[FOR THE RECORD-UNION.]

SET IN A SILVER SEA!

A ROMANCE BY B. L. FARJEON.

AUTHOR OF "BLADE O' GRASS," "BREAD AND CHEESE AND KISSES," "JOSHUA MARVEL," "KING OF NO-LAND," "THE BELLS OF PENHAVEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XL.

THE DUEL ON THE MOUNT.

The hunchback conducted them to the extreme summit of the snow mountain, which from the plains assumed the appearance of a sharp peak; but in reality its surface was a level piece of table land of about twenty yards in circumference. The area was small, but sufficient for the purpose of the combatants, who were aware that for one of them at least life's minutes were numbered. The eastern edge of this plot of land defined the boundary line between earth and air; eternity lay a hair's-breadth beyond it. The outer rocks which faced the sea were there, and a false step would be fatal to him who took it. Ranf pointed out the danger, to which neither Mauvain nor Harold attended. Face to face they stood, holding their naked rapiers, at the points of which death was waiting. But few words passed between these enemies, who once were friends.

"This must be, Harold?" asked Mauvain.

"It must be," replied Harold.

With the full consciousness that only one of the two would depart from that spot alive, Mauvain simply acted on the defensive. The blades crossed and clashed, but Mauvain contented himself with parrying Harold's thrusts. Thus, the combat was one-sided, and in the natural order of things—Harold being a skillful swordsman—could have but one result. It was not long in declaring itself. Harold's rapier found its way almost to Mauvain's heart, and Mauvain staggered and fell to the earth. Harold was instantly by his side, striving to stop the blood which was gushing from the wound.

"It is useless, Harold," said Mauvain, with a tender smile. "You have killed me. I thank God that I die by the hand of a gentleman!"

The mists had rolled away from the mountain, and the Silver Isle lay in radiant beauty beneath them. Mauvain beckoned to Ranf.

"I am not acquainted," he said, pressing his hand to his side, "with the laws of the isle respecting encounters such as this. It may be that Harold will be called upon to answer for my death, if the particulars of the duel come to the knowledge of the islanders. There is no need to enlighten them. You are a clever knave; invent some story which will divert suspicion from my friend, who, out of singular quixotism, has brought me to this pass."

"Have you any message," asked Ranf, glancing to the Valley of Lilies, "for Clarice?"

"For Clarice!" exclaimed Mauvain, faintly. His voice came and went, and it was with difficulty he spoke. "You jest!"

"Or for your child?"

"My child!" Surprise gave Mauvain strength, and he partially raised himself, and gazed in bewilderment at the hunchback. "There is no child. She is dead."

"She lives," said Ranf, "as Clarice does."

"Clarice's child!" gasped Mauvain; "is this man mocking me, Harold?"

"He speaks heaven's truth, Mauvain, as I solemnly believe. But what he knows of Clarice is beyond my comprehension."

"Look below," said Ranf to Harold, pointing to the Valley of Lilies; "if your sight is good, you can distinguish the outlines of my house—no longer mine, but Evangeline's. I had it so built that from this hight it should be within view. See—every window of the house is lighted up, as I directed. At this moment two sisters are meeting, each of whom believed the other dead—two sisters cruelly torn from each other's arms in their youth. Clarice and Margaret are re-united, nevermore, I trust, to be separated on earth. Do you understand me, Mauvain?"

"I understand you, dimly—go on—I have still a few moments life in me! Is this re-union your work?"

"It is my work. When first by your help, I brought your daughter, Evangeline, to the Silver Isle——"

"My daughter!—Evangeline! You have a fine sense of humor, hunchback; but you cannot fasten upon me, by any art of yours, a child so hideous. I see your marble image of her now, Harold, and that of this deformed villain, bending over the water in the basin? It will not do, hunchback. Hold me a moment, Harold; I am fainting! I want to live to hear the end of this clever knave's monstrous invention."

From a flask which Ranf handed to him Harold touched the lips of Mauvain and bathed his forehead, and presently the dying man opened his eyes.

"I remember what has passed, Harold; let me hear the rest quickly."

"I deceived you, Mauvain," said Harold; "Evangeline is the most beautiful maiden on the Silver Isle. It was chiefly for this reason that I wished to destroy the group I cut for you."

"Why did you deceive me?"

