"OCCASIONAL" AGAIN.

OUR CORRESPONDENT SPEAKS PLAINLY TO SOME MOTHERS.

Home Education—Killing and Spoiling Children—Social Science Sisterhood—Christmas—Art.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 21, 1880.

This afternoon a friend said to me, "My heart aches for Mrs. Blank; she is still grieving for her son, a victim of consumption, and now a daughter is failing." This daughter had been placed in one of the most desirable institutions near San Francisco. The principal, reluctantly, after three weeks' nursing, wrote to the parents of her brightest pupil that she was unable to study. My heart was also full of sympathy, still I replied, "I told you so." This girl, of 14 years, had been held up as a model; studying one or two languages; astonishing her uneducated friends by her performances in music; was familiar with mathematics, history, etc.; read the current literature of the day; was fashionably dressed and possessed her casket of jewels. I had insisted she was not being educated. The love of dress was being fostered, but the real, artistic use of dress was being lost sight of. Instead of educating by quality and manufacture of the simple dress appropriate for the beauty and freshness of youth, the girl was being adorned in a manner only suitable for that sad time of woman's life when she feels she is stepping

BEYOND THE CONFINES OF YOUTH

And must seek adornment. The perceptive faculties are lying dormant. The study of natural history, which brings to the young so much pleasure, is an unknown letter to her. She has gained no knowledge for its real worth, but accepted the cramming very much as the Christmas turkey. I thought at the same time of a young girl in Sacramento, whom I had seen in tears over a lesson for which her early training had not fitted her. She would come from her studies nervously depressed when she should have come jubilant with something gained. Her anxiety to keep up with her class was urged by the mother, who pointed out to her that it would be a disgrace to the family if she did not come up to the proper standard. Truly George MacDonald calls emulation the devil-shadow of aspiration. If I could only urge mothers to study the real objects of education, show them how easy it is to infuse into a child a love of knowledge with the love of nature, which leads step by step and allows the natural tastes to develop. I heard Dr. Kellogg, our botanist, speak of the eagerness with which children allowed to go into the field with competent teachers, would grasp at the study of botany, and how a little girl astonished some professors by her knowledge of that science, gained wholly during walks and talks. I wonder so often that teachers do not make use of natural objects; but instead of that they put up a picture and call that an object lesson. I am an enthusiastic admirer of Froebel.

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN

I am going to open a school for mothers, where they may learn the necessity of a good physique—that even in infancy children gain ideas, form and color, gain ideas of right and wrong. I tremble for the child when I see it deceived in the simplest thing. I tremble, too, when I see the child, particularly a girl, taught to appear instead of to be. Let the child know principles of rectitude guide at home, that the mother is true to herself, never allowing time for gossip or scandal, and the child could not be influenced more from the outside than from the inside of the home. With minds stored with useful knowledge, familiar with the written words of the great and good, we would have less love of the sensational.

In striking contrast with the crammed young girls, I have in my mind a young lady of fine acquirements in literature and in classical music, who said to me, "I owe so much to my mother. She never permitted me to read a book without knowing the contents. I was fifteen years old before works of fiction were placed in my hands. My mother read with me, and made interesting the books of travel, history and biography; assisted me to commit choice poetry to memory, and to her I owe the tastes which have brought me

SO MUCH PLEASURE,

And so many friends." These tastes have led her to collect a library of over 600 volumes, whose pages have not the new look, but a spring flower, a brilliant leaf and dainty pencil marks show when and how they have been read. These books have been purchased with the spending money too often foolishly expended. This young lady loves the beautiful in dress, is always daintily robed, but she has found the means to collect about 300 photographs from the Bruckman and other collections of authors, artists and musical composers. In studying these faces her friends, with her, have learned to know refinement of taste and purpose leaves its mark upon the features. Now I will come to another example in San Francisco of

HOME EDUCATION.

We regret sincerely Mrs. Austin's long and painful illness. An elderly gentleman inquires daily for her. He said to me, "I do not know her personally, but I should feel badly to have anything happen to her." She is known to you as Betsey B., the dramatic critic of a San Francisco weekly journal. She talks as well as she writes, and told me, in her peculiarly sweet voice, that her fondness for reading was acquired when a young girl in one of our mountain towns. She referred tenderly to a lady who had loaned her books and directed her reading. She owes her early education to her mother, who found time to teach her children, though burdened with many cares in a rough mountain life. Betsey B. evidently acquired from her mother the tastes she is now using so gracefully, for that mother directed the playing of little dramas and the issuance of a weekly paper. Many, who knew her in girlhood, wish her God speed. I can recall so many instances of home training. Mrs. Garfield is an example of whom we shall hear much for some time to come. What nobler work can any woman ask than to teach her own children. My curiosity led me to a meeting of the

SOCIAL SCIENCE SISTERHOOD.

