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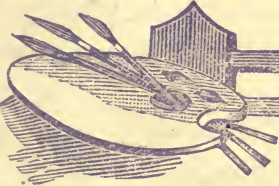
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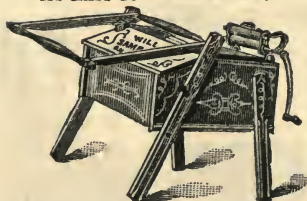
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A CRESCENT AND A CROSS.

BY BABEK.

CHAPTER I.

AT LATHROP JUNCTION.

"O heaven, that we might read the book of fate;
But if it were seen, the happiest youth,
Viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book and set him down and die."

"Lathrop!" shouted the conductor, as the west-bound train came to a halt.

"Twenty minutes for dinner!"

Instantly a stream of human life bearing upon its bosom men, women and children poured from the crowded carriage and flowed along the platform.

Eight years ago. How short and yet how long a span of life has been crowded into these few years! It seems but yesterday that a young, hearty voice said "Bon voyage" to a friend, and the owner, turning, walks into the hotel and, lighting his cigar, stands at a window in thoughtful mood.

Not a handsome man, surely, hardly good-looking perhaps, were the items nose, eyes, etc., to be summed up, and the perfect ones balanced against the less fortunate features. And yet, as memory lingers fondly on the almost boyish face, her skillful fingers paint a picture strangely fair and true to life.

As he stands near the open window, the dark crimson curtains falling just behind, form a canopy above and a back-ground to the figure.

A fair face with a broad, full brow, free from every line of care; merry blue eyes that laughed more often than the tremulous lips which were pouted just enough to show the perfect teeth.

It is well for the beauty of the face that these were perfect, for the mouth is too large and the lips too thin. A square-cut mouth, which, with its straight lines, should according to rule, indicate firmness; but there lurked about the corners a trembling

curve that swept the idea of firmness entirely from the study.

The sunshine, slanting through the window, rested on the crimson folds above him and threw a shower of red-gold beams upon his head, crowned by its wreath of golden wings. Short, clustering curls that shaded his singularly white face.

So Will Carew looked when I saw him first, eight years ago.

But when I met him yesterday he had grown old and world-weary.

As I have sketched him he stood in the calm, autumn sunset thinking over his future, as far as it had been placed in his hands.

Rae Carlton, his friend and self-constituted guardian, stood near.

"Will, since you are so determined in your desire to remain here for another year, I have made up my mind to concede your wish and let you choose for yourself."

"You have always been too indulgent to me, old fellow," said Will, with a shade of earnestness in his voice beyond what the ordinary words would seem to warrant. "But I do not want to go to New York now."

"Consider that settled, then. Now let us go to dinner." And with the elegant ease and grace that was a part of every movement of his life, Rae Carlton led the way to the dining-hall.

The difference between the two men was as strongly marked as if one had first seen light neath the sunny skies of Italy and the other mid the snows of the north.

When youth had brightened the large, clear-cut features, and the light of happiness shone in the dark gray eyes, he might have been handsome. But now sorrow and care had drawn their merciless lines

across his massive brow, while habit, or continual bitterness and cynicism, had made deep furrows between the eyes, knitting the dark brows together with an unpleasant scowl. The face was free from beard save a heavy brown mustache that shaded but did not hide the firm, closely shut mouth. The lips were too full for symmetrical beauty, as in fact, were all the features of the face. I cannot paint it. My pen fails its cunning when I try to tell of that rugged, noble face; a face for all to trust, and for some to adore; a face with a man's true heart behind it, whose noble soul looked out through the deep, earnest eyes. As the two men walked through the halls, the slight form of Will Carew seemed almost diminutive beside the stalwart frame of his friend, whose square shoulders supported the large, full chest and arms with inimitable ease and grace.

The whole physique of the man was grand, and a nobler heart no man possessed.

How carefully closed is the book of the future! Each leaf is so securely fastened down, until the morrow's sun opens the clasp, that we may not even lift a corner to see whether it be written or a blank. Are they blank? Pure, white, and spotless blanks, these leaves of our future? blanks to be handed in their purity, to the recording angel, as each day of our life closes; to be filled by him as the sun rises on each to-morrow? Do we not fill these blanks, dictating to-day by our own acts, our own day-life, the lesson to be written for to-morrow?

Each one of us holds his fate in his own hands. The great Giver has given to each the power to work out his own fame or failure, fortune or poverty, salvation or eternal ruin.

We all have the same bright, beautiful world to labor in. If the heart be true, the soul pure, and the hands willing, there is plenty of good for all.

"Sculptors of life are we, as we stand
With our lives uncarved before us."

And yet thousands rush on daily to their fate, as reckless and heedless as if they did not hold the chisel.

Blindly, as thousands of us are continually doing, Will Carew walked to meet the turning-point of his whole future, and

when he went down to his dinner that clear, autumn afternoon, he went headlong to his fate.

Not to his fate—if "fate" means that the hand of Providence must crush out the spark of life it has kindled—but he went to his future destiny and life.

According to the "Word," woman was thought necessary to the happiness and well-being of man, and therefore, God created her. In the world's great arena we find this true in part only.

The lives of some men are controlled by women; but by far the largest per cent of them never yield the scepter.

On the other hand, a woman's fate depends almost wholly upon man. Cry against it as ye will, my strong-minded sister, there never was a woman whose life was not at one time, is now, or will be ruled by that of a man.

Man may, in his supreme selfishness, go beyond the pale of domestic happiness and seek the pleasures of life in the circles of society or the fields of labor.

But a girl enters life and grows into womanhood for the one purpose of being a wife and mother. If she fails in this, she fails in the work her Creator destined her, and must be content to know that she has missed her life and must now do the best she can.

But in her life there is a blank that can not be filled. If the fault is her own she atones for it in herself, for every true woman yearns for the caress of baby fingers just so surely as the woman heart holds the priceless jewel of mother-love.

But if a man is to blame, his recording angel writes more ore of the darkest pages; for the life of a woman is God's fairest jewel.

There are moments in our lives, when young and in the freedom of youth, that seem to us, in after life, to be the turning point of existence; moments when, all unknown, the future hangs over us, ready to drop gold or dross into the balance that is weighing out our portion of good or ill.

Such a moment had come to Earle Elberton as she hesitated between duty and pleasure, while the car, which she had just left was making ready to start; and, choosing duty, remained standing on the platform, letting the opportunity for resisting

fate, at least once, slip from her with the moving train. Just as she left home with a party of friends who were to spend some weeks in the Metropolis, Earle had received an urgent message from an old friend to visit her, if possible, at once. The letter was dated at Lathrop, and being from one who had once been among the wealthy ones, but now was bed-ridden and poverty-stricken, it was earnest in its pleadings.

With a heart ever ready to respond to the calls of the needy, Earle could not resist the prayer, and, bidding adieu to her friends, determined to visit the writer.

Finding that Mrs. Raymond lived some miles from the station, and that it would be impossible for her to go there until next day, she determined to adapt herself to circumstances and at once entered the hotel.

"Rae, who is that lady at the farther end of the last table to the right?"

Rae Carlton turned slightly and glanced in the direction indicated.

He started visibly as his eyes fell on the slender figure in its traveling costume of dark olive.

"I do not see any one we know," he replied, striving in vain to appear at ease.

"I mean the one with the green dress and beautiful hair. I am going to find out. Come, our time promises to hang heavily while we wait here, and what better to while away an hour than to cultivate as charming a woman as the fair unknown. She is no country damsel, I'll be bound. Who knows, but my Lord paramount may lose his heart yet. By Jove, it would be a lucky thing for the girl who ever she was," continued the young fellow earnestly, looking at the bronzed face before him with something akin to worship. "Ah, that rare and almost forgotten phase of love, a man's true friendship for a man. It is lost in the struggles for fame and the ceaseless worship of Mammon."

Just the faintest ghost of a smile played around the mouth of Rae Carlton. Only a smile of, the lips, shadowed by a look of pain in the calm gray eyes.

A pain from a deeply hidden sorrow, a wound buried deep in his heart, ever ready to bleed afresh at the sight of the slender figure so near him.

A sorrow all the more bitter that it made

him, with all his stoicism and self-will, a slave to the caprice of a girl.

Only a girl with slender hands and delicate, blue-veined wrists, yet mighty to hold him in spite of himself; he, the stern man of the world, who had sipped life's elixir from the sparkling goblets of wealth held in beauty's hand.

He, who is a leader among his fellow-men, bowed in humble submission to a woman's will.

And what of the girl who meets him as calmly as if a ripple never disturbed the stream within?

Her calmness startles him, and he says, almost audibly: "Has she indeed forgotten the past with its terrible memories? Perhaps, since she was scarce more than a child then; and youth and time are wonderful physicians."

But he received no reply to his thought as the girl rose and quietly left the room.

"Five years ago—how I hate retrospection! I could cry out against a fate that made me stay here to-night to meet him. O, pshaw! how my pulses throb and my very limbs tremble! Will I never get over that folly; never be able to forget the mad, worshipful love of my girlhood? never be able to forget one of the darkest wrongs that ever a head planned or a hand worked out?"

"Ah, well, for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes."

As she repeated the words, a shudder passed over her, and she bent her proud head till her face was hidden by the cushions of her chair.

CHAPTER II.

FACE TO FACE.

"I know not when the day will be,
I know not when our eyes may meet,
What welcome you may give to me.
I know not who the blame should bear
Or who should plead or who forgive,
But when we meet some day, some day
I know not when nor how, only this
That once you loved me, only this, I love,
You know I love you now."

A laugh came wafted on the evening air, and as the well-remembered tones fell on her ear a scornful smile flitted across Earle Ellerton's face and a firm resolution crept into the dark eyes. She is not beautiful this little heroine of mine, only one of our ordinary California girls. But now, in

the fulness of her womanhood, she wins more admiration than could ever be given for mere beauty of coloring or of form. Not a flirt, yet she won all by her winning grace and the matchless purity of her heart. Old and young bowed alike to the spell of her fascination, winning hearts and making friends just as naturally as many of us repel and lose them. Not a beauty, but a lovely and true woman. Perfect features painted with Titian's delicate flush would not do here. A clear, dark face, too pale to have the beauty of the women of the sunny South; a southern face for all that, mouth too large for rose-bud insipidity, yet not out of proportion, framed by lips richly red and perfect in their curves, a trifle too set, perhaps, at the corners. But, with all, lovely lips guarding the rows of large, well-formed teeth. Forehead too high and too broad for a woman, some would say, clear and smooth, save a slight frown at times between the dark arched eyebrows, the whole crowned by rich, dark brown hair that needed not a switch to make it abundant. Trouble had taken the bright, dark flush that tinged her cheek years ago, but it had not dimmed the lustre of the glorious eyes; and now we feel all the power of her witchery.

Wondrous eyes, mild, if needs be, soft brown eyes looking into yours with a wealth of tenderness until you see elysium in their liquid depths or sparkling dark eyes flashing sparks of scorn and disdain from their midnight glory. "O, night and storm and dark, ye are wondrous strong; but lovely in your strength, as the light of a dark eye in woman!"

A plain, dark face, with lips curving into bewildering smiles; eyes moving as such eyes only can; a face usually cheerful and happy; but a close observer would often see a look of pain flit over the sweet lips and sadden for an instant the merry eyes.

But now no trace of grief was to be seen as she raised her head haughtily, stepped out upon the balcony and stood there, while the last rays of the sun shed their glory around her, creeping tenderly over her, kissing her cheek and tinting her gold brown hair.

She had been looking at the past, and had not been over-pleased with her retro-

spect. But her nature was too buoyant to grieve long over the inevitable, and her faith in God too firm not to bow cheerfully to his decree.

Perhaps a weaker woman would have remained out of sight, would have hesitated before she risked meeting in a strange place among strangers the man who had blasted her past and clouded her present and future; he who had breathed the deadly upas of wrong over her pure young life and taught her the lesson of living.

But no thought of shirking the meeting crossed her mind. In spite of it all, in the face of conclusive proofs of his perfidy a feeling of pity, deep and strong took possession of her; pity for the man whom she had most reason to hate of all God's creatures. She had read the story of his terrible heart-struggle in the changed and worn face. How different from the face she had sent from her on that day in the long ago; a day whose moments were so indelibly stamped on memory, that ages, should she live them, could never efface.

Even now her young, hopeful heart grew weary and faint, and clasping her hands she mutely asked for strength to bear the terrible secret she had so long kept hidden in her heart, covering its tomb so completely with a smiling face, and sunny, cheerful disposition, that not even her found parents dreamed of the secret that was eating into the very life of their child.

"Earle, Miss Ellerton." Not so much the words, as the tone, trembling with fear, yet full of intense joy, so infinitely tender that there was a caress in every cadence.

"Mr. Carlton," and after five years they again stood face to face.

"Welcome to California. Your friends had long since begun to think that you had turned Turk, and, lured by the luxurious splendors of the East, were induced to dream away life near the home of Cleopatra, or, perchance, on the shores of the Blue Danube. Some have even accused you of joining to explore the waters of the Nile, tracing the ruins of Thebes, or planning some new theory or discovery for the long dead Babylon."

The voice was clear and cold, and the face as placid as if he were the most ordinary acquaintance. The coolness of the girl surprised him, but it roused his own

pride, and in a voice cool as her own, he answered :

"My friends—save the mark—were, as usual, about half right. I have spent nearly two years wandering over the world; have walked around the pyramids of Gizeh, and stood in mute wonder at the power of man, thinking, even as I gazed, after all—

"Mid the works of man, unparalleled—
Mid God's, how small I
Besides His Alps, the pigmy work of ants—
The mole-hill of a mole."

"I have wandered over the now desolate site of the once wonderful city, and knew in their full meaning the words of the prophet, 'Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah.'

"Growing tired of viewing the wreck of man's ambition, I crossed the Red Sea, climbed the crest of Sinai, and even sought the waters of Lethe in the grand city of Bagdad; skimmed Palestine, Damascus and Smyrna, explored what is left of Ninevah, grew restless amid all, and—here I am."

"I wonder how, just from choice, you could leave such scenes. How could you tear yourself away from Palestine and bid adieu without regret to the treasure-fraught Land of Ham?"

"Well, shall I tell you why? Listen to the homely truth. I was home-sick. This, no doubt, would have been sufficient excuse for one who had left a home behind him; but it is indeed strange that I should long for my native shores," and he laughed a short, unpleasant laugh with no mirth in it.

"But let me ask, ere courtesy makes it impossible, of yourself. No need to ask how the years have used you. Their work has been so delicately done that the tracery of time, which usually takes all the beauty and bloom of youth, has only enhanced yours."

A slight flush rose to her face as she essayed to reply.

"Don't say you can return the compliment," he interrupted. "I hate that fashionable lie."

"I did not intend to say it, for it would not have been true. You are greatly changed, and pardon me, not for the better either."

"Thanks, rather than pardon you. One finds too few candid friends in this world, not to feel grateful for the truth once in a while, even though unpleasant."

"Well, this is the only world of which we have had any experience. The next may suit us still less, so do not rail against it. But you did not give me time to finish. You are looking pretty well, and seem to have enjoyed health during your self-exile."

"Self-exile!" he murmured.

"Yes, I am physically well; but I can read your thoughts, and you are saying, 'The arid suns of Egypt have browned his skin, and bleached his locks, and sundry other causes have seamed his face until it would serve for one of Plutarch's sages or tutors of the dismal ages.'"

Light words, lightly spoken, as void, of meaning to the one who utters them as though spoken in Hindoo.

Yielding to the force of circumstances, they converse generally, neither betraying any sign than that they were long parted acquaintances. How little, how very little we know of each other. When they last met it was at the altar, and almost their last words had been the vows that nearly made them man and wife.

CHAPTER III.

FIVE YEARS AGO.

"This is the very ecstasy of love, that leads the will to desperate undertakings, As oft as any passion under heaven that doth afflict our natures."

The sun rose clear and brightly beautiful on that morn in the long ago. No cloud dimmed the blue dome and no shade crossed the smiling face of Dame Nature. One of those glorious days, when mother earth seems to rejoice from every gladness.

The old church at Sacramento grew less somber in the warm sunlight, and beneath the garlands of flowers that decked every particle of available space.

Presently the ancient walls echo the tread of the throng that fills every pew in its vast bosom. The murmur of suppressed voices is hushed, and a stillness, like death reigns over the living crowd. There is no hush, no stillness, so grand, so imposing, as that which falls at the same instant on thousands of human beings all 'neath one roof, holding them rapt in the

sublimity of the scene. They stand at her altar, she with the glory of the sunbeams around her throwing a halo over her, stopping a moment to light up the face of the stern, yet noble looking man at her side.

A man twice her age, an elegant and wealthy gentleman. But not the man, with his still reticent ways and haughty manners, that you would have chosen for merry Earle Ellerton.

But beneath the bright exterior there was an earnestness beyond her years.

She entered the gay scenes of her life with zest and pleasure; but they did not wholly satisfy the young, ardent mind.

In Rae Carlton she had found a friend and companion, and to herself she had acknowledged his power from their first meeting.

And he grew to idolize the girl in a few short months. One balmy evening driving slowly along the river-side in his elegant carriage he had told her the "old, old story," and she has answered him yes.

The minister pronounced the solemn words of warning to any who should come between, to come now while they were yet twain. Rae Carlton started slightly and grew a trifle pale, looking at his bride as if he would clasp her to his heart, and defy any who should say him nay.

But no one spoke, and the ceremony went on. The responses had all been given and the holy man raised his hand to bless, as a wife, the child he had loved from baby-hood, and pronounced them man and wife—when, suddenly all was commotion. Through the chancel door came a messenger, travel-stained, and breathless with haste. He did not hesitate, but going direct to the bride put a sealed packet into her hand. She would have handed it to one of her attendants, but the messenger caught her hand almost roughly saying, "Do Miss read it yourself and read it now." All was confusion; men started to their feet and women tried to faint.

Rae Carlton would have caught the intruder and put him out, but as he caught sight of the face under the slouch hat he reeled as if from a blow, and his face blanched to a deathly paleness that settled into a stare of hopeless misery.

The calmest one there was the bride herself. Looking up to the good man whose eyes had never left her face, she

said: "Father, will you ask them to be quiet? I will read this and see what it means."

Tearing open the envelope, she took from it a small-sized sheet of paper.

She opened it and read; read words that seemed like words of doom.

Words that parted her forever from the man at her side, making her a widow, but not a wife.

Words so horrible in their possible meaning if they had come too late.

She shuddered with horror to think of the terrible precipice over which she had stood. She read on, and the lines seemed to burn and scorch their words into her very brain.

Then came the end; a wild appeal from the writer to the girl whose hopes she so ruthlessly crushed, a prayer for mercy for the man who had caused it all, and last, the warning, "If you value the life or happiness of your supposed parents, bury this secret in your own breast. The only one who knows the secret of your birth is myself, your wretched mother."

The girl seemed as if turned to stone, and for an instant they feared that reason had fled. But rousing herself and turning to the man, who still stood near, she said in clear, ringing tones that all might hear, "Tell your mistress that I will obey."

Firmly and slowly came the words as if she were registering a vow.

"Father and mother, you heard my words. That was a promise not to speak of the contents of this package to any one, not even to you. I have never broken a promise yet. I gave this one, doing, as I think for the best, but I will retract it if you say so. Or will you help me to keep it, even though it hides a dark secret from you?"

The wife looked at her husband, and her arm held her child close to her heart, while Judge Ellerton, placing his hand on her head, said solemnly, "We will trust our child."

Freeing herself gently, she turned to him who was to have been her husband, was her husband, save for a few unspoken words.

"You know the contents of this but too well. Go, and may God forgive you. I fear I cannot."

He would have replied, but the stern,

white face forbade him. Pointing to the door, she whispered hoarsely, "Go!"

He obeyed her silently, and the crowd, awed by the look of hopeless anguish on his white, drawn face, made room for him as he walked directly from the church.

Earle turned her tearless eyes up to the reverend man who stood looking sadly on her changed face.

"Will you tell them to go? There has been a terrible mistake."

Slowly, almost solemnly, the throng which had gathered with glad hearts and good wishes for the fair girl-bride left the church and the sorrowing woman who was tasting life's wormwood in shattered hopes and broken trust.

CHAPTER IV.

WAS IT RETRIBUTION?

"Better trust all and be deceived,
And weep that trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart that if believed
Had blessed one's life with true believing."

Throwing down his cigar, Will Carew left the reading-room of the hotel and entered the parlor. Hearing Rae's voice he went hither and was introduced to Miss Ellerton. The girl did not notice him as she acknowledged the introduction; she positively did not see him; she could not have told whether he was tall or short, dark or light a moment after if it would have given her a fortune.

And yet, he was to exert a strange and eventful influence over her life.

She had borne sorrow, but that to come was deeper and harder to bear because it added to the burden she now carried.

She had kept her secret in silence for years, but now that fate had thrown Rae Carlton in her way she would ask him to clear this mystery and set her free.

For though she had not taken his name, though the world did not look upon her as his wife, she still wore the ring he had put on her hand, and the lips he had kissed were sacred to him still. Though he had wronged her she could not wrong herself.

The world's opinion mattered but little, if her own pure soul commended her life. Raising her eyes she acknowledged the introduction, and then forgot Will Carew's presence. She was framing the questions she must ask Rae Carlton. Questions that he must answer, even though they

crushed out all the life of her young heart and made her proud head bend with shame. Brave as she was she dreaded the ordeal and wished they had not met.

Not so felt Rae; he had so longed for home, for one glimpse of the well loved face, had yearned so for the clear tones of the voice that had followed him in memory during all the years of his exile. The voice that had cheered him 'on 'mid the snows of the Alps, or soothed him to rest in the shady groves of Florence. He had been in California for weeks, but had not found courage to seek to know anything of her.

He wanted her; his whole heart cried out for her dear presence. And now, after all these years, she was near him. So near that he felt her fragrant breath on his cheek; and yet this cold, stately woman was as far from him as when the Atlantic rolled between.

He knew and felt this intuitively; yet he would drink this one drop of joy and then go out into life again alone. Had she never forgiven him? Never for one instant forgotten the wrong of which he was the unwitting cause?

Surely she did not think he had wronged her knowingly? True, he perhaps should have told her of that other one—the wife of his youth and foolish weakness.

Told her that he believed she had slept beneath the orange blooms of Louisiana years before. But he thought it best not to even cast a shadow on the pure child with that dark tale of the past in that far Southern city.

Had he not suffered too? Suffered the brand of scoundrel to be stamped on his brow? And he had borne it all without one attempt to clear his name among his fellow men, because she willed it so.

And now they had met, and she was as cool and indifferent as if he were some friend of yesterday to be forgotten to-morrow.

"You and Miss Ellerton will have to be good friends, Will, for Miss Ellerton and yourself are both the children of California. And I honestly believe that Californians warm to each other as naturally as the dove to its mate, find them where we may."

"I do not agree with you entirely; but

I am glad that you believe as you do, for such feelings are worthy of you.

