THE LAND OF THE AFTERNOON.

An old man sits in his garden chair,
  Watching the sunlit western sky;
What sees he in the blue depths there,
  Where only the Isles of Memory lie?
There are princely towers and castles high,
  There are gardens fairer than human ken,
There are happy children thronging by,
  Radiant women and stately men,
Singing with voices of sweet attune
  The songs of the Land of the Afternoon.

The old man watches a form of cloud
  That floats where the azure islands are,
And he sees a homestead gray and loved,
  And a hand that beckons him afar.
O, cheek of roses and hair of gold!
  O, eyes of heaven's divinest blue!
Long have ye lain in the graveyard mold—
  But love is infinite, love is true;
He will find her—yes, it must be soon;
  They will meet in the Land of the Afternoon.

The sky has changed, and a wreck of cloud
  Is driving athwart its troubled face;
The golden mist is a trailing shroud,
  It is cold and bleak in the garden place.
The old man smiles and droops his head.
  The thin hair blows from his wrinkled brow;
The sunset radiance has appeared
  O'er every wasted feature now;
One sigh exhales like a breath in June—
  He has found the Land of the Afternoon.
—[Unidentified.

SIMPSON'S RANCH.

"I don't see no sense in it nohow." It was the older of two stalwart "cow-punchers" that delivered this oracular statement. In private life he was once probably Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones, but this must have been in days which were prehistoric as far as his fellows in the cattle country were concerned. To them he was, and had always been, "Broncho Sam;" and old Bill Kensett, up on the Divide, whose age was beyond mortal ken, and who was a stalwart man when he trapped with Ruxton and traded with St. Vrain, was on record as saying that he "allowed that when thet thar youngster come from the States he hedn't no other name than 'Broncho Sam.'" That settled it.

"Thet thar youngster" was a relative certainly, not a positive, characterization; for Broncho Sam was a veteran, and he looked it as he sat on a rude bench, outside the ruder log cabin, and facing the west. To an Eastern eye his surroundings were the abomination of desolation. The cabin stood in a narrow valley, near the bed, almost dry, of what might be a stream. To the gray banks inclosing it a few stunted and distorted cedars were precariously clinging, and at a distance there were some patches of sage-brush. As unwise, indeed, were he who should look at these things to the exclusion of distant ones, as he who should curiously inspect the squalid streets of Naples when by lifting his eyes he could see across the beautiful bay to the grand silhouette of Vesuvius, with Sorrento and Capri in the distance. Here, above the barren outlines of canyons, above the sparsely wooded foot-hills, above the jagged outlying peaks, rose in its simple majesty the great range. Across the exquisite blue sky overhead drifted clouds as white as the riven snow, and as light and fleecy as those under which once lay the Isles of the Blest. It was near sunset, after the radiance of an autumn day, and the air was deliciously clear, cool and bracing.

Broncho Sam was not looking at the mountain or the sky, but at a gun which he was cleaning. His companion, a younger man, and evidently a disciple, had been watching his skillful manipulation and listening to the words of wisdom which fell from his lips, for a famed ranch manager was this same Broncho Sam; and fortunate were the employers, far away in "the States," whose interests were intrusted to his faithful care.

Then came a voice through the open door—a fresh, youthful, ringing voice:

"Just you wait a minute, Sam, and I'll come out and argue the point with you. I have not an idea what you are talking about, but I say there is some sense in it, and there was some sense, and there will be some sense in it; and what is it all about anyway?"

Sam uttered an unintelligible grunt. It could not have been one of entire dissatisfaction, for something like a smile showed itself on his rugged features, and was plainly visible as he looked up and saw Jack Reynolds standing in the doorway. A handsome young fellow was he, and a general favorite in all the region for fifty miles round. Ever since he came out from Chicago—whence the doctor sent him after a long illness—he had added as steadily to his list of friends as to the hardness of his muscles, the color in his cheek, and the figure at which he turned the scale.

"Blame me if he don't jest lay over any tenderfoot I ever see," said Broncho Sam one day, as he stood in an admiring crowd at the bar of the Arcade saloon in Pueblo. "Gim me a show and I allow I'll make him a first-class ranch hand in a year or two."

"He ain't no slouch of a ranchman now, according to my idee," said a rash newcomer.

Sam looked at him with an undisguised contempt, clearly shared by the bystanders. "Perhaps he is, an' perhaps he ain't," said he. "I allow you oughter know better'n I. Yes, Jim, yer may gimme another one of the same sort."