"I loved Clarice, and, suspecting the truth when I first beheld the child you believed to be Ranf's, I welcomed the opportunity you unconsciously offered to her of growing to womanhood surrounded by more innocent and peaceful influences than those among which we moved."

"So—we are quits, then—you deceived me, as I deceived you. And the child lives—and is beautiful! I thank you, friend. See how easily I forgive you for your deceit, Harold; forgive me for mine!"

"I no longer bear resentment, Mauvain; I forgive you."

"You remove a cloud from my heart, Harold. Hunchback, if you are not speedy with your tale I shall have to learn it for myself in the world of spirits."

"When, by your help," said Ranf, "I brought your daughter, Evangeline, to the Silver Isle, and placed her in the care of her mother's sister, Margaret Sylvester, I (not fully knowing the truth at the time) had no expectation or hope that such a happy ending would be reached as we have reached this night."

"Mine, for one," said Mauvain, with a grim faint laugh; "you phrase well hunchback,"

"But chance placed in my hands the clue to a mystery which I determined, if possible, to solve, and Nature gave me the means to compass my desire. Such wealth is mine, Mauvain, which you have never dreamed of, and by its aid agents have been working for me in the old land, leading me to the discovery of Clarice, who was brought to the isle two days since, and is now with her sister Margaret and her child, Evangeline, in the house I built for them in the Valley of Lilies. There is no more to tell."

"And no time to tell it," said Mauvain, his voice growing fainter and fainter. "Harold, when you see Clarice say that I am dead, and ask her to think kindly of me if she can. And for my child—what can I have to say to her? She owes me nothing that I would wish her to repay. She is beautiful, you tell me, Harold—so was Clarice, the fairest and most beautiful! Hunchback, you have won the game; Evangeline will hold you in kinder remembrance than she will the man who betrayed—that is the word, is it not?—her mother. * * * There is a strange haze over the sky. * * * Harold, give me your hand."

"It is in yours, Mauvain," said Harold, lowering his head so that he might catch Mauvain's last words.

"I noticed that your left arm was hurt, Harold—does it pain you?"

"Not much, Mauvain."

"You were right when you said that our life on the isle was likely to be attended with excitement and amusement. * * * This blood chokes me. I really believe, if Clarice were here, that I should ask her to kiss me. I should like to see Evangeline, too—what a trick you played me! * * * It is growing dark, is it not? * * * Do you know, Harold, that there is not a being on earth I cling to as I cling to you—for I love you—in my way! Nothing very desirable, but it is so. When you left me yesterday morning, I felt as if the best part of my life had gone from me. * * * Harold, who is it standing before me, looking downwards to the valley?"

"It is Ranf."

"He stands between me and the light. Go to his side, and tell me if you can see the house which contains Clarice and Margaret and my—my daughter, Evangeline. Go—quickly!"

Harold obeyed him, and moved to Ranf's side. He was gone for but a moment—and when he set his face towards the spot upon which his friend had been lying, Mauvain had disappeared!

"Ranf!" cried Harold.

The hunchback turned, and divined what had occurred. He leant over the eastern edge of the peak, and saw the lifeless body of Mauvain falling from rock to rock seawards.

"Farewell, Mauvain," he murmured; "so ends the comedy of your life."

Harold shuddered as he gazed upon the snow, stained with Mauvain's life-blood.

"God have mercy upon him," he said, "and upon me!"

Fascinated by the stains of blood and by the events of the night, he stood for many minutes in silence, until Ranf gently touched his arm.

"Come," said Ranf.

"Where?" asked Harold.

"To my hut. Did you not say that I had robbed you of the sweetest comfort that was ever offered to the heart of an unhappy man?"

"Ah, true. Margaret Sylvester. Yet I cannot go to her to vindicate myself, for I have a duty here to perform which must be done to-night, at all hazards."

"What duty?"

"Do you think that I shall allow Mauvain's body to lie unburied on the beach below? It would weigh as a sin upon my soul through all my days."

"How do you propose to reach the beach?"

"I shall find a way."

"Certain death is yours, if you attempt it."

"That will not deter me," said Harold, scornfully. "I know what is right for a man to do."

"Only one man on the isle can show you the way to its accomplishment."

"That man is yourself. I am prepared for your answer."

"You are right; that man is myself. Sculptor Harold, from whose grave did you obtain those flowers in your breast, of which you are so tender?"