"I think, too, that in no place on earth is there a more ready sympathy, a more willing desire to help the children of all States and all nations, than in our own dear land."

"Yes," said Will, "the people of this State are a generous, warm-hearted race, whether they are native born, or only adopted children."

"You are right, Miss Ellerton," said Rae, warmly. "The very clasp of a true-hearted Californian's hand is a cordial welcome. And it is extended alike to Turk, Jew or Atheist."

"Do you claim for us that we are warmer-hearted than the natives of other States?"

"You know you are an alien," and she laughed lightly.

"Yes," he replied, "I do; they are more genial and whole-souled than those of the cold and more phlegmatic north and less gushing than the impulsive Southerner."

"Why is it?"

"Ah, Miss Ellerton, their own open, impulsive hearts, their warm welcoming hands, and free independent ways must tell you that."

"Climate, perhaps?" laughed Carew.

"May be, but I am of the opinion that it is the result of natural causes. We, as a State, are made up of so many different nationalities and localities that it would be an impossibility for us to be other than we are, for if the blood of fiery Patsy flows in our veins, it is toned down by the calm flowing tide of John Bull or the practical, philosophical current of the Teuton.

"Since we are not lecturing for the benefit of any sanitary institutes, I propose a truce." She felt that it was growing late, and had just determined to request him to give her a few moments, when a boy entered the room, one of those, the very cap of which causes one to see countless horrors in the distance.

"A telegram for Miss E. E. Ellerton!" he shouts. The message startled her, she knew not why; but her hand trembled so that she could scarcely open the envelope. She tore it open with trembling fingers and read:

"Your father is seriously injured. Is perhaps dying.
(Signed) DR. NORTON.

She did not faint. She would often say, "I do not believe in women fainting.

There is not one particle of need of it if they will school themselves."

But now the blood forsook her face and her strength seemed to fail her. Dying! Her father, her noble, generous father. The dear parent that she loved as few children love in these days of filial disobedience.

"Take courage, it may not be so bad." Oh the infinite pity and tenderness of the voice!

"When does the next train, going east, pass here?"

"It is due in ten minutes," said a gentleman near, as he consulted his watch.

Earle rose and went to her room, gently but firmly declining all offers of assistance.

She found Will Carew waiting to take her wraps and escort her to the train. She thought Rae would have done this, and that he did not wounded her deeply.

The train drew near and its head-light threw its lurid glare on the platform and its occupants.

"Earle," for the first time he called, thus; and now his voice was calm and decided. "You are alone. It is late and you have a long journey before you. In your present state you are unfit to travel alone. I am going with you."

"No! No!" The words were almost a shriek.

"Calm yourself, Earle, this is not like you."

"Don't torture me, then. Do you think I could bear to go with you now and talk of—of."—The voice died away in a sob; for the true heart that had needed all its strength to bear one sorrow alone for years was ready now to yield to this new and crushing one.

"Earle, can you think that I could give a thought to self now? No; I shall go as a friend to protect and care for you as best I may.

"If I do not go in company with you I shall go on the train to watch over and protect you till you are safe at home."

With quiet strength he took her hand and drew it gently through his arm. Its coldness chilled him even through her glove, and he looked hastily into her face.

"Yes, you may go; it is better so."

The train rolled on. To one passenger it seemed but to creep.

Moments were hours, and hours were ages.

Sitting there beside the man who had darkened the glory of her morning sun and left the noonday o'ercast with clouds of doubt and pain.

He had held her life in the palm of his hand so carelessly that the first breeze of trouble wafted it from him.

Man-like, continually plucking from the wayside the flowers that blossom there, gathering and holding them tenderly for a while as something lovely and divine, then blowing the foul breath of deceit upon them, tarnish their purity and stifle their fragrance, and, casting them from them, they go to new fields to gather fresh blossoms from the parent stem.

Attempting to sip honey from every flower till all the sweetness is squeezed out of life, they die rogues at last.

Pure white, spotless as thistledown, is a girl's fair youth; just as light and delicate as its feathery petals, which but a breath destroys and leaves but the ugly calyx.

The hours wore on and the journey was nearly over.

By no word or look had Rae sought to remind her of the past.

On the contrary, he had led her to talk of other scenes and other lands, describing them with all the magic of his skill.

The words of the fatal letter seemed scorching on her brain: "If you value the life of your supposed parents, remain silent."

For five long years she had obeyed and no trouble had come. But to-day, when she had sought to break the spell and find the missing link in the mystery that surrounded her life, that dread message came.

She shuddered, and Rae seeing it, asked if she was cold.

"No, only at heart. When I attempted to talk of the past I was flying in the face of Providence. Now I must reap the harvest of my sin. O God! have mercy and spare him!" Heavy broken sobs shook her form and went keenly to the pitying heart at her side.

"Earle, don't give way. You have been so brave. You will find him better. Your heavenly Father in his infinite mercy will spare the life you so value."

"But Rae, to think that I, by my own

foolish folly in seeking to know more of the secret of my life, I have done this; oh, it is terrible!"

"I did not think this of you, Earle. Surely you do not think it retribution?"

"It would seem so. I have never made mention of even a name connected with that time until to-night."

The ponderous engine groaned and shrieked as it drew its serpent-like train into the station at Sacramento. The journey was ended and they were to part.

Was it forever? It rested with herself, for though he loved her with every fibre of his nature, he was as proud as herself, and would never come an unbidden guest. He treated her now with the same consideration that he would give to any woman across the blue ocean did some friend chance to place a helpless stranger in his care.

Whatever he might seem to Earle Ellerton and her friends, no matter how much appearances were against him, Rae Carlton was the greatest of noblemen—a true gentleman, a man with no cowardly fear in his nature and one who could meet success or failure with equal fortitude, a man with a heart to feel for others' woes, to defend their wrongs and doubt their sins, to assist their sorrows and to hide his own under the mask of indifference lest they wrong the heart of a friend. Verily a gentleman.

He would have sacrificed his fortune to its last dollar, laid every moment of the future at the feet of destiny and shrunk not from passing instantly into the great beyond, if he could have known the thought of her heart for him. How far he had wrecked her life! He could not hope that she loved him still, and yet a fierce, wild pain shot through his heart when he thought of her loving another.

But he would sooner part with his good right arm than wound, even by the slightest touch, the sore heart that was doubly sacred to him in its grief.

Not so with Earle. She could have talked with him now if she could forget the words of the fatal letter.

The steam stopped. As they stepped out upon the platform Rae called to the driver of the carriage to come nearer.

"You are coming, too?"

The tone was so pleading that, despite

its sadness, it made his heart give a joyous bound.

"Certainly, if you wish it. I had intended riding with your driver until you were home."

"Do you think so meanly of me, Rae Carlton, as to believe that I would receive your proffered protection and then turn you adrift as soon as I was safe? I would not do that to the poorest stranger that might afford me assistance, much less——"

"No, Miss Ellerton, do not say it. A stranger might claim courtesy, or even kindness, at your hands, but what should I expect?"

"But forgive me; I do not intend to refer to the past or add one tithe to your trouble," he said.

"Go on. You cannot make it harder."

"Earle!" The name was full of tender memories for her as he uttered it, for no other lips had ever spoken it as his did. "I can claim no place even in your friendship, yet I have traveled thousands of miles to look upon your face and hear your voice.

"I have done both, and now I shall go out again into the world, a lonely, bitter man. I leave you now, and if we meet again, save as strangers, it must be at your own will."

"Rae!" and the voice that had been cold and firm since they met grew tender as it uttered the loved name, which until to-day had not passed her lips for years.

"Perhaps I, too, was wrong, too ready to believe and unwilling to forgive. It has been the bitterest part to believe you capable of such wrong and deceit."

"Tell me, Earle, of the crime with which I am charged. I never asked it before. Tell me now and let me clear myself, at least, to you."

"I cannot tell you. My lips are sealed by a power greater than my will. You and I must wait."

"Earle, my darling, my darling, forgive me! I am but human, and your words hold some hope of the future. Is there hope? Though it be for years I will wait."

"Rae, this is neither time nor place for such scenes. But listen; five years ago I went out from the altar where we stood, vowing to hate you, and if fate ever gave me permission, to get revenge for the dread-

ful wrong you would have done. I have since learned to think of you as an erring brother. As such I forgive you freely; but no more; never anything more. Don't hope for it."

"Perhaps you know best," and the words came wearily, as if the strong heart had staked all in a vain hope. "We are here now; before we part, perhaps forever, I want to tell you one thing to remember in the future, whatever you may have done in the past. I never intentionally or deliberately wronged you. There is some hidden crime with which I am charged; but since it is not your will to tell me, I shall not coerce you, but wait until you see fit to free me from the odium."

"You are not charged with any crime, Rae. No one in the wide world has heard a word from my lips. I could not have been as unjust as that, even were you more guilty than I believed you to be."

"I believe now that I could clear myself. Only that I recognized but too well the face of the messenger that awful day, I would have spoken then. Since then, at your bidding or your wish, I have been silent. We are nearly at the end of this strange journey; judge for yourself whether I have suffered too."

"I believe you have suffered. But, my friend," and she touched his arm gently, "you must put me forever out of your heart and life. There is a gulf between us so deep and wide that nothing can ever bridge it."

As the servant opened the door the walk and marble steps were bathed in a flood of brilliant light. It threw its glow on her face, and there was a mute appeal in the glorious eyes that made the temptation to take her in his arms and hold her close to his beating heart very great. But he would wait. He smiled, too, to himself, for had not death removed the barrier? Did not that other one sleep the eternal sleep?

This was not the time for such a tale. And with a firm clasp of the hands they parted.

The door closed, and he entered the carriage which Earle had ordered to take him to his hotel.

"Ah, my darling," he murmured softly, "you love me yet; your tell-tale eyes told me that.

"But you do not know, dear, that a

mightier and more merciful hand than ours has already bridged the chasm you thought impossible."

Thus musing, he reached the Golden Eagle. Securing a room, Rae Carlton went to bed, but not to sleep. He lay idly dreaming, beautiful waking dreams of their future, for love in its fulness is never alone, and is but begging when it gives less than all or is content with part.

Dream on, true heart, build castles while you may, and place your love in their halls as queen.

You do not know that a chasm deeper and wider still has been dug between you.

CHAPTER V.

HOME.

"There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple,
If the ill spirit have so fair a home
Good things will strive to dwell with it."

"Don't turn so white poor lamb,
Be brave and bear up, for your mother
Needs you this blessed night."

Earle yielded passively to the good woman who gently removed her wraps and brushed back with her rough, but tender hand, the stray waves of hair.

She had nursed and cared for her in babyhood, and she nursed and petted her still.

And well might she love the gentle mistress who had never given her old heart cause for pain.

Now the old eyes filled with tears as she looked at the white face of her loved mistress; and finally the real pearls of affection rolled down her furrowed cheek.

Earle Ellerton was too noble a woman to ignore true sympathy and love even though it came from a heart that beat beneath the rough features of old Margaret, and well she knew there was none so dear as Margaret Shea.

"Now Margie, I must go to my father. No, don't come, I must go alone." And she went slowly up the wide stairs, her courage nearly gone.

She stopped an instant at the door to still the beating of her heart. As she stood there the door opened and her mother clasped her in her arms.

With heart too full for words, the wife and mother leads their one ewe lamb to the bedside of the loved husband and father. Close the door softly and go away in fear

lest we intrude to mar the sacred precinct of that stricken home.

We will talk to Margaret, for she is lonely and will be glad of our company. We would rather listen than talk, so, Margaret, tell us your story.

"I lived with Judge Ellerton and his lady when I first came to Ameriky. That was long before they came to this State and before Miss Earle was born. I was younger then."

"And had the rich bloom of a buxom Irish beauty I'll warrant Margaret?"

"I don't know. I lived with them a few years and then married Barney Shea. I had saved quite a bit of money, for Miss Ellerton is a liberal mistress, and I bought but little clothing. Barney, too, was savin' and we went back to Ireland. Bad luck soon came. Barney died and left me wid two little bairns. Those were dark days, sure."

And the old creature brushed a tear from her eyes and she went on: "My mother lived with me for awhile, then she was taken, and then my two little babes died and I was all alone.

"Judge Ellerton and his wife spent years in traveling to find some health for little Earle. When they came to Ireland they wanted me to go with them to nurse their babe. I gladly took the offer, and Miss Earle has been all in all to me since I left the old land that holds the graves of my people."

Daylight was creeping in at the window ere Earle rose from her position by her father's side. He was sleeping and Margaret, fearful for the health of her young mistress, begged her to take some rest.

Earle finally consented to go to her room. There the faithful woman had a cheerful fire blazing on the hearth; and a loose robe of dark, rich goods and soft, warm slippers were in readiness for her.

"Miss Earle, let me do as I please for this once," and Margaret, rolling an easy-chair to the fire, gently pushed her into it."

Earle did not often require the services of a maid, for she was too independent to be as helpless as the indulgence and love with which she was surrounded would have made her.

She submitted herself to Margaret's hands now, not so much because she was

weak and ill, but because she would not wound her by refusing. After drinking a cup of coffee and resting a few moments, she went to the sick room.

Her father still slept and the mother and daughter grew more hopeful as they listened to his regular breathing.

"Mother, I feel so much better now, go to my room and let Margaret minister to your needs. But you must make mother a cup of tea, Margaret, for this is her panacea for all ills."

The wife would have murmured but the mother obeyed the cooler will of the daughter.

"I will take good care of him, dear mother. Margaret, don't let her come down till I send for her."

"Dr. Norton had given the patient a powerful opiate, and he slept for some hours. Earle sat near him watching every movement of his face, sending frequent messages to her mother of his unbroken sleep.

The hours moved wearily on. The silent watcher mused over the past with its happy memories and bright-hued hours, hours that stretched themselves into years of almost unalloyed joy. Yes, the beautiful jewels and full kernels of youth far outnumber the stone and chaff of the years that were gone. And she owed it all, all its beauty, all its joys, to the loved one lying there.

Yesterday she had cried out against fate. She would have wished anything to have solved the mystery of her life. "Who was she?"

The question was constantly before her. To one as proud and conscientious as herself it was a heavy trial to feel that she was not what she seemed, that her whole life was a falsehood.

Mingling in society as a loved and cherished member of its rank, finding among her dearest friends the "crime" of our State, she felt she was the thing which she most abhorred, a hypocrite. How often she would hear some one boast if his or her pure blood, blood without a taint in its ruby bubbles! Fair, lovely women and noble men who traced their lineage to the heroes of Columbia's birthday; some even claiming that more than one drop of Europe's best blood mingled in their veins.

And she? What was she? Perhaps the child of poverty or even shame. She

shuddered as a train of possibilities passed before her.

One thought troubled her most of all. A horrible doubt of herself, a thought that drove a flush over her cheek and then sent the tide back to her heart leaving her dead-pale.

Looking at the slender hands lying in her lap, at their transparent but slightly dark surface, their white nails with their peculiar pearly hue, made the blood curdle round her heart.

The thought of what she might be would sometimes force itself upon her with overwhelming anguish.

She knew that she was born in Memphis, Tenn., and this was all she knew of herself. She had no recollections of that far southern city, no memory of dark-skinned face came to her, save faintly and indistinctly as in a vanishing dream.

Once, in reply to a question, her mother had said, "Why does my child ask that? You were born in Memphis and for years you were so delicate that we went from place to place to find some clime that would give new life to our little one.

"For long, weary months and even years, we were almost hopeless and hardly dared to ask God to open the frail blossom, lest you would only live to suffer.

"In Italy you grew strong. But though the suns of Italian's skies were life to you, they were poison to me.

"We left Naples and sleepy Florence and came to this golden land, America's Italy. Dear, warm-hearted California, who took us all to her tender mother-breast and nursed our little one back to health.

"This is all you need to know. And, daughter, I make one request. You must never ask any more concerning yourself."

Obedient to their will, she had ever avoided allusions to a subject that seemed painful to them.

And now, when it seemed harder than ever to bear, with Rae so near and the story still untold, she bravely murmured to herself.

"An oath that I have sworn, I will not break.

"Fail Greeks, fail fame, honor go or stay, my major vow lies here: this I'll obey."

Holding duty to her parents higher than all other law, she bent to her task in quiet submission.

The sun had gone his daily rounds. Long

shadows lay along the lawn, growing longer as the day drew farther on.

The invalid still slept, but his rest was now broken by the restless murmurs of one recovering from a drug. Earle, who had been watching for the doctor's buggy, saw it turning the corner and ran lightly down to meet him.

She was a great favorite with the old man and she returned the love of her old friend, despite his gruff way, for she knew the true value of the heart that beat beneath the ugly casement.

"How did it happen? How seriously is my father injured? Will he get well?"

"Too many questions at once. Which will you have answered first?"

"The light tone seemed out of place, but a look in the kind, gray eyes told her that the assumed cheerfulness was for her sake.

"Answer the last phrase," she said softly.

"I can't answer that," he replied, knowing her too well to prevaricate. The way to deal with this woman was by plain, honest truths, she hated dissimulation and never forgave hypocrisy or deception.

When he had telegraphed to her, thinking perhaps her father would die without regaining consciousness he had sent the message plainly.

"Since I must answer your questions backward, I must tell you, your father's injuries are very serious.

"Sultan took fright and the buggy was turned over. Your father struck the curbstone and was brought home unconscious." They then went to the sick room where Dr. Norton's cheery voice, full of hearty sympathy and hope, brought courage to the sick man and gave wife and daughter new hope.

"Come, Earle, I want you to escort me down stairs," said he, after he had arranged everything for the patient and had bidden him good-by.

He did not go to the door, but led the way to the library.

"My child," he said tenderly, and in a voice changed from the assumed cheerfulness he had used in the sick-room.

Dr. Norton, was one of the few men of the world who made the study of human nature one of the pleasures of his lonely life. And to him it was no wonder that the girl before him was a queen among

women. There are some natures that rule the destinies of nations by the very purity of their compositions, natures that, Phœnix-like, rise above the whirlpool of chicanery, scheming and self-interest by which they are surrounded, and, like the beacon's light, bring order out of chaos and lead the wreck safe into port. Such was Earle Elerton. She did not rule nations, but she did more; she ruled herself, and in so doing she won the scepter over others.

To the doctor who had watched every phase of her character, her pure, unselfish soul shone forth in all its lustre. When the tears of sympathy welled to the dark eye, or the smile of welcome played around the mobile lips, he looked beneath the surface and knew that they were but transparent rays through which you might look at the precious gems within. He had once heard her mother, in counseling her, say, "My child next to truth and candor cultivate in your disposition the beautiful trait of unselfishness.

"Then you will be sure of never committing the sin of hurting the feelings of others thoughtlessly."

And right royally had her child obeyed her.

When trouble had come, the good old doctor had prayed that the beautiful nature of the tender plant might not be destroyed, and a rank and noisome weed grown instead. And surely she had borne the test.

"My child, you have known one sorrow deep and terrible. Are you ready now to bear another?"

"Don't ask me the loss of my father, I cannot give him up."

"God's ways are not our ways. If it is his will, you must submit.

"There is no immediate danger. I do not tell you that he is to die. I have not given up all hope, but;—and his voice lowered—I fear there is no hope."

He drew near to the girl as she stood with her hands tightly clasped and her regal head bent. He feared for her. Her death-like paleness startled him, and taking her slender hands in his big brown ones he drew her toward him.

She raised her head and the brown eyes looked straight into the honest gray ones.

"Go on and tell me all."

Clasping her hands more firmly, he

said. "Even if your father lives he may lose his reason, or the entire use of himself. He will never be strong again. If this be true, can you bear the burden of his broken life?"

"Yes." Clear, firm and like a vow came the one word.

"You will have the care of both your parents; for your mother, like the ivy, clings to the sturdy oak, and, like the vine, when her staff is broken, she, too, will fail. These poor, frail hands must carry all the care in their weak clasp. Can they?"

"Yes, Dr. Norton, they can, and they will."

"Your father is a proud man, Earle; proud of his health, strength and talents, and above all of his good name.

"Anything like shame upon the latter would kill him. He could not bear disgrace—or pity."

"Why do you tell me this?"

"I can not tell you now and I hope you may never know. But if you do, your own heart must tell you why, I have told you and tell you how to act."

He stooped and looked into her face. The lips were firmly closed and the brows were slightly knit, and, knowing her so well, he knew there was no need to say more.

"There is another task before you. You must be the one to tell your father of his condition."

She uttered not a word, but drawing her hands from his clasp she walked slowly across the room to the window and stood; looking out into the calm sunshine. Not a muscle moved, and but for the slow movement of the lace upon her bosom she might have been of marble. He waited, knowing well her habit when getting self-control.

Turning presently she said: "Dr. Norton I know full well the duty that is mine. I will do my best. It is all I can. When must I tell him?"

"To-day."

After leaving the library she went to her room and removed every sign of emotion from her face; put fresh lace at her throat and added delicate touches to her dress. As she passed through the hall she gathered a few fragrant blossoms and carried them to the sick-room.

She knew the fastidious taste of her father, and that any evidence of personal neglect would only give him pain.

She greeted him cheerfully, but sat beside him for over an hour without courage to commence her task. Her father himself saved her from the ordeal.

"Where is your mother, darling? Tell her to come here."

"I am here, dear, but do not try to talk now. Wait until to-morrow; you will be stronger then."

"Not so, dear wife. The well and strong have no to-morrow. Why should I, who have just been snatched from the jaws of death, say that to-morrow is mine?"

"Earle, my darling Earle, kiss me once tenderly as of old. Let me feel again the pure, unalloyed affection you have always given me. And oh, my child, whatever comes, believe me, no truer love was ever given to an offspring than we have given you."

Earle, held close in her mother's arms; her hands clasped in her father's, would have replied, but emotion made her dumb. What was she to hear? Was her life's secret to be told at last?

"My child, your mother and I have a strange story to tell you. We once thought and hoped it need never be told. We did what we thought for the best, and did not intend you should ever know. But now we feel compelled to tell you all.

"Earle, may God forgive me if it is more than you can bear. You are not our child."

Earle trembled and flushed slightly, but they were surprised at her coolness.

"I have known this before. I have known this for five years."

"You have known it all these years and never told it to us? Earle! Earle! don't say this! Don't say you have deceived us so!"

"Mother, dearest mother, do not judge the child you have loved and trusted so long in a moment and unheard.

"Don't look as if you were wounded to death, dearest and best of mothers!"

"Father, you do not doubt me, do you?"

A quiver of pain crept into her voice as she asked the question, for her love and pride in her father was part of her very life.

"No, my daughter, you had some good reason or you would not have deceived us."

"I did not deceive you. It was written on the paper that day when I——"

She stopped; the words froze on her lips. Perhaps in the eyes of the world she had taken that sorrow very coolly, since she had not cried and moaned her grief aloud to the maddening crowd. Be that as it may, she had never found courage to speak of it or have it spoken of.

"Listen to what it said. What was I to do? I asked you to trust me on that fatal day. You did trust me, and now do you condemn me?"