Jack, it may easily be believed, was the soul of the ranch. He interested himself in the operations, and made a creditable showing at the first "roundup." He could soon ride the worst of the "bucking" horses, and throw a lariat with many an older man. He was a bit of a dandy, too, in his way, and did not disdain a gilt cord with pendant tassels around the crown of an expensive Mexican sombrero, gay necktie loosely knotted and lying snugly under the rolling collar of his gray flannel shirt, or a pair of long riding boots of exceptional make. All this finery, however, was reserved for other places than the ranch, and other occasions than the days passed there. The most cynical of "old-timers" found nothing to criticise in his display thereof when he rode into Pueblo for a day of combined business and pleasure; and, in a way, they felt a local pride in one who could hold a certificate of competency from such a Sir Hubert as Broncho Sam, and at the same time be, by the canons of that longitude, a very respectable "swell." More than one young lady member of some party of "personally conducted" tourists had looked admiringly at him from the window of the Denver Pullman as he sat on his horse near the station platform; and the landlord of the Arcade saloon was understood to have, in a rare interval of sobriety, expressed the opinion that such an exhibition was good for the interests of the region. "Why," said he, "thar ain't no two ways about it. When them thar tenderfeet an' fancy tourists sees an outfit like thet they'll kind o' think ranchin' is a boss business, an' it'll put 'em up to comin' out here an' buyin' land, an' startin' a boom in ranches an' helpin' trade. Yer see, they'll think all ranchmen is like him, an' they'll get mighty badly left; but thet ain't your funeral nor mine. Say, young feller, what'll yer take? Nothin'? Wa'al suit yerself."

Three miles above the ranch where Jack lived was another, of rather better character as regarded its buildings, which stood close to the bed of the creek. It belonged to a man named Simpson. Most people liked him; few knew him well. There was a vague impression abroad that Simpson had a history, and that his ownership of a Western ranch was but an episode in a life far different from that to which his neighbors had been born; but there was that about him which repelled inquisitiveness. His cattle were numerous and in good condition; he was active and efficient in the round-up, but his patronage of the Arcade saloon was the scantiest, and he was somewhat eccentric in the making up of what in another and more formal state of society would have been a visiting list. Those, however, who had enjoyed the hospitalities of Simpson's ranch had much to say of a wife who often wore "store clothes," and of a daughter of about 19, as pretty a girl, it was reported, as had ever been seen from Denver down to Cucharas, and as bright as the sunlight on the plains. Not many had seen her; fewer still knew her; yet her fame had gone abroad. She was graciously idealized; she was held to belong, in a sense, to the region; and there was not a cowboy on the range who would not have broken a lance (or, what was far more practical, emptied his six-shooter) as her champion.

Among the visitors at Simpson's ranch we may be sure that Jack Reynolds was numbered. His first visit was made at a notable time in its history. Two days before (stopping to return a horse which he had found straying), he had made the acquaintance of the family. Simpson himself had suddenly gone away. He had been in Pueblo, and the Postmaster stated at the Arcade that he had received a large and thick letter, but he was a little misty as to the post-mark. That night Simpson departed. Some people thought he rode a little to the northward, and took a train at a small station. A theory that he secreted himself in a freight car also found supporters. But one individual, and he was half-inebriated, had suggested suicide, and he had been promptly ejected from the saloon by the force of public opinion.

Months and months had passed, and Simpson had not appeared. Wonder had grown as to his whereabouts, much curiosity was engendered as to the condition and feelings of his family, and no little effort was made to gratify this curiosity. Whatever the wife and daughter, seemingly deserted, may have felt, however, they gave no sign to visitors. No one was there half so often as Jack Reynolds, and there was a general, unspoken sentiment abroad that this was as it should be; also that it would be alike improper and futile to seek for any information about Simpson from him. No better test, indeed, could there be of the esteem in which he was held than this rare self-abegnation.

Again several months passed, and still there appeared no Simpson. His neighbors were more puzzled, more curious, more hopelessly in the dark than ever, and they began to feel aggrieved. Broncho Sam had been voicing this sentiment, in conversation with his assistant, when he made the declaration with which this story opens, and which was preceded by another.

"I jest tell yer," said he, "that when a man lights out and leaves sech a good-appearin' wife an' sech a pooty gal as is up to Simpson's an' don't send 'em no word, it's playing it down pretty low on 'em onless he's got a blamed good reason for a-doin' so."

That he would discuss this point with Jack was highly improbable. They talked of cattle and the season's prospects, and there was no word of Simpson during the plain supper or the placid pipe-smoking which followed. When they "turned in," the sky was overcast, and during the night there came a gale of wind which almost shook the house. It was in the gray of early morning that a violent knocking at the door brought all three men to their feet alert in an instant. Jack was the first at the door, and opened it. A man stood there holding the bridle of a panting horse. His words were few and to the point. There had been a storm and cloud-burst in the mountains; the great reservoir which fed the irrigating ditches was in imminent peril; there would be a terrible "washout" in the valley.

"Have you warned them at Simpson's?" asked Jack, breathlessly.

"No. I came the other way."

Broncho Sam had his eyes on Jack's face, and saw the color leave it. He rose to the occasion in an instant.

"Yer can do it, my boy," said he; "but jest yer ride like Jehu. Git yer boots on, an' I'll have the saddle on Comanche."

In five minutes Jack, with his head bent to the blast, was spurring his horse wildly up the valley.

II.

There was nothing esthetic about the external appearance of Simpson's ranch. The architecture of the house was of the early cowboy period, with suggestion of that of the mining camp. There was a severe simplicity about the roughly-hewn logs which made up the walls, and although the freaks of fashion bring many queer things into popular use, the plastering of crevices with adobe has not yet been naturalized in polite neighborhoods. Never, however, should the wise traveler in the West and Southwest judge of the kernel by the shell, of the interior by the exterior. Both Mrs. Simpson and her daughter possessed the rare and charming "gift of practical management," which Hawthorne has ascribed to little Phœbe, in "The House of the Seven Gables." "It is a kind of natural magic," he says, "that enables these favored ones to bring out the hidden capabilities of things around them, and particularly to give a look of comfort and habitableness to any place, which, for however brief a period, may happen to be their home."