"From the grave of Bertha's child. I went last night to your house in the valley, on the chance of finding you there, and compelling you to do me justice in Margaret Sylvester's eyes. I did not enter, but waited until I heard a human sound. I saw Bertha, and spoke with her. She told me you were here. Before I left her I asked her for these flowers, as a kind of comfort to me on my way. She gave them to me, willingly. Nay, more; she gave me her hand, and I held it in mine. You see, Ranf, I was not entirely forsaken."

"I have done you great wrong. Will you take my hand?"

"Willingly. The wrong you did was unintentional. From this moment we are friends."

"It is said, and sealed." The two men grasped each other firmly by the hand. "I will help you to your wish. I know a way down the mountain, and I will show you a cave of wonders, a cave paved with golden sand, by means of which I have been enabled to restored Clarice to her sister's arms."

"Nothing will surprise me, Ranf. I am curious to know why you choose to remain here, alone, instead of being present at the meeting of the sisters."

"I should have been but a clog on their happiness. It would have been as if I said: 'Here am I here who have accomplished this wonder; pay me tribute.' It would have been a shock to Clarice, who has seen me but once (you seem to forget what kind of man I am to the outward eye), and who would not have understood. No. Such a meeting is sacred; heart must speak to heart, soul to soul. It would have been the very essence of selfishness had I intruded myself."

"You speak like a man—no, rather like a woman, for you have a woman's delicacy. Ranf, is it low tide?"

"Yes," replied Ranf, knowing the thought that prompted the question. "But first, come with me to my hut. I have to send a message to Margaret Sylvester."

"You are a magician."

"Because of my white doves? Think, rather, that they are heaven's messengers. I have two in my hut which have been trained to fly between the mount and my house in the valley. Bertha, who is ever on the alert—no more grateful woman ever drew Nature's breath—will receive it, and carry it to the sisters, and thus you will hold this night a place in their perfect happiness."

The message which Ranf wrote, and tied under the pigeon's wing, ran thus:

"From Ranf to Margaret Sylvester: You know already from the lips of your sister Clarice that an unintentional wrong has been done to Harold the sculptor. You know that Mauvain was the man who wronged her. Harold is with me now, and Mauvain will never trouble you more. Harold and I are friends till death. I have asked his pardon for the wrong I did him, in causing you to withdraw your sympathy and friendship from him. I honor and love him. You will do so when you know him as I now know him. Our love to you and all."

Harold and Ranf watched the flight of the white dove towards the Valley of Lilies, and Harold thought:

"The message will be read by the sisters in the midst of their happiness. I share it with them. Undeserving as I am, a great joy is mine!"

* * * * *

"I honor and love him. You will do so when you know him as I now know him."

But it was never to be, on earth. In their mortal shape they were never to meet again!

* * * * *

"All is ready," said Ranf; "let us start. The tide is beginning to rise."

"I have a fancy," said Harold. "You have another pigeon which, being released, will wing its way to your house in the valley?"

"Yes."

"Bring it with you, it is but a fancy, but you will indulge me."

"Willingly," and Ranf strapped to his back the small basket containing the pigeon. "Now we are ready."

On their way Ranf narrated how, some years ago, in his eagerness to obtain a rare flower, he had slipped over the precipice, and had nearly met with death; and how, being saved by a tree which grew outwards to the sea, he had discovered a means to reach the shore which lay thousands of feet beneath them. Harold scarcely attended to Ranf's narration; he was thinking with sadness of the body of Mauvain lying on the sands below.

"What was it you told me awhile ago?" asked Harold listlessly. "A cave of wonders, paved with golden sand?"

"It is so," replied Ranf; "beneath us, within reach of man's hands, lies the wealth of a kingdom."

"You might have achieved rare things, Ranf, with such power in your possession."

"I have achieved what I desired," said Ranf; "the happiness of the being I love. In the knowledge that that is secured, I could almost be content never to see her again on earth. There is a hereafter; this life is but as a passing breath." They had reached the point from which the chain depended sheer over the rocks which faced the sea. "We have to descend by this chain. It is firm, and will not break. The danger is in the man. Will you risk it?"

"There is a hereafter, Ranf, as you say. Fear of death will not deter me from the execution of my purpose."

"You had best go first; when you reach the bottom of the chain you will find an opening into which you can swing yourself. The reason that I send you before me is that I can help you from above. Let me wind this rope around your breast and waist. So! It is done. You can trust your full weight to the rope; if you miss your hold of the chain, I shall have you safe; the rope is twice the length of the chain, and my strength will be sufficient. You will to a certainty be bruised and cut, but you will not mind a scratch or two. You will find steps hewn here and there in the rocks; take advantage of them, and do not look downward."