"No, my child, it was better so. I could not have borne it then to have known that you knew that you were not our child."

"But I am your child. Your very own. Think you that the ties of blood alone could bind me stronger than do the ties of love, gratitude and reverence? Are there not strong and holy feelings for one another save those which run in the coursing of the blood through our veins? Does the mere fact of parentage make a slave of our affections?"

"Do you believe that an unworthy, neglectful, abusive mother would or could win the affection that I give mine, or that a drunken, careless, degraded father have half the love I give to you?"

"No, a thousand times, no. If parents want duty, love and respect from their children they must deserve it."

"No, though life should lengthen into a century and fate our pathways sever, my heart must still be yours and my soul ever point with pride and joy to the gentle mother and noble father who have made me what I am."

She spoke as she felt, for the love she bore them quivered through every nerve of her being, shaped her every act, controlled every impulse of her heart and formed the load-star of her life. With the grandest of all passions, a true daughter's love, she loved them.

They knew her better than any one else, yet even they little dreamed of the clear judgment and self-sacrificing spirit of their child.

"No, I cannot love any one more than I do you. If I must leave you to seek my own parents, whatever they may be, I will know my duty and try to obey. But my heart will be large enough for all."

"My daughter, you will never leave us,

we hope. We do not know who you are. This is a terrible truth to one as proud as yourself. God help you to bear it!"

She arose and stood for a moment as if to calm the turbulent current that rushed through her veins. She was verily a queen; a monarch above all others; the greatest and most wonderful of sovereigns that God ever created. She was mistress of herself.

She rose, in that supreme moment, herself, and stood ready to yield every feeling to those whose love had shielded and cared for an unknown waif all these years of her life.

She could remember no other form bending over her cradle, save now and then a faint vision of a dark face that made the blood chill in the recollection. She determined now to obey the promptings of her heart, and bow in blind obedience to those who had carried her safely and tenderly through life until now.

She would have given every drop of her life-blood to have known the truth of what that fatal letter told her and to end this suspense that was wearing her out. But, mastering her desire, she said bravely:

"I am sorry you have tried to tell me, since it pains you. Let it rest. I am willing to trust you for the future as I have for the past."

"It is but just, now, that you know all that we do. But for our sakes promise that you will not try to fathom a truth that might take you from us."

"I will never try to find out more than you choose to tell me, while you live and I am your child, unless you bid me to."

"God bless you for that promise," said they fervently, little dreaming that in spite of her promises, in spite of their care and love, other lips would unfold the strange and improbable tale."

"We believe in you fully, entirely, and without the shadow of a doubt, and now, while I have strength, let me tell you the story of your life:

"During the spring and summer of '47 your mother's health was very poor. She dreaded the cold winters of the North, and we went to the sunny South. We had but one child left of four—a son, a dear, beautiful boy. He was the picture of health, and no thought of loss crossed our mind.

Poor, little, blue-eyed boy, how little we

dreamed how soon we were to lose you! He was like your mother, with blue eyes and fair, curling hair. We called him Earle Carlton. Of our four boys, your mother had named all for me, and to this one we added the name of a dear and noble friend.

Little Earle was sixteen months old when we went to Memphis. I followed my profession there for some years. We did not own slaves; but our child's nurse was an octaroon. She belonged to my dearest friend, Col. Carlton and had been given her freedom years before; but loving her master with a fond devotion, she preferred to live in the city near him than live in the far-removed North. Rumor said that she had children there, that she could not leave and others gave various reasons for the strange whim of living the life of a menial in preference to luxury in the North. But be that as it may, she was devoted to her charge and seemingly trustworthy in every way.

"But, ah God, how little we know! One day, a terrible day, so fraught with misery and woe that I dread to recall its memory, the girl did not come home.

"I cannot linger on that time; the long, long horror and dread; the hopeless misery and bitter anguish we can never forget. We searched night and day through the city and all the country round. We dragged the river for miles, but if the broad and rolling Mississippi had taken them to its bosom it did not give up its secret. Neither child nor nurse were ever found. Oh the terrible agony of that time; the days of dread suspense; the nights of loneliness and the long hours of yearning for our lost one.

"Your mother lost strength and youth. She has never entirely ceased to grieve over her lost babe; but time is a wonderful physician and heals the deepest wounds.

"As months passed and hope died away into some hideous nightmare of frightful shape, we began to prepare to leave the city so full of sorrow for us.

"One day a smart and intelligent, but deaf and dumb negress, called and wished for your mother. When admitted, she handed a note. Here it is; read it at your leisure.

"There is but little more to tell. When she left, she left us a little dark-eyed babe.

We adopted as our own the little waif thus thrown on our hands, taking such legal measures that made her ours.

"We had you baptized in our church. I wanted to call you Ethelyn for my wife, but for fear that we should not give you our entire love we added Earle, the name of our lost one, whose place you were to fill.

"Habit had made the name Earle familiar to the servants, so you lost the girlish name and was called Earle. Now you know all that we do."

With blanched cheek and quivering lip she listened to the story of her life. The story of the octaroon nurse seemed like a veil of doom over her proud young head. But she bent and kissed her father tenderly and secretly repeated her vow of silence, and kneeling beside her mother she nestled close, and they knew no cloud could ever come between their love.

"No child of royalty could have had more absolute sway in the world of wealth or in her own home than you have given me. There is not one among all my friends who has the bright, beautiful life that you have given the poor castaway."

"Hush, my darling. Would you break our hearts? You are no castaway but our own dear child, and you have paid us doubly, yea, trebly paid us by your precious love and noble life."

"Noble life? Mother, I have never done any thing noble."

"Have you not? Listen, my child, you have lived twenty-two years and you have never given us one moment's pain through any act of yours. A true daughter always. Is not that a noble life?"

"I thought to be noble one must be mighty; do something great and wonderfully good."

"My little one, remember this all your life long, a true, beautiful life, quiet and uneventful though it be, even but the humdrum one of a child obeying a good mother and father, filling the daily duties of life cheerfully and well, is one of the noblest of lives."

"Then any one can be noble if they will."

"Yes, my daughter, and happy too, I think."

"And now, my dear, you must go to rest and forget this. This has never made

any difference in our love, and now it must not make any difference in your happiness."

Earle Ellerton was brave and self-controlled in the presence of others.

But in the solitude of her own room she went like other women. She held the note crushed in her hand, too cowardly to open it, feeling that it would only confirm the horrible truth.

Why could she not forget? She would forget. The love that had done so much for her youth would surely satisfy the future. She looked with pride over the luxurious room; every article in the spacious chamber bore some token of love and anxious care. From the paintings on the walls to the azure carpet with its delicate silver tracery, all, all told her of her father's love. Yes, she would give up all thoughts of her birth and make them happy if she could.

"But Rae! What shall I say to you?"

She knew now why she had been so ready to forgive him; why all these years she had not hated him; why she had hoped that he might prove to her that she had been too hasty, too ready to believe evil.

She loved him. The sweet story that had taken possession of her heart when she was almost a child had only strengthened as the years swept on, taking her on their swift wings into womanhood.

Opening the note she read:

"Mr. Ellerton: you have lost your only child. For the sake of the one who is gone

let this little one fill the place of your lost one. If you do not take it I shall throw it into the Mississippi.

An unfortunate mother."

No more; not one word to tell her who or what she was.

"A caller, Miss Earle. The gentleman is in the parlor, miss."

"Very well, John, I shall be down presently." Supposing that some neighbor had called to see her father, she dressed hastily and went down.

Before a picture of herself at the age of seventeen stood a tall form.

The picture, one of her father's choosing, represented her as if in study, or rather, resting from study. She sat near a window, her long bright hair falling like a cloak over her and partly showing the round white shoulders. One hand lay idly in her lap, the fingers scarce touching the half open book, the other supported her head, and the look of beautiful, perfect content in the splendid eyes, with the half smile of joy on the slightly parted lips made a striking picture, full of life, and as the gazer looked he could hear the lips call him, could feel the velvety eyes moving him with their liquid beauty.

A light footfall roused him and he turned. His eyes full of unshed tears looked again into the face of the woman he idolized.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[This story, complete, for sale by all news dealers, price 20 cents, or will be mailed to any address on receipt of price. Address GOLDEN ERA Co., San Francisco.]

THE POET.

The poet hath the child's sight in his breast,
And sees all *new*. What oftenest he has viewed
He views with the first glory. Fair and good
Fall never on him at the fairest, best,
But stand before him holy and undressed
In week-day false conventions, such as would
Drag other men down from the altitude
Of primal types too early dispossessed.
Why, God would tire of all his heavens as soon
As thou, O god-like, child-like poet didst
Of daily and nightly sights of sun and moon!
And, therefore, hath He set thee in the midst,
Where men may hear thy wonder's ceaseless tune,
And praise his words forever as thou bidst.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT.

NUMBER TWO.

It was early in October, the loveliest of the twelve gems that form the Occidental year, the very crown and glory of California's climatic perfection. Day was struggling in the throes of birth, and, as though the world was being born anew, all things were wrapped in the holy hush of dawn.

The ground owl, erect and silent, perched upon an ant hill, yearned somberly toward the East. The clay squirrel furtively peeped from his hole in the hillside, and the meadow lark hid close in the tules or swayed in the general stillness on the bending stalk of a rose-red thistle. Wrapped in expectation, all nature seemed to sigh for the coming day.

Suddenly, like a mighty gong, new-swung in the heavens, and peering above the tallest ridge of the Sierras, appeared the sun. A flood of light thrilled the nether world, bloomed the bronze plains below, and quivered in a panoramic phantasy of glitter and shadow adown the whole length of the titantic declivity.

What a transformation! The waking of a world! The ground owl flapped his wings and rose high in the air; squirrels darted here and there, and hither and thither, skurrying anon across the dusty road and scrambling in glee from knoll to knoll; the meadow lark fluttered from tule and thistle and twittered and chirped, while a manada of mares, browsing on apparent barrenness, uplifted their heads, shook out their tangled manes, sniffed of the new-born day; and with tails streaming like pennons and shrill neighs of delight, kicked up their heels, reared, plunged, whirled and circled, playing like children in the abandon of joy; and, at last, as though moved by a common instinct, the whole manada shot like a flight of arrows toward the West, thundering across the road with the rush and the roar of an avalanche, disappearing in the direction of the river and leaving naught behind to mark their trail save a billowy swirl of dust. Blanketless and hungry, a tramp full-pledged and free, more lonely and homeless than the squirrel and the owl. Job Skridbles paused upon the highway, gazed

upon the wondrous scene, and, despite his forlorn condition, a thrill of joy passed over him. He thanked God that he lived, and drank deep of the beauties painted for all. Nature's beauties—beauties no man could measure, bond or paint—the democracy of God—the republicanism of nature!

Thus revelling in a pleasure, as pure as it was priceless, the homeless tramp paused to view the scene. Before him stretched the long level of the Sacramento plains, dotted here and there with a green clump of foliage that marked the habitation of a ranchero. Far to the west he saw the brown peaks of the Coast Range, and recognized, in a certain saddle-shaped depression the road to Berryessa Valley, the Putah Canyon. He saw the dun-brown glare of the Rio del Sacramento fringed on the west by league on league of tules, their green blades and brown plumes flashing in the morning sun like an army of Knights in a forest of lances, while forty miles of orchard on the east shook their fruit-laden boughs over the brown ridge that curbed the yellow stream.

The tramp moved on. The morn was well advanced and the stomach of the traveler began to assert itself. He had not broken fast since early the day before, and his barn-bed experience had not been of the kind that refreshes either body or spirit. He grew fretful and anxious, and as the lead-like miles dropped grudgingly behind him, he eagerly scanned the country for signs of habitation.

At last, in the direction of the river, he spied a comfortable residence and thither bent his steps. It was a fruit ranch situated in the heart of a region so wondrously fertile that it had been named, and is still known as Richland, and its owner, the Hon. Bourbon Bowers, was a rancher of large experience and wealth.

The Hon. Bourbon Bowers was a politician—a successful one. As one of the "poor white trash," he had been reared in the South, and had spent his earlier manhood as a woodchopper. He had crossed the plains in '49, worked in the mines at \$500 a day, took up land when it was valueless, settled upon it in 1852, and

grew rich by the creation of land values and the natural rise in such values consequent upon the increase of population. In his earlier days the Hon. Bourbon had been a rampant anti-slavery socialistic Democrat; he was now, however, a conservative Stalwart. A stickler for social forms and vested rights. A lover of things as they are, and tariff protection.

The whilom woodchopper deemed governmental protection proper, just and necessary, so long as such protection applied solely to capital and capitalists. But to apply the same principle to labor and laborers would be, he said, an equalizing of the lever of business, ending in stagnation and in the destruction of the time-tried towers and turrets of society. He was in the habit of declaring that, the angularities of the social system were as God-made and necessary as those that form the appendages of the human body and the features of the human face, and would invariably conclude his ponderous aphorisms with the rhetorical clincher: "Gentlemen, the truth of this proposition is as plainly bulged and prominent as Cæsar's nose." Hence, the Hon. Bourbon regarded a governmental labor policy as an intolerable interference with the natural ebb and flow of the tides and currents of supply and demand—a policy calculated to create an artificial and bottomless labor market—a policy at once "paternal" and pernicious; and the operation of such "paternity" in the special interest of the Caucasian, he fiercely denounced as a flagrant violation of all things written and traditional, concerning "the home of the free and the land of the brave."

Though bearing all the earmarks of a small mind inflated by circumstantial importance, the Hon. Bourbon Bowers was very much of a gentleman—easy, affable and cold. Beyond the larger area of fruit marketing, swamp and schemes and river levees, his intelligence, political or otherwise, was limited and threadbare. Judged by the common standard, however, he was a good citizen and neighbor, husband and father, a shrewd calculator, a natural mathematician, a born political trimmer, and excessively fond of taking care of himself.

Such was the man to whom Job Skridles applied for employment, and the ap-

plication was made in a hesitating manner, joint product of the applicant's physical weakness and the portly bearing of the senatorial farmer. The tramp's application was received with looks of ill-concealed suspicion and rasping questions as to his antecedents. His questioner, noticing the while, the tufts of straw peering from his unkempt hair and spangling his grey woolen shirt. Of this quizzing Job was fully sensible, and, conscious that appearance was against him, he grew more ill at ease, and his feelings were expressed in his manner and quivered in his voice.

Suddenly the farmer propounded the question: "Have you any blankets?" and on being answered in the negative, resumed in a very serious manner, "You ought to have blankets, sir; the truth is, I never hire a white man except he has blankets. At all events, my friend, I need no hands just now. We, on the river, very scarcely employ a white man. From the lower extremity of Andrew's Island to Probnostophilees, a stretch of forty miles, the river is lined three to five miles in depth with orchards; and, I dare say, you could not find in all that scope of country one continuously employed white laborer."

"Why," said Job, with an air of astonishment, "I was led to conjecture that this was the garden spot of the world—that it was very valuable, fabulously productive, and consequently required a large working force."

"You conjecture rightly," was the answer. "This land is not purchasable—that is to say, it is not in the market. The land is valued at five hundred dollars per acre; it is very productive, and the produce is very profitable. The river affords easy and cheap transportation, and we have built a community steamer, which we use solely in removing our fruit. As a matter of course, we employ a large amount of labor, but it is wholly Chinese. The Chinese are sober, reliable and cheap; they have no politics, and are entirely free of the singular egotism that foolishly leads the white worker to regard himself as a sovereign. There is nothing romantic in the celestial character. Physically and metaphysically considered, the Chinaman is a perfect combination of business and labor mechanism—a sort of human clock; we wind him up, set him, let him rip and

he never misses fire. Since the adoption of the New Constitution the Chinese have formed agrarian companies and have rented lands in this section. Strange to say, they pay me a larger profit on the same amount of land than my own management brought, and yet they find fruit-growing a most lucrative employment. You will at once perceive how mutually agreeable this arrangement must be. From the lands thus rented, we, on the river, unfailingly receive an advance upon our full net profit without the expenditure of a single thought or act. The Chinese, on the other hand, have sole control of their own actions, manage their orchards in their own way, and reap a profit equal to ours, or, at least, far in advance of the best American wage rate. Besides, each rented strip of land becomes a Chinese colony, from which we draw laborers ad libitum.

"Perhaps you know, sir, that the Celestials are the most perfect as well as the most ancient of husbandmen. In China, horticulture and agriculture personified even by imperial dignity, is exalted above all other professions. For countless ages the art of increasing the provender of humanity has been a study and a science in China; hence of all grangers, the Chinese are the most ancient, honorable, cautious and skillful; and as farm or orchard laborers, they are expert, reliable and cheap. Good-day, sir."

Wrapped in thought, and sadly discouraged, the weary tramp again sought the road, passing on his way the celestial grange of the Richland orchard whom he saw crouched in a fence corner and chattering like monkeys, every slit-eyed son of pomona busily plying a pair of chop-sticks, each head round and glossy as a pumpkin, and resembling with its steaming tail a monster pollywog.

Job Skriddles was a man of considerable native intelligence, disposed by nature to honor and honesty, capable of intense feel-

ing and prone to nobleness of thought and action. But as he gazed on the little circle of Chinese his feelings—strangely compounded—partook of bitterness and chivalry, anger and logic, vengeance and reason.

The Vermonter jogged on, pondering the pending clash of races and the peculiar perfidy evidenced by the denizens of "the river"—a perfidy illustrated by the speech of the Richland politician—a species of treason not yet scrolled in statutory law, and more readily felt than understood.

Treason to a nation is a crime clearly defined and easily comprehended, but treason to a race is a sin so hugely damnable that it has yet to find its Lycurgus; and stalks still beyond the bounds of every written code, a crime without a name—a purpose that can only be thwarted by the higher law—the law without a measure.

Skriddles tramped on, and presently came upon a farmhouse, the miserable surroundings of which presented an uninviting prospect. The place looked like that of a poor farmer, and, reflecting that "a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind", ergo: the poor must feel for the poor, judgement compounded with stomach, Job charged on the house and was met in the doorway by a woman who, before he could utter a whimper, shrieked: "Git! durn ye, git!" She "wa'nt agoin ter feed all the tramps in the kentry," she said. Amazed at the violence of the woman Job "got." He silently faced about and marched on. Passing through the neglected vineyard that fronted the miserable dwelling he observed the fruit in prodigal plenty, wasting in the sun, and paused to regale his craving appetite, but had scarcely commenced what he intended to be a wolf-like feed, when a shot-gun and a man appeared, and one or both gave the feeder, "jest one minit to marvel," and of course he "marveled" on time, taking with him, however, a big brown bunch of luscious grapes.

P. S. DORNEY.

EVERY-DAY PHILOSOPHY.

When weariness with life my spirit fills,
When deep disgust consumes me with my lot,
I draw some store of comfort from the ills
I haven't got.

To find that fortune, at your coming, flies ;
To be bankrupt in health, in fame, in purse,
Is bad enough ; but, I philosophize,
It might be worse.

Incessantly we make a great ado ;
The mouth of Misery is wide agape ;
But happier we, I fancy, if we knew
What we escape.

The common woes of life are bad enough,
Misfortunes fall as easy as the dew ;
But still, for every morning steak that's tough,
There might be two.

This one is sick ; his wayward fate cries out
Against the leech, the calomel, the bed ;
O inconsiderate person, cease to pout—
You might be dead!

And this one hath the mitten ; he has wooed ;
In vain, alack ! his wooing, it has sped ;
Well, e'en in this there's comfort, rightly viewed—
He might be wed!

And here is one who whines ; his all is swept
Away in panic ; he has had to "fail."
He should, I think, be cheerful, that he's kept
Safe out of jail.

But late I lost a fifty-dollar bill—
And did I wring my hands, that I had blundered ?
Not I, indeed ! I'm very thankful still
'Twas not a hundred !

In sooth, should I capsize, when walks are bad,
And my good clavicle involve in wreck,
Surely, I should say, "I'm very glad
It's not my neck."

O, trust me ; better not to make ado
At the few miseries of our common lot ;
There's millions of 'em—if we only knew—
We haven't got.

JIM MITCHELL.

ANTIQUE.

There I could live, and love, and die with you.

Listen, Alyatte, and you shall hear a strange tale. It is a story of great antiquity and one that has come by tradition; one that is certainly true, as Solon declared it, and he was the wisest of seven sages. While traveling in Egypt, some ten years, an aged priest related the tale to him. He was going to weave it into verse (if he would have done so there would have been no horror), but did not on account of the Peloponesian war and other troubles in his own house; so it had been handed down from one generation to another until the time of Plato, when this "Athenian Bee" sang the song in his sweet prose, as it was told to Solon, his ancestor, who lived more than 800 years before the Christian Era. And this is the story, as related by the priest who lived in the valley of the Nile: "Let me begin by informing you," he said, "that more than 9,000 years ago, beyond the Pillars of Hercules (or what is now called Gibraltar) was a mighty island. It was in the midst of the Atlantic ocean, more than 3,000 miles long, north and south, and 1,000 miles wide. It was in that latitude that is neither burned by heat nor frosted by cold. It was called Atlantis, from Atlantes, or Atlas, one of the older gods connected with the "how" "when" or "where" of the history and origin of the human race. It might well have been called Avalon, from aval, or apple, for it was a fruit-yielding island. It was the land of four vines, mighty plains, high wooded mountains, Eden gardens and the original home of our most distant ancestors. Do not start in surprise at this, O Solon! for Greeks have no antiquity of history; and no history of antiquity. O Solon, Solon! you Hellenes are but children, and there is never an old man who is an Hellene. You are all young in mind; there is no old opinion handed down among you by ancient tradition, nor any science which is hoary with age.

"Now, on this island men first appeared. Many thousand suns ago the greatest God came down, and from the dust of the ground he made a man. He was black, and he did not like him very well, so he made another

one, and he was red. He liked him better, but was not as yet satisfied, so he tried a third time, and so made a white man. This last one pleased him. And then deep sleep soon came upon them, and while they slept this Great Maker made each of them a woman, black, red and white, after his kind. The men were speechless before the creation of women, but, after they were made, the men soon learned to talk, to dispute, to disagree and quarrel. So it happened man's first sleep became his last repose. The white man and his choice, being the last made and most complete, became masters of the island. So they drove the black man and his wife off the island by a peninsula that led to Africa. But not being satisfied with the red man and his wife they quarreled bitterly. The white and red man never could get along in the same land—even unto this day. So the white man and his companion, getting up the better clubs, drove the red couple and their children out on a narrow peninsula in the opposite direction leading toward the setting sun; the black man to the east and the red man to the west, where each remain unto this day, easily beaten in battle, easily driven from place to place, and circumscribed in all their acts. They still leave the characteristic traits of their creation and their first days; but the white man has been ruler from that day to this.