So did cheap and simple material take new character and virtue from their hands; so were rough walls hidden by chintz of tasteful pattern and homogeneous tint; so did refinement supply the place of costly equipment. Jack Reynolds realized all this the first time he entered the building. To be sure, he saw it under favorable circumstances.

The daughter of the house had come out to meet him as he approached. When she saw it was her own favorite horse he had brought home, her face was lighted up by a smile which went straight to his heart. Before his visit came to an end he discovered that her name was Edith. What more he discovered about her, no one but himself would know; but it could not have been otherwise than pleasant, for he arrived at his home in the highest spirits. He counted the days until he thought he might call again, and he made them as few as he possibly could. It was strong evidence of Broncho Sam's partiality for his young friend that he took but mild exception to what must surely be a distraction to an embryo cowboy; but then Sam himself had seen the young lady, and her grace and sweetness had made an impression on even his case-hardened sensibilities.

"Thar ain't no kind o' use in talking about it," he said; "it's human natur. I'm an old man now, but I was young once myself, an' I know. He's a fellow thet's got sand, an' she's a real good appearin' gal, an' I allow it ain't no one's business but theirs."

The road up the valley was narrow and rough; one side was often much higher than the other; the prickly cactus bushes trenched on it; and many furrows and holes lay as pitfalls before the rider. All riders, however, had not such horses as Comanche. He knew what was expected of him. With a splendid stride he went over the difficult path as if over English turf, clearing this treacherous gully with a spring, swerving to avoid that pile of earth washed down by the evening's rains, leaving one landmark after another behind in his headlong course. They talk to this day of the time in which he made the distance.

Jack sat him like the good horseman that he was. His excitement was intense, but every faculty seemed under perfect control. One thinks and remembers at such times with unwonted quickness and vividness. Not knowing what duty or peril awaited him, nerved for whatever it might be, he still found himself wondering whether Sam and the other man could get the horses to a place of safety. Then he thought—for what seemed to him a long time, but was probably a few seconds—of his far-away home. Then the absorbing theme of what he must soon encounter took the place of all else. The horse began to breathe a little hard, but his pace never slackened. At one time Jack fancied he heard hoofs behind him, but he dismissed the idea as absurd. The next moment he saw something which made his heart beat fast. What had shown itself in the gray light of dawn as a slender turbid rill was now a large stream, and growing higher every moment. Instinctively he called to his horse. Faster the noble animal sped on; the water was around his feet. There was a turn in the valley where it narrowed; a surging torrent reached his knees as he rounded the point of the cliff. In five minutes he slackened his pace, for there, parting the flood which eddied around it, tugged and tore at it, hurled logs and stumps and tree trunks at it, was Simpson's ranch, and at the window on the lower side was Edith.

In the lee, as it were, of the house, the water was comparatively quiet and shallow. In a second he was at the window, the horse standing still, with heaving flanks and laboring breath. There was scant time for ceremony, but the expression of joy on the girl's face told its story, and he managed to reach her hand with his. Only a few words passed at first. Her mother had spent the night with a sick child at a ranch on the hill. At daybreak, alarmed at the prospect of a "wash-out," the hands had gone to look after the stock, and the Mexican woman to escort her mother back. Then the flood had come suddenly and cut off their return.

Jack always said his plan of rescue was a pure inspiration. At the right, separated from the house by a wide and deep torrent, the ground sloped from a mesa. Could he reach that slope? He looked around the corner of the house, the horse barely maintaining his footing. Half way up the slope, and a few rods above the house, stood the stout stump of a cedar, and his lariat hung at his saddle-bow. How he blessed his practice with it! The first cast was successful—the loop lay over the stump and a pull tightened it. In a moment he was at the back window; in another, Edith, stepping from the sill, sat behind him, and clung to him. Again he guided Comanche to the corner, and wound the lariat around the pommel of the Mexican saddle. He drew a long breath as he rode into the torrent. The thoroughbred was swept off his feet before he had gone ten yards, but he swam strongly and boldly; the lariat was taut as a bow-string, but it held. It seemed an hour before the middle of the stream was reached. His heart beat fast; the girl said nothing, but he felt her clasp tighten; and still the horse swam on, and the torrent, balked by the stout lariat of its prey, actually aided their escape. They neared the slope: Comanche gained his footing; they were saved! Jack had never taken his eyes off the horse's head and the knot on the pommel, and he had never seen a stalwart, bearded man gallop down the slope and jump from his horse just before they gained the land. Now, to his amazement, this man lifted Edith from Comanche and folded her in his arms. Shortly he raised his head.

"You needn't look so sort o' surprised, young feller," said he; "you bet it's all right. I haven't got a card case about me, but my name's Simpson, and—and—" His manner changed in a second. "God bless you, for as plucky and clever a thing as I ever saw in all my life. He will bless you, too, for you've saved the life of my little girl, that's the apple of my eye." Still grasping his daughter tightly with his left arm he wrung Jack's hand, and the tears stood in his eyes.