I had never attended a gathering of the kind. The President is evidently a strong woman, physically and mentally, and from the many attacks she resisted, should be morally strong. During a slight storm her nervousness was exhibited by a continual pulling down of her jacket, very much as I have seen county officers during their first political campaign. After a school-girl-like essay on "Woman," read by a Boston lady, a discussion followed on woman's rights. The wife of one of our State Senators took part. The usual arguments were brought forward in favor of female suffrage, but that which touched me most a gentlewoman arose and said she had two sons, who were forced to wait twenty-one years to vote; and she desired our naturalization laws changed, that foreigners might wait as long as her sons had done. She felt that would accomplish more than female suffrage. I wanted to say "Bravo!" and repeat that wives and mothers could find all and more than they could do, and could wield an influence as powerful as human being could desire. I have learned that the wife of one of our Western Senators is and has been studying phonography for two years, to assist her husband, who takes an active part in financial legislation. She is young and attractive personally. It seems to me much more agreeable to seek out

THE NOBLE CHARACTERISTICS

Of our prominent ladies than to be scrutinizing their apparel. It seems to me demoralizing to have the dress and appearance of ladies described. In two recent articles of the *Argonaut*, the first and second classes of San Francisco society have been made the subject of a keen but admirable satire, striking in the right direction. We hear so much of fashionable life in San Francisco through society notes and personal items, we are led into many errors concerning San Francisco ladies—I find many of them opposed to the publicity given to private entertainments. If a lady is elegantly attired she should be satisfied to please her friends, while those, perhaps, of greater attractions are forced, through necessity, to appear in plainer garb—graceful, as seen, but not bearing the critic's description of dress. To be described as beautiful, when all your friends know you as a plain woman, certainly must wound, or there must be strata in the nature it would be well to inspect. To allow a critic to enter a private house and carry away items in regard to guests is certainly beyond the refined understanding.

AT A RECENT KETTLEDRUM,

Very largely attended, the lady whose society was very much courted possessed the independence to dress very plainly, according to her income, and was satisfied to attract by brilliancy of conversation and charm of manner. I spoke in a former letter of circles of ladies who meet for mental improvement. Mrs. Williams, a daughter of G. P. R. James, lectures to seven classes during the week, taking history, modern literature, Shakespeare, German and French authors for her subjects. Mrs. Williams has wonderful powers to interest and cause you to think for yourself. She has great command of language, combined with rare intelligence and memory and a certain magnetism impossible to describe. One of the librarians of a public library remarked it was impossible to supply the demand for some of the French writers, and asked the cause. The interest drawn to Racine, Moliere and Corneille by listening to these lectures and speaking of them to friends had awakened a desire to read these works. Does not this speak loudly in favor of awakening

AN INTEREST IN THE CLASSICS

Of all nations? I am thoroughly in earnest in regard to the necessity of interesting the young in that which is worth knowing. A dear, old, gray-haired Frenchman came to me on business. His face brightened when he heard me speak to him in his own tongue; he became eloquent as he told me, though unfortunate in many ways, he was rich in having such friends as Lamartine and Victor Hugo, and his face fairly beamed as he mentioned Moliere and other French humorists. He would be very lonely here, he understood so little of the spoken language, but for these friends, who consoled him.

There are so many beautiful things on exhibition for Christmas gifts this year. First, the exquisite cards which are so appropriate for Christmas greetings and the renewal of friendships and broken correspondence. Our own cards compare favorably with those from the celebrated house of Marcus Ward of London. I have admired particularly the art books and the portfolios of choice engravings from paintings of old and modern masters. Among art books, "Art Monuments," a collection of engravings from the works of

THE EARLIEST PERIODS

Known to us, embracing art in architecture, sculpture and painting. In one portfolio, to be issued in parts, I noticed copies from Raphael, Titian, Dominichino, Guido, Rubens, Turner, Scheffer, Dore, Tadema, and many others. How pleasant to receive these every month. There is sufficient to study and to learn from the subjects introduced to keep one busy many quiet evenings, and to afford subject for conversation during many more. By such books and photographs we can become acquainted with old and modern masters, learn their peculiar styles, and gain ideas which would assist us in selecting for our homes. I have seen some of the finest paintings in San Francisco; but some of the paintings to be found in the homes of the rich reflect upon the taste of the purchasers.

I will take you some day with me to see some exquisite works of art in some of the beautiful homes. I particularly wish to show you some homes where the individual tastes of the dwellers therein are displayed, where even the frescoing was designed and the furniture made from models furnished by themselves. M.

THE UNSEEN BATTLE-FIELD.

There is an unseen battle-field
In every human breast,
Where two opposing forces meet,
But where they never rest.

The field is veiled from mortal sight;
'Tis only seen by One
Who knows alone where victory lies
When each day's work is done.

One army cluster's strong and fierce,
Their chief of demon form;
His brow is like the thunder cloud,
His voice the bursting storm.

