waited until all the lesser works and newspaper souvenir publications have been lost sight of, before offering his work to those who may wish to possess a memorial that does not shame their most gilded recollections of the Fair.

Crawford's *Katharine Lauderdale*.¹

THE author of Mr. Isaacs, *Saracinesca*, and *Zoroaster*, continues to turn out a novel a month with the regularity of clockwork. The more he writes the thinner he gets. In the entire two volumes of his latest—*Katharine Lauderdale*—there are several good passages and one or two interesting episodes, but the bulk of the book is as commonplace as the record of any five days may be expected to be in the bosom of the "Four Hundred." The reader that makes it a point to attempt everything Mr. Crawford writes, regardless of its merit, is advised to skip through the first volume and half of the second. A hazy idea of this part is all that is needed to make one appreciate, and to a mild extent enjoy, the last half of the last volume, which is a minute account of a tippy fit of the hero on his wedding day. This "naughty" hero, John Ralston, is interesting as a study in conscience,—he cannot tell a lie, but he does not scruple to sink his mother's income in Manhattan cocktails at the club. The heroine, Katharine Lauderdale, of the great house of the Lauderdals of New York, is a neurotic female, who is bound to get married in spite of papa and mamma Lauderdale. She has a secret marriage with the said John Ralston against John's will.

In the last chapter of this chronicle of five days we are referred to a volume that may be expected in another month relating how the secret marriage developed and how the Four Hundred took it.

One goes all through the book expecting something to happen. Nothing ever does happen, except the promise that the exciting narrative will be "continued in our next."

Mr. Crawford should take a vacation,—go back to India, Italy, Timbuctoo, anywhere,—hibernate for a couple of years, and charm the world with another Mr. Isaacs or its continuation.

Jack Hamlin *Redivivus*.²

BRET HARTE'S latest book of short stories — and he publishes only short stories now — is not marred

¹*Katharine Lauderdale*. By F. Marion Crawford. Two volumes. Macmillan & Co. New York and London: 1894.

²*A Protégée of Jack Hamlin's, and Other Stories*. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1894.

by any of the singular slips as to California places and local color that have crept into many of his later tales. Perhaps it is because of the first story, the name-story, that the Pacific critic is disposed to look upon this volume with gentle eye. Convinced though we may be that the prototype of Jack Hamlin was far other than the romantic figure Mr. Harte has made of him, Jack Hamlin is still a name to conjure with. In his present appearance the irresistible gambler is no whit the worse for the years that ought to have given him discretion. He is still swift in action as in thought, swayed by strange whims, ready to intrigue with a married woman, and yet gravely solicitous for the reputation of a foolish school-girl who has almost compromised herself when he first meets her. No sense of the unreality of Jack Hamlin haunts the reader,—that is a matter of cold after-reasoning. While he reads the magic of the master, weaves itself about him, and unresistingly he follows the magician's will, accepts as true that which never was, and admires that which is really not admirable. For Bret Harte's skill as a wielder of language suffers no loss with time, and we who have many times felt its power all the more readily yield to its hypnotizing spell.

Almost as good as the first story is its successor, "An Ingenue of the Sierras." Gentlemanly gamblers have gone to their own place out of the ken of the ordinary Californian,—this is no reflection on the Midwinter Fair authorities,—but the man that holds up stages still figures in the daily press. There are still men in the Sierra and Coast mountains (there are two or three that drive from the one town of Ukiah) who can handle a stage-load of passengers by a genial autocratic manner, with as much ease as they twirl the silk around the high leader's left ear,—even as well as could Yuba Bill in the brave days of old.

But the Ingenue herself,—are there any more like her? That is more doubtful. It is even doubtful if there ever did exist any real prototype of the Bret Harte woman. Perhaps our modern Eva Evanses come as near to the Ingenue as any woman that Mr. Harte ever saw,—except in his mind's eye.

The remaining four stories average well up with those in any of Mr. Harte's later books. Each leaves a distinct impression on the mind as a complete picture, which is a good deal to say for the modern short story.