Just then, with many a crack and groan, and almost, one would say, a cry of distress, Simpson's ranch-house was torn from its frail foundation and swept down the valley.

"Never mind; let her go," cried he, "I'll buy a dozen blamed old shanties like that for you to-morrow, if you want 'em."

Next day all the neighborhood knew that Simpson had come back, and why he went away; how the partner who had defrauded and nearly ruined him years before had written him from his sick bed in his refuge in Manitoba; how he had made restitution; how Simpson had been for months beyond the region of mails and telegraphs; how he had come home and ridden up the valley behind Jack.

"I didn't know you were ahead of me," he told him. "Of course it was my horse you heard; but I knew a short cut to the mesa, and turned off by it; but you were too quick for me. Oh, yes I know; it's all right. I wouldn't cross the little girl, anyway. If she is willing, I am; and if she's going to leave her old father, I'm mighty glad she's going to have a man to take care of her that's got sand."

The day the engagement was announced in Pueblo the Arcade saloon did the largest business of the season. From the Sheriff of the county down to the humblest cowboy on the range, everybody was pleased. Broncho Sam celebrated the event in accordance with the rules of the Moderation Society rather than those of the Total Abstinence Organization.

"That thar's as pooty a couple ez yer kin find in this yere country," said he; "an' Simpson he'd come back an' done the squar' thing; but I ain't caught on to his stayin' away an' sendin' no word. I say thar warn't no sense in it, no how."—[A. A. Hayes, in Harper's Bazar.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

GRAPE PICKLES.—Fill a jar with alternate layers of grapes and sugar, and cover with cold vinegar.

NO-EGG COOKIES.—One cup of butter, one of milk, two of sugar, half a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon or nutmeg, with flour enough to roll.

MUFFINS.—One quart of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, half cup of melted butter, two beaten eggs, a pinch of salt, one pint of milk; add the butter last; fill the hot buttered rings and bake.

HASTY CUP PUDDING.—Beat four spoonfuls of flour with a pint of milk and four eggs to a good batter, nutmeg and sugar to taste; butter the teacups, fill them three parts full and send them to the oven. Will bake in a quarter of an hour.

COFFEE CAKE.—One cup of molasses, half cup of sugar, and one teaspoon of soda dissolved in one cup of strong liquid coffee; one cup of butter, five cups of flour, one cup of raisins chopped, one nutmeg, one teaspoon each of cloves and cinnamon.

STUFFED CABBAGE.—Cut out the heart of a fine large cabbage, fill the vacancy with cooked chicken or veal, minced very fine, highly seasoned, and rolled into balls with yelk of an egg. Tie the cabbage firmly together, and boil in a covered kettle two hours.

MUSTARD PICKLE.—Half a peck of small cucumbers, half a peck of green string beans, one quart of green peppers, two quarts of small onions; cut all in small pieces; put the cucumbers and beans in a strong brine and pour on two pounds of ground mustard mixed with one pint of sweet oil and three quarts of vinegar.

HAM COOKED IN CIDER.—Put a pint of cider and a cup of brown sugar into enough water to cover the ham; boil three hours, or until the skin will peel off easily. Remove the skin, cover the ham with a crust of sugar, and bake in a slow oven three hours. Dissolve a cup of sugar in a pint of cider, and baste the ham frequently while baking. If the cider is very sweet, use less sugar.

SOFT COOKIES.—Take one coffee-cup of butter, three of sugar, one of thick cream and four eggs; mix the butter and sugar, then add the eggs and the cream. Take a pint of sifted flour and a teaspoonful of soda; mix well and stir in the other ingredients, sufficient of it to make the paste or dough stiff enough to roll out; cut in squares, impress with a fancy mold and bake in a slow oven.

MRS. LINCOLN'S LEMON JELLY.—Take half a box of gelatine, one scant cup of cold water, one pint of boiling water, one cup of sugar, half a (large) cup of lemon juice, one square inch stick of cinnamon. Soak the gelatine in cold water till soft. Shave the lemon rind thin, using none of the white. Steep it with the cinnamon in the pint of boiling water ten minutes, then add the soaked gelatine, sugar and lemon juice, and when dissolved strain.

CITRON CAKE.—Six eggs, beaten light and the yelks strained, two cups of sugar, three-quarters cup of butter, two and one half cups of prepared flour, or enough to make a pound-cake batter. With some brands you may need three cups; one-half pound citron cut in thin shreds; juice of an orange and one teaspoonful grated peel; cream butter and sugar; add the yelks, the whites and flour by turns, the orange, and lastly the citron, dredged with flour. Beat all up hard and bake in two loaves.

