# PYRAMID OF PAPANTLA.

## IN THE DEPTH OF A MEXICAN WILDERNESS.

### Animal and Vegetable Life in Primeval Solitudes—A Journey and Dive Deep into the Past.

[Special Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION.]

JALAPA, Mexico, November 18, 1885.

About fifty miles north of Jalapa, but within the limits of this State of Vera Cruz, is found the far-famed pyramid of Papantla. One may go by *diligencia* as far as Tusintla, and thence proceed on muleback through the almost impenetrable forest; but we preferred making the entire journey on donkeys, having learned from sad experience the discomforts of the *diligencia*, and knowing that the wildest route would be safer from *los cabelleros del camino* than the more frequented roads. Our party was a small one, comprising only two ladies, an elderly gentleman who was then one of the acting Consuls in Mexico, his half-grown son, two guides and three trusty servants. The men were well armed, the women neither given to nervousness nor unaccustomed to "roughing it," the hampers crowded with camping delicacies, and the mules all staid, reliable beasts, whose "wild oats"—if they ever had any—were long since sown. Therefore, taking no thought for the morrow, and endeavoring to forget that any world existed for us beyond the solemn woods, we turned our backs upon the nineteenth century and plunged into the misty past.

According to universal custom, which in the tropics demands a long siesta during that portion of the day when Americans are most actively at work, the guides routed us at 2 A. M., and soon the round full moon looked down upon

A GHOSTLY PROCESSION,

Winding sleepily along the wooded road. Low on the horizon lay the "Southern Cross," with all its stars complete, and familiar constellations which we have known from childhood in the far north, seemed to wink upon us in friendly recognition, though wandering so far from our proper orbit. In this southland, daybreak is the most delightful hour of the twenty-four—when Luna is paling at the approach of the sun, the skies flushing wonderful tints, every blossom giving forth its rarest odors, and the first faint stir of awaking life is heard. Two hours before the day-god showed his yellow head above the mountains, we had breakfasted sumptuously by the wayside—on coffee and eggs boiled *a la* gypsy, luscious oranges, with which we filled our pockets as we rode under the trees, Mexican bread, guava jelly from Cuba and Indian cheese made of goats' milk.

As we penetrated deeper and deeper into the forest, the trail became almost undistinguishable, with giant trees in serried ranks rising close on every side. The smallest of these woodland monarchs is at least a hundred feet high and twenty-five feet in diameter, and all are overgrown with orchids and creepers, winding around the trunks and reaching from tree to tree, forming.

A THOUSAND NATURAL ARBORS.

At midday the sun scarcely penetrates these flowery fastnesses, and gloomy darkness envelopes them long before nightfall in the outer world. Birds of brilliant plumage—among them parrots and huge guacamayas, or macaws, gorgeously dressed in yellow, red and green—fluttered fearlessly around us, having never learned the fear of man in these primeval solitudes.

Among the many trees hitherto unknown to us is a species of magnolia, here known as yoloxochetl, covered with lovely, sweet-smelling flowers, which are pinkish white outside and yellow within. The petals, before full blown, assume the form of a cross, and afterwards of a splendid star. The superstitious Indians never fail to cross themselves at sight of one, and to tell you that an infusion of the glittering leaves is a sure cure for various "summer complaints," and that its flowers will relieve palpitation of the heart. Among the myriads of creepers is a species with scarlet leaves which is always found encircling the magnolia.

THE CELEBRATED "WATER-PLANT,"

One of the family *bromelaccoa*, which Mexicans call the Easter-flower. In case of dire necessity its large red leaves would appease hunger, but its chief mission is that of nature's cup-bearer. Its leaves treasure the priceless dew and present to thirsty travelers a never-failing store. Our guides and servants—believing it to be a sort of "holy water" bestowed by heaven because of the magnolia's cross and star—were perpetually imbibing the moisture, and muttering prayers to *Maria purissimo* and all the saints in the calendar.

The valuable *Vanilla planifolia* is indigenous to these humid groves, and is carefully sought out by Indians of the *tierra caliente*. It is produced only in the States of Vera Cruz and Oaxaca, though—according to Baron Humboldt—Europe received its entire supply of this commodity from Mexico, prior to 1812. The aromatic-fruited plant was assiduously cultivated by those ancient tribes known as Totonacs, who once inhabited all this coast region. Though the vanilla bean requires little care—nothing but shade and moisture being necessary, and is even more valuable than in the days when Aztec monarchs traded for it with the Totonacs—it is now but little cultivated. But it still springs up in the wilderness, and flourishes best far from the haunts of man, in hidden jungles on the slopes of the cordilleras. The descendants of the Totonacs who yet reside in these primitive villages, are restricted by rigorous laws from gathering this neglected plant at will. The vanilla harvest begins in March and ends in May, and during that season the Alcaldi of every hamlet apportions to each man his quota of labor and profit—carefully looking out for his own "lion's share" of the proceeds. The delicate pods are dried in the sun and shipped with great solicitude, for every one of them has a sure marketable value.