"The white man loved, lived and labored in great peace and prosperity for many centuries, with his children and his children's children and all his descendants. The island was peopled by a mighty race. There were giants in those days, giants of strength, giants of valor and giants of age. They spent their strength in industry and improvement. They were somewhat like you Greeks, for they searched heaven and earth for material. They dug out canals more than one hundred feet deep, made them more than five stadia wide and ten thousand miles in length. In summer they turned the waters over the land, in winter they enjoyed the copious rains. They also used them for gathering the fruit twice a year, and for traveling from one city to another, and for bringing down wood and stone from

the mountains. In the valley was the palm tree of 360 uses, and on the mountains, all manner of beautiful wood, sweet-smelling, and a source of delight to look upon. One kind of stone was white, another black, another green and a fourth red. They put their buildings together with different kinds of wood and the stone they intermingled for the sake of ornament. There were artifices of stone, wood, iron, brass, gold and orichalcum. They dug out of the earth whatsoever was to be found there, minerals and metals; and that which is now only a name—*orichalcum* giving a beautiful red light—and was then something more than a name, was dug out of the island in many parts, and, with the expectation of gold, was esteemed the most precious of metals among the men of those days. They also made soft and enduring glass. O Solon, they were wiser than we are to-day! We have descended a great ways from the ingenuity of the Atlantians. It seems to me that the great men of earth suddenly forgot all the good and great things and that we are to-day working up like children."

"Then, learned Father," said Solon, "tell me more about this old-world story. How did they live, and what became of them? or do they still live in that far-off island?"

"They gathered the fruits twice in a year, and there was sufficient maintenance for tame and wild animals on the island. There were provisions for animals of every both, kind for those that live in the lakes and marshes and those in the mountains and on the plains. They cultivated all the fruits of the earth, both dry edibles and legumes, also fruits having a hard rind, affording drinks, meats, ointments and the like, which spoil by keeping. They employed themselves in constructing temples, palaces, dock, harbors and great boats. Their palaces they continued to ornament and improve in successive generations until they were a marvel of size and beauty. They were filled with statues of *orichalcum* and six-winged chariots of gold and horses of marble. They used fountains both of cold and hot springs. These were numerous, and wonderfully adapted, by reason of the sweetness and excellence of their waters. There were public and private baths; baths for men and separate baths for women, and still others for horses and cattle.

"The government island was divided into

kingdoms, and no king had the power of life and death over any of his kinsmen, unless he had the assent of the majority of the ten kings. These deliberated once a year about war and other matters. They each year preserved the pledge of eternal friendship. One was not to make war on the other, and they all were to come to the rescue if any one in any city took up arms against the royal house. This was the island of Paradise. There was no want, and consequently no war. All was plenty, peace and sunshine; no ghosts of poverty and famine; but a land of complete content and all the inhabitants lived a tearless life."

"How did they marry in this strange land?"

"Well, as I told you, there were giants in those days. People lived much longer than to-day. In the beginning one woman begot many children. We have the history of *Amaryllis*, one of the hundred and fifty daughters of *Zilla*, who is said to be a daughter of the first white pair. *Amaryllis* was the fairest of all her sisters, and it is told that she was exceedingly beautiful in feature and most lovely in form. She was more than fair to look upon, and when she was but a girl of one hundred and sixty-nine years, received the address of many who made love to her. Among these were two brothers, *Zaphiel* and *Zaphon*. *Zaphiel* being interpreted means sly, a spy, a scout, one quick and haughty. *Zaphon* means a searcher of secrets, a strong and subtle spirit, one who considers the end. *Zaphiel* being the first born was master of that fruitful region that lies at the foot of Mount *Kubla*. *Zaphon* possessed all the neighboring hills which, in some places, rise into lofty mountains. The first was of a proud, contemptuous spirit, but the other was gentle and meek, beloved by man and God. Both were tall, but one was rich and the other poor.

It has come down that all the daughters of *Zilla* had their hearts wholly set upon riches. For this reason *Amaryllis* preferred *Zaphiel* to *Zaphon*, because he possessed a wide valley well watered by the streams that suddenly came out of the side of Mount *Kubla*. After forty years of courtship, *Amaryllis* showed favor to *Zaphiel*, and then he made quick dispatch of his wooing and married the young and

beautiful Amaryllis in the two hundredth and eighty-ninth year of her age. Being of an insolent and haughty temper he laughed to scorn his brother Zaphon for having pretended to the hand of the fairest of daughters, when he possessed nothing but a long chain, barren rocks and mountains.

This so incensed him that it is said that he cursed his brother in the bitterness of his heart and prayed that some day soon one of his mountains might fall on him if he would ever come into its shadow. Zaphiel could come, but still he was a coward and was afraid of his just and honorable brother; so he never ventured out of the valley, and Zaphon retired to his mountains, and at once set to work to plant all manner of trees and plants and spices of a sweet-smelling odor. He tried to bury his love under the roots of each tree, but he could not. Life to him was only bitterness. His servants slept, but he could not. He hoped to cool his passion by the mountain breeze; but it only fanned it into a burning blaze. But, very unexpectedly, the news came that his brother was drowned in the river that issues out of the very mountain that he wished would fall upon him. So Zaphiel died in the three hundred and twentieth year of his youth-time. This news gave Zaphon peace and rest, but he went on with his work; he pruned his trees, dug wells, distributed the water, laid out lawns, gardens, fields and made many tunnels, till at last his mountains became the wonder and beauty of all the land. The naked and desolate Kubla began now to look like a second Paradise, and Zaphon was reckoned one of the mildest and wisest of men, still more than ever beloved by God and man.

Amaryllis was in the three hundred and nineteenth year of her age at the death of her husband, having brought him one hundred and sixteen children before he was so untimely snatched away. You will see, O Solon, that the earth was peopled very fast in those ancient days. They multiplied rapidly and lasted a long time. We are under a new regime and do not live so long now nor generate at the same rate as the ancients. These antediluvians were giants in more ways than one. Your Hellenes boast of your physical strength and powers of endurance, but you are not to be com-

pared with the Atlantians of 9,000 years ago.

Many antediluvians paid court to the beautiful, young and wealthy widow; though no one was thought so likely to succeed as Zaphon, her first lover, who renewed his court to her forty years after Zaphiel's death; for it was not thought decent that a woman should be seen by a man within forty years after the husband's death.

The habitation of Zaphon looked more and more love-longing to the heart of the young Amazyllis. After the space of seventy autumns she began to cast some love-darting glances up to the enticing Kubla mountains.

They were famous for their beauty and keeper throughout all the land, the tufts of trees, rocky cliffs with over-hanging trees and clinging columnbines, deep ravines, and gloomy scenes. O Solon! Zphon was a man possessed of many secrets, as that availed in beautifying his lands and adapting each tree and plant to its particular soil. This Zaphon was a shepherd of trees, plants and flowers."

Hem, the priest, ceased talking and went into a little, dark, mysterious room adjoining, and brought forth a great scroll of papyrus. "This," he said, "is a preserved document of the story I have been telling you, and here is a letter I want to read you from manuscript. O Solon! the most wise of the Greek, and a great searcher after truth. The letter:

"Zaphon, Master of Mount Kubla, to Amayyllis, Mistress of the Valleys.

"In the 1369th year of the creation.

Open now thy temple gates unto my love. My heart is love-linked with thine; these seventy years I have waited, and wandered. Oh, what I have suffered, thou daughter of Zilla, since thou gavest thyself away in marriage to my rival! I grew weary of the light of the sun, and restless under the cover of darkness. I have looked down upon thee as an apple-tree in the woods, or as a lily among thorns. Oh, I have bewailed the loss of thee many years! I have buried my sorrow in the gloomy shades of my own raising. My habitations are as the garden of the Gods; every part is filled with trees, plants, spices and fountains. The whole is perfumed for thy reception. Come up into it, O Amayyllis,

my beloved, and let us people this new world with a beautiful race of mortals, after your likeness. Let us with great joy multiply exceedingly among the delightful shades. Remember, O! thou daughter of Zilla, that the age of man is but a thousand years, and that beauty is the admiration of a few centuries. It is like an oak or cedar that flourishes for four or five centuries, then fades away and is forgotten by posterity, unless a young wood springs up from its roots. Think well on this and come out of the widow-weeds in the valley and remember thy lone neighbor in that Kubla.

"The above letter had such a good and pleasing effect on Amaryllis that she answered it in less than seven years after its receipt." This is hers verbatim:

"*Amaryllis, Mistress of the Valleys, to Zaphon, Master of Mount Kubla.*

"In the 1376th year of the creation.

What have I to do with thee, O Zaphon! Thou praisest Zilla's beauty, but art thou not more enamored with the valley and the bleatings of my flock, that echo sweetly in thy mountain, than with me? I know, O Zaphon, that thou art wise and cunning among trees, plants, flowers, men and women, too. Thy dwellings are among the odors of Kubla Mount, thou searchest out the diversity of soil; thou knowest the change of seasons; thou the rising of the sun and the going down of the same; thou dost complete the course of the stars. Can woman appear lovely in the eyes of such a person? Let me alone, and woo and win me not by thy enticing words. My heart is no longer on wealth. I am almost content in the perfume that came from thy mount. May your trees increase; mayest thou add wood unto wood and shade unto shade, but tempt not Amaryllis to destroy thy solitude nor make thy retirement populous.'

"The first sentence almost drove Zaphon mad, and he threw down the letter and turned his face from the valley. The sad frenzy of long but disappointed hope seized him, and he went from his chamber that looked toward the angel of the valley. He sought the gloomy shades of the forest and there he prayed for peace. From this dark, deep and gloomy retreat he looked up to heaven and saw the altars at noon-day. In bitterness of heart he begged that the rocky side of the ravine might close

upon him. His passion for Amaryllis was not lovers-juice-in-idleness, but a consuming intensity. He repeated deep in his heart: "What have I to do with thee?" Thus he pondered long and sad when a deep sleep came upon him and sweet dreams filled his soul; and an angel came to him and said: "Up, love-yearning youth, and get thee to thy palace and then take up and read the letter thou hast cast aside unto the end. Consider the end. Art thou not wise in other things? Knowest thou not a widow's heart?"

"Here Zaphon awoke, and almost in a spirit unconsciously wandered back to his chamber and read, in a listless mood, the sentence that so shocked and destroyed his only hope. He read on and on, little heeding what was expressed until he came to the words: "Can a woman appear lovely in the eyes of such a person? Woo and win me not by thy enticing words, my heart is no longer set on wealth," when, suddenly, a new spirit entered his heart. He read and re-read these words over and over again; and then the bright hope of a joyous expectancy took possession of his being.

"After Venus had made two resolutions, he was so full of hope that he sent to Amaryllis an invitation to visit the neighboring hills which she and all her house occupied. This visit lasted three years, and it is said to have cost Zaphon seven hundred antelopes, two thousand ostriches, ten tons of milk, and proportionately of all other delicious things that recommend a feast. He treated her to a bower which he had built amidst the woods of nightingales. Here was drawn, by some secret of Zaphon, all the sweetest singing birds of the country, and it was filled from one end of the year to another with the most agreeable concert of the birds. Every afternoon he treated her to some new and wonderful scene of his woodlands. Thus, at last, Amaryllis had much confidence in the wisdom of Zaphon, and he had frequent opportunities of opening his mind to her, and he succeeded so well in ingratiating himself upon her graces and likes when upon her departure that she promised and gave him her word to return a positive answer in less than forty years.

"Amaryllis had not been long in the valley when she received overtures from

Woden, who was a mighty man of old, and had built a great city which he called after his own name. Every house was made of well-polished and most beautiful wood, and that on the inside ever yielded a sweet odor. These were built of such a great quantity of wood and stone as could hardly be conceived of at this age. They were built for many thousand years, and some leased for four lives, and Woden had much land in the valley round and about his city. He had many flocks and more wealth. And Woden came before Amaryllis with great show of pomp and glitter. He entertained her with musical instruments which were sweet to hear and just newly invented; he also danced before her to the sound of the timbrel; he also presented her with several cooking utensils wrought in the precious orichalcum which had been newly found out for the conveniences of life. These and other things were very acceptable to the heart of Amaryllis, when she began to waver in her desire for riches and turn from her first lover. In the mean-time Zaphon became very uneasy and his heart was troubled in its hope. He was sorely displeased at Amaryllis' reception of Woden, insomuch that he turned his face from the valley and did not write once in the ten years but sought consolation in the face of the smiling flowers of Mount Kubla.

"Her mind continued wavering about twenty years longer between Zaphon and Woden; for though her love pleaded for the former, her born inclination powerfully pleaded for the latter. These antediluvian women were born to money and show. While Amaryllis' heart was in this weary, unsettled condition, an accident happened that determined her choice. A huge tower in the city of Woden was struck by Jupiter's lightning, set a flame against which there were no power to avail; so the whole city of Woden was destroyed in seven days. Woden resolved to build up the place at whatever it might cost him, and to accomplish this it would require much timber, and all the groves of his land having been consumed for some time he was compelled to resort to Zaphon whose forests now were more than two hundred years old. He purchased the timber with so many cattle, flocks of sheep, and with such a vast extent of fields and pasture lands that Zaphon was grown more wealthy

than Woden; and so Amaryllis, the daughter of Zilla, thought that Zaphon was more charming and wiser than Woden, and no longer refused him in marriage. On the day that he brought her up to Mount Kubla. He had many piles or pyres of sweet-smelling wood, one more than three hundred cubits high, whereon he piled all manner of spices and sweet odors until they spread so wide and went so high that the whole island was filled with sweet perfume. This, O Solon, was the greatest wedding of the Antediluvian world!"

"O most learned Father!" he said, "what has become of these wonderful people?"

"They became more powerful than I have told you when they became perverse and openly wicked, forgetting virtue and honesty. But they greatly prospered, so long as their divine nature lasted them, but it began to fade away and they fell from all that was noble, valorous, good and true, when the first great maker became very wrath with men and he sent upon them the great deluge of all and destroyed them from off the face of the earth. And their country, nine thousand years ago, went down under water and will not come up till nine thousand years hence. There has been many deluges, but you, O Solon, only know of one.

"We have history here on this papyrus of worlds in flame, and of comets that struck the earth and turned summer into winter and winter into summer; how great worlds came out of the water and then after ten thousand years again went under the water; how life was long and without pain; how they lived in continual sunshine and peace; how man's life was shortened and changed to what it is now. At the time of the great deluge of all, the world lost much; yes, all it had; only a few escaped, and they had no tools; and man without tools is nothing. He is a tool-using animal. Those few who did escape were so frightened that they forgot every art of their father's before the flood, and so the race has been struggling ever since in a child's state. We are weak, O Solon, compared to the great past; but the time will come when the great past will be weak compared to the great future."

E. R. WAGNER.

Springfield, O.

UNRECONCILED.

"E'en for the dead thou shouldst not grieve;
 Death cannot long divide,
 The rose that climbed thy garden wall
 Has bloomed the other side."

Such words are mockery to one who grieves;
 The rose I planted in my garden mould
 I watched thro' summer's heat and winter's cold;
 But, ere a blossom graced its leaflets small,
 My rose had climbed beyond my garden wall!
 What now to me are all earth's other flowers?
 Their sweetness cannot fill my life's sad hours;
 And, like the murmuring of autumn rain
 That beats with sobbing 'gainst my window pane,
 Beats still, but never enters; so, the words you say
 Fall on the pain of my crushed heart to-day.
 I'll never see it blossom, ne'er will summer air
 In my dear garden make it bloom most fair;
 What cheer to tell me it blooms elsewhere?
 There floats no message from its crimson heart
 To where, in loneliness, I stand apart.
 Though crowned beyond me in the sunlight clear,
 Can it forget its roots are buried here?
 My dainty, perfect rose! I want it now;
 I want its dewy fragrance on my brow;
 I want the love that death has taken away
 To shine into my lonely life to-day.
 I cannot walk alone; I faint, I fall;
 I cannot reach beyond the garden wall;
 And on this side are only thorns and leaves.

ALICE DENISON.

San Francisco, Cal.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

"What will you give me?" I asked him— My lover of long ago, "What shall I keep to remember That ever you loved me so?" "Little one," softly he answered, "To keep you in mind of your loss, Long as you live, for a token, I'll make you the sign of the cross."	Light as the touch of the Zephyr That blows in the nights of the South, With my face in his hands—he kissed me On forehead, and eyes, and mouth. I could forget that he loved me, Forget, too, the pain of my loss, But hid in my bosom forever, Is burning his sign of the cross.
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MADGE MORRIS.

DAUGHTERS OF THE LATIN.

Two of the most interesting daughters of the ancient Roman speech were the languages spoken in the middle ages in the North and South of France, denominated respectively the *Langue d' Oïl* and the *Langue d'Oc*.

The manner in which the mediaeval Frenchman said "yes" was the shibboleth of the North and of the South. If he said "oc," he came from Languedoc, Auvergne, Limousin, Gascony or Dauphiny. If the reply were "oïl" (pronounced "O-eel"), (which is the *oïl* of Modern French, with the omission of the liquid *l*) he was a native of the northern departments.

Oc was a remnant of Latin *hoc*, this and *oïl* a truncated relique of *hoc illud*, which may be freely translated "that is it," or "that is so," constituting a direct affirmation. The Catalan, a sister dialect, retained Latin *hoc* in un mutilated form for yes. The negative was no, as in most languages. Bertrand de Born gave the sobriquet of "*Oc e no*," "Yes and No," to Henry II of England, indicating tersely the fact that he was a king of shifting politics.

In ancient Rome, side by side with the sonorous and dignified classic speech, just as in India with the classic Sanskrit, and the more humble Prakrit of the common people, there existed a less harsh, and more mellifluous idiom; that of the lady's boudoir, of the popular ballad, the dialect of the soldiers and of the marts of trade, and that in which the mother crooned her babe to sleep by the banks of the Tiber, called the *sermo plebeius*—the language of the people. So this form of speech, spread by the legionaries and colonists of the mother-city throughout the vast regions under her control, was also called the *lingua romana rustica*, the rustic Romance tongue. This was the origin of all those varying, but in the main, very similar forms of speech which rule the south of Europe—the melodious daughters of the Latin—or, more accurately speaking, of the rustic Roman.

In order to be able to distinguish between classic and vulgar Roman forms, observe the following words:

Latin, Sermo plebeius, French,	urbs, villa, (city,)	iter, viaticum, (journey),	osculari, basiare, (to kiss),	os, bucca, (mouth),	hebdomas, septimana, sermaine, (week).
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This dialect in the first century of our era had supplanted the indigenous Celtic idioms in France.

The oldest French extant exists in the form of some glosses discovered a few years ago in a manuscript in the library of Reichenau, being slightly earlier in date than the famous oaths of 842, which follow:

SERMENT DE LOUIS-LE-GERMANIQUE.

Pro Deo amur et pro christian poblo et nostro commun salvament, d'ist di in avant, in quant Deus savir et podir me dunat, si salvarai eo cist meon fradre Karlo et in adjudha et in caduna cosa, si cum om per dreit son fradra salvat dist, in o quid il me altresi fazet; et ab Ludher nul plaid nunquam prindrai, qui, meon vol, cist meon fradre Karle in damno sit.

SERMENT DE SEIGNEUS FRANÇAIS SUJETS DE CHARLES-LE-CHAUVE.

Si Lodhuwigs sacrament, que son fradre Karlo jurat, conservat, et Karlus, meos sendra, de son part no lo stanit, si io returnar non l'int pois, ne io, ne neuls, cui eo returnar int pois, in nulla adjudha contra Lodhuwig nun li iuer.

(The reading of Burguy has been adopted for the above, as being the most critical). The translation is as follows:

OATH OF LOUIS THE GERMAN.

For the love of God, and for the Christian people, and our common salvation, from this day in advance in so far as God may give me to know and have ability, I shall defend this my brother Charles, and aid him (and) in everything, just as one by right should defend his brother, in so far as he does the same for me, and with Lothaire I will never enter into an accord, which, by my will, may be harmful to this my brother Charles.

OATH OF THE FRENCH LORDS, SUBJECTS OF CHARLES THE BALD.

If Louis observes the oath which he swears with his brother Charles, and Charles, my lord, on his part, does not

keep it, if I cannot dissuade him from it, neither I nor any that I can control, will aid him against Louis.

'The Langue d' Oil from this time on, by the attrition of centuries, gradually came to assume more modern features, and in the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries reached its golden age. "Here was developed," says Brachet, "an absolutely original poetic literature, a graceful and "sparkling lyrical, and a grand epic "poetry, of which the *Chanson de Roland* "remains the most perfect example, "Italy, Germany, Spain adopted our "poetry and our romances, translating or "imitating them."

The wandering minstrels of the north of France were called "*trouvères*;" those of the south, "*troubadours*." But there were differences between the compositions of the two geographical divisions. As Raymond Vidal says in "*Las Rasos de Trobar*" (*Treatise on the Troubadour's art*):

"La parladura Francesca val mais, et es plus avinenz a far romanz et pasturellas; mas cella de Lemosin val mais per far vers et cansons et serventes; et per totas las terras de nostre lengage so de maior autoritat li cantar de la lenga Lemosina que de negun altra parladura."

"French," he says (i. e. the *Langue d' Oil*), "is better and more agreeable for the composition of romances and pastourelles, but the Lemosin (i. e. the *Provençal*) is preferable for the composition of verses (a certain kind of *Provençal* poetry), chansons and sirventes. In all the country of our dialect ballads in the Lemosin enjoy a greater popularity than those of any other idiom."

Everywhere in the Latin lands these sons of song were made welcome.

Some of the most illustrious names of those centuries are those of the gay gallants who swept the strings of the harp, or held the reins of fiery steeds in the days of chivalry.

The criterion of a true gentleman in those days was to be "a lover of music and "poetry, a graceful troubadour and a "valiant knight."

Such were, in Provence, Bernard de Ventadour, Pierre Raimond de Toulouse, Bertrand de Born, Gaucelm Faidit, Pierre Vidal, Hugues de St. Cyr, Boniface Calvo,

Guillaume de la Tour, Folquet de Romans, Serveri de Gironnes, and many others whose names it would be tedious to repeat.

The chanson (called *tenson* in Provence) attained a grace which has never since been equalled. The most illustrious persons, even sovereigns, sighed for distinction in this graceful art. Thibaut, King of Navarre, reached a great height of excellence. Monseigneur Gacé Brulez, Mgr Thibaut de Blazon, the Count of Anjou, the Duke of Brabant, the Vidame of Chartres, Messires Gautier d' Argies, Hugues de Bersil, Raoul de Soissons, Robert de Marberoles, Jacques de Chison, etc., are known to the lovers of ancient romantic poetry as charming *trouvères*.

But, strange to say, when these two dialects flourished the most extensively, they were considered by those who spoke them—in common with the remainder of civilized Europe—as merely adapted to the ballad-maker's art. The grammar of Latin was, as M. Guessard, editor of the "*Donatz Proensals* (*Provençal grammar*) of Hugues Faidit, has said, "*la grammaire unique, la grammaire par excellence.*"

The designation of "*grammaticus sermo*," "the grammatical form of speech," was applied distinctively to Latin in the middle ages. Faidit, in commencing his grammar, says: "The eight parts (of speech) "that are found in grammar (i. e. Latin "grammar), also exist in vulgar *Provençal*," forgetful of the fact that a ninth part of speech (the article) had been added in Romance.