An Internal Revolution

Which enables the stomach to throw off the yoke of dyspepsia, is effected through the aid of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a most efficient ally in warring with all disorders which affect the digestive organs, the liver and the bowels. When the dyspeptic experiences heartburn, wind on the stomach, or any of the other familiar symptoms of his malady, a wineglassful of this matchless stomachic will dissipate them, and a pursuance of the remedy bring about a cure. Constipation and biliousness, evils to the relief of which aperients and cathartics are inadequate, also yield to this fine alterative. The restoration of appetite and nightly repose, and the disappearance of those nervous symptoms that habitually annoy the chronic sufferer from dyspepsia, also ensue upon the use of the Bitters, which is likewise a standard remedy and preventive of fever and ague, rheumatism, kidney and bladder troubles and debility.

THE most efficacious stimulants to excite the appetite are Angostura Bitters, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article.

A correspondent of the Napa *Reporter* says wild pigeons are very numerous all over Berryessa valley. Recently three gentlemen, in a few hours' shooting, killed over 100 of these birds.

IF I WERE YOU.

Why did he look so grave? she asked,
  What might the trouble be?
"My little maid," he sighing said,
  "Suppose that you were me,
And you a weighty secret owned,
  Pray tell me what you'd do?"
"I think I'd tell it somebody,"
  She said, "if I were you!"

But still he sighed and looked askance,
  Despite her sympathy.
"Oh, tell me, little maid," he said
  Again, "if you were me,
And if you loved a pretty lass,
  Oh, then, what would you do?"
"I think I'd go and tell her so,"
  Said she; "if I were you."

"My little maid, 'tis you," he said,
  "Alone are dear to me."
Ah! then she turned away her head,
  And ne'er a word said she.
But what he whispered in her ear,
  And what she answered, too—
Oh, no, I cannot tell you this;
  I'd guess, if I were you!
—[Chambers' Journal.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

NOT ABOVE WORK.

Chief Justice Marshall was a great and good man. Good men are not proud men, for pride is an indication of a little mind. Chief Justice Marshall was not too proud to wait upon himself. He was in the habit of going to market himself, and carrying home his purchases.

Often might he be seen returning at sunrise with poultry in one hand and vegetables in the other, in the most homely fashion.

On one of these occasions a fashionable young man was swearing violently because he could find no one to carry home his game. Judge Marshall stepped up, gently rebuked him, and asked him where he lived. When he heard the reply he said: "That is in my way, and I will carry your game home for you."

When they came to the house the young man inquired: "What shall I pay you?"

"Oh, nothing," said the Judge; "you are welcome. It was all in the way, and it was no trouble to me."

"Who is that polite old gentleman who brought home my game for me?" asked the young man of a bystander.

"Oh," said he, "that was Judge Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States."

"Why did he bring home my game?"

"He did it," said the bystander, "I suppose, by way of teaching you not to be above attending to your own business." [Truth in Life.

ABOUT SNEEZING.

The Hungarians have always had a curious custom of saying, "God bless you," to a person who sneezes. One night a Hungarian family in New York, four men, two women and a 4-year-old child, were sitting at supper, when the child began to sneeze. Immediately all the knives and forks were held in mid-air, all eyes were turned towards the sneezer, and all tongues poured forth a torrent of blessings. The child sneezed five times, and five times did her companions implore the Almighty to bless her. Then she folded her hands in her lap, and said earnestly to each one, "I thank you, mother; I thank you, aunt; I thank you, Louis; I thank you, Geysa; I thank you, Paul; I thank you, Stofano." They, in return, smiled and nodded, piled her plate with extra danties and cautioned her never to forget to ask God's blessing on one who sneezed, and to thank those who asked his blessing on herself. Should she fail to do so, it was intimated that death by choking might be the result of such ingratitude.

THE JOYS OF CAMEL RIDING.

A few days ago I had my first ride on a camel, and I thought it would be my last. It was to go to our camp, that I got cross-legged upon an Arab saddle, insecurely fastened by strings, upon the back of a great lumbering, hump-back brute. I no sooner attempted to take my place on the saddle, than the camel, which was lying prone, into which position he was forced, began grunting like an old village pump violently worked. At the same time he turned his prehensile lips aside, grinning like a bull-dog, and showing a grinning row of teeth, which he sought to close upon me. I got aboard without accident, and had not long to wait for a rise.

The first movement, as he lifted his fore-legs, nearly sent me over backwards; the next, as he straightened his hind-legs, still more nearly tipped me over his head. I had been warned to hold tight, but it was only the clutch of desperation that saved me. After several lunges the brute got fairly on his legs.

The reins consisted of a rope around his neck for steering, and a string fastened to a ring thrust through his nostrils to pull up his head, and to stop him when he was going too fast. My camel began to move forward, and thereupon I oscillated and seesawed as if seized with seasickness or cramp in the stomach. Involuntary as the movement was, an hour of it would, I am sure, have made as abject a victim of me as the worst sufferer on a Channel passage. [London Telegraph.

A PERPLEXED CUSTOMER.

A Buffalo paper states that a young lady of that city went to a florist to buy some flowers. She had hardly entered the place before she hearp a shrill voice like that of an old lady say, "Shut the door. Don't you know any better? It's cold outside."

Very much overcome with mortification and embarrassment, she looked about for the speaker, saying, "Pardon me, madam, but the wind blew so, I could hardly close the door."