The Raiders.³

THE lovers of dialect may enjoy Mr. Crockett's last novel, but it is dialect with a vengeance,—a dialect that is as good as the puzzle column in a children's magazine, or a problem in analytics. For three hundred and fifty-two pages, the reader, if he does not faint by the wayside, wades through a mass of Scotch brogue that is almost as unintelligible as Sanskrit. The story, which the author announces as "being some passages in the life of John Faa, Lord

³*The Raiders*. By S. R. Crockett. Macmillan & Co.: New York and London: 1894.

and Earl of Little Egypt," is rather the narration of a series of wild raids and murders by the outlaws and smugglers of the Scottish coast in the year 17—, as told by one Patrick Heron, of Galloway, in English "as she was spoke" at that time.

A few excerpts from this remarkable book may whet the appetite of the lover of dialect stories:—

"The teuch tow-rape an' the weary wuddy hae gotten ye at the hinder ends."

"He had a voice like a wean I yince kenned."

"So I gaed back a kennin', an' gied a bit hoast i my throat and syne cam' ben."

Sweet May Mischief, the only daughter of the old Scotch freebooter, Maxwell, is the one character that appeals to the uninitiated novel reader. Her fiery little temper, tender womanly actions, brave, sweet spirit, and coy love-making, form a bright picture that stands out all the stronger for its setting of uncouth phrases and tiresome twaddle.

The Holy Cross.¹

THE eleven little tales collected under the title of *The Holy Cross* are a charming reminder that all the stories have not been told. They are filled with the quaint sweetness which endears Eugene Field to thousands of readers. His story of the Holy Cross attaches a new and strange interest to the world-renowned Colorado mountain that bears the snowy simulacrum on its bleak sides. It is the weird, ever interesting story of the Wandering Jew retold in a new setting. The old myth becomes interesting once more, and the symbolic mountain surrounded by a new glamor; for underneath its sacred emblem the outcast and pariah finds rest at last after his centuries of wandering in the old world and the new. As the Lord placed the rainbow in the sky as a sign that there should be no more floods, so he placed a cross on the side of a mountain to mark the last resting place of the man that reviled him on his way to Calvary.

"White and majestic it lies where God's hands have placed it, and its mighty arms stretch forth as in a benediction upon the fleeting dust beneath."

¹The Holy Cross and Other Tales. By Eugene Field: Stone & Kimball. Cambridge and Chicago, 1893.

"The Rose and the Thrush," "The Seal Wife," and "Mistress Merciless," are children's stories that only grown-up children can really understand, while "Methuselah" and "Daniel and the Devil" are filled with a quiet, genial humor that brings a laugh close on the tears that came with "The Touch in the Heart." Tears and smiles, Mother Goose and philosophy, mingle in such charming abandon that if one tries to read the little book from cover to cover in one sitting he will find himself fairly bewildered by the versatility of its author. Each story is so delicate, so evanescent, that its reading is its only true review.

Books Received.

Holy Cross and other Tales. By Eugene Field. Cambridge and Chicago: Stone & Kimball: 1894.

Sir Frances Bacon's Cipher Story. By O. O. Owen, M. D. Detroit, Mich.: Howard Pub. Co.: 1894.

The Wilson Tariff Monstrosity. Speech of Hon. J. M. Mitchell. 1894.

For Love of God. By Marie Walsh. New York: Mascot Pub. Co.: 1894.

Dramatic Poems. By William Enriken Bailey. Philadelphia: Published by the Author: 1894.

Conquest of Death. By Abbot Kinney. New York: Published by the Author: 1893.

Johnny Quickstep's Whaling Voyage. By Geo. Paul Goff. San Francisco: Published by the Author: 1894.

A Modern Love Story. By Harriet E. Orcutt. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co.: 1894.

Apprentices to Destiny. By Lily A. Long. New York: Merrill & Baker: 1894.

The Gun Bearer. By E. A. Robinson and G. A. Wall. New York: Robert Bonner's Sons: 1894.

Bill Nye's History of the United States. By Bill Nye. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.: 1894.

Geological Notes on the Sierra Nevada. H. W. Turner. Washington, D. C.: Published by the Author: 1894.

Sebastian. By Chas. Wells Moulton. Buffalo: Published by the Author: 1894.

Slav and Moslem. J. Milliken Napier Brodhead. Aiken, S. C.: Aiken Pub. Co.: 1894.