As illustrations of Old French and *Provençal* verse, the following quotations are given:

LANGUE D' OÍL.

Oiez, Seignior, que Dex voz beneie,
Li glorioz, li fiz Sainte Marie,
Bonne chanson, que est vielle et antie,
Elle est molt bonne, si fait très bien à dire.

D' Ami, define, et dou preu conte Amile,
Oí avez, com li baron transsirent;
A Mortiers gisent es plains de Lombardie,
Huimaiz orrez avant de lor lingnie,
Et de la geste qui des barons issirent.
Girars ot Blaivies, si tint cuite la ville,
Fiuls fu Ami le chevalier nobile,
Se li donna li rois Othes sa fille,
Damme Hermenjart qui fu preus et nobile.

(JOURDAINS DE BLAIVIES, l. 1 to 13.)

(TRANSLATION.)

Hear, Sir, and may God bless you,
The glorious things which St. Mary did.
A charming song, reverend and old;
It is excellent, and, in faith, good to tell.
It is of Amis, and of the brave Count
Amfles.

You have heard how the brave barons died;
At Mortiers they lie, upon the plains of
Lombardy.

Hear further of the lineage,
And of the history which, from the barons,
came.

Gerard, of Blaivies (a free town),
Was the son of Amis, the noble chevalier,
To him King Otho gave as a bride
His daughter, Hermengard, who was illustrious and noble.

(PROVENÇAL.)

(FROM LE CHRONIQUE DES ALBIGEOIS.)

Se crozan en Fransa e per tot lo regnat,
Cant sabon que seran dels pecatz perdonat.
Ancmais tan gran ajust no vis, pos que fus
nat,

Co fan sobr'els eretgetz e sobr'els sabatat;
Car lo duc de Bergonha s'en es ladoncs
crozat,

E lo coms de Nevers e manta poestatz.
Quant lo coms de Toloza, e li altra baro,
E'l vescoms de Beziers an auzit lo sermo
Que los Frances se crozan, no cug lor
sapcha bo,

Ans ne son mot irat, si cum ditz la canso,
A un parlamen que feiro li clerc, sela sazo.
Lai sus a Albornas, venc lo Comte Ramon.

(TRANSLATION.)

They began the crusade in France, and
through the whole realm,
When they knew they would be pardoned
of their sins.

Never, since I was born, have I seen so
great a company,

As they made up against the heretics and
schismatics,

For the Duke of Burgundy began the
crusade,

And the Count of Nevers, and many a
puissant seigneur.

When the Count of Toulouse and the other
barons,

And the Viscount of Beziers heard the
report

That the French took up the crusade, I
think it pleased them not well;

But that they were saddened, as the song
says.

To a convocation by the clergy called this
year

At Aubenas, came Count Raymond, etc.

There is a close affinity between the
Provençal and Catalan, and for the sake of
verbal comparison a brief extract from the
Chronicle of Bernat Desclot of the 13th
century, will be given:

"En nom de nostre Senyor e de la verges
molt humil Madona Santa María," etc.

Assi comensa lo libre qui parla de les
grans nobleses e dels grans feyts darmes
e dels grans conquestes que han feytes
sobre Sarrahines e sobre altres gens los
nobles senyors Reys Darago qui foren del
alt linyatz del Comte de Barsalona.

"In the name of our Lord and of the
humble Virgin, Madonna, St. Mary, etc.

Thus begins the book which speaks
of the great achievements and feats of
arms, and of the grand conquests which the
noble lords, the Kings of Aragon, gained
over the Saracens and other people, which
lords were of the ancient lineage of the
Count of Barcelona."

The Langue d'Oïl and Langued'oc
gradually changed, in the course of cen-
turies, until the former assumed definitely
the form of modern French, and the latter
that of the modern Provençal, a patois
still spoken in the district which it
dominated ages ago, while the Catalan, its
sister, has changed but little in the course
of the centuries.

In the grammatical realm, the Langue d'
Oïl and the Langue d'Oc restricted them-
selves to but two cases, the nominative and
accusative. True declension went to
decay, and they advanced to the simpler,
the analytical state, which is the model of
this age.

The preceding is an attempt to show, in
the most cursory manner, the change of
these two daughters of the Roman tongue
from the rich inflections of the classic age
to the simplicity which characterizes the
new Latin tongues.

When we speak of the Romance or
Neo-Latin dialects as daughters of
the Latin, we are inclined to regard
the Roman idiom as their father. The
classical Latin was a ruder, more force-
ful and vigorous language than any of
its progeny—far less euphonious and

mellifluous, which is evidenced by the fact that every one of the off-shoots—French (*Langue d’Oïl* and *Provençal*), Spanish, Portuguese, Catalan, Italian, Rumanian and Ladin (of Switzerland)—has found it necessary to soften the sound of *c* and *g* before *e* and *i*, which, in the classic speech, were invariably pronounced hard; that pronunciation of Cicero as Kikero, uncia, an ounce, as ungkia, which strikes us as so ridiculous, is well attested. Among other indubitable proofs of this, we have the direct statement of Quintilian himself. It seems impossible, however, to believe that, side by side with the sonorous speech of the poets and orators, there did

not exist this same softer pronunciation of the letters named among the common people; otherwise it would seem almost unbelievable that they should have attained such uniformity of usage. It must, then, have existed in the *lingua rustica*, or the *sermo plebeius* of the Eternal City and of its mighty empire.

But this excursus must be brought to a close, with the suggestion that much of the time now given in colleges to the reading of Latin authors, might better be devoted to the charming study of the harmonious daughters of the “*Sermo grammaticus*.”

ADLEY H. CUMMINS.

NEW FORCES IN LOVE-MAKING.

During my entire career I have blundered and lost prestige on account of my ignorance. I am, therefore, sincerely in earnest in imparting new and valuable information that may revolutionize the mode of courtship. The present age being so decidedly mechanical, our leading inventions resulting in the triumph of science at the expense of labor, there is a strong desire to arrive at results suddenly. This is as true in art as in mechanics, and, inasmuch as love is partly artificial, it is partly true in love. I feel the importance of this subject, for men waste a great deal of time in courtship, and young men especially should revolt in feeling at a lost hour as if it were a crime. Every advance to love should be made hastily. This is a rapid age. Men and women are rapid. We do make things pleasant in search of desirable ends. We are educated while we are amused. We have science spiced with puns; art seasoned with anecdotes; tales made readable with wit; comic histories of America and Rome; comic grammars and laughing-gas in chemistry.

There are many ways of making love; for although it is a natural product of the human heart and not a manufactured one, it is nevertheless brought to perfection by artificial means — opportunities, tears, sighs, speeches and the like. We have the authority for calling love an art—the finest

of all arts; and until the present discovery was made the world was not a bit wiser in reference to it than it was four thousand years ago. Talk of the migration of souls! Love is the true metempsychosis. It made Napoleon halt on the battlefield and write to Josephine: “We have taken twenty thousand prisoners and slain fifteen thousand men. I love you and embrace you.”

I have thus played with the key before opening my story, because what is to follow is a recital of that which is humiliating to me, yet may be of great importance to you.

I lived at one time at a fashionable boarding-house on Geary street, and among others I formed the acquaintance of Trella Dean, a very sensible, high-minded and lovely character. Our friendship soon ended in an avowal of love. She was an heiress, and I loved her personally and otherwise. My boon companions envied my good luck, and were anxious that I should be settled in life so that they might enjoy the hospitality of an establishment of my own, lavishly bestowed from my bride’s bank account.

I was rather a careless fellow in my dress, and Trella suggested an improvement. She even went so far as to advise me to get a steel shoulder brace to remedy a slight stoop that I had contracted in my

youth. To please her I obtained a steel brace as heavy as a wagon spring, and wore it, to my infinite annoyance, but my betrothed had the satisfaction of seeing that she was engaged to a fellow who to all appearances was straight. Had she known the terrible results that were to follow, she would have given me back my ring rather than advise the wearing of the steel.

"All strong desires and sweet delicious pain,
And beauty's thrall, and strange bewilderings,"

were the component parts of our ecstatic love. She trusted me, and I, like all men, thought there was no danger of her loving anybody else as long as she could get me. We were very happy, and her caress thrilled me like the zephyr of an angel's breath, creeping along every sensitive nerve in my body. I felt as though I would soon be even with nature for those fantastic dreams of youth that made me long and long for that which was not attainable. I arrived one evening at the boarding establishment somewhat earlier than usual. Trella, with whom I usually had a half-hour's chat before dinner, was not to be found. I entered the ladies' reception room. There was no one present, and I seated myself among the flimsy curtains in the window and waited. A woman entered—an old maid—quite a respectable appearing person. I always thought if she had a husband that she would be a fair-looking matron. There was, however, something repulsive about her to me. Her name was sufficient to repulse a fellow when spelled out in full; it read Mariah Mehitable Cranch. She was spiral in shape, very neat and clean-looking, and had a kind of superficial sharpness in her eyes that bespeaks a person whose mind has always moved in the same circle, and that little circle was called mankind. I ought to, and yet to this day I do not know her age. She came and sat very near me. I was at once impelled by an irresistible desire to approach her. We moved our chairs together. It was involuntary, I swear it. I embraced her; there was no willingness on my part. I repeat. I swear it. She uttered a little "Oh!" and I tore myself away, but it seemed as though we were tied to each other by a gum rope, and when I pulled myself away I was testing the rope to its utmost tension. I finally broke away just as Trella entered.

I was ashamed to mention the circumstance to her for fear I could not give a lucid explanation. At dinner, Mariah Mehitable Cranch sat opposite to me. Our eyes met. She shyly glanced down at her plate, and a lovely blush spread over her face.

I really began to consider her quite beautiful. We met after dinner, by chance, in the hall, and we fluttered towards each other like two doves after the same crumb. I had no desire to embrace her, and I think that our coming together was involuntary on her part. Trella saw me. I noticed she was grieved, and with a powerful impulse, and it required an effort to get away from Miss Cranch, I went to her and said: "I could not help it, Trella, I was pushed against her." "It does not matter," she answered.

But ever afterward she was suspicious. I kept away from Miss Cranch for a week, when I again met her in the parlor, and again I was irresistibly drawn towards her. It was not passion, nor tenderness, nor love. It is simply unexplainable.

There seemed to be an invisible string tied around my body and she was drawing me towards her. The steel brace in my shoulder grew heavier. The end was that I embraced her again, but I was caught in the act by my dear Trella, who cried, "O Charles, you wretched man!" Poor Trella, as soon as she saw me with her own eyes, she believed all the gossips had ever been said about me, and without stopping to consider she gave me back my ring. I left Miss Cranch, tried to explain but Trella would only say, "I saw you," I took her aside, and said in lowest tones; "Trust me. Some day there will be an explanation for my action with Miss Cranch. There is some force, some magnetic power, that is not explained, that will account for my embracing her. It is not voluntary. You know that you are the idol of my life, the dream and wakefulness of my happiness."

"But my love is dead. Keep your ring, or give it to Mariah Mehitable Cranch," she said spitefully, and left me.

Everybody in the boarding house heard of the broken engagement and its cause, within an hour. The insinuations were horrible. I sank from an honorable gentleman, and a popular fellow into a fortune

hunter, with a weakness for embracing, old maids! It was even whispered that there was a spice of wickedness and the taint of shame in my intimacy with Miss Cranch. I became angry. The angular propriety suggested that I leave the establishment that I scandalized. I paid her another month's rent and at the sight of money she was quite willing to have me remain.

I went down Kearny street in the afternoon of the next day, and a dozen fellows asked me how *Mehitable* was. I returned to the house in a rage, and I swore that I would discover what physical or psychological power, what force in heaven, in the air or in *hades* it was that attracted me to *Mariah Mehitable Cranch*, and that I would make known the power so that every old maid and forsaken widow might use it to advantage, if it were capable of being transferred from person to person.

Poor Miss Cranch became an outlaw. The ladies refused to speak to her. She went about weeping and flushing; not a word of complaint did she make. I became interested in her, for she, being a woman, suffered more than I did from the mean insinuations. A brilliant hope was to begin on the next evening in the parlors of the house. We were invited before the scandal spread. I sent a note to Miss Cranch requesting as a special favor that she be present.

The halls and parlors were brightly illuminated. The guests were attired in showy dresses. *Trella* was present, but she did not notice me. I was piqued. Miss Cranch at last entered, and the group became a whispering party.

"By Jove, Charles, your latest looks rejuvenated," said a boon companion to me, as he turned to Miss Cranch. She really did look well, and she bore the disgrace that I had brought upon her in a very sweet and divine spirit. I was immediately under the spell of her influence again, and as she approached a little nearer the steel brace on my back grew heavy. There was a gradual moving toward each other, until within a few feet, then, quick as a flash, we were glued together in a long embrace.

"For shame! Oh! Oh! Put them out!" cried the guests. The landlady came up and slapped me. I tried to resist, tried to explain, but I could not.

Some one said, "He ought to marry her."

I turned to the people and replied: "I do not consider that I have disgraced this company or *Mariah Mehitable Cranch*. I stand here hugging her because some invisible power has attracted me. It may be that it is an abnormal affinity, or some electrical power or spiritual bond. It has occurred a dozen times. If there is a man here that will get a license I will, if Miss Cranch is willing, marry her this evening.

Mehitable looked up in my face, and her trembling hand reached for mine, as she silently said "Yes." I was hoping that she would refuse me, but I was disappointed. The next evening we were married. In a week we were nicely located in a house in the Mission. I was not very happy, and I do not think *Trella* was either; but if I had married her, I do not suppose I would have liked her cooking any better than *Mehitable's*. I never call her *Mariah*, I just call her *Mehitable* for short. One morning, after I was quite well used to married life, I entered my wife's bed-room and, great heavens! what did I see? In one corner lay my steel shoulder-braces and, slowly gliding across the room, was my wife's corset. I stood appalled. No motive power was visible. Some strange spirit seemed at work. I watched, entranced, for full an hour, until my wife's corset had crossed the room and rested on the bosom of my steel shoulder-brace. I hurried across and picked it up. The steel brace clung to it. I examined it. Then the full revelation burst upon me. In the anger of the moment I pulled my hair, and thrust my legs about until my slippers reached the ceiling and decended on my head. My wife hurried in the room and screamed: "What is the matter, Charley?"

"Matter!" I cried, "Matter enough! I have found the secret force that drew me to you. It was not your youth," I said spitefully, "nor your shape, nor the endowments of your narrow mind; it was not the affinity of our natures, nor the magnetism of your soul, it was—it was—the magnet in that infernal corset of yours that was attracted by my steel shoulder-brace."*

*The theory of placing magnets in garments as a remedial agent is of recent date. But the effect is marvelous. I saw at the rooms of the Magnetic Shield Co., 106 Post Street, San Francisco, a magnetic corset, similar to that described above, that attracted a piece of steel through a two-inch marble slab.

My weeping wife fell upon my heart and said: "Forgive me, dear husband, I wore it for heart disease."

"You had better say heart's-ease," I replied, as I went out of the room and locked the door after me. It was two months before I returned. I visited Lake Tahoe, Tulare Lake, Los Angeles and Yosemite. I came back reconciled to my fate. My wife met me at the door with a glad smile and a kiss that was more demonstrative than delicate.

"You are not angry, you will not leave me?" she implored.

I replied: "Did you know that that infernal magnetized corset was the hidden and mysterious power that drew us together?"

"No, Charles, I did not," she answered.

"Then," I replied, "since divorce is wrong, we will live together until death do us part."

Mehitable then whispered something in my ear that made me quite happy. We studied up the theory of magnetism as applied to garments, and anybody who wishes to attract a young man need but advise him to wear a steel brace, then get a magnetized corset, and all artificial embracing will be followed speedily by the natural.

I have lived quite happy since my marriage, not intoxicated with bliss, but proud of my plain, practical wife, and I am never jealous except when she wears her magnetic corset; then I am afraid she will meet some man with a steel shoulder-brace.

HARR WAGNER.

WHY?

Why do we strive to work a glad solution

Of all life's problems here?

Why should we eager question "Whence?" and "Wherefore?"

Of every falling tear?

Why grieve that effort fails of hoped fruition?

That love, unsought, is given?

That chafing spirits fret in hateful bondage?

That tenderest ties are riven?

That what seems wrong, to our imperfect vision,

Triumphs in place of right?

That heaven's dear sunshine leaves the earth in sorrow,

Affrighted from the night?

Ah! could our senses catch, for one brief instant,

The music of the spheres,

We then, perhaps, might learn God's glorious reason

For toil, and pain, and tears.

In the grand anthem wrought by life's creation

Some notes seem dissonant

Because our human ears catch but imperfect,

Faint fragments of the chant.

The march of God is ever forward—onward—

Let us this truth discern;

Upon time's dial-plate fate's mystic fingers

Can never backward turn.

Could we but see, as with angelic vision,

What purpose is in pain,

I think, perhaps, that sorrow's saddest numbers

Might seem life's glad refrain.

San Jose.

CARRIE STEVENS WALTER.

SOME NOTABLE SAN FRANCISCO CHURCHES.

The people of San Francisco have been peculiarly favored in having many large and influential religious organizations and benevolent institutions. It is somewhat remarkable that in a city, built with great rapidity, and in the earlier days peopled mostly with men, that the church should have obtained so strong and so firm a hold. Large and beautiful places of worship are to be seen upon every street. San Francisco, to-day, is in a net work of religious influence. There is hardly a prominent, benevolent movement or moral reform that does not take its rise within the shadow of our Christian institutions. The first Protestant church was organized at Benecia, in 1849, and Rev. T. Dwight Hunt was the "Chaplain of the town" of San Francisco when it counted 200 dwellings. It is a pleasure to record that the progress of our city has been led by the churches.

There are ten Episcopal churches, seven Evangelical, seven Hebrew, fifteen Methodist, sixteen Presbyterian, seventeen Catholic, beside seven other Christian organizations in the city. With the Episcopal Methodist and Presbyterian churches are associated missions for Christianizing the Chinese that have been very successful.

THE CALVARY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

of which Dr. Samuel P. Sprecher is at present the honored and successful pastor, was first organized in July, 1854, in the old Unitarian church on Stockton street near Sacramento, with sixty-three members. Rev. Dr. Scott, who died last winter, was the first pastor. After the organization of the church, he returned to New Orleans to await the erection of the new church, and prepare for a removal to San Francisco. During his absence, services were held regularly in the Chinese Mission chapel, then just built on the corner of Sacramento and Stockton streets, Rev. Dr. Woodbridge supplying the pulpit. A half of a fifty-vara lot was purchased for \$20,000. This was located on Bush street, near Montgomery, then almost out of town. The church, when completed, including furniture, cost \$50,000 and was comfortable

and commodious. Dr. Scott returned with his family, and on the 14th of January, 1854, the church was dedicated. He was enthusiastic, able and popular, and the church prospered until the financial panic of 1855, when the breaking of banks became a common occurrence. This affected the financial condition of the church and it found its property about \$45,000 in debt. This was very discouraging, but, by energy and perseverance, a loan of \$18 at 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent was secured, and vigorous effort soon nearly paid off the debt. From its commencement, Calvary church has ever been mindful of the poor. One of the first acts of the session was to resolve that a collection should be taken up each Sabbath for their benefit. This resolution has been strictly observed. No doubt, this obedience to the precepts of their divine Master has secured to the church his blessing in a marked degree. No one can tell just how much good has been done. Such seed sown can only be harvested in eternity. The church sustained some disturbance from the Vigilantes in '56, and in '57 was damaged by fire to an extent of some \$7,000; but, as the church property was fully insured, no material loss was sustained.

When the war broke out, there arose dissension in the church, many members having extreme views on either side; the moderate men found it quite difficult to keep peace in the house. Finally, Dr. Scott resigned and went to Europe, where peace reigned, and Rev. Dr. Wadsworth, of Philadelphia, was called. He was a profound and brilliant man, and preached here for seven years, giving great satisfaction.

In November, 1867, the present church property on the corner of Geary and Powell streets was bought for \$35,000, the old church property was sold for \$80,000, and the present Calvary church was erected at a cost of \$187,000 and was dedicated May 16, 1869, by Dr. Wadsworth. Dr. Hemphill was the next pastor called. His pastorate continued about thirteen years, and was very successful, the congregation being largely increased and the church

debt paid during this time. Then occurred the unfortunate heresy trial, which every one in San Francisco remembers, and when Mrs. Cooper and Mr. Roberts left the church many went with them. Mr. Hemphill felt that his usefulness was, in a great measure, destroyed, and so he resigned. Dr. Samuel Sprecher, of Oakland, became his successor, and under his ministration the church has regained its former prosperity. It has now about 800 members, and several active and energetic societies for Christian work, among which we may mention the Saper Fidelis, a society composed of young girls from twelve to eighteen years of age. This was organized about eighteen months ago, with fifteen

\$4,000 and \$5,000. Dr. Sprecher expresses himself well pleased with the present and probable future prosperity of his church. "It has been the hardest work of my life, as well as the most successful," he said, in speaking of his two-years' ministry here.

Dr. Samuel Sprecher is the son of Samuel Sprecher, D. D. LL. D. His mother was the daughter of the well-known theologian, Dr. Smucker; and, born a minister, one might almost say: it is not strange that he commenced his life work at the early age of twenty years. He unites a gentle and winning manner with much eloquence and profound thought, and preaches entirely extempore sermons. In his early ministry in Utica, New York, this was made the subject of much comment, some of the congregation doubting that such brilliant efforts could be produced by one so young, without previous preparation. So it was resolved to try him by giving him a text when he entered his pulpit and requesting him to preach from it. This was noised around among the people, and, on that particular Sunday, an immense concourse was assembled, among them Roscoe Conkling. All this was entirely unknown to Mr. Sprecher. He entered his pulpit, took the text, and preached the most eloquent sermon that they had ever heard from his lips. He has good health and boundless activity and enthusiasm. He loves his people and his work, and is consequently successful.