"Well, mind your eye, Miss, and don't do it again," repeated the voice, when to her great astonishment the young lady found that she had been conversing with a well-educated and certainly very familiar poll-parrot. Annoyed at the bird for deceiving her so, the young lady turned her back to the cage and was intent on examining some flowers. Suddenly the same voice, or what seemed to be, said to her: "What can I do for you, Miss?"

"If you hold your tongue I shall be gratified above all things," replied the young Miss, turning around as she spoke, and discovering the lady proprietor standing in her presence. Imagine her mortification at this double blunder. She mistook a parrot for a lady, and a lady for a parrot! Yet it is very evident that if she had been really polite she would not have lost her temper at the pranks of an innocent poll-parrot, and therefore would not have hastily used the language which was meant for the bird, though really addressed to the lady.

Startling Figures.

With all that has been said and written concerning the enormity of the debris evil, it has failed in a great measure to be comprehended, because without occular evidence it has been almost impossible for the mind to grasp the terrible situation. The party that composed the river excursion a few weeks ago from Sacramento to the mouth of the Feather river became entirely satisfied without entering the latter river and taking the chances of mooring upon the sandbars for an indefinite time. A lesson was taught there to which we propose to apply a few figures for the purpose of presenting to the mind what has really been accomplished by the hydraulic miner. The steamboat captains and the excursionists stated (if we mistake not) that the steamers floated from fifteen to twenty feet above the level of ante-hydraulic times, owing to the fill. Now, to be entirely within the truth, we will call the fill twelve feet. The river from the mouth of the Feather will average 400 feet in width to Suisun Bay, and the distance is at least 100 miles, but if anything is lacking in the length we will throw in Feather river with its thirty miles of filled up and choked channel, to make it good measure. We leave out of this count the 50,000 or more acres of bottom land, covered from five to fifteen feet deep with the same material on the Cosumnes, American, Bear, Yuba, Mokelumne and Calaveras rivers. We find in the 100 miles described 93,866,666 cubic yards of debris. This amount, spread out three feet deep, would cover an area of 19,753 acres of land, or 59,289 acres one foot in depth, which is sufficient to ruin it for all practical purposes. When in San Francisco a few weeks since we submitted the figures to A. D. Starr, of the great wheat, milling and shipping firm of Starr & Co., of South Vallejo and Wheatport, and who obtain their supplies very largely over these interior waters, and who are thoroughly familiar with them. Mr. Starr did not seem surprised, but said that he had no doubt as much more lay deposited in Suisun bay, saying nothing of what had gone into San Pablo and San Francisco bays. When the ruin is placed before the mind in acres and territory, it must carry conviction, but the ruin of the rivers and turning them over the valley, forecasts a spectacle too awful to contemplate.—[Sutter Farmer.

A Mining Camp in '49.

The mines put all men for once upon a level. Clothes, money, manners, family connections, letters of introduction, never before counted for so little. The whole community was given substantially an even start in the race. Gold was so abundant, and its sources seemed for a time so inexhaustible, that the aggrandizing power of wealth was momentarily annihilated. Social and financial inequalities between man and man were together swept out of sight. Each stranger was welcomed, and told to take a pan and pick and go to work for himself. The richest miner in camp was seldom able to hire a servant; those who had been glad to serve others were digging in their own claims. The veriest greenhorn was likely to uncover the richest mine in the gulch as was the wisest ex-professor of geology; and, on the other hand, the best paying claim on the river might suddenly "give out" and never again yield a dollar. The poorest man in the camp could have a handful of gold-dust for the asking, from a more successful neighbor to give him another start and help him "hunt for better luck." No one was ever allowed to suffer; the treasure vaults of the Sierra were too near and seemingly too exhaustless. "To a little camp of 1848"—so an old miner writes me—"a lad of sixteen came one day, footsore, weary, hungry and penniless. There were thirty robust and cheerful miners at work in the ravine, and the lad sat on the banks watching them a while in silence, his face telling the sad story of his fortunes. At last one stalwart miner spoke to his fellows, saying: 'Boys, I'll work one hour for that chap if you will.' At the end of the hour $100 was laid in the youth's handkerchief. The miners made out a list of tools and necessaries. 'You go,' they said, 'and buy these and come back. We'll have a good claim staked out for you. Then you've got to paddle for yourself.' Thus genuine and unconventional was the hospitality of the miner's camp.—[Mining Camp.

Care of Children.

Prominent among the mischievous blunders in the management of children, is the custom of leaving their arms bare. A baby's arms require as much protection as its body, and if it be delicate the hands in cold weather may be protected; they require it as much as the feet. This would be the case even in adults, only that they place their feet on the wet, cold earth. Whenever they take to walking on their hands and carrying their feet up, they will be obliged to wear boots on their hands and kid gloves on their feet. As the baby has both feet and hands in the mother's lap, there is as good reason for protecting the one as the other. I speak of the dress for the damp and cold seasons. It should be added that during the cool summer evenings too much care cannot be exercised in protecting the baby's arms and shoulders. If the mother desires to exhibit her darling's beautiful skin, let her cut out a bit of the dress over its abdomen, and when the neighbors come in, let her show the skin thus exposed. This will do but little harm, but in the case of the arms and legs, we have parts far removed from the lungs and such parts require special protection. Take the glass part of the thermometer out of the tin frame, and put the bulb in your baby's mouth. The mercury rises to 98. Now on a cool evening place the same bulb in its little hand, and press the tiny hand about it. I am supposing it has naked arms. The mercury will sink to 60 or less. Need I say that all the blood which has to make its way through the diminutive and tortuous vessels of those cold arms must become cold? And need I add that as the cold currents of blood come from both arms back into the vital organs, they play the mischief there? If you would preserve your child from croup, pneumonia, and a score of other grave affections, you would keep its arms warm. A thick woolen sleeve, which fits the little dimpled arm down to the hand, is the true expedient.—[Dio Lewis' Nuggets.