THE BOOK OF THE FAIR

BY HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT



THE Columbian Exposition at Chicago marks an epoch in the world's history. It stands as a mile-stone of progress, a delineation of what man can do at his best, **a picture of civilization** at the close of the 19th century. As such, this grand display of the nations will be studied with ever increasing interest as the years go by. But how can the Exposition of 1893 be studied, when already the exhibits are removed and the White City is being razed to the ground? It is a little remarkable that, notwithstanding all that has been written and printed on the subject, there remains to-day **but one source** of full, complete, and correct information. We



would emphasize this statement, and challenge dispute, that not only in **The Book of the Fair** alone is justice done to the display, but it is the only work extant that pretends to reproduce in print and pictures the Columbian Exposition, and



preserve and present the same in all its beauty and entirety.

What is **The Book of the Fair**? It is a work comprising 1,000 imperial folio pages, printed on the finest enamelled paper, and issued in 25 parts, of 40 pages each, at \$1 a part. For its accomplishment, it was found necessary to establish in the city of Chicago a new and special manufactory, putting in a half-tone plant which could make finer plates than any in the United States. Gathered at the editorial and publication offices were artists, sketchers, etchers, photographers, and engravers, the very best that could be obtained from every quarter. The result was a book **superior to any** which had ever before been made.



The text is by Hubert H. Bancroft, and is pronounced perfect, both as to scope and diction.

It is indeed a great work. There are some **2,500 superb pictures**, many a full page in size. A chapter on **Fairs of the Past**, illustrated by typical groups of various times and places, and world's fairs, from the London Crystal Palace of 1851, to the Paris Exposition of 1889, is followed by a brief

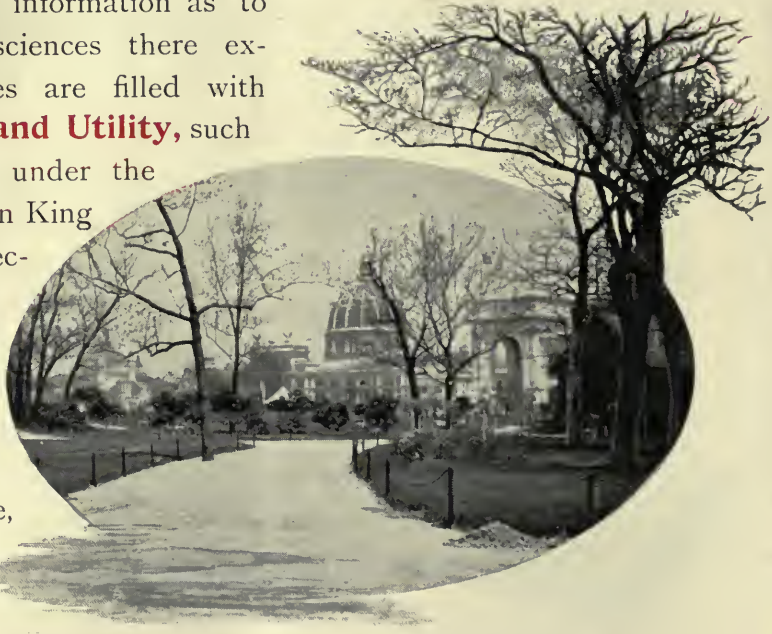




sketch of Chicago as one of the **Wonders of the Exposition**; after which comes the **Evolution of the Exposition**, with accounts of site, plan, artificers and organization; treated in the most generous spirit and entertaining manner. Then come grounds and surroundings; buildings, exterior and interior; in a word, the Fair itself, of which of course the great body of the book is made up, much space and special attention being given to **Exhibits and Exhibitors**.

The work presents all the **Features of the Fair**, artistic and industrial—paintings and statuary, and the marvellous contents of the halls of Manufactures, Electricity, Transportation, Machinery, Mining, Agriculture, Horticulture, Forestry, and Fisheries, besides valuable information as to the industries and sciences there exemplified. The pages are filled with

Scenes of Beauty and Utility, such as the fern mountain under the great dome, the room in King Ludwig's palace, the electric tower of light, the picturesque street in Cairo, the queen of England's tapestry, the French pavilion, the Dahomey village, the battle-ship, the





Turkish minaret, tower and mosque, and **ten thousand more.** Finally there are the chapters on state and foreign exhibits as contained in separate buildings; on the Midway

plaisance; on congresses, incidents, awards, and results; all these presenting the picture of the Fair as never before it was presented and never again can be; for now the time is past when another publication might have been prepared on such an elaborate scale. Yet, elaborate as it is, the reader of **The Book of the Fair** cannot avoid the impression that he is poring over the brilliant pages of some illustrated volume of romance.