DR. SAMUEL SPRECHER.

members. It is now a large and permanent society. Their work comprised needlework and the making of fancy articles sold at fairs for the benefit of the poor. The older young ladies have a Young Woman's Aid Society, and the young gentlemen a Literary Society of about seventy-five members. The exercises of the church, beside the usual Sunday services, consist of a lecture by the pastor on Wednesday evening, upon the Sabbath-school lesson, which is always well attended, and the usual Friday evening prayer-meeting. The church is now raising a fund to refurbish the entire church. They expect it to cost between

HOWARD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Howard Presbyterian church was organized on the Sabbath-day, September 15, 1850, with four members, by Rev. Samuel H. Willey, now of Benecia. They met in a carpenter-shop in what was then known as Happy Valley, in the vicinity of Second and Mission streets. Oh, if that little band could, looking through the years, have seen Howard church as it stands to-day, what joy would have filled their hearts! But, doubtless, their joy was full as they looked around upon the humble insignia of the labor which Jesus did while on earth, and felt that he was with them and would guide and prosper their work. Reading of his work and life, their thoughts must have lingered with peculiar tenderness over lowly Nazareth where, perhaps, in

just such a shed, he, their infinite Master, had earned his own bread. They had resolved to build a church, there being then no place of worship nearer than Washington street, corner of Stockton. W. D. M. Howard offered a building-lot for a church on Howard street. Afterwards the location was changed, but they gave the church the name of Howard Presbyterian. There was some discussion as to whether the church should be Congregational or Presbyterian—they were about evenly divided—but as there was a majority of one in favor of the Presbyterian a new-school Presbyterian church it became. The first church was built on the corner of Natoma and Jane streets, now a portion of New Mont-

of the population at that time did not dream of remaining here. So few thought of San Francisco as their home. The experience of one of our early members, now an old lady, has, I doubt, not been a common one. Her husband was one of the original first four members, and when, upon his return to the East, he desired to return to California, she came with him to bring him back, as she expressed it, to Massachusetts. "I never dreamed of making California my home," she said, "but God settled it a short time after we arrived, for he took one of my babies from my arms and laid it in the sandhills, and San Francisco has been my home ever since." She and her husband, and a few



gomery. There was but little danger from fire in this locality, and it was built of good material, in a very substantial manner, it being the first public building in the city that was finished with plastered and hard-finished walls. It was finished early in June, except the tower, which, for lack of funds, remained unfinished for two years. It was dedicated on Sunday, June 17, 1851. Those assisting in the dedication were Rev. T. Dwight Hunt, pastor First Congregational church; Rev. Dr. Boring, of the Methodist church; Rev. S. H. Willey and Rev. Albert Williams, of the Presbyterian, and so the infant church was christened. It had been no easy task to incite interest in the church, for so many

others, became earnest and efficient workers, and the little church grew and prospered, although it had many hard struggles. "It has always seemed to me as if the devil had a special grudge against our church," said one, speaking of those old days, "but I guess he has at last found that he cannot destroy God's work." In 1852 an organ was furnished, and in '54 the church debt, about \$15,000, was canceled. Rev. Mr. Willey resigned in May, 1862. Other ministers supplied the pulpit until the arrival of Rev. Mr. Kittredge, in 1864. He became so popular that the church proved too small to contain the congregation, and services were held in Platt's Hall. The congregation then re-

turned to the church, and when Dr. Scudder came it became evident that a new church was required. So the old church was sold to the colored people, who used it for a time; then it became a public school; finally, it was moved opposite the United States Mint, where it is now being used for stores, etc.; and a new church was built where it now stands on Mission street, between Third and Fourth. It will seat, comfortably, 1,384 persons, and was dedicated January 6, 1867. When this was finished the church was greatly in debt. Dr. Scudder resigned and went away, and the church languished, and the building passed nearly out of their hands. Other ministers came, but none was so popular as Dr. Scudder had been. Dr. Carpenter was something of a Transcendentalist in his theories, was disliked by many. Dissension arose, and a number of the members left with him and held services in one of our theatres. Meanwhile, the faithful few held their worship in the chapel, renting the main church to the Universalist Society. For a time they held service with the Methodists, they supplying the church, the Methodists the preacher. After Dr. Carpenter, Dr. Fisk was called. He was tolerably well liked, but I do not think any of their pastors have been so universally loved as their present pastor, Rev. Robt. Mackenzie. "By your works shall ye be known." Mr. Mackenzie's work here speaks more loudly in his praise than any one's words could do. He has been here but five years. When he came, the church numbered forty-seven members and was about to be declared disorganized. Now it numbers 600 members, and the church debt has been paid off except about \$15,000. The Sabbath-school has paid \$2,700; \$850 of it toward the church debt. There are several societies for church work, all of them flourishing—the Young Men's Society, the Band of Hope, the Garfield Band, Howard Social and Literary, Ladies' Foreign and Home Missionary Society, and others. The young people's prayer-meeting is held Sunday evenings at 6:30, and in the Wednesday evening prayer-meetings Mr. Mackenzie has introduced a new feature—the study of the letters of St. Paul, which promises to be very interesting. A child's prayer-meeting is held every Sunday after-

noon at 4 o'clock, and a paper of church work. "The Howard Index" is published every month. Mr. Mackenzie feels that the best evidence of the life in the church is that it stood alone so successfully during his absence. A very talented minister, Dr. Newman, supplied the pulpit while Mr. Mackenzie was away; for he became ill from overwork, and, for a time, his people feared that he must leave them; but God has mercifully given him back to health and his church; may it be for many years, for no one can quite take his place.

Born in Scotland's rugged hills, he came to the United States when a mere lad. The piety, will-power and inherent strength of his Scottish ancestors were shown by the way she met and mastered those early difficulties. No obstacles could prevent or poverty daunt him from obtaining what he desired—an education and advancement. As a preacher, he enchains and holds the imagination. His clear judgment, his earnest, logical reasoning power, is like a mighty rock, which the delicate moss of a lively and poetic fancy adorns, but does not conceal. No one ever wearies of his sermons; they are varied, and yet so simple a child can understand. Chiefest in his ministry is shown his desire that his people should rest not upon their pastor, but their God. Perhaps it is this that has so knit him to their hearts; this, and his intense sympathy. Each one feels that he is not only their pastor, but their friend.

GRACE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Grace church, then known as Grace chapel, was organized in December, 1849, by Rev. John L. Ver Mehr and the Rev. Flarel S. Mines, in a wooden building on the southwest corner of John and Powell streets. Trinity church, or chapel, was formally opened the same day, but the congregation of Grace chapel was 50 per cent larger than the one forming Trinity. Epiphany day was first commemorated in the year 1850, the communicants numbering from six to fifteen. The chalice used on that occasion was a silver-plated cup. The Church officers elected were: Wardens—Capt. E. D. Keys, U. S. A., D. S. Turner. Vestrymen—W. M. Burgoyne, Simon T. Blunt, Charles T. Botts, Mr. Hastings,

D. Roberts, John Bluxome, Mr. Bryant, James C. Ward. Secretary, Benjamin Burgoyne. Rev. John L. Ver Mehr was elected rector, and formally accepted the office May 6, 1850. A salary of \$500 a year was allowed him by the New York Board of Missions. He tells an amusing story of the disastrous effects the exorbitant prices for food and raiment had upon his exchequer, he having exhausted his entire salary for the year in one month's residence here. In 1850, Grace chapel removed to what is now known as the African M. E. church, on Powell street, near Jackson. Jan. 27, 1854, Rev. Wm. J. Kip arrived on the steamer, "Golden Gate," from New York. T. H. Fisher was a passenger on the same vessel, and on his arrival was chosen Sexton of the church, which position he holds at present. In January, 1854, Rev. Mr. Mehr tendered his resignation. Rev. Mr. Kip was appointed his successor, and he remained as assistant. The following February Rev. Mr. Kip was elected Bishop of the Diocese, and continued as rector of Grace Church until December, 1857, when he was succeeded by the Rev. Ferdinand Ewer, who recently died in New York. In 1859 Dr. Ewer was granted leave of absence, but not returning, Rev. Mr. Pierce was elected to fill the vacancy, and remained until 1861, when he resigned. The corner-stone of the present Grace church, on the corner of Stockton and California streets, was laid by Bishop Kip, May, 1860. The original estimate of the cost of the building was only \$49,000, but three times the sum was expended before it was ready for occupancy. The iron beams, braces and rafters, furnished to render the edifice earthquake proof, alone cost \$20,000. The lot, valued at \$10,000, was paid for in cash, thus crippling the resources of the parish, who erected the building on borrowed capital. Notwithstanding this fact, the building rapidly progressed, for its friends were enthusiastic, earnest and determined; so much so, that one of the vestrymen actually mortgaged his homestead to furnish the necessary funds, and the edifice was first thrown open for public worship September, 1862. It was consecrated in May, 1868. For two years Bishop Kip presided over the new church, and succeed in paying \$20,000 of the debt.

In 1865 Rev. Dr. Goodwin, of Marysville, was chosen as rector, and remained until March, 1867, when he was called to New Jersey. Rev. Dr. James S. Bush was his successor, and during his rectorship \$24,000 of the church debt was paid. He remained until August, 1872, when he resigned. Rev. Charles J. Williamson, a young English clergyman visiting California, was next called; he remained eighteen months, when, in 1874, Rev. Dr. Platt, of Louisville, Kentucky, was called to the pastorate upon a salary of \$5,000 per year. Dr. Platt, as a rector, was eminently successful, and Grace Church was filled to overflowing morning and evening.



REV. R. C. FOUTE.

In 1882 Dr. Platt received a call to Rochester, N. Y., which he accepted. After his departure, the pulpit was filled by many, but the church's prosperity seemed literally at a standstill until 1884, when Rev. R. C. Foute, of Atlanta, Georgia, was called. Though he has been here but one short year, the church has prospered greatly during the time. The Ladies' Aid Society, Mission societies, etc., are all in a prosperous condition. At his first confirmation class he presented forty-nine persons, among whom was Mrs. Mark Hopkins. (And we may here remark, en passant, that the report that Mrs. Hopkins

is to leave San Francisco and make her home in Great Barrington is as untrue as the fabulous account of her palace which is now being built there. She is building a comfortable residence there, simply because while there she prefers home life to that of a hotel, but she is not going there to live.) Grace church is sometimes called the millionaires' church. This statement is rather a detriment than otherwise, for although some millionaires attend, they do not all belong, many of them not being members, but simply holding pews there.

The church architecture is Gothic in style, and is considered by many to be the finest in the city. Grace church has never been entirely finished, but they hope to see it completed soon. The interior is very beautiful, and, although not the largest, it is one of the handsomest churches in the city. The annual rental of the pews ranges from \$25 to \$175. The organ loft was erected at a cost of \$1,800; the baptismal font, valued at \$1,500, is of frear stone, and was imported from England by the Sunday-school scholars, who presented it to the church. The communion service, which contains five solid silver pieces with gold plate, was purchased for \$600. The present officers of Grace Church are: Senior Warden, Geo. W. Gibbs. Vestrymen—E. D. Morgan, Leland Stanford, W. A. Frey, Lloyd Tevis, C. H. Burton, Chas. E. Gibbs and A. E. Phelps. Perhaps a few words about the present pastor, Rev. R. C. Foute, may not be unacceptable to his many friends and admirers. He is a man of very imposing presence; erect and soldierly in his bearing. He has in social converse much suavity and grace of manner, but in the pulpit his expressions are terse, forcible, vigorous and independent. He entered the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1858, was appointed in the Confederate Navy in '61, and served on the "Merrimac" in its engagement with the "Monitor" in '63, and was promoted for his bravery after the fight. He surrendered in Lee's army at Appomattox. He entered the ministry in '72, as assistant to Bishop Beckwith, in Savannah, Ga. In 1874 he was called to Maysville, Ky., and nominated Dr. Dudley for Assistant Bishop of Kentucky in Calvary church, Louisville, in '74.

In '75 he was called to Atlanta, Georgia, to succeed Bishop Elliott, and in '84 became pastor of Grace church, San Francisco. He left Atlanta, where he was much beloved, and where, by strenuous efforts, he had succeeded in building the handsomest church edifice in the city, on account of the health of his wife. This has been much improved, and Mr. Foute's popularity and success as a pastor here are assured. He carries the brave fearlessness of a soldier into his pulpit. There is no compromise with sin in any form, and perhaps his long intercourse with men in a secular life has given him a clearer insight into their hearts and principles than he could have gained in a purely pastoral life. This is, doubtless, the secret of his power over them.

THE UNITARIAN CHURCH.

The stranger, passing down Geary street near the busy marts of trade, will observe a handsome church edifice, shut in from the tread of careless feet by gates that are thrown open upon the Sabbath for the ingress of a devout throng. Trees wave in the enclosure, and grasses bow as if in reverence over a lowly mound, and well they may, for it is Starr King's grave. Here, near the church that he reared, the only monument he ever cared to have, lies the mighty heart whose every pulsation was a throb for humanity. It would be well if our growing boys could read the life of Starr King, often and earnestly, and take pattern after his nobility of character. Perhaps a short sketch of his life, in connection with his church, may not be inappropriate. Thomas Starr King was born in New York, December 17, 1824. His father was a Universalist minister, of English descent, his mother, of German, and both were characterized by largeness and generosity of soul. Starr was very precocious, as a boy; he was full of fun and frolic, and yet fond of study. At the age of ten, he had acquired both Latin and French, and at fifteen, found himself, at his father's death, the head of a family of younger brothers and sisters. To support them he took a position in a dry-goods store, afterward taught in a grammar school, then became a clerk in the Charlestown Navy-yard, prosecuting his studies as best he might in the interim of

his labors. At nineteen, Theodore Parker's criticism of him was: "A capital fellow, who reads French, Spanish, Latin, Italian, a little Greek, and begins German"; "a good listener," he recorded in his diary. Doubtless this was one of the elements that made Starr King's life a success. He listened and learned from all, even rough fishermen, miners and sailors. He sympathized with their hard lives, and, while gleaned such knowledge as they could give, never exacted from them any deference because he happened to be a minister, and thus completely won their love and respect. His first public address was delivered at Medford, Mass., July 4, 1845, and on the 2d of August, 1846, he

the bonds of fellowship and good-will, until they actually refused to give him up, and only gave him leave of absence when he came to San Francisco. He was perfectly fearless, and in the pulpit gave expression to the most eloquent and powerful views upon the subject of slavery, and other topics then agitating the public mind, always with the understanding that if his congregation took exception to his views, his resignation was ready. On the 17th of December, 1848, he was married to Miss Julia Wiggin, and accepted a call to San Francisco to the Unitarian church, which was organized Sept. 1, 1850. He arrived here April 28, 1860, preaching to a large congregation the day after he arrived.



THE UNITARIAN CHURCH.

accepted a call to the large Universalist church, of Charlestown, Mass.; at the age of twenty-two, filling the same pulpit which his father had filled at the time of his death at the age of forty-two. His immediate predecessor was the Rev. Edwin H. Chapin. He gave great satisfaction here, and from the second year of his ministry to the day of his death, was constantly being invited to accept the pastorate of large and flourishing churches. The Hollis-street Unitarian church, of Boston, being almost disorganized, finally succeeded in obtaining his consent to become their pastor, and here he remained until his call to San Francisco, building up the church, healing dissension, drawing his people together in

His life here is well known—his eloquent sermons, his positive views on the subject of slavery, his benevolence, charity and self-abnegation. On the 3d of December, 1862, the corner-stone of the present church was laid. The most electric and powerful speaker on the coast at that time, his devotion to his church seemed scarcely affected by his arduous duties elsewhere. For the new church he contributed \$1,000 from his salary, and, in addition, wrote a series of six lectures on the leading poets to obtain the means (\$3,500) of purchasing an organ, his gift to the church. It was completed near the end of the year 1863, and on Jan. 10, 1864, he preached his first sermon there. His last sermon

preached was: "Behold! I stand at the door and knock." Diphtheria attacked him, and Friday, the 4th of March, he died. A few hours before his death he dictated his will, remembering all dependent upon him, and bade good-bye to many friends, smilingly. "I see a great future before me. It already looks grand, beautiful!" he said. About Eastern friends, he said: "Tell them I went lovingly, trustfully, peacefully;" and said to the Chairman of the Church Committee: "Let the church, free from debt, be my monument. I want no better." After repeating, "The Lord is my Shepherd," emphasizing "I will fear no evil for Thou art with me," he passed away. Every one who was in San Francisco at the time will remember Starr King's death, and the genuine grief felt by all; and to-day the church stands, as he desired, his only monument. Nay, there is a monument erected to his memory in the hearts of all who loved him. Many imprisoned streams of good in the souls of men, loosened by his influence, have grown into mighty rivers. The church is still a power for good. Mrs. Horace Davis, one of its principal members, is Starr King's daughter. Dr. Horatio Stebbens, its pastor, is well known in the community, and that he is loved and successful is proved by the fact that he has been Starr King's only successor. Connected with the church is a charity organization called the Society for Christian Work.

The Catholics of the city have seventeen churches. Probably the most imposing edifice is St. Ignatius; the oldest is

ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL,

located on the northeast corner of California and Dupont. It was built by

Most Reverend Jos. S. Alemany. It was commenced July 17, 1853, and dedicated December 25, 1854. It cost \$175,000, and will seat 1,200 persons.

The officers of this church, in 1854, were: Rev. Jos. S. Alemany, Archbishop; Rev. James Croke, Pastor; Rev. John F. Harrington, now of St. Francis, and Rev. Sam Doherty, Assistants. They are at present: Rev. Jos. S. Alemany, Archbishop; Rev. J. Prendergast, V. G., Pastor; Rev. J. G. Cottle and Rev. M. D. Connolly, Assistants; Rev. Geo. Montgomery, Secretary. There is a large day-school for boys connected with this church.

ST. IGNATIUS CHURCH.

Few people, outside of our Catholic residents, are aware of the inner magnificence of St Ignatius. The altar-piece is Tojetti's finest work, and set between polished columns of lofty height, while all the arrangements of the altar are of the most superb description; and, when lighted up with its thousands of tapers, presents a scene scarcely earthy. The nave of the church is lofty in the extreme, and the walls adorned with many fine paintings, while not of the least interest to the casual visitor are the richly decorated shrines, provided with railing and kneeling-cushions, where, within glass coffins, are to be found preserved saints—one a youth of about sixteen, Saint Aloysius, and the other, a Roman maiden, Saint Placidus.

Everything that wealth could do in supplying the richest materials, the loftiest effects, the greatest architectural solidity, has here been accomplished, until it is now the only church in the city which is likely to be visited by tourists, similar to the churches in European cities.

PASSING AWAY.

Robed in her white garments, she sat resigned,
 A happy smile upon her pure, pale face;
 While down her slender temples fell entwined,
 Bathed in gold, from the sun's last lingering rays,
 The dark brown hair, giving her still sweeter grace.
 Within the leafy arbor's green confine,
 And many blue-eyed violets growing near,
 Around her clustering roses and jasmine;
 A bride for heaven only could appear
 So fair, so sweet, so child-like and divine.

McMinnville, Or.

CHARLES GRISSIN.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

The building of the Young Men's Christian Association is located at 232 Sutter Street, between Kearny and Dupont; and the property is valued at \$135,000, and is entirely free from debt. Four years ago Mr. D. L. Moody and his associate, Mr. Ira D. Sankey, conducted special evangelistic services in this city for nearly six months, at the close of which they turned their attention to the Young Men's Christian Association, centering their efforts in the financial interests of the institution of the organization has far exceeded the expectations of its most sanguine friends. The efforts of the institution are confined exclusively to young men, and the work is benevolent, religious, social, educational and physical, and is carried on regardless of creed or nationality. Any young man of good moral character may become a member of the Association by the payment of \$5, annually; entitling him to the use of the library, parlors, reading-room, gymnasium, bowling alley,



INTERIOR VIEW OF Y. M. C. A. READING-ROOM AND LIBRARY HALL.

tution. The Association was carrying a mortgage of \$84,000 on the building, and the efforts of the evangelists were most opportune, as the mortgage was about to be foreclosed. The entire amount of \$84,000 was raised by Mr. Moody; \$68,000 of the amount being secured in this city, (\$18,000 given by one firm) and the remaining \$16,000 was raised by friends east of the Rocky Mountains. After the mortgage had been cancelled, the institution was re-incorporated under the State laws of California, with conditions specified that the property must be held free of debt forever. The entire management was changed, and a definite work commenced for young men, and the success

baths, lyceum, medical lectures, popular lectures, scientific lectures, musical and literary receptions, monthly socials for young men, educational classes, etc., with no extra fee whatever. The classes are conducted by the best procurable teachers, and everything about the building is attractive and pleasant to young men. A cordial invitation is extended to all worthy young men, strangers in the city, whether members or not, to visit the building and enjoy the benefits offered by the institution.

RELIGIOUS WORK.

The religious work consists of Bible-classes, song services, noon-day meetings,

evangelistic services Sabbath afternoons, suitable references as to the moral character etc. All of the services, except the noon-day meetings, are for young men. A German branch is connected with the Association. The building is thronged nearly



FRONT VIEW OF Y. M. C. A. HALL.

ation; also a branch among deaf mute young men. They have an employment department, managed by Mr. M. M. Meyers. No fee is charged to employee or employer; the only requirement being, every night with young men brought to-
 together under these healthful influences. Six men are employed constantly in the business of the institution, which is daily increasing. Mr. H. J. McCoy is the Gen-

eral Secretary and business manager, and came to the city three and a half years ago at the request of Mr. Moody to take charge of the work. He came from Lowell, Mass., where he had spent nearly ten consecutive years in the same business. He is 38 years of age, and successful in his special calling. He is a thorough business man, and everything connected with the Association is conducted on a strictly business basis, which commends its work to a large number of our most wealthy and influential citizens. George W. Gibbs, Esq., is President of the Institution; Mr. A. B. Forbes, Chairman of the Board of Trustees; Walter N. Hawley, Chairman of the Board of Finance; and Mr. Robert Balfour, Chairman of the Evangelistic Committee.



Among the most liberal contributors to the support of the work is Mrs. Governor Stanford, Mrs. Mark Hopkins, Dr. R. H. McDonald, Geo. W. Gibbs, A. B. Forbes, Prentiss Selby, Henry Mahan, Robert Dickson, Wells, Fargo & Co, W. F. Whittier, C. V. S. Gibbs, Asa Harker, Balfour, Guthrie & Co., Capt. Chas. Goodall, Nathaniel Gray, E. W. Newhall, Monroe Greenwood, J. W. H. Campbell, Huntington, Hopkins & Co., N. P. Cole, J. G. Eastland, Hawley Bros, Adam Grant, and a large number of other prominent citizens are among its list of life members and contributors.

The Visitation of the Sick Committee among young men, are active in their efforts. Cards are sent to all the leading physicians and hotel clerks, requesting them to

notify the General Secretary of any cases of sickness that may come under their observation, and which may need the attention of the committee.

The work is growing with marked rapidity throughout the world, and commands the co-operation and support of leading philanthropists of all lands. Twenty-five years ago they owned property less than \$100,000 in this country. They now own real estate alone valued at \$4,300,000—all of which was contributed by friends interested in this grand and noble work for the moral improvement of young men. The work has been denominated by many prominent divines and other public men as the gigantic religious movement of the nineteenth century, and San Francisco can congratulate itself on having one of the finest institutions of the kind in the world.

Any one desiring to investigate the merits of the work will be welcome at the building any time during the day or evening, and the workings of any department of the institution will be explained. The management are now endeavoring to create an endowment fund, whereby the growing demands of the work in this city and on the coast may be met. Any liberally-minded persons, having money which they are anxious to place where it will accomplish the most good, could not do better than to place it at the disposal of this most worthy institution.

LETTER FROM MR. D. L. MOODY,

To MR. GEO. W. GIBBS, President Young Men's Christian Association, San Francisco.