Harold unhesitatingly committed himself to the perilous enterprise; step by step he descended, with his teeth firmly clinched to prevent himself from expressing the agony he was enduring—for his wounded arm smarted terribly in the strain to which it was subjected. The cheery voice of Ranf did much to strengthen and encourage him, but by the time he reached the end of the chain and had swung himself into the opening of the rocks, his strength was gone; and when Ranf joined him, he was lying on the ground, bleeding and exhausted. Ranf had come prepared, and the contents of his flask helped to revive the fainting man.

"Shall we go on?" asked Ranf.

"While I have a breath of life in me," replied Harold, "I will not turn; not a conscious moment must be wasted. Come, I am stronger now."

And, indeed, the color returned to his cheek; his strong will, so rarely exercised, enabled him to conquer his pain. With his hand in Ranf's he followed the hunchback into the dark tunnels of the mountain. When the light of the moon was shut out, Ranf lighted a torch, which threw a lurid glare on the downward path. Descending and ever descending they walked slowly on until they reached the cleft in the rock through which they obtained a view of the sea.

"The aspect of the night has changed," said Harold; "should the moon be now in the sky?"

"Aye," said Ranf, "for at least two hours yet."

"It is hidden. Darkness is falling on the waters; they are strangely troubled."

Ranf looked out; he understood the signs. The sea was rolling heavily, and a threatening murmur was in the air.

He had had experiences of such storms as that which was now approaching, and he knew that the danger of the enterprise upon which they were engaged was increased tenfold by the signs he saw and heard; but he knew also that no persuasion could induce Harold to falter in his purpose. So in silence they resumed their way. There were other openings in the mount as they descended, but no light came through them; a deep darkness was on earth and air and sea. "The storm will break presently," thought Ranf.

"What is that sound, Ranf?"

"It is the sound of falling water," said Ranf, kneeling to loosen a chain fastened to the rocks; "when I first heard it, in the past, I thought it sweetest music. Hold!" he cried, as Harold in his eagerness, advanced a step beyond him. "We are on the edge of a chasm, which we must descend by means of this chain. Let me fasten the rope about you again. Keep a firm grip on the chain, and trust blindly to it and me; it is but fifty feet down. Now!"

In a few minutes Harold had descended the chasm, and reached a point of safety. As his foot touched the solid rock, a flash of lightning pierced the chasm, filling it with vivid light, and he realized the danger he had escaped. In the same moment he saw Ranf scrambling down the chain.

"Hark!" cried Ranf, standing by Harold's side.

A terrible peal of thunder broke over the sea; the sound rushed into the chasm with awful import, and lingering there, threateningly, long after it had died out of the open space beyond. A great exaltation possessed Harold's being as he listened to Nature's mighty voice. Every pulse in his body beat with spiritual excitement.

"Destiny must have led you to the discovery of this path," he said to Ranf.

"It seemed so to me when I first trod it," replied Ranf; "destiny may be leading us now to something more certain than what has yet befallen us."

"To what?"

"To death!"

"What matters?" exclaimed Harold, with a wild wave of his hand. "Our work in life is over."

"True. Our work is over. Harold, you are covered with blood. You must be in terrible pain."

"I feel none. The littleness and the agony of life are worth suffering when they lead to such a moment as this. Almighty God! With what sublimity the dark waves rush upon the eternal rocks below! And Mauvain—where is he?"

"We may know soon," said Ranf, quietly.

Slowly and laboriously they pursued their way until they reached a point from which they overlooked the wonderous caves along the shore. Harold could but dimly trace their outlines. They were wrapt in darkness.

The heavens were overcast with sullen cloud. The tide was rising, and the sea was lashed to fury.

"What now, Harold?" asked Ranf.

"I must descend to the shore, to seek for Mauvain's body. It would fall at this point?"

"Yonder," said Ranf, taking Harold's right arm, and extending it towards the east, "in front of those monstrous masses of seaweed which are curling furiously upwards——"

His words were arrested by the breaking of the storm. The lightning darted into the brown, writhing coils; deafening peals of thunder instantaneously followed, and the rain poured down in a mighty flood.

"They look like an army of giant serpents convulsed in a supreme death-struggle," said Harold.