To the entertainment and instruction of the people of all ages and places this book is as the Fair to civilization, a summary of the best efforts of mankind. Further, the Exhibition is but for a moment, while the **Book is for all time,** and should be in every household.



There is in course of publication an **edition de luxe** of **The Book of the Fair,** large margin, with 100 original etchings, photogravures, and colored reproductions of water colors and oil paintings of World's Fair scenes by world-renowned artists, particulars concerning which will be furnished application.

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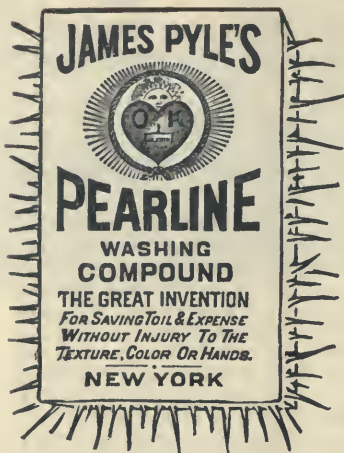
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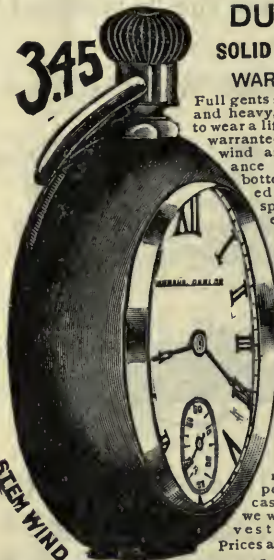
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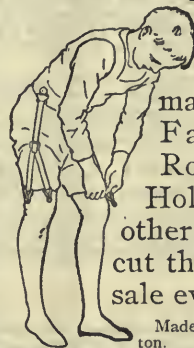
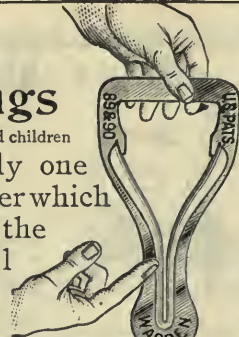
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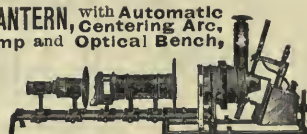


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CONTENTS OF RECENT OVERLANDS.

APRIL.

- As Talked in the Sanctum, *Rounsevelle Wildman.*
Some Architectural Effects, *Edwards Roberts.* With 10 illustrations.
Education at the Midwinter Fair, *Thomas R. Bacon.*
The Wild and Woolly at the Fair, *Ninetta Eames.* With 21 illustrations.
Midwinter Fair Congresses, *Bernard Moses.*
Some Breadwinners of the Fair, *Elizabeth S. Bates.* With 17 illustrations.
The Lighting of the Fair, *W. F. C. Hasson.*
Is the Midwinter Fair a Benefit? *James D. Phelan.*
Agriculture and Horticulture at the Midwinter Fair, *Charles Howard Shinn.*
Impressions of the Art Display, *J. A. Stanton.* With 8 illustrations.
The Mineral Exhibit, *Edward H. Benjamin.*
Going With the Swim, *Phil Weaver, Jr.* With 8 illustrations.
Russia at the Fair, *Nathan M. Babad,* With 4 illustrations.
The Violets, *Sylvia Lawson Covey.*
Bulullicoo. Chapters VI-XIV. *Charles E. Brimblecom.*
Awakening, *Albert W. Smith.*
Etc. and Book Reviews.
-

HE NEW BANK BUILDING OF THE SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, which was occupied by the officers of the Bank on Monday, April 30th, is worth more than a passing mention, both on account of its perfect adaptability for its intended purposes of a bank and office building, and the fact that it is the best exponent and the most faithful adherent to the Greek Mediaeval style of architecture in the city,—its general architectural appearance being almost perfect.

The San Francisco Savings Union was incorporated and commenced business in 1862, at 513 California street; a few years later the premises at the corner of California and Webb Sts. were purchased, and from that time until the old building was demolished, about a year ago, to make room for the present imposing structure, it was used by them for banking purposes. During the process of construction of the present building the Savings Union occupied the old Wells, Fargo Bank building, cor. of California and Sansome streets.