His captain are the passions fierce,
Whose troops watch night and day,
Swift to detect the weakest points,
And thirsting for the fray.

Contending with this mighty force
Is but a little band;
Yet there with an unquailing front,
The warriors firmly stand.

Their leader is a God-like form,
Of countenance serene,
And glowing on His naked breast
A simple cross is seen.

His captains are the virtues fair
Beneath that wond'rous sign;
They fear no danger, for they feel
A courage all divine.

They feel it speaks a glorious truth,
A truth as great as sure,
Not to be victors they must learn
To love, confide—endure.

And when they win that battle-field
Past toil is all forgot;
The plain where battle once had reigned
Becomes a hallowed spot.

A spot where flowers of joy and peace
Spring from the fertile sod,
And breathe the perfume of their praise
On every breeze to God.

"OLD JOHN BROWN'S" FAMILY.—Miss Sarah Brown, daughter of old John Brown, whose "soul goes marching on," is in Santa Clara, the guest of Mrs. R. L. Higgins, wife of the real estate dealer. The *Journal* says she is a lady of medium size, black hair, large, full gray eyes, and rather prominent and clear cut features, while her manner and conversation are rather retiring. She freely speaks of the lives and history of her family, particularly of her father and her brothers. The family is large and scattered. Mrs. Brown, two daughters and one son are now living at Rhonerville, Humboldt county, Cal., while one brother lives in Ancon, Ohio. Two brothers live on an island in Lake Erie. One has charge of a farm owned by Jay Cooke of New York. The mother, two sisters and a brother think of locating in this county. Miss Brown remembers many meetings and partings with her father at the old home in North Elbe, Essex county, New York. The old homestead was sold to Miss Kate Field, and one-fourth of an acre of it was reserved for the burial-place of the father, whose resting-place is marked by a granite slab with the following inscription: "John Brown, born in Torrington, Conn., May 9, 1800. Executed at Charleston, Virginia, Dec. 2nd, 1859." In the spring of 1864, the wife and widow, with four children, came across the plains to California, stopping at Red Bluff for six years, and then moving to their present location in Humboldt county.

DR. UNGAR'S LIQUOR ANTIDOTE, carefully prepared of the best Quill Bark by M. S. Hammer, druggist, Sacramento. (The celebrated cure for drunkenness.

HAMMER'S CASCARA SAGRADA BITTERS touches the right spot in dyspepsia, constipation and liver complaint.

HAMMER'S CASCARA SAGRADA BITTERS for habitual constipation.

RUINED NOBLEMEN.

AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF DECAYING NOBILITY.

French Counts and Other Titled Personages and their Declining Influence—A Disconsolate Countess.

PARIS, November 29, 1880.

The first titled gentleman I ever met in France was a Professor of the French language, a very modest Professor, who taught the simple rudiments of grammar to foreigners. His parents had left him a little money which he had spent on his education in a very expensive college patronized by rich nobles. On leaving there he had neither profession nor trade, or a cent in the world. One of his rich companions, taking compassion on him, invited him to his father's chateau in the country, whither he repaired as a guest without any future before him. As he passed his time in complete idleness he was tolerated by the family, sneered at by the servants, and was generally treat with such contempt that he decided to go anywhere and do anything; and that is how he came to be a professor. He was possessed of very ordinary intelligence, and in spite of his severe experience would not divest himself of his foolish prejudices. He was permitted to print a crown on his envelopes, but his title was exceedingly obscure, and might easily have been bogus for all one was able to know about it; his cards, distributed with unequaled generosity, were of the cheapest, commonest kind, and yet a great crown nearly covered one-half of the space. Poor fellow, he had nothing but that one thing to recommend him, and that one advantage did not always bring him good fortune, for

A CLEVER GERMAN GIRL

In the class would frequently remark that a count without a chateau was possessed of no importance in her eyes, nor in anybody else's, and the English professor said he was an ass, the German professor a fool, and so, in spite of the immense crown he conspicuously paraded, he did not find the world very appreciative.

In the fifth story of a house where dwells one of my friends lives a young noble with his wife and one child. They occupy one room and a kitchen. As he had been brought up without having been taught any trade, and as he was very poor, he turned his hand to almost anything, and is now employed in manufacturing children's dolls, which industry his wife follows as well. Another nobleman kept a boarding-house with the aid of his wife, whom he had married for her dot, and after he had succeeded in spending it all on himself, opened this *pension*, where foreigners were preferred; there were Russians, Germans, English and Americans. Whereas the wife who was naught but a common plebian, was accommodating, industrious and lady-like; the husband invariably swindled his boarders, and at the moment of departure, violent scenes would take place between himself and those persons who were so happy as to have a nobleman for a landlord.