HERE, TOO, ABOUNDS THE JALAP,

Well know to materia medica—a tiny plant, with slender branches and heart-shaped leaves tinged with red, concealing here and there a blossom of violet blue. It is known by the natives as *tolonpatl*, and takes its present name abroad from the town, Jalapa, which was its proper mart in Cortez' days. The plant grows spontaneously on all the mountains of southern Mexico, having taproots of pear-like shape. Unfortunately the Indians destroy it by tearing away its tubercles, and the day is not distant when this much-prized drug will become more scarcer than quinine. These forests are full of wild guava, a sort of myrtle, growing naturally in the higher altitudes of the tropics, and attaining a hight of several feet. Its fruit, which seldom ripens before being eaten by birds and larvæ, is luscious and indescribably fragrant. Everybody is fond of green guavas, but few have ever had opportunity to know how they taste when fully ripened. They are in great favor among physicians, because of their astringent and anti-febrile properties. When cultivated, the shrub changes its appearance so much as to be scarcely recognizable; its branches grow longer, its leaves acquire a silvery lining, and the fruit becomes as large as lemons, which it much resembles in shape and color.

THE NUTMEG-TREE

Is found in greatest profusion in the neighborhood of Papantla. It is a shrub about ten feet high, and is becoming extremely rare in Mexico. The natives use an enormous quantity of Malucca nutmegs, both as a remedy and a condiment—their chief medicines being these, camphor and asafœtida; but with characteristic improvidence they neglect nature's benefits, and buy what they might easily cultivate.

The woods are full of wild dahlias, growing about three feet high, and producing only single blossoms of pale yellow. They are perennial in Mexico, and from this country were first carried across the ocean. The double flowers, with their hundred tints and varieties, have been produced by cultivation; and many a wealthy Mexican who imports his garden dahlias at great expense from Europe has not the remotest idea that the plant is indigenous to his own soil. Dahlia roots are a staple article of food among the Indians, who eat them boiled and salted. Though somewhat insipid to the taste, they are decidedly preferable to wild potatoes. Perhaps the time is coming when the bulbs, made succulent by horticulture, will furnish epicures with a new delicacy. Quien sabe? Space forbids description of the thousand things of interest to be found within the vast

FORESTS OF VERA CRUZ;

Nor will I weary the reader with recounting our adventures. You can imagine the camp-fires that blazed at night to frighten away possible wild beasts, the sanguinary encounter with wood-ticks and those dreaded gnats called *xin-xins*, scorpions, centipedes, etc.; and the shrieks of the ladies when a big but badly-scared rattle-snake made his hasty exit from under the bed of freshly-cut boughs upon which their blankets were spread for the night's repose. Next morning, while breakfasting upon the trunk of a fallen tree, our attention was attracted by a strong smell of roses, though not a rose was in sight. Was the miracle of Santa Guadalupe at Tepeyacas about to be re-enacted? Diligent search revealed, under the bark of the log upon which we sat, several of those sky-blue insects with scarlet feet, whose name we have forgotten, but with whose habits naturalists are familiar. They are most common in the sandy soil of the coast, and are used by the ladies to perfume their linen, as our grandmothers used thyme and lavender.

On the evening of the second day we arrived in good spirits at Papantla, a small village about six miles from the main pyramid. The instant a stranger shows himself at the wretched little hotel, he is besieged by guides and mule-owners—it being taken for granted, and with good reason, that he can have come for no other purpose than to explore the neighboring ruins. Happily, one intelligent Anglo-Saxon lives here—Dr. Autrey, an American physician—who is delighted to give the tourist all needed information and to superintend his preparations for the short but difficult journey into the wilderness. When the sun rose upon the ruins the morning following our arrival at Papantla, it found four pairs of American eyes, filled with awe and wonder, gazing upon the

RELICS OF AN UNKNOWN AGE.

For centuries after the Spaniards had possessed themselves of this country the Indians jealously concealed from them all knowledge of these monuments, and they were accidentally discovered by a party of hunters as late as 1780. What manner of people built them, and lavished the work of a lifetime upon their adornment, none can say with certainty, since they passed away in the morning of time and left no records except in undecipherable hieroglyphics. Numerous volumes have been written concerning the early peopling of America, and the most learned savants, after wrangling over the point for years, have given it up as an unguessable conundrum, and therefore we will not be so presumptuous as to hazard an opinion. Some wiseacres, seeking to find the root of the human tree in the Bible, have ascribed the mighty monuments scattered all over Mexico and Central America to the sons of Noah, the Jews, Egyptians, Canaanites, Phonecians and Carthagenians; others to the ancient Greeks, Scythians or Chinese. Many equally good authorities believe the aborigines of this continent to have been a separate race, not descended from the same father Adam as the rest of mankind, but created or "evoluted" on the spot; while others are certain that they sprang from some races which escaped that great inundation by which most of the human family perished. Able writers have labored to prove that the sea and land have changed places, that the two continents have been joined together, and rent asunder by earthquakes, and consequently at some remote period the inhabitants of either could have passed over dry shod, and that Atlantis—the great island which Plato says was the ancient seat of civilization—has been swallowed up in midocean. Yet after centuries of speculation and theory the world is no wiser than before, so far as positive knowledge is concerned. This