"The eastern edge of the summit of the mountain over which Mauvain fell is in a direct line with that. It is madness to attempt to recover the body. If it is not dashed to pieces, it is already carried out to sea."

"You promised to help me."

"I do not retract. It is for you now to direct what is to be done."

"You see I have kept the rope about my body. I shall venture to the spot; you can prevent me from being carried out to sea if you will wind the end of the rope around you. You want a resistant point; you cannot obtain it on these rocks."

"You have heard the legend of the snow mountain, with which the Evangeline who died two centuries ago is connected?"

"Yes."

So fearful was the storm that the men were compelled to speak in whispers, with their faces touching.

"A few feet below us—— Wait till the lightning comes—— There! you saw that huge mass of wood fixed in the crevices of the rocks?"

"Yes."

"It is the Cross carved out of a pine-tree by the man who slew his brother, and wrecked the happiness of an innocent girl's life. I can obtain my resistant point there—I can cling to an arm of the Cross, holding the rope, while you go outward on your wild unreasonable quest. There is not a moment to be lost. The tide is rising fast, and the storm has not yet reached its hight."

Swiftly they descended to the sands, with the waves dashing furiously upon them. Ranf, clinging with all his strength to the Cross, and with the end of the rope wound round his waist, gave the word to Harold to speed.

Almost blinded by the water, but indomitable in his resolve, Harold ran out towards the rock, above which the monstrous coil of sea-weed curled and reared. The receding waves afforded him a few moments' respite, and he wiped the water from his eyes, and looked eagerly around. At first he saw no trace of Mauvain's body, but as the waves rolled inwards to the golden caves, he fancied he saw a shapeless form in the crevice; he darted forward wildly, and was instantly engulphed in the furious rush of the sea.

So fierce and sudden was the movement that he dragged Ranf from his shelter, and the next moment they were fighting for dear life. They were dashed against and over the rocks, and they were terribly wounded—wounded even to death's point. But Ranf, in the blind delirium of his struggles, preserved some kind of consciousness, and clinging with desperation and with the strength of a giant to the rocks, he prevented himself from being carried out to sea. Taking advantage of the seaward roll of the waves, he crawled inwards to the golden caves, dragging Harold with him. He regained his shelter, and then, with his life ebbing from him, he slowly hauled in the rope, and with it Harold's body. He pressed it close to him, and almost by a miracle, succeeded in climbing with his lifeless burden into an arm of the Cross, where they were safe from the rush of the merciless sea. Almost on the instant the fury of the storm began to pass away, and in a little while the heavens were bright again with calm and beautiful clouds.

* * * * *

Harold moved and languidly opened his eyes.

"In this world," he thought, "or the next?"

A whisper reached him.

"Harold!"

"Ah, Ranf! Alive?"

Their voices were very faint.

"It is as much as I can say; life is going quickly. And you?"

"We are comrades; I cannot live another hour."

"Good-night, then."

"Not yet, * * Ranf!"

"Yes."

"You have the dove with you?"

Ranf feebly moved his hand to his back; the basket was there, and he felt the fluttering of the pigeon's wings.

"It is here, Harold."

"Have you strength to write a word to our friends in the Valley of Lilies?"

The question—the intention conveyed in it—gave him the strength.

"I can do it, Harold."

"You have no paper."

"Yes—wrapt in an oilskin. * * * I have always carried it about me. * * * What shall I write?"

"Farewell. From Ranf and Harold, friends in death. We shall meet in the hereafter."

With difficulty the words were traced. By a supreme effort Ranf took the dove, scarcely alive, from the basket, and attached the message beneath its wing. He pressed his lips to the bird, and placed it to Harold's lips. Then he set it free.

In the fresh, pure air the bird soon regained its strength. In a few moments it was gone—on its way to the Valley of Lilies, where Margaret and Clarice were sleeping in each other's arms!

* * * * *

The sun rose above the eastern horizon. A blush tinged the bosom of the Silver Sea.

"Harold!"

"Aye."

"I was wrong * * I said Good night * * Can you see the light of the rising sun?"

"I do not know * * I see a light, thank God! but it is in my soul, not in my eyes. Good morning, friend!"

"Good morning, friend!"

* * * * *

The sea was bathed in rosy light, and the sun shone upon the white faces of Harold and Ranf as they lay in the Cross fixed in the golden caves!

THE END.