THE MOST PERFECT TYPE

Of what the formerly rich and influential nobleman is to day, I met with in Normandy. The gentleman was about fifty years of age and a perfect Hercules. He had managed, with the aid of ballet dancers, to get through with all his fortune at an early day, and he found himself while still young without a cent in the world, and without either trade or profession. As he was too proud to work, he allowed his sister, who had not squandered her fortune, to bestow on him a pension of some 300 francs per month. With that limited sum he could not of course continue to drive fast horses and court ballet-dancers, and as he was a man of tremendous appetite, he boarded at a hotel for so much a month, and passed his time eating or recounting to the guests his past exploits and conquests. As he had never cultivated his mind in the least, his conversation knew no change, and as one sometimes tired of the same histories of dancing girls, Monsieur le Marquis was made to understand that the subject he treated was uninteresting, and soon he was left to himself and his monstrous appetite. His only effort towards earning any money was a proposition he made to a manufacturer of champagne cider to try and sell of it to each of his friends provided he were paid a high commission; but the Marquis did not inspire his friends with sufficient confidence, and his commercial enterprise did not prove a success. It was impossible to find any one as thoroughly devoid of ideas, as uninteresting, as perfectly animal and at the same time as extremely proud of his pedigree; and in fact he was the bearer of one of the oldest and most aristocratic names of Normandy.

HIS FEARFUL APPETITE

Eventually discouraged the landlord, who begged him to go ruin somebody else. He next went to a hotel of an inferior order, and so continued down until he found a *patissier* who would accept him as a boarder. There always remained some traces of his early education and days of gallantry; for instance, did he meet a lady he knew, he would involuntarily draw his kid gloves from his pocket and put them on; but that was an unusual ceremony, as he had ceased to wear gloves for economy's sake. The utter uselessness of this man, his false education and the brutalized state into which he had fallen, is the exact type of a vast number of noblemen of to-day. They seem to have little strength of mind to resist temptation; besides, they are taught that no one can be a gentleman unless a member of clubs and he loses a certain amount at card-playing. As they never know when to stop, or continue to play in the hope of recovering what they have lost, they end by leaving their entire fortune on the green table. Their next move then is to find a rich wife. Years ago the rich bourgeois was flattered to have a titled son-in-law, so he frequently gave him his daughter in marriage, with a large dot, which permitted the newly-married husband to pay off his debts and begin over again. But repeated experience of a sad nature has cured them all of such ambition. When a number of them have lived to again and again pay off the debts of their

NOBLE SONS IN-LAW,

And at last been obliged to see their daughters come home to them beggars and their husbands probably sent to prison for forgery or *escroquerie*, they come to the conclusion that they pay dear for the title, and that it is better to marry their daughters to honest bourgeois like themselves, who, instead of spending the dot, will try to increase it and endeavor to render their wives happy. The families of nobles seldom intermarry, for the reason that the father rarely leaves the daughter any money, and the young man is obliged to seek a rich wife elsewhere. They began by marrying rich bankers' daughters, that is, when they had a fortune as well, but bankers now have formed an aristocracy of their own, and are not, in the least flattered by any such alliance. They next looked to the bourgeots, but he has grown too wise to-day to desire a crown on his dinner service. They are to-day obliged to seek a rich wife among the grocery-keepers and small merchants who have earned a fortune through much perseverence and industry, for they only continue to have that profound respect for a titled name which has fascinated so many in the past. But even they complain of the contempt with which their noble sons-in-law treat them, and the unhappiness of their daughters confided to their tender care. A great number of dramas and comedies have been written upon this subject, particularly the remarkable comedy of "Le gendre de Mr. Poirier," by Jules Landeau and Emile Augier. It is now one of the

CLASSICS OF THE THEATRE FRANCAIS,

And is always listened to with the same lively interest; the principal character is that of a retired merchant who marries his daughter to a young nobleman solely with the hope of being decorated with the Legion of Honor through his son-in-law's influence—the earnest desire of his lifetime. On the nobleman's refusal to exert himself in the matter the bourgeois wakens up from his lethargy, takes possession of the house, which is his, and where he has been merely tolerated, orders his dinners as he likes them and refuses to pay any more of his son-in-law's debts. The character is magnificently drawn, and the only weak point of the play is that the young wife loves her husband, who pays not the slightest attention to her, but who immediately adores her the moment she pays his debts for him. A play by Alexander Dumas *fils*, "L'Etrangere," very well known to Americans, since at the time of its appearance so much was said and written about it, although intended to prove the necessity of divorce in France, the author at the same time presents a type of a ruined, profligate nobleman who marries the daughter of a rich merchant of very modest name and acquirements, and who through foolish pride sacrificed the happiness of his only child. She, for her part, asked nothing better than to marry the companion of her youth whom she had always loved, and as in the end a fiery American arrives who kills her detestable husband in a duel, she is permitted to realize her dreams of happiness. Nothing could be more revolting than the habits, the conduct and character of this nobleman, and many aristocrats blamed the author for his severe criticism of that which was once so respectable; but that part of the drama was defended as a perfectly natural picture by all observers of French society, and it may be said to be the only real character in the play. To say that all noblemen turn out in this way, would be unjust; but as a general thing it is only too true. One gentleman I know with a very noble and aristocratic name, is a charming exception to the rule. His mother is a direct descendant of Mme. de Pompadour, and who had but two children—himself and a brother. His brother was his mother's favorite, and he was rendered so unhappy that after his father's death he spent some years at the Martinique Island in some Government employ, and during his stay there wrote a book on the customs of the inhabitants which he himself illustrated with pencil sketches, which book was made a reference of Government notes, and for which excellent effort he was decorated with the Legion of Honor. He has since lived on the small income of 450 francs per month, produced from the fortune left him by his father, as the greater bulk of the fortune went to the mother until after her death. The younger brother, spoiled and petted by the mother, became a worthless scamp; he married