Bill Nye to Lecture Abroad.

Though I have been supplicated for some time by the people of England to come over there and thrill them with my eloquence, my thriller has been out of order lately, so that I did not dare to venture abroad.

Having at last yielded to the entreaties of Great Britain, I have decided to make a professional farewell tour of England with my new and thrilling lecture, entitled "Jerked Across the Jordan, or the Sudden and Deserved Elevation of an American Citizen."

This lecture treats incidentally of the ease with which an American citizen may rise in the Territories, when he has a string tied around his neck, with a few personal friends at the other end of the string. It also treats of the various styles of oratory peculiar to America, with specimens of American oratory that have been preserved and dried especially for this lecture. It is a good lecture, and the few straggling facts scattered along through it don't interfere with the lecture itself in any way.

I shall appear in costume during the lecture.

At each lecture a different costume will be worn, and the costume worn at the previous lecture will be promptly returned to the owner.

Persons attending the lecture will not be identified.

Polite American dude ushers will go through the audience to keep the flies away from those who wish to sleep during the lecture.

Should the lecture be encored at its close, it will be repeated only once. This encore business is being overdone lately, I think [Boston Globe.

THE AMERICAN STUD BOOK.—The fifth volume of "The American Stud Book" is in manuscript form, and is being filled up and kept complete to this date with all animals which have been reported to the author, who has announced repeatedly that in order to insure proper entry and classification, all foals, with date of foaling, sex and color, with name of sire and dam, and when the latter has no name sufficient crosses to some well-known animal in any of the volumes of the work heretofore issued to identify the same, with barren mares and all deaths with date, must be reported to the author, as he cannot and will not take them from other publications. This is imperative, and those who wish their stock in the work must act accordingly. This decision is arrived at in order that the responsibility for errors may be traced to the proper source. All the errors in the published volumes have occurred by taking the information from sources other than the owners. This course is also necessary that we may protect our right in the book and secure accuracy. Several of the prominent breeding establishments have not yet made reports for the present year, which should be done without further delay. [Turf, Field and Farm.

SHOWS THE GENERAL A TRICK.—Rear-Admiral Luce, of the United States navy, and General de Trobriand, of the army, lunched at a restaurant. The check was $3 35. A $5 bill was handed to the waiter, and presently he returned with a check and change on a plate. A $1 note, a dime and 5 cents lay atop of the slip of paper, under which was concealed a half dollar. The General took up the note, left the 15 cents as a tip, and got up to depart with his friend. "Stop!" thundered the Admiral to the waiter. "Set down that plate." "Yes, saire," responded the Frenchman. "Now, General, look at this and learn a lesson," the Admiral continued. "The change out of the $5 ought to have amounted to $1 65. You got only $1, and gave 15 cents to this rascal. You never thought of the missing half dollar. Where do you suppose it is? I will show you," and he drew the check off the plate, disclosing the coin lying snugly underneath. "Our grimacing thief here would have had it safe in his pocket by this time if left to complete the operation. If you had stopped to count your change, and discovered that it was short, he would have picked up the plate, deftly drawn aside the check, and shown you that the right amount was there."

It is reported in army circles that Fort Elko, M. T., is about to be abandoned, and the valuable farming land now held as a reservation by the Government, of which there is a large tract, thrown open to settlement or disposed of at auction.

There are 126 convicts in the Utah penitentiary, more than ever before in the history of that institution.

THE OLD HOME.

The western sun was gilding
  The grand old mountain tops,
The dew was gently kissing
  The heather in the copse.

The poplar trees were whispering
  From their majestic hight,
Like guards who pass the watchword
  Through weary hours of night.

The kine from fragrant pastures
  Wound slowly round the hill,
To meet the mountain brooklet
  And take their evening fill.

The little sheltered hamlet
  Lay sleeping as of yore,
The old brown homestead standing
  With heavy oaken door.

The garden and the orchard,
  The busy hum of bees,
The fragrance of the blossoms,
  From peach and apple trees.

The creak of dripping bucket
  That slowly rose and fell,
The sweet grass and the cowslips,
  That grew beside the well.

The roses and the lilacs,
  The odor from the thyme,
The climbing honeysuckle,
  The scarlet trumpet-vine.

The blood-root growing only
  In warm and sheltered spots,
The meadow path all bordered
  With blue forget-me-nots.

The old gate where at evening
  I used to take my stand,
And lingered till the darkness
  Had gathered o'er the land.

All join to weave together,
  And add to memory's chain
The links so roughly broken,
  By time, and toil, and pain.