Their new structure, which covers a lot 63 feet on California by 120 on Webb street, is built of Rocklin granite and pressed brick, with ornamental trimmings of terra cotta; the entrances to bank and offices are of colored marble. The building has six stories, with a high, well lit basement. The lower floor is entirely occupied for banking purposes; the upper (sixth) floor has been leased in its entirety to the Bar Association; and the other floors are to be used as offices, for which they are well arranged and a number already occupied.

The interior finishing and decoration of the building is exceedingly chaste, the entire absence of any gaudy or vulgar display being noticeable. The bank proper, which is arranged entirely for the comfort and convenience of its patrons, is fitted throughout with curly and bird's-eye maple, the frescoing of the walls and ceiling blending admirably with the light woodwork; the upper floors, the entrance to which is marble, and which are reached by a modern fast-running elevator, are finished in antique oak. The rooms are light, airy, and sunny, are fitted with steam heaters, and lit by electricity from a plant in the basement.

The building is a credit to the architect who designed it, and to the Savings Union whose business policy for over thirty years has endeared it to tens of thousands of depositors, and made it one of our leading financial institutions.

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CONTENTS OF RECENT OVERLANDS—Continued.

MAY.

As Talked in the Sanctum, *Rounsevelle Wildman.*

Egypt Today, *Jeremiah Lynch.* With 6 illustrations.

The Daughter of Pharaoh to Bohemia, *Charles Warren Stoddard.* Illustrated.

El Paisano, Enemy of the Rattlesnake, *Thomas N. Moyle.*

The Point of View, *Jeanie W. Dougherty.*

Palmistry in China and Japan, *Stewart Culin.* With 8 illustrations.

The Collie in Mendocino, *Lulu McNab.* With 6 illustrations.

In Passing, *Bertha T. Bradley.*

The Nicaragua Canal :—I. Military Advantages to the United States, *Frank L. Winn.* Illustrated. II. The Political Aspect, *W. L. Merry.*

Outward and Visible Signs.—The Most Noble Conquest of Man, *Frank Norris.* Illustrated.

Love's Imagery, *J. Edmund V. Cooke.*

King Solomon's Mines, *Rounsevelle Wildman.* With 4 illustrations.

The Chinese Six Companies, *Fong Kum Ngon (Walter N. Fong.)*

More Rambles on the Midway, *Cecil Hammerton.* With 11 illustrations.

Bulullicoo, concluded, *Charles E. Brimblecom.*

A Relic of the Missions, *Edward Hulme.*

The Enchanted Mountains, *Kate P. Sieghold.*

Some Books of Verse. Etc. Book Reviews.



HERE is no more pleasant way of spending a short vacation than for a number of friends to join together in a social jaunt throughout the country. This method has been in vogue in Europe, and is participated in by the titled and wealthy classes. Such jaunts are usually through sections which offer special points of interest, and beautiful bits of scenery.

In this State, and particularly in the northern part, the country and the climate are particularly adapted for these social jaunts. The San Francisco and North Pacific Railway runs through Marin, Sonoma, Russian River, Sanel, and Ukiah valleys. In the valleys and throughout the mountains are many resorts at which are found health-giving mineral springs. At this season Nature is at her best; the mountains are covered with verdure, the valleys are green, and the orchards are in bloom.

This Company offers special inducements to parties of this description. They will make out routes through any part of the country on the line and tributary to the road, and for any number of days desired. Any description of trip, based on diversity of scenery or other consideration, can be secured. They will furnish a ticket that will cover all expenses from the departure from San Francisco to the return to it. Part of the way will be on the railroad, and part throughout the most beautiful parts of Northern California, in finely equipped stages, with short rides and frequent stops so as to avoid fatigue.

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49TH SEMI-ANNUAL
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(SAVINGS AND COMMERCIAL BANK)

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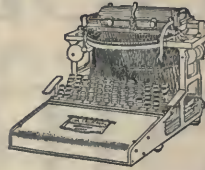
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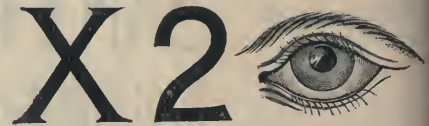
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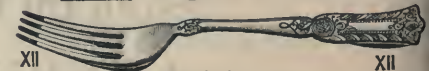
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