WENT THROUGH HIS WIFE'S FORTUNE,

As well as his own, and his two sons are being cared for by the elder brother. The mother has spent so much on her favorite child in paying his debts and for his various amusements, that her own fortune is dwindling away, and although she is now quite old, it is probable that the son she cherished so little will be obliged to come to her rescue before her days are ended. The habits of my friend are very peculiar, and have never varied for over twenty years. He lives in a large maritime city in what is called a *chambre garnie*—a furnished room—quite an unusual circumstance throughout France, for all persons who remain many months in one place manage to have some kind of furniture of their own. But his dwelling is made cosy and comfortable by means of numerous knick-knacks and objects of art; and he cares for no other furniture until his mother's death, when the half of that which furnishes a large chateau where she lives will come to him. He pays near fifty francs a month for his room. He rises at 7 o'clock every morning, drinks one sou's worth of milk, then writes and works until 1 o'clock. At that time he begins his toilet, which is

VERY ELABORATE,

That of a *vieux beau*, and which consists in curling his hair, waxing his mustaches and so on. At 3 o'clock, dressed in the last fashion, with gloves and cane he resorts to the public promenade, where nearly every day there is music. At 6 o'clock he goes to dinner, with an enormous appetite, at a hotel where he boards for 100 francs a month. He spends in all 150 francs a month, and the rest of his income puts aside until the month of May, when he comes to Paris at the opening of the Salon. He telegraphs a day or so before his arrival to the hotel he is accustomed to visit, and the same room is retained for him which he has occupied since more than twenty years. After a month at the Salon he goes south, and then returns home to save and put aside more money for the next year's excursion. He is an example of the most refined delicacy of sentiment and manner as well as of perfect contentment, for had he ambition, owing to his great popularity he could easily become Senator. The most

DISCONSOLATE OBJECT

Of titled ambition I ever met with, was at a watering-place where a Countess had come for consolation in regard to her disappointed hopes and infelicity of married life. Her father was a sort of candlestick-maker in the provinces, where he collected a large fortune. He had a clerk, who was an enterprising young man, in love with the daughter of his employer, and whose ambition was to become a member of the firm and the husband of the subject of his dreams. The ardent flame of the young man, to all appearances, was responded to by the young lady, when suddenly there appeared in their bright horizon a horrible black cloud in the shape of a titled gentleman, who was almost a beggar, with a number of debts on hand, and who was in search of a large dot in exchange for his title. The father and daughter were both so flattered with the idea that they received the noble Count with open arms. The marriage took place to the despair of the young lover, who committed suicide; the dot was handed over, and the debts paid. According to the laws in France, if the fortune comes from the wife, that fortune returns to her family after her death, unless children are born. The young Countess had two children (for one might die), and almost immediately they were placed in a *pension*, where she could rarely see them. Her husband she has never since laid eyes on, and is more disconsolate than a widow; and although she has a crown embroidered on all her clothes, and charges the washerwoman to carry her linen to her with the crown on the outside, she sighs and regrets her old lover, with whom she now feels she would have been very happy. VAL.

GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS.—The Czar has pardoned his nephew, the Grand Duke Nicholas Constantinovitch, whose reckless extravagance and consequent lawlessness were the occasion of his incarceration and subsequent exile to Central Asia. There the young man has conducted himself in an exemplary manner. Greatly interested in the construction of a railway connecting Siberia with the western part of the Russian Empire, the Grand Duke has himself explored the respective regions, and written a masterly report on the best line to be selected for the grand enterprise. The Czar, touched by his nephew's penitence, and probably moved by his mother's incessant supplications, is said to have granted him permission to return to St. Petersburg.

HAMMER'S CASCARA SAGRADA BITTERS are all complaints arising from an obstructed state of the system.

THE QUIET HOUR.

THE "TANGLER'S" PARADISE OF CHARADES, ENIGMAS, ETC.