DEAR SIR: It is a pleasure to me to hear of the most excellent and hopeful work which is being done for young men in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association of San Francisco. I have a deep interest in the work in that city, and I have always considered it to be a most important field for this special branch of Christian endeavor. Associations are extending their usefulness all over the world, and the work is attracting the attention, and enlisting the sympathy, co-operation and support of many eminent and wealthy people. This is what we might expect, as the mission of these Associations is of a most practical nature. I believe the time has come in connection with your work in San Francisco when you ought to make an effort for an endowment fund, that you may be able to meet the growing demands of the field.

You will soon need to establish branches in various parts of the city, and I have no doubt that you will soon need to enlarge your central building, and ought to expend several hundred dollars a year in enlarging your library.

A State Secretary should be placed in the field, in the near future, who should canvass the State in the interest of the work. Many of the States now have such an officer, who helps to give efficiency and permanence to the work. An endowment fund would help you to meet these demands, and I have no doubt that if the matter was brought before your citizens, such a fund could be created, as other Associations have already received legacies.

With the best wishes for the future success of your Association, and assuring you of my interest in the same, I remain truly yours,
D. L. MOODY.

ART IN CALIFORNIA.

FRANK HEATH.

In studying over our California artists, there is no pleasanter surprise than in finding some of native birth, for instance, in the Studio of Roethe and Heath, where they are each native Californians—young men of more than ordinary talent. Mr. Frank Heath was born in Portland about the year '57. When six years of age, his family moved to Santa Cruz, and there, and at Monterey, he became so impressed with his surroundings that his talent as a painter, in after years, reflected the scenes of his childhood. Wild, dashing waves, against cold, gray rocks; milder waves breaking on shore; cold, deep, green waters, and other chilly water views, are his chief delight. After studying at the Art School, under Virgil Williams, he became a pupil of Yelland, and this constitutes his entire instruction.

Since these, his only instructor has been Nature herself. From Santa Cruz and Monterey he has gone to Victoria and taken studies along the Columbia; from there he has sought the majesty of Yosemite, and worked unceasingly, securing many bold, strong studies of that valley of wonders; especially skillful in the treatment of water, whether as a fall, all feathery and fleecy, or as a river, deep and glassy. All of his canvases reveal this spirit of harmony with the freaks of the water-god.

In appearance, Mr. Heath is very boyish-looking, earnest in manner, and, as might well be supposed, is celebrated as a swimmer. His impressions in regard to "Art in California," could not be obtained, owing to the fact that he is at present off on another tour, interviewing Mother Nature, so that this sketch is necessarily incomplete. It is said, however, that he is very severe in his denunciation of the restoration of Carmel Mission, near Monterey. Fortunately, before this ill-conceived work of restoration was carried out, Mr. Heath made a sketch of the Mission in its ruins, picturesque and ancient-looking as it stood, and from it has made many pictures to order for those who wish to preserve it in its original

state. When he last visited the Mission, he was appalled to see it covered with a shingle roof, with all its picturesqueness gone, utterly spoiled as a landmark of the past; looking, as he says, "for all the world like an old saw-mill." So much for the artistic taste of the priest of Monterey!

LOUIS ROETHE.

There is as much difference between the various lines of painting chosen by different artists as there is between one man and another. Mr. Roethe (who chooses to pronounce his name according to our method), is also a native Californian, born in Shasta, in 1860, but his method of painting is as different from that of his friend Heath, as architecture is from water—as people are from mountains. His special line is in depicting odd interiors of domestic life, quaint corners of quaint houses, quaint studies of queer people. No touch of California life seems to have made any impression upon Mr. Roethe as yet, for his canvases speak altogether of foreign scenes and foreign people, and this is owing to his travels abroad. Though born in California, yet at six years of age he went to Germany with his family, returning three years after. He always inclined to art naturally, drawing from the time he was a little fellow. In San Francisco he grew up, attending the Art School, and afterwards studying with Kunath and Yelland.

In 1880 he went to Munich (that Mecca of California artists) and studied for five years, having to commence anew, according to the edicts of that art center, and working in red crayon and black charcoal. Here he made his studies of heads, interiors, and also studied figure painting. He spent his summers in a small German city—that of Rothenburg, which is much like Nuremberg—where he studied these most peculiar house and church interiors, and made sketches from nature. He also gathered many of these odd bits at South Tyrol, Austria, and at Bavaria—the same ground traversed by Toby Rosenthal. Odd scenes are these, indeed, hanging upon his walls! Architecture in Germany is very puzzling to an ordinary observer;

these bits of back yards, with all their curious belongings, great stone steps, and dark cellar-ways; these choir lofts and circular stair-cases in old churches—it is no wonder we can scarcely make them out.

Mr. Roethe had a Bavarian model, to whom he became very much attached. A most remarkable painting of her hangs in his gallery. In her hands she holds an old German Bible, about two hundred years old, and upon her face is portrayed most conscientiously all the lines and wrinkles and age-marks possible, making her a match for the Bible. Still, she could not have been over ninety, I suppose. It is something difficult to think of a model as anything but young or lovely. Upon the walls hangs a mate to this antique female, a mummified old man—a most unlovely object; but then, this is high art, and displays careful study, so, perforce, we must admire it. Much pleasanter is an unfinished Bavarian home scene—a youth, in picturesque costume, lighting his pipe, which a plump damsel is slyly blowing out.

By all odds, the finest, most striking painting is that of "Decorating"—a way-side shrine, containing in uncouth, box-like coverings, elevated high in air, carved figures of the Saviour and the Virgin Mary, which peasants, upon long ladders, are busily engaged in trimming with flowers upon some Saint's day. There is something very remarkable in the effect of this curious shrine against the sky; perhaps it is the sky itself that is so well done. The concave of the heavens is so strikingly shown that you are impressed immediately with the beauty of the scene, just as if you had come upon it suddenly in your travels. Many such beautiful scenes attract the painter's eye, but it is seldom that he can portray it with the charm that Mr. Roethe has caught in this Bavarian bit of landscape.

While traveling through Germany, the artist gathered many ancient relics from the peasantry, among which are a crucifix and rosary, several hundred years old, containing amulets and charms to ward off

the evil eye; old Bibles, dated 1702 and 1713; a huge pipe belonging to the students of Heidelberg, marked with many dates as far back as 1818, also bearing names of many students; a spinning-wheel and ribbon of the 16th century, and also ancient altar cloths of richest silk. When asked if he had found the charm of much value in warding off the evil eye, a kind friend replied for him: "He will have to use it to keep off the evil eye of his landlady, if he keeps on with art much longer in this city"; and this led to the much-discussed question of art encouragement on this coast.

"I met Toby Rosenthal in Munich," said Mr. Roethe, "and he said that nothing could induce him to return to this coast. He considered it a very poor place for artists. I have not found it much better in the short time I have been here. It is a great shame that the Palette Club should have dissolved. It did much good while it lasted, but now we shall all have to go back to the Art Association if we want to have any club at all. No, I do not believe in 'pot boilers,' not even to keep one from starving. It degrades art, and it degrades the work of artists. One had better starve to death than paint them."

Unfortunately for us, all artists are not so heroic in their belief as Mr. Roethe, or art in California would take a sudden step forward, and our markets would not be so stocked with crude daubs. But then, I am of the opinion that the fault lies more with the people than the artists; they create the demand, and, of course, where there is a demand, it will be supplied, art or no art.

Mr. Roethe is quite an addition to our corps of artists, his experience at Munich fitting him for unique studies in some line specially suited to his style, which he may, eventually, discover for himself, for he will soon exhaust his German sketches, and then begin upon his native soil. Domestic scenes in California have not yet been specially portrayed, and in this realm, Mr. Roethe would find a sphere after his own heart.

THE MUSEUM.

The Way We Went to Bodie.

We lived in the heart of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, very near the boundary line of the State of California. Aurora was a lively mining town, and all the hills thereabouts were full of yawning shafts and tunnels, which Bub and I, in time, came to gaze upon with great contempt.

Did we not know the secrets of mines and mining? Was it not all an immense deception? Why, every man who came to the house carried a pocketful of rock with him, and thought he had a fortune; but before our very eyes we saw them become poorer and poorer, their pants patched with old flour-sacks, living in the humblest little cabins, and frying their own flap-jacks, made of flour and water.

We had very little faith in our own mining town, but as for Bodie—it was ten miles away, and, as usual,

“Distance lends enchantment to the view.”

We were convinced that Bodie was really rich in gold and silver, and every one who passed by the door of our home in the wild cañon stopped to tell the latest news, each confirming the other in the accounts they gave of its marvelous riches.

Bub and I often wondered why our father did not move to Bodie, and live in the midst of all this wealth and treasure, and we talked the matter over gravely and seriously. I had about outgrown a belief in fairies, but believed it my duty to confirm the faith of my younger brothers in the “wee folk,” together with all kinds of legends. If I had sadly discovered that there were no dainty sprites as told of in the fairy books, that was no reason I should deprive them of the beautiful belief.

So I manufactured stories to suit their wavering doubts, and lived it all over again with them. Now, the first requisite in every fairy story was for two children to go out into the cruel world to seek their fortune. This theme I rang many changes upon, finally suggesting that we, ourselves, ought to go in search of our fortune some day.

Gradually our ideas clustered together, until we began to think that Bodie was the

place where we ought to go. As I said before, we had great respect for Bodie, for J. Ross Browne, the celebrated traveler, had been at our house, and had shown us the sketches he had made of the town, and afterwards we had seen them in “Harper’s,” so we knew it must all be true.

Bub and I talked it over. It was singular to think that we had never been to this wonderful Bodie, when we were only ten miles away. Bub was a sturdy, blue-eyed, black-haired little fellow of seven, exceedingly thoughtful and manly in all his ways. He was the happy possessor of a real pistol which would shoot. He was a natural hunter, and so careful, that Hal and I were never in danger from the trust reposed in him.

Hal was the four-year-old, still in frocks, with long golden curls hanging down on his shoulders; and I was Elf, the ten-year-old sister, who led them into all kinds of wild trips, exploring caves, climbing precipices, and naming unknown places after ourselves with a Robinson Crusoe sort of ownership, as if we owned it all.

I remember this particular day as vividly as if it were yesterday. We were sitting by the little creek that flowed by the house. I had caught a lizard, which Bub was harnessing to a little wagon of his own construction, when all at once the little reptile made a break for liberty, and knocked off his tail. This was enough to send me off into a long disquisition on natural history, and I asserted that a new tail would grow out of the lizard, and a new lizard would grow out of the tail. Bub was disgusted with the tailless lizard, and proposed that we let the lizard go, and keep the tail, watching the mysterious process and the budding of the new lizard, to which I assented, being perfectly confident on the subject.

Sitting down by the creek, and pitching in little chips, I returned to the old subject.

“Say, Bub, how would you like to go to Bodie?”

It wasn’t necessary for him to say anything. There was always a look in his eyes that told more than words. I watched

him closely, to see how he would take my proposition.

"You know, John and Old Tinkham are in there eating lunch to-day with papa, Mamma has got up an elegant lunch for the mean old things, and we have to wait till they finish. They are going out to Bridgeport—that's twenty-five miles—on some law business or something. Now, what do you say to our taking their horses and going to Bodie? See! there they are, standing nice and quiet by the door, just as if they wanted us to. What do you say?"

Bub was more cautious than I, and suggested many difficulties, all of which I smoothed away. In a few moments, we had unhitched the horses and clambered up on their backs, and were off down the gulch, riding along as proudly as if we owned them.

I cannot conceive now how it was that no dread of consequences came to my mind. I never thought of anything, except that we were going to seek our fortunes, and would probably return to our delighted parents with our hands full of gold and silver. I confess now that we were rather queer children, but we simply reflected the spirit of that lawless time.

Around the "Bend," as we all called the curve in the road, we suddenly came upon Hal, who, baby as he was, insisted upon being allowed to go with us to seek his fortune, too. Bub was inclined to be stern, but I felt that it would be cruel to leave him behind. So, in some manner, I backed my horse up to the embankment, and making Hal crawl up, I dragged him on behind, and telling him to hold me fast, away we went!

It was a magnificent cañon that we rode through. The walls of stone on either side were covered with moss and sparkling with trickling water, and so high up that we could only see a narrow strip of blue sky above us. From the cañon we came out into "Sunshine Valley," where the mountains were crested with fantastic rocks piled up like a magnificent cathedral, all beautified with minarets and towers, and of a peculiar yellow color, which added to its magnificence.

We picked out many places we intended to explore, some day—that wonderful some day—and rode along, admiring and enjoy-

ing everything we beheld, dreaming the most extravagant dreams. By this time, the creek, with its additions from all the mountain rills, had become quite a respectable-sized little stream, and it crossed and re-crossed the road in the most vagrant manner. But we dashed our horses through it, enjoying the splash, and kept on our way.

In the distance ahead we saw the yellow cliffs of Bodie, and, full of excitement, hurried the faster, when, faintly borne upon the mountain breeze, came the sound of voices far behind us.

"Bub! Elf! Bub! Elf! Stop, I tell you," with mutterings which were very unpleasant, and boded us no good. We simply whipped up our horses, and hurried along the faster, leaving those faint voices in the rear. By this time, we came upon a hay ranch, which was a wonderful sight to us, after our long acquaintance with nothing but sagebrush. But we had no more time to admire the scenery; looking backward, rather than forward, to see what was our chance in escaping from John and Old Tinkham, who were pursuing us on foot to get back their horses.

I was utterly bereft of any consciousness of guilt, having no fear of any one in my breast, and considering that my rights were as great, if not greater, than those of other people, and that, as I desired to go to Bodie, I should be allowed to do so, especially now that I was so near. What did I care for the lawsuit at which John had to be present by a certain hour? I wanted to go to Bodie, and that was just as important. There is no doubt that life in the atmosphere of the Sierras inspires a singular sense of freedom, and I had imbibed more than my share.

The horses were now jogging along in that very unpleasant manner called "a trot," and we were getting our very breath thumped out of us. In the midst of it, Bub lost his balance and went over out of my sight, while his horse kept along by my side, riderless and running away. Hal clutched me so tightly I could scarcely keep from imitating his feat and going over also. Thinking that he was dead, I gave up Bodie, and turned back to weep over him.

By this time, John and Tinkham (as he

was called by everyone, it was no disrespect in that altitude to drop all prefixes) had caught up, but were so breathless that they had very little to say. But I know one thing, they mounted their horses, and rode away to Bridgeport to attend to their lawsuit, John saying, "It will be a lesson to you to get home as best you can. There will probably be a team along, and you can get in it. I never saw such children in all my life!" as well he might.

Bub, and I gazed after them resentfully. They had eaten up the elegant lunch, and they had taken the horses, leaving us miles from home. They were certainly the hatefullest men that ever lived. We forgot Bodie in our new plans for vengeance; but presently our little empty stomachs began to assert themselves, and we commenced our trudge homewards, the forlornest, most dejected children ever seen. We began to realize the difference between "our rights" and "other people's rights."

Poor little Hal cried some, but Bub and I restrained ourselves. Back, over the creek, I don't remember how, past the cathedral rocks, in Sunshine Valley, up through the long, dark canon, past the quartzmills we trudged, our weary feet dragging through the alkali dust of the road, so heavily, that we walked through clouds of it all the way. At last our beloved bend appeared in the distance. What joy! Home was around the well-known curve. Then, step by step, we dragged ourselves, not a team appearing once on the whole weary way; and finally, the dear, darling house came in view.

It seemed like years, those last few moments, and at last we reached the doorway. Such a trio of disconsolate little tramps to usher themselves into a shining, neat home, never was seen! Hal's tears had dried with the layers of dust on his cheeks, his pretty frock was a sort of grey color, while Bub and I were equally, unrecognizable, our eyes revealing an agony of woe. What sort of a reception would we receive after all our badness, and the trouble we had caused? At last we realized our guilt.

I shall never forget the picture my mother presented as she met us at the door. She had put on a snow-white muslin, fresh and spotless, and at her throat she had pinned a bunch of pink wild roses. She looked to me like an angel, or like the Madonna picture on her porcelain breast-pin that we all so much admired. It almost seemed like profanation for us to come near her in our grime and dust.

Her loving eye saw the misery depicted on our faces, and the fear of the punishment we knew we deserved. She spoke no word save of tenderest kindness. She washed our faces and hands most pitifully, and gave us the most delightful bread and butter and jam I have ever eaten in my life, and then the three of us dropped over asleep, and she covered us.

I have often thought that heaven would be like that; surely, no experience of my life ever made such a vivid impression upon my mind. But, as for Bodie, I have never seen it to this day.

THE EDITOR'S OFFICE.

CHURCH CULTURE.

The most valuable education is attained within sacred walls. Art culture is mere polish, the nickel shines on a man's intellect, but the culture of the church is the foundation of character. The homely truths of the Bible do not find their way with sufficient frequency into secular literature. Temperance, moral character, honesty and principle, trite as they are, do not have sufficient importance in our daily duties. A sermon, preached by any of our learned pastors, contains a fund of information upon right living. Religion, intelligently observed, is a pleasure, an education, a poor man's fortune, a rich man's safe-guard, and a guardian for the young. The culture that a regular attendant at church obtains is most valuable. It ennobles and purifies life, and adds zest to a man's aspiration. Church culture is the proper education for the young and old.

CALIFORNIA BOOKS.

We are decidedly in an atmosphere of art and literature, and yet a success is unrecorded. Rosenthal, by the patronage of Irving M. Scott, has attained a local fame. He is not well known outside of exclusive art circles in Eastern cities, or in London and Paris. He is not a master. Hill has a financial fame. He is praised, only when it has a commercial value. The genius in art has not yet come. There is not one scene painted of this art-tempting State that its commanding ability will place California in the inner temple of art.

Literature! We falter when we write the word. What a beggarly array a library of California books would make. Last night we actually dreamed that, as a publisher, we requested Librarian Wilson, of the Mechanics' Library, to purchase, at fifty per cent discount, all local publications.

The reply was: "Californians are too well educated to read California books."

We have some critical scientific works that stand well in the literary world.

Here is a list of California books jotted down from a tired memory:

Culture, by John S. Hittell;	Good
Resources of California, by John S. Hittell;	Financial
On The Verge, Phillip Shirley (Helen Lake);	Fair
Anita, a tale of Yosemite, Thersa Yelveron;	Very bad
Almond Eyed, Atwell Whitney;	Excellent
Geology, Le Contes;	Standard
Histories, H. H. Bancroft;	Valuable
Mountain Princess, Ella Sterling Cummins;	Successful
The Field of Honor, Ben. C. Truman;	Standard
Blood Money, W. C. Morrow;	Well written
Poems, Madge Morris;	The very best
Sacrifice, Will S. Green;	Good
Big Jack Small, J. W. Gally;	Fair
Romer, King of Norway, Adair Welcker;	Fair
Libraries of California, Flora Haines Apponyi;	Commercial
Clarence Greathouse, John F. Swift;	Poor
Poems, Ina Coolfrith;	Good
Mining Camps, C. H. Shinn;	Excellent
Thirty-three books on California, 33 authors; Thirty failures	
Street and Flower, Wagner & Bunyan;	Poor
California Verse, Chas. T. Phelps;	Poor
Poems, C. T. Urmy;	Excellent
Bonanza, Dan de Ouille;	Fair
Dare, Mary Willis Glascock;	Good
With the Invader, Edwards Roberts;	Fair
Poems, J. D. Steell;	Good
A Crescent and a Cross, Babek;	Interesting

We could add ninety to the list, and if we had written failure after all but two or three, our report would have been quite true. It requires a high order of intelligence to write a successful book. Excepting Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller, no Californian has written a book that has been a success on account of its literary and artistic merits. We are mere daubers in literature upon the extreme western shore of the coveted field. In fact, a really great literary work has not been produced for some years. Howell's on account of magazine influence is the example given for youthful writers. Ye gods, to how low a height must natural genius descend! Genius seems dead to know no resurrection, and the Century and Harper's, with their millions, cannot purchase the white garments of an unborn genius, and bestow it upon a hired hack of their choosing. The atmosphere of literature has spread over the country; but it requires a cyclone to bring out full-measured genius.

We have before us a copy of Mr. Adair Welcker's poems. Mr. Welcker preferred originality to stupidity, and expressed ideas rather than stuff. We shall praise him at the risk of being pinned to the tail of his immortality. "Romer, King of Norway," was given to our amiable critic, with the request that the dramas be revived with a complimentary inclination. Like all ladies who are allowed to have their way, she noticed our "Sacramento Shakespeare" without regard to our prejudice in his favor. The California critics have almost snapped Adair Welcker's head off; because he dared essay an original book. His preface was unique. It is decidedly egotistical, but it has been read, commented on, and condemned. Surely Mr. Welcker is near the full measure of success. As for the dramas, we have read them, and do not hesitate, though it jeopardize the editorial opinion of the GOLDEN ERA on literary matters, to pronounce them most excellent and highly interesting. There are

fightings of poetic grandeur that school-boys of future ages may declaim with wonderful elocutionary effect. We do not, however, care to criticise, we simply state the fact that Mr. Welcker has performed a difficult and arduous task, with a greater success than his harping critics have commented upon his work. The sheep tendency of our critics is quite noticeable, they all seem to glory in saying smart things, like the Wasp. It is a wonder to us that they do not organize a school devoted to "Derogatory Phraseology." We should like to see our journals assume the same broad and liberal criticism to the amateur efforts of the Western guild that they do to our Eastern brothers. What do we care about a column and a half criticism on the technique of some college professor. There are, perhaps, twenty people who care to read it. A new book by a Californian is surely of as much importance as a local street-fight. We certainly appreciate Mr. Welcker's position, and praise his attempts at being original. When he advertises himself as the "Sacramento Shakespeare," we have an idea that it is a shrewd financial dodge on his part. There are some very sensible people who would advertise themselves as the devil, if they thought it would pay.

A CRITIC CRITICISED.

It is an unusual thing for an author to criticise his critics; but when a so-called critic allows himself to make a deliberate misstatement, whether through carelessness or willful neglect, he lays himself open to the censure which it his province to bestow upon others.

I have just been shown a criticism in the Overland Monthly for June, of the little volume of my verses, which, a short time since, was published by the GOLDEN ERA Company, and also a comment on the poems of Madge Morris, issued by the same house.

With the critic's conclusions as to the value of the verses in my own book, I have nothing to do. I do not pretend to have the ability to judge my own writings discriminately. No author can do so. But I am not a little amused at the mistakes the critic has made in an effort to understand the purpose and scope of my work.

In the preface to my humble collection of verses, I ventured to say a few words in apology for having, in one or two of the pieces, made use of felicitous phrases from some of the standard poets, in cases where it was impossible for me to find expressions of my own which would answer my purpose. I also mentioned the fact that I considered some lines contained in the book as little better than an imitation of a poem by Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen, because I had unconsciously borrowed the refrain used by her, and there was a slight similarity between the tone of my composition and hers. Had the critic taken the trouble to read Mrs. Allen's poem, he would have seen that the imitation extended only as far as I had acknowledged.