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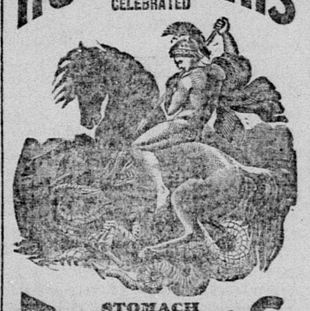

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o5-3ptf

AUCTIONS.

HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR Second-hand Furniture!

—AND—

All Kinds of Household Goods,

—BY—

SHERBURN & SMITH,

No. 323 K street, bet. Third and Fourth.

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FRUITS, SEEDS AND PRODUCE.

W. R. STRONG & CO., Wholesale Commission Merchants

AND DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF CALIFORNIA GREEN AND DRIED FRUITS NUTS, HONEY, SEEDS, And General Merchandise.

☞ All orders promptly attended to. Address, W. R. STRONG & CO., Nos. 6, 8 and 10 J street, Sacramento.

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M. T. BREWER & CO.

Commission Merchants and Wholesale DEALERS IN GREEN FRUIT, DRIED FRUIT, PRODUCE, Vegetables, Honey, Seeds, Alfalfa Seed, Etc., Nos. 30 and 32 J Street, Sacramento.

o8-1ptf

R. LEVY,

WHOLESALE COMMISSION MERCHANT and dealer in Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Cigars and Tobacco, Pipes and Smokers' Articles, Cutlery and Notions, Nuts, Candies, etc., No. 54 J street Sacramento.

s11-1plm

D. DEBERNARDI & CO.,

WHOLESALE COMMISSION Dealers in Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Vegetables, Fruit, Fish and General Produce.

☞ All orders will be carefully packed. Having had long experience in shipping, we have confidence that we will be able to give satisfaction. Send for Price List.

D. DEBERNARDI & CO., Sacramento.....Cal.

au25-tf

NOW READY —AT— C. H. STEVENS & CO'S FALL IMPORTATIONS —OF—

DRESS GOODS, SILKS, SATIN and VELVETS, Brocaded and Plain.

Brocade Trimmings to Match.

NEW CLOAKS! DOLMANS and ULSTERS!

Prices the Very Lowest.

☞ REMEMBER OUR SHOE DEPARTMENT!

FINEST STOCK OF FRENCH KID SHOES, IN ALL THE NEW STYLES!

CHILDREN'S SOLAR-TIP SHOES, THE BEST MADE.

Send for Samples and Price Lists to

C. H. STEVENS & CO., Corner Eighth and J streets.

s21-2m&sw1awW

FRIEND & TERRY LUMBER COMPANY.

MANUFACTURERS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Dealers in every kind and variety of BUILDING and FINISHING TIMBER and

LUMBER, KILN-DRIED DOORS, WINDOWS AND BLINDS!

☞ Special Orders and odd-sizes promptly filled, and shipped direct from the OREGON, REDWOOD and SUGAR PINE MILLS of the Company.

GENERAL OFFICE, No. 1310 SECOND STREET, NEAR M. BRANCH YARD, CORNER TWELFTH AND J STREETS.

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—ASK FOR— Union India Rubber Co.'s —PURE PARA GUM— CRACK PROOF RUBBER BOOTS and COATS.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!—BE SURE THE Boots are stamped CRACK PROOF on the heels, and have the PURE GUM SPRINGS on the foot and instep, which prevent their cracking or breaking. They will last twice as long as any others manufactured.

☞ For Sale by all Dealers. ☜

☞ ALL KINDS RUBBER BELTING, PACKING, HOSE, SPRINGS, CLOTHING, BOOTS AND SHOES, ETC.

Goodyear Rubber Co.

R. H. PEASE, Jr., S. M. RUNYON, } Agents, San Francisco.

s21-2mTuThS

G. GRIFFITH'S PENRYN GRANITE WORKS PENRYN CAL.

THE BEST VARIETY AND Largest Quarries on the Pacific Coast. Polished Granite Monuments, Tombstones and Tablets made to order.

Granite Building Stone Cut, Dressed and Polished to order.

s11-1p6m

ANNUAL MEETING.

A MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS OF the Sacramento Gravel Mining Company will be held at the office of A. Leonard, No. 1012 Fourth street, Sacramento, on WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27th, at 7 P. M. By order of

A. LEONARD, President.

W. S. JOHNSTON, Secretary o13-2w