[Contributions to this department should be addressed "Quiet Hour," RECORD-UNION. Write upon but one side of the sheet. Accompany all contributions with the answers, the true name, and postoffice address. Contributors will receive advice and assistance, and are privileged to engage in courteous criticism of the productions published.]

Answers to December 11th.

889. (a) G R A D E S
R E G E N T
A G E N C Y
D E N I A L
E N C A S E
S T Y L E S

(b) M A O R I S
A C C E N T
O C T A V O
R E A S O N
I N V O K E
S T O N E S

(c) L A B L A B
A Y E A Y E
B E R B E R
L A B L A B
A Y E A Y E
B E R B E R

890. Carrot.

891. Vamos, label, atom, half, plot, smiles.

892. Delineate, ensign, nonplus, design, economic.

893. Leod, ergo, ogre, doer.

894. Pumpkin.

The Prize Tangles

The following are the tangles sent in for competition for the prizes offered November 27th. First prize charades by lady tangiers:

THE PRIZE CHARADES.

901. Prize charade by Augusta Blake, Hollister:

One evening as Sol was descending
(His refulgent beams most gloriously did shine),
My way across a woodland I was wending,
And towards a vale did my steps incline.
The evening being fine, I stopped a while
To view the flowers that around me lay,
The music of the feathered songsters did me beguile
As they caroled their hymns at the close of day.
The scene was lovely, sublime and grand,
With flowers Flora had decked hill and dell,
Sol's golden-tinted rays appeared to stand,
As if reluctant to say farewell.
In a pensive mood towards home I did rove,
Just as the night her veil began to spread,
I saw my first when passing by a grove—
Over the verdant fields it like lightning fled.
My second sounding far o'er the plain,
I saw afar on a steeple 'gainst the sky,
My whole a beauteous flower will name,
In mystic form tanglers it is before your eyes.

902. Prize charade, by E. C. D.:

My whole is the home of my first and next,
Where my first is rarely found;
But when last comes on, and the soul is vexed,
First and second may wish first around.
For final of second put final of first,
When my second and third will show
What the clouded spirit that builds my whole
Can make of life's strong, rich glow.

903. Prize charade, by Rose:

Sometimes my first, with lavish hand,
Showers blessings on your head;
Sometimes she turns her fairy wand,
And curses you with ills instead.

A grim-faced goddess my last,
With her weapons keen and bright,
Wreaking vengeance for the past,
Injuring mortals for very spite.

I pray that you may ever be whole,
Dear friends of the Quiet Hour;
That with good first Time may dole
Not a hint of second's power.

THE PRIZE METRICAL RIDDLES.

903½. Prize riddle, by E. C. D.:

I am rich in varied meaning, often rich in things more fair,
Tho' my poverty has driven many strong men to despair.
The printer knows my meaning; in the slave-trade I am used;
The law's strong hand extends me to save from power abused.
All navigators dread me; I strengthen what is weak.
I hold the mighty waters when with angry voice they speak.
I am used in haughty heraldry; I lure men to their death;
Yet to own me, bright and lovely, they will yield all but their breath.

904. Prize riddle, by Rose:

Through the forest I bound with the deer,
Or I'm found in the green depths below.
Then a measure of length I appear,
And an instrument sail-makers know.

In the tropical forests I'm seen,
And the sibyl I aid in her art;
"To impose by fraud" is what I mean,
But the tangler who bears me is "smart."

904½. Prize riddle, by Hattie Heath:

I am free as the wind that sweeps
Across the desert plain,
And open as the yawning deep
Of the ever-changing main.
I am one of an ancient race,
I travel free when new,
My check is always on my face,
I am silver money too.
Affix a fall, or pool,
And find an honored sire,
One whose hand, steady and cool,
Wrote his name with a pen of fire.

INGENIOUS PUZZLES BY MALE CONTRIBUTORS.

905. Prize puzzle, by Utah:

II, II, II 60' X X R 100 a L L D
50
500 H A 5 001
9
J 100 100 0
Y R ½
500
B50 500 R U N
& XX

906. Prize word puzzle of 12 letters, by Trinity:

O 100 & 50

906½. Prize puzzle, by F. M. S.:

Section one. A dogma. 1S(3)(
Section two. Three words. 1 4 our loophole.
D $

Answers to Correspondents and Correct Solutions.

Hattie Heath—889, 890, 891, 893, 894, 895, 897, 898.

Rose—898, 890, 892, 894.

Trinity—880, 890, 891, 892.

Hattie Heath in a communication says: "Please say to Rose that I was very well satisfied with the solid compliment that the Quiet Hour rendering of her word contained, and if my 'down East training' has led me to run the sands of life's hour glass 'on the square,' I ought to be grateful, but I own to a hankering for a larger share of the desirable quality (cuteness) of which she has an abundance. Quiet Hour holds a puzzle, written as an acknowledgment of her ingenious defense in the hour-glass question, and sent to them before I knew the word she had used there. If it should not be published I will forward it by letter. In regard to Trinity's Hyperion, I would much rather not give an opinion, as I am so matter of factish (pardon a word not to be found in Webster) that I cannot fully understand fancy-flights even in a puzzle. Suppose they are too (high) for my low plane. Then I admire Trinity's 'Frankness—in one so young, it is truly commendable, and his Yankee pluck I glory in."