As to the individual passages taken from other writers, they were one and all mentioned in the notes, with the exception of cases where the similarity of expression only consisted in the use of unimportant combinations of words which could, in no way, be considered distinctive.

The critic of the Overland is, however, not content to confine himself to condemning me for my real sins; but must go on to impute greater, which have no existence except in his own vivid imagination. He says, for instance, that my Garfield Ode is amusingly like Tennyson's Ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington, and thinks it strange that I should not have given credit. The amusing thing is that a critic should make such an assertion without taking pains to compare the two. There is absolutely no resemblance between my ode and Tennyson's, except that both aim to describe the sorrow of a nation over the loss of a great man.

Neither in style nor expression is there anything like a similarity. That I should like to have reproduced the spirit of the Laureat's great ode I am free to confess; but, unfortunately, I was unable to do so. My ode would have been a better poem had I succeeded. Any infirmity of judgment is to be pardoned in a critic; but it is imperative that he should be correct in a matter of fact, which is so easy of verification.

With regard to the Overland's estimate of Madge Morris' poems, I may allow myself a liberty which would not be proper in my own case, and venture to dissent decidedly from his decision. It is not true that all, or even the chief merit of her verses, consists in the pleasure it gave her to write them, that would apply to any kind of doggerel, and her poems are by no means of such a description. That there are in her pieces, especially the more ambitious, some very grave faults may be allowed without question; but her book contains many verses which, in everything except a superficial finish, are fully equal to the very best productions of Mrs. Piatt, Lucy Larcum, Ella Wheeler, and other women poets of the East who have won enviable reputations. No mother could read her "Rocking the Baby," without being effected by its exquisite tenderness and pathos.

J. D. STEELL.

VICTOR HUGO.

The great poet, novelist, and dramatist, died at the age of eighty-three. He was the most conspicuous figure in literature. Whether France has another to take his place we do not know. Leaders in war are replaced immediately,

and figure as conspicuously as their predecessors. This is also true in politics, not so in literature. There is no field in life so distinctive as that occupied by the poet and novelist. If truly great, like Virgil, like Homer, like Shakespeare, like Pope, like Moore, like Longfellow, like Scott, Elliott, and Cooper, their places are more in the future than in the past. Victor Hugo is not of yesterday, but of to-morrow.

Mr. J. D. Steell, was the poet of the day, May 30th. He read an excellent poem, suitable to the memorial occasion, with splendid elocutionary effect. It was a most excellent production, and was highly appreciated by an immense gathering. The Chronicle pronounced it the most interesting event of the day.

THE Y. M. C. A.

Elsewhere in this number of the GOLDEN ERA appears an article upon the Y. M. C. A., with illustrations. It is one of the best institutions in the State, and has done a marvelous amount of good in the community. It is deserving of the liberal patronage of everybody. The income of the Association is not sufficient by several thousand dollars a year to meet the current expenses, consequently the Association depends on the liberality of friends, that it may not be crippled in its work. A constant demand is made upon the management for assistance in behalf of worthy sick and unemployed young men, and only those who are able to give satisfactory evidence of their worthiness, after a thorough investigation, are assisted.

THE EDITOR'S DEN.

"I."

To mirror ourselves to the world under the labored and thin disguise of an editorial "we," is the mockery of modesty. A large capital "I" is unassuming. Why should a reader object to a man's personality? If a man objects to my hat, I beg his pardon, and tell him it will only last a season. If to my beauty he objects, I laugh and tell him to wait but a little while, and my grinning skeleton will keep him company, and then the squint in my eye will not be noticed. If he objects to my manners, I gracefully bow obeisance, and beg him to wait until my legs grow less pliant with age, and then I will not be so supple. But when the fool objects to my personality, to the egotism of my being, my hopes, my fears, my aspirations, my longings, then, sir, he objects to that which is immortal in me. My clothes will rot, my bones will turn to ashes, my manners will be seen in the swing of the branches that grow over my grave, but my personality is the life of me; it is the imperishable essence of a man's being. They say that a gold-fish cannot see until you stab its eye with a needle. Thus I intend to test my vision upon the small affairs of life. I will stab the egotistical eye with the points of a pen.

HARD TIMES.

I know I will not be forgiven by the wives and babies left behind for suggesting the following to the men who desire to spend a few weeks of unrest at fashionable hotels. How would this do?

J. B. Davis and wife—*no servant*, on account of hard times; or this: J. A. Brown, and servant; *no wife and children*, on account of the hard times.

ALWAYS A FAVORITE.

LOVE AND DEBT.

"There's one request I make to Him
Who sits the clouds above—
That I were fairly out of debt,
As I am out of love.

Then for to dance, to drink, and sing,
I should be very willing;
I should not owe one lass a kiss,
Nor any rogue a shilling.

"Tis only being in love or debt
That robs us of our rest;
And he that is quite out of both,
Of all the world is blest.

He sees the golden age wherein
All things were free and common;
He eats, he drinks, he takes his rest,
And fears no man nor woman."

REJECTED MSS.

I have among my rejected MSS. a poem, a drama, a novel, and a philosophical discussion on the rights of married men. I never allow an idea to fret my imagination. Fanciful babbings-up of a youthful enthusiasm are my stock in trade, my wealth, the ownership of which I am justly proud. I write from the same reason that a man rears a family. Fate has much to do with a man's career. He falls into ways, and among people, and he becomes a man of destiny. My rejected MSS. are due to this. Had I been shrewd, I would have sought an introduction to the editor, called upon

him with my prettiest lady acquaintance, then submitted my MSS. to him with the non de plume of the young lady. There is an immense advantage in being a pretty girl, or widow, with manuscript. If I were to start out anew again, I would adopt a feminine style of writing, and a lady's name. The editor of a prominent journal East refused a story of mine because he objected to "Harr." I changed the first page and title of the story, and signed my name "Gladys Belmont," and the MS. was accepted. I am not, however, ambitious enough to work off my rejected MSS. under the non de plume of a lady. I am afraid that, as a bohemian, I might get a reputation not altogether desirable. It is quite an advantage to write like a lady. The field is entirely unoccupied in literature. All the accomplished literatarians write like men, and a feminine writer would be quite unique. My rejected MSS. would be of the past were I to write under the non de plume of a lady. I would do so at once if I were possessed of a coquettish imagination, a

fickle fancy, and could get in love with all the men at once. If I were consumed with a desire for admiration, a love of dress, and a longing for diamonds; if I could make comparison with the stars, and with the flowers, and trace out the handsome lines in a soul's face; but I cannot, for, alas! I am not a woman.

RELIGION AND WIVES.

N. P. Willis, not very religious himself, wrote to his mother: "I do not believe in the virtue of any woman who is not a church member." While I consider that Willis implied more than he meant, it is, nevertheless, true that young men seeking wives find it dangerous to marry those who have been brought up without Christian influence. As an old man, who has seen much of the world, I would say that religious women always make the best wives.

THE THEATERS.

AT THE CALIFORNIA, that greatest of living dramatists, Dion Boucault, has been appearing in his favorite Irish characters, in those old-time successes, "Colleen Bawn" and "Shaun, the Shaughran." As a capseaf to his visit, he produced, for the first time anywhere, a new play entitled "The Jilt." His hand has not lost its cunning, for it is one of the most delightful of English comedies, full of beautiful pictures and bits of human nature, while the text is far beyond that of any of the later dramas. His son and lovely young daughter support him most charmingly.

THE BUSH-STREET THEATRE presents the perennial Aimee in a doubtful list of plays, decidedly Frenchy.

THE MUSIC RECITAL of Otto Bendix was given to an appreciative audience last week, at Irving Hall, presenting a most delightful programme. He is held in high esteem by musical circles, and considered an artistic addition to our musical fraternity.

AT THE STANDARD, Howard Russell Johnson's play of "The Banker's Wife," has met with great success. The drama is full of taking points, and proves Mr. Johnson to be a writer of considerable dramatic ability. The intense dramatic action, the lightness of the lines, and the interesting plot, give Mr. Johnson an enviable place among playwrights.

LAST Thursday evening the regular monthly musical of the Italian Musical Institute, took place at the Institute, 104 Kearny street, under the direction of Prof. D. Speranza. The selections were admirably rendered and received with hearty applause. Great improvement is readily seen in the pupils from month to month. Prof. Speranza is deserving of special mention as a thorough and careful instructor.

THE THOMAS CONCERTS begin under favorable auspices, and we revel in musical happiness. Madame Materna holds forth with Wagnerian splendor, and Miss Juch, Miss Clapper and the other superior stars unite to make this one of the most brilliant seasons ever given in San Francisco.

ON Thursday evening, May 7th, the "Earnest Workers'" Society, which contains a large number of young society ladies and gentlemen in its membership, gave a concert at Irving Hall which was very largely attended. The following are the executive officers of the society: President, Miss Lucie Howe; Vice-President, Miss Ella Bunker; Treasurer, Miss Alice Crane; Secretary, Miss Edith Bunker. At the concert the artists who assisted were: Miss Belle Livingston, Mrs. Blake-Alverson, Mr. Miles Bennett, Mr. J. H. Rosewald, Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt, Mr. Louis Harrison, and Miss Ella Lawrie.

OUR NEW TYPE.

We hardly believe it necessary to call the attention of our readers to the elegant new dress of type on which the THE GOLDEN ERA is printed, for it plainly speaks for itself; but we desire to state it is of home production, from the foundry of Messrs. Palmer & Rey, 405 and 407 Sansome street, whose business has so largely increased that they have at present four-fifths of the trade in printing material on this Coast. The clearness of the print of the letter can but command admiration. We take pleasure in recommending this house to the printing fraternity, believing that its liberal and business-like method will be appreciated by all who deal with them. An important matter in connection with this foundry is, that it is now so complete in all its appointments that they are enabled to furnish, on call, any "sorts" that may be asked for, not making their customers wait until they can be brought from an Eastern foundry, which mere Eastern type agencies are obliged to resort to.

THE COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES of the Zietska Institute was held at Metropolitan Hall, last Wednesday evening. A large and fashionable audience were in attendance. The graduates were Miss Debbie A. Whitney and Miss Estelle Brownstein.

THE MADISON SQUARE THEATRE CO., will open at the Baldwin Theatre, Monday, July 6th, for a brief season, commencing with the private Secretary. The cast includes Mr. W. H. Gillett and Mr. M. A. Kennedy, and others who appeared in the original production.

THE 20TH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT of the College of Notre Dame was celebrated last Wednesday afternoon. The

exercises were very appropriate and rendered in good style by the young ladies, showing careful training on the part of the teachers. The hall was tastefully decorated with ivy, ferns and flowers. When the curtain rose the pupils presented a beautiful spectacle in their pretty dresses of white

and delicate colors. The following young ladies graduated with the highest honor: Misses Julia Leary, Permeal French, Mary. S. Warde, Lizzie Hogue, Annie Riley, Mary Ag. McNulty, Esther Riley. A silver medal for painting was awarded to Miss Maggie Hoy.

THE LIBRARY TABLE.

POEMS BY J. D. STEEL, is a pleasing collection of amiable verse. The author might be called a pastoral poet in his tendency to dwell upon the beauties of Nature: "the glittering sunbeams," "the silver sand," "the silver moon," "the golden sunset," "the purple mountains." Much of his inspiration comes from the months and seasons of the year; also from the contemplation of notable men—Longfellow, Bryant, Bayard Taylor, Burns, Montefiore, William Lloyd Garrison, Garfield and others. He has a fatal facility in turning verse, which leads him into selecting the commonest themes, already worn threadbare by repetition, instead of reserving his powers for something above the average. He has, undoubtedly, a gift for the rhythm which flows as smoothly as a gliding river, but the substance is all so smooth and nice and sweet that one longs to stab it with a pin to see if there is any feeling in it. From this point of view, Mr. Steel's book of verse cannot be considered equal to that of Madge Morris, which is palpitating with human feeling and instinct on every page. It is perhaps superior, however, from a technical standpoint, giving many different forms of blank verse and a number of carefully constructed sonnets. "The Thunder Shower" is one of the few poems that rise to any degree of force, while "Compensation" is a dainty little bit of philosophy. The whole spirit of the verse is sweet and gentle, while a sympathetic note is touched occasionally in a longing for fame, as shown in the sonnet "Despondency." When Mr. Steel has a new tale to tell, a new thought to cast out on the winds, a new ideal to portray, he will find the world ready and waiting to accord him his heart's desire.

"This poor boon be granted me:
That all my efforts be not wholly vain;
But that, in all this toil of hand and brain,
At length some little profit I may see."

ROMER, KING OF NORWAY, AND OTHER DRAMAS, BY ADAIR WELCKER, is a literary curiosity. In this we find the very acme of the productions of our wonderful climate—one who lays claim to the title of the "California Shakespeare." It is remarkable, especially in the tone of the preface, in which the author gives utterance to some expressions, peculiar, to say the least.

"This book is published in order that the people of a future age may have the opportunity to open their mouths with wonder, and that commentators in that day may have a method of making their living. They are written for the few who are too great for prejudice, and for a time when envy of the writer shall have ceased with his death."

Let us analyze this thing and see whether we are likely to envy this young man his overtowering genius, or whether, indeed, he is justified in placing so high an estimate upon himself.

"The Bitter End" is a sort of Bertha Clay novel, laboriously set in blank verse, abounding in absurd incongruities. For instance: "Lily and Josephine discovered in the rear of a house on Tehama street," a character—Mrs. Stone, who lives in Berkeley, and who always comes on the scene, saying "Ha!" "Flavia," and "Romer, King of Norway," belonging to the past ages, lend themselves more to the pomposity of blank verse, but with the most careful analysis we find nothing but the merest vapid imitation. A flighty young woman, with songs, a casket containing a letter, a graveyard scene between two grave-diggers, are too familiar to be transplanted at this late day without protest. A strain of philosophy creeps slyly through the volume, and this doubtless has caused the young man to perceive a resemblance between himself and Shakespeare. Is it worth while to deceive him? to tell him that a tin lard-can lid held in the sunlight is also very similar to the sun?

Nay, it is useless, for he is consumed with poetic frenzy and would rather dash out his brains on a pebble than abate one jot or tittle of his pretensions.

Let Sacramento rejoice in her prodigy before which the large beets and great pumpkins of our native land pale in comparison.

CIVILIZATION IN CHILI, PAST AND PRESENT, by J. M. Spangler, is one of the most interesting volumes of travel lately published, giving a chapter of history, then a chapter of incident, all told in the most readable style. From its pages we learn that progress is great in this South American Republic, and that breaking away from Catholic rule has been the chief cause of the change. Many comical incidents give a humorous strain to the story of the people in their daily life, and add a brightness of description that leads one on and on to the very end, clearing up misconceptions and popular errors in regard to the inhabitants, as well as the country. Mr. Spangler, the author, is the founder of an American College in Chili, and is, just now, traveling in California, lecturing upon the subject, drawing attention to the need of Protestant Schools in that land to aid in the encouragement of the principles of education and liberty.

ABOARD AND ABROAD, by W. P. Breed, D. D., Funk & Wagnalls, Publishers, N. Y. Price 15 cents. This is a bright little paper-covered book, giving an account of a voyage across the Atlantic and sight-seeing in England in a series of letters originally published in Eastern papers.

THE CENTURY'S WAR ARTICLES, in the May number, are not equal to those which have preceded them heretofore, but it contains a magnificent article upon "Immortality," and a charming little allegory by H. H., entitled, "The Prince's Little Sweetheart." Howell's story of the "Rise of Silas Lapham" grows more and more interesting, and many other fine articles make up the table of contents.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART for June contains "A Study of Drapery and Gesture," many superb pieces of engraving—triumph of the engravers' art—especially the "Swing Song," and an interesting article upon "Edward Burne Jones," the melancholy, mild-eyed painter-poet of the new school of Pre-Raphaelites. The "Book of Painters" is also of great interest.

THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE, John Alden, Publisher, 393 Pearl St., N. Y., exhibits a solid table of contents, containing some thirty articles collected from the finest publications abroad, together with original articles by American writers. "Gold Worship and Sun Worship," "The Stage as a Profession for Women," "The Unity of the British Empire" are merely a sample of the subjects treated.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE continues with its pretty story of "A Diamond in the Rough," a Southern man who comes into an estate in England. "Janet's Forgeries" is a charming little tale, and the accompanying illustration is most striking. Janet was a girl who painted pictures in duplicate to order by the dozens—a mountain, a bridge, an old woman in a red cloak, and then wrote the name "Mark Barrett" in the corner, as the old picture man bade her, in order to help their sale. A young artist of the same name beholds a row of them in a shop, but when he discovers the blind father and hungry children, forgives her, and finally asks her to take it for her own.

RECEIVED: "Literary Life," from the Elder Publishing Company, Chicago.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, will issue in a few days SNOB PAPERS, by Adair Welcker, Deputy Superintendent of Public Instruction, Sacramento, California. The scene is laid in San Francisco, Oakland and the surrounding country, and the hero, a bluff old "Forty-Niner," has grown rich at the mines. SNOB PAPERS will be published in one large duodecimo volume of 500 pages, at the exceedingly low price of seventy-five cents a copy in paper cover, or \$1.25 bound in morocco cloth, and copies will be sent to any one at once on receipt of price. We predict for it a very large sale. Local agents are wanted in every county. Large wages can be made selling it. Address at once, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa., for special terms to Agents.

THE GOLDEN ERA.

BABYHOOD from Leroy Hale, medical editor; Marion Harland, nursery editor, 18 Spruce St.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW contains this month, among other articles, a fiery screed by Gail Hamilton upon "Prohibition in Politics." Another strong subject in this number is "What is the Catholic School Policy?" A discussion by E. M. King and others upon "How Shall Women Dress?" is exceedingly interesting.

Flora Haines Apponyi is writing a story for the San Franciscan, entitled "The Man Who Was Guilty." The story, so far as it has developed, shows a strong delineation of the character of a man who committed a crime, endured the penalty of the law, then bravely attempted to live down the disgrace in his own city, and among former friends and acquaintances. Considerable ability is displayed in the details of the story, such as the mode of criminal procedure, the prisoner's condemnation of the manner of treating waifs in our city prisons, and the return of the guilty man to his home. Careful study is noticeable on every page. The style, however, lacks color. It is not warm enough to

please the masses of novel readers. The story will be continued for several months in the San Franciscan, and it is worthy the attention of all those interested in new developments in our literature.

A CRESCENT AND A CROSS, by Babek, published by GOLDEN ERA CO., 712 Montgomery street. For sale by all newsdealers. Price 20 cents.

The above story is written by a lady teacher in the San Jose high school, a native of California, and one of the brightest and most accomplished of her daughters. Her story is remarkably clever, and is full of interest. The plot is intricate. The scenes are laid in San Francisco, Sacramento and Oakland, and the South. It belongs to a class of novels that have the merit of being read without even attaining any high place in literature. There is no delineation of character that calls for special comment; no undercurrent of thought. It is purely a story, unassuming in its way, yet so happily told that the attention of the reader is chained, and an impression is left that is not soon forgotten.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Dr. Franklin N. Clark, the well-known dentist, entertained recently, in his elegant dental parlors, No. 8 New Montgomery street, over the Hibernian Bank, Mr. Geo. Kellogg and wife, John Kellogg and Mrs. Fisher, of Amsterdam, N. Y. The Doctor had quite a delightful bohemian spread, peculiarly Californian, which was highly appreciated by his New York friends. Dr. Clark is always at home in the part of host, and it is a rare treat to be entertained by him.

The Homœopathic Pharmacy of Boericke & Schreck, established over fifteen years ago, in its present location, the Y. M. C. A. Building, 234 Sutter street, has ever since its start developed an ever-increasing trade, until at present it ranks among the leading houses in its line in the United States. This pharmacy carries a very heavy and complete stock of everything appertaining to its line, and goods are shipped by Boericke & Schreck westward to Honolulu and Australia, and northward as far as Alaska, and to all points in California and the rest of the coast States and Territories. There is hardly a city in California where its medicines will not be found. The firm is a direct importer from Europe, and does a wholesale as well as a retail business. The managing partner, Mr. Schreck, is an energetic man of experience, and occupies the chair of chemistry at the Hahnemann Medical College of San Francisco, the only homœopathic medical college on this coast. As an additional indication of their enterprise, we may state that they have lately begun the publication of "The California Homœopath," the only homœopathic organ on the coast. It is in its third year, and is edited by Dr. Wm. Boericke, Professor of Nervous Diseases, at the Hahnemann Medical College. We can heartily recommend every one in need of Homœopathic Medicines, Family Medicines, Cases, Books giving descriptions and treatment of diseases, Sponges, Batteries, etc., etc., to procure them from Boericke & Schreck, No. 234 Sutter street, if they want to obtain the best. They will always receive prompt and courteous attention, and will be well served.

REMOVAL NOTICE.

G. G. Wickson & Co., have removed to No. 38 California street. General agents for the Remington Type-Writer, the "Stenograph" (Short-Hand Machine) and Headquarters for Type-Writer Supplies of all kinds. Also dealers in Improved Dairy and Farm Machinery, "De Laval Cream Separators," "Stoddard" and "American" Churns, "Ross Feed Cutters," Butter Workers, Strainers, etc. Wickson's Premium Double Bar Harrow and Orchard Singletree.

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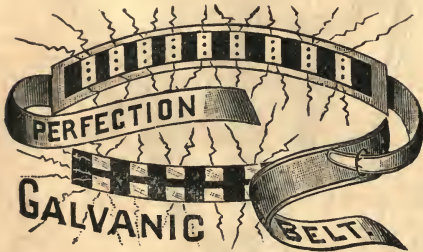
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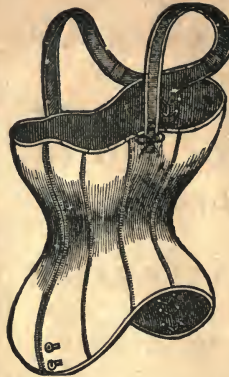
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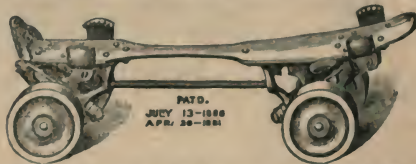
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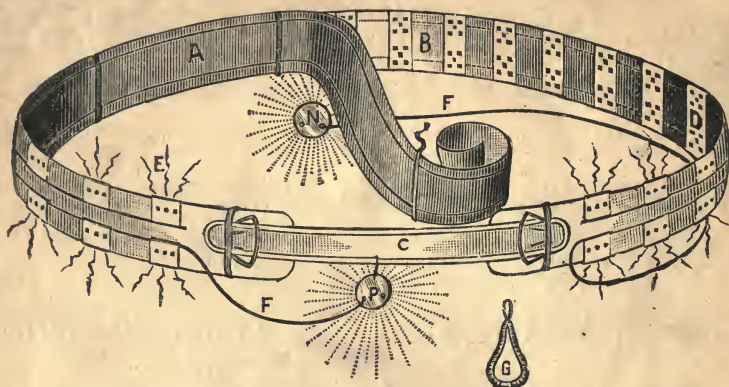
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