In pleasant lands wherever
  My feet may chance to roam,
No flowers nor sunny landscape,
  No place will seem like home.
—[Josephine Canning, in Good Housekeeping.

The President of Mills College.

"He certainly is not handsome," said a little school teacher Thursday evening in the First Presbyterian Church of Oakland, as she looked at Homer B. Sprague, the new President of Mills College, as he sat upon the platform. The lecture was addressed particularly to the Teachers' Institute of Alameda county, but many persons not teachers availed themselves of the opportunity to hear the new President of the Western Vassar, for he has a great reputation in New England as a speaker. When he stepped to the stand and looked calmly over the audience there was applause. He told the teachers that the lecture he would deliver was prepared for the graduating class of a normal school. He began in a conversational way to tell of John Milton, the poet, the theologian and statesman and scientist and the great teacher. Not many sentences had the lecturer spoken before the audience perceived that his reputation is not founded on smoke. He speaks in a soft but clear voice, rapidly but distinctly. He never hesitates for a word. The sentences, in charming English, pour from his lips as smoothly as old wine from a flagon. His memory is stored with names, dates and incidents, ready to be used at any moment. He read from no manuscript. He quoted at length, with but one or two references to a diminutive note-book. He recalled events of history, battles, men, periods, as readily as he would have told the date of his birth. The Life and Times of Milton was the theme of the discourse, the foundation of an ornamental and yet stanch superstructure. He toldp articularly of the life of Milton as a teacher and of his works on education, which were not appreciated until centuries after his death. Then the political life of the blind teacher was mentioned, and then the days when from his darkness came "Paradise Lost," the great work of his life. After an epitome of the grand deeds and the pure, noble life of Milton he cried: "This was the teacher, Milton." He ended by reciting the words of the blind poet, beginning: "I have naught to fear. This darkness is but a shadow."

"He is handsome," said the little teacher. [San Francisco Call.

CURE OF PNEUMONIA.

Mr. D. H. Barnaby, of Owego, N. Y., says that his daughter was taken with a violent cold, which terminated with Pneumonia, and all the best physicians gave the case up and said she could live but a few hours at most. She was in this condition when a friend recommended DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and advised her to try it. She accepted it as a last resort, and was surprised to find that it produced a marked change for the better, and by persevering in its use a permanent cure was effected. fe24-isly&wly

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W. R. Strong & Co.

HAVE JUST RECEIVED A FINE STOCK OF Choice German and Eastern Bulbs; also, Japan Lilies, which they offer at New York prices, and lower than generally sold elsewhere. Now is the time to plant. Those desiring should order at once, while the stock is complete. n3-1w

BERLIN.

THE STANDARD TROTTER, BY REquest, will make a Fall Season from this date until the 1st of DECEMBER. For particulars, inquire of GEO. MARTIN, Agricultural Park.

Thapsin—Record, 2:23; Pansy, 2:24—both colts by BERLIN. s28-1m

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The Original and Only Genuine.

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AND VICINITY. WE SHALL HEREAFTER keep on hand make to order for ladies the latest style of Cuff Gloves, with "Rutry Fastenings," using some seven different shades of the best imported Kid; also, several colors of Castor Buck, including Black and Green finished Buck. Gents' Working, Driving and Street Gloves of all kinds made. Don't mistake the place, 1019 Ninth street, Odd Fellows' Temple. The only place in the city where they know how to make a good glove. All work warranted heavy glove hand sewed. DODGE'S SACRAMENTO GLOVE FACTORY. o16-tfTuThS

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Neutralizes germs of disease and sickness.
Cures ugly blotches and stubborn blood sores.
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Permanently and promptly cures paralysis.
Yes, It is a charming and healthful Aperient.
Kills Scrofula and Kings Evil, twin brothers.
Changes bad breath to good, removing cause.
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Charming resolvent and matchless laxative.
It drives Sick Headache like the wind.
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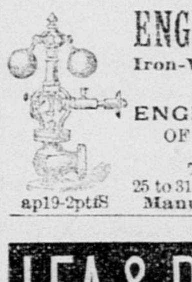

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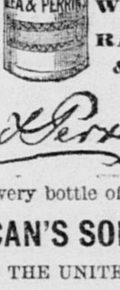

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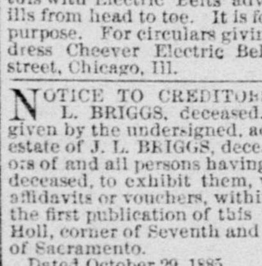

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF J. L. BRIGGS, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the estate of J. L. BRIGGS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary affidavits or vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to Taylor & Holl, corner of Seventh and J streets, in the city of Sacramento.

Dated October 29, 1885.

ROBERT CHRISTY, Administrator.

TAYLOR & HOLL, Attorneys for Administrator. o31-4tS

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF WILLIAM SWALES, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of WILLIAM SWALES, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to said Administrator, at the office of Freeman, Johnson & Bates, 920 Fifth street, Sacramento, Cal. F. H. RUSSEL, Administrator.

October 9, 1885.

FREEMAN, JOHNSON & BATES, Attorneys for Administrator. o10-5tS