F. M. S. says: "Hattie Heath has not yet made out the identification for Rose, or I am sure the Quiet Hour would give her credit for 888. Besides, there is internal evidence that she is on a double track. In her remarks she places me in the masculine gender, but in desiring me to change my name she indicates her belief that I am feminine, as none but one of the beautiful sex may lawfully change her name. I do not doubt, if search may find it out, that H. H. will do it. If search should fail she will exhaust her strategical powers to discover it in that way. It is palpable to me that she has two strings to her *beau*. I think my 'claim' aspired not so high as H. H. gives me credit for. The Quiet Hour might not be sure of my sex, was my claim, and taking the benefit of the doubt I tried to introduce 797 into very good company. So now H. H. be careful or you may have yet to admit that you are a LITTLE MISS TAKEN."

The Stanislaus *News* says: Sheep men from the West Side inform us that within another week, if the present warm weather continues, sheep can make a good living on the new grass.

In Nevada City, the other day, some person wired a large board to the tail of a stray horse. The animal ran down the sidewalk, and several persons came near being killed or severely injured.

LOVE'S MISTAKE.

Low burned the fire, the room was dim,
We heard the warning clock strike ten,
And by the moonlight, growing dim,
Knew parting time had come again.

"I had a dream last night," I said,
"I'll tell it to you ere I go;
I thought, my dear, your little head
Was lying on my shoulder—so!

"'Tis time to go," I said, "and you—
You kissed me twice upon the cheek;
Now tell me, love, if dreams come true."
Most archly did my darling speak:

"Why, some come true, and some do not;
Dreams like this do, I quite believe."
And then she kissed me twice, and got
Her waist entangled in my sleeve.

At the Moravian settlement of Nain, in Labrador, one Esquimaux shot another, a quarrel having arisen about the ownership of a deer at which both had fired simultaneously. The inhabitants were so enraged at the murderer that they determined to place him on a desert island and let him starve to death. The missionaries, however, rescued him, and placed him on board the steamer Panther, which happened to be in the harbor, and he was taken to St. Johns.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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. su15-2p1m

FIFTEEN SECOND-HAND BEDROOM SETS, from $20 up, for sale at SHERBURN & SMITH'S, No. 323 K street.

o1-tf

TO HOLIDAY SMOKERS!
JOS. WOODS,
IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE DEALER IN
CIGARS, TOBACCO, PIPES, ETC., ETC.,
No. 229 K street, near Third.

JUST RECEIVED A LARGE INVOICE OF THE following IMPORTED CIGARS of the 1880 Crop: La Carolina Regalia de California, 100s; Henry Clay, Reina Victoria (extra fine), 100s; Villar y Villar, Reina Victoria, 100s; Antone F. Murias Reina Victoria, 100s; La Comercial, Non Plus Ultra, 50s; Comercial, Elegantes, 50s; Villar, Rothchild, 50s; Blossom de Tobacco, Elegantes, 50s; Flor de Cuba, Delicossos, 50s; La Flor de F. Cabal, Bouquet, 50s; La Flor de Cubana, Non Plus Ultra, 50s; La Hermandad, Regalia Non Pius, 50s; La Carolina, Regalia de Paris, 50s; La Flor de F. Cabal, Regalia de Chica, 50s; Antone de F. Murias, Regalia Reina Chica, 100s; La Comercial Regalia Reina Chica, 100s; La Granadina Princessa, 100s; La Gloria Coqueta, 100s; La Venus, Concha Fina, 100s; La Montanesa, Alfred de Rothchild, 25s; Industria y Comercio, Regalia de Chica, 50s; La Election, Concha, 50s; La Flor de Jose, G. Fumariega Concha, 100s; La Corona Concha, San Domingo Tobacco, 100s; La Estania Concha, 50s; Manuel Garcia Concha, San Domingo Tobacco, 100s; The Medal Award, Reina Victoria, 100s; La Comercial, Elegantes, 25s. Also, a fine lot of Meerschaum Pipes.
d22 3p1m

S. GOLDMAN,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
GROCER,
Northwest cor. Second and J streets.
ALL DESIROUS OF
Choice, Fancy and Staple Groceries,
FOR THE
HOLIDAYS,
SUCH AS:
Atwood's Plum Pudding,
Atwood's Mince Meat,
Ritter's Apple Butter,
A Box Choice Fine Tea (fancy boxes),
Bravani, Cardelew and Extra Preserved Meats and Fruits,
Can find them at the LOWEST MARKET PRICES, at my store.
Orders from the country solicited and promptly filled. d15-3p1m

WINE PUMPS.
LIGHTHALL'S PATENT—THE BEST IN USE. Manufactured by KEYSTONE PUMP WORKS, d9-3p2m 429 Fourth street, San Francisco.

FOR SALE,
426 ACRES OF LAND, EIGHT MILES below Courtland, fronting one-half mile on Miner's Slough on the east, and one half mile on Prospect Slough on the west. A portion of the tract is CHOICE VEGETABLE LAND.
For price and particulars, apply to the
d17-2p1m SACRAMENTO BANK.

REDEMPTION OF BONDS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT IN ACcordance with the terms of the bonds issued by the Pacific Rolling Mill Company, the Directors of said company have determined by lot the numbers to be redeemed at its office, No. 202 Market street, in the city of San Francisco, on the 15th day of JANUARY, A. D. 1881, with the following result:

16	120	230	325	451
30	137	232	327	452
70	159	268	344	461
91	170	282	365	489
93	185	309	408	497

Which bonds will be paid, in United States gold coin, on said 15th day of JANUARY, A. D. 1881, upon surrender of the same with coupons attached, and interest thereon will cease from and after that date.

C. M. KEENEY,
Secretary Pacific Rolling Mill Company.
Office, No. 202 Market street, San Francisco.
d14-2ptd

NOTICE.

J. C. RADEMACHER, FORMERLY OF THE Eureka Baths, having purchased the CITY BATHS Kstreet, between Third and Fourth, wishes his friends to know the fact, and to assure them that he will conduct the same in first-class style. He solicits a continuance of the patronage of his old customers and the public generally. Shaving, 15 cents; Baths, shampooing and Hair Cutting, 25 cents each.
n27-4p1m J. C. RADEMACHER.

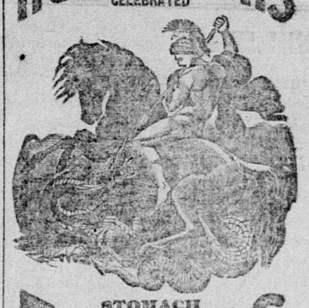
Turkeys! Turkeys! Turkeys!
GO TO P. R. KESTNER,
612 J Street, between Sixth and Seventh,
If you want an excellent CHRISTMAS TURKEY.
Come and See! d24-8t

REMOVAL.
HAVING REMOVED MY CIGAR STORE FROM J street, between Ninth and Tenth, to 612 J street, between Fourth and Fifth, I invite my old patrons and the public to give me a call. The best cigars found in the city, with a long line of smokers' articles. [n27-3p1m] J. GEORGE KERTH.

FOR SALE,
200 ACRES OF FIRST-CLASS RECLAIMED TULE LAND, situated about one mile south of the town of Isleton, on Andrus Island, and fronting on Jackson Slough. For price and particulars, inquire by letter or in person of the
n11-2ptf SACRAMENTO BANK.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED

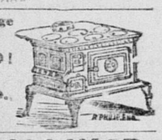


STOMACH
BITTERS

There is no civilized nation in the Western Hemisphere in which the utility of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a tonic, corrective and anti-bilious medicine, is not known and appreciated. While it is a medicine for all seasons and all climates, it is especially suited to the complaints generated by the weather, being the purest and best vegetable stimulant in the world.
For sale by all druggists and dealers, to whom apply for Hostetter's Almanac for 1881.
TuThs d2-1m

LADIES
WHO DESIRE A CLEAR, NATURAL AND Beautiful Complexion should use
PHOSPHATE SOAP,
And nothing else. No other TOILET SOAP is so cleansing, soothing and healing. It Cures Skin Diseases of every kind. For sale by Druggists and Grocers generally. Ask for PHOSPHATE SOAP, and take nothing else. n20-2ptf

STEINWAY & SONS' PIANOS.
A. HEYMAN, SOLE AGENT, street, bet. Sixth and Seventh, opposite Court-house. PIANOS TO LET. Pianos sold on installments.
d3-6ptf



The Best 6-Hole Range IN THE WORLD IS
THE GARLAND!
FOR SALE BY
L. L. LEWIS & CO.,
132 & 134 J Street.
d21-3ptf

BELL & KOLLIKER,
DRUGGISTS,
CORNER SIXTH AND J STREETS.
Just Received for the Holidays
FINE TOILET SETS, FINE CASES PERfumery, Lubin's, Palmer's, Atkinson's and Fellow's GENUINE EXTRACTS.
—ALSO—
CHOICE LOT OF FANCY ARTICLES.
d7-3p1m

HEWES'
ELECTRO-BALSAMIC
INHALENT
—CURES—
PNEUMONIA, ASTHMA, CATARRH,
BRONCHITIS,
INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION,
Dyspepsia, Diphtheria, Membraneous Croup, Swollen Tonsils, Quinsy,
All Throat and Lung Tro