PYRAMID OF PAPANTLA

Is not built of bricks or clay mixed with whinstones, as most of those in Mexico, but of immense blocks of porphyry, in the seams of which mortar may still be distinguished. The base of the pyramid is an exact square, each side eighty-two feet long, with a perpendicular height of sixty feet. Like all Mexican *teocallis*, or places of human sacrifice, it is composed of six successive stages, a great stairway leading to the truncated summit. Hieroglyphics and strange figures—such as serpents, frogs and crocodiles—are carved in relief on the faced stones of each story; while the square niches, 366 in number, have given rise to a conjecture that they had some religious connection with the ancient Toltec calendar. The twelve additional niches in the stairway toward the east, may have stood for the twelve "useless" or intercalated days at the end of their cycle.

This edifice is remarkable, not so much for size as for perfect symmetry, the polish of the stones, and the regularity of their cut. In his great work on "New Spain," Baron Humboldt refers to the analogy of the brick monuments of Mexico to the temple of Belus at Babylon, and the pyramids near Sakhara, in Egypt. He says: "There are in Anahuac pyramids of several stages, in the forests of Papantla, at a small elevation above the sea; and in the plains of Cholula and Teotihucan, at elevations surpassing those of our passes in the Alps. We are astonished to see in regions most remote from one another, and under climates of the greatest diversity, man following the same model in his edifices, his ornaments, his habits, and even the form of his political institutions."

The whole State of Vera Cruz is

RICH IN RUINS,

And doubtless others are still undiscovered in the depths of unexplored forests, or covered by lakes—like that submerged city of great antiquity which has recently been found at the bottom of Laguna del Tamiahuac. Then there is the great pyramid, forty-five miles westward, near Tusapan; the wonderful teocallis, called El Tajin; the extensive ruins near Coyutla, near the river Tecolutla; crumbling cities hidden in the hills of Tamilco; the colossal remains of Taillo; ancient towers and temples on the Rio Panneo; the pyramid of Misantla, thirty miles north of Jalapa, and another of surpassing interest at Mapilca.

Like dutiful scribes, we climbed the fifty-seven high steps that led to the top of Papantla's pyramid, and tried to fancy the feelings of the wretched victims who, centuries ago, went up those crumbling stairs to a horrible death. Being on the spot, it requires no great stretch of imagination to hear the beat of the lugubrious war drum; to see ourselves as a mournful procession of trembling captives forced to the sacrifice, and the addis-anointed priests—those frightful creatures with flowing locks and scarlet robes—waiting upon the summit with their rude knives of volcanic glass, to tear out our living hearts as an oblation to their gods!

No pen can do justice to that melancholy scene, as we stood at nightfall among the ruins of a people long passed away. Where are the hands that wrought, and whither in infinite space has this strange religion carried the souls that worshiped here, ages ago? The winds, wailing through the pathless forest, seemed full of voices clamoring to answer—but in unknown tongues, whose legends we could not comprehend.

FANNIE B. WARD.

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**The Grand Aims of Life**

Are nullities to the chronic invalid. What to him are the rewards of ambition, the accumulation of fortune, or the fruition of domestic happiness? The zest of life is gone, its aims are dead. Well for him if all this is not irretrievable—if his malady is not of the deep seated organic sort which forbids hope of cure. For many of the ills to which flesh is heir, formerly supposed to be incurable, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a sovereign remedy. Among them are dyspepsia, chronic constipation, rheumatism, debility and nervousness. These are remedial with the grand restorative, which does the work thoroughly, striking at the root of the evils to the removal of which it is adapted. By insuring activity and purity of the circulation, inducing a healthy flow of the bile, and promoting a regular habit of body, it fortifies the system against malaria. It is also useful as a diuretic.

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It is stated that the Nevada, Idaho and Montana Cattle-Growers' Association have appropriated $3,000 to pay the detectives to scour the Snake River mountains for cattle thieves, and secure evidence that will lead to their conviction.

# WEALTH'S VAGARIES.

## UPS AND DOWNS OF NEVADA'S MINE MILLIONARES.

### A Good-Natured Stage Robbery—Anti-Chinese Agitation—Dress of San Francisco Ladies.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 25, 1885.

The fact cannot well be disguised that the antagonism to the Chinese population of this city is constantly growing more bitter and bitter. Even the working classes with whom the Mongolian element does not enter into competitive conflict, are, metaphorically speaking, up and in arms against the semi-barbaric horde who cannot possibly assimilate with us socially, religiously or morally. The various labor Unions here are in nightly session with the view to devise means to relieve their unemployed members, and the aggressive point will be upon the resident Chinese. The subject is an open secret, and is being freely discussed in all public resorts where intelligent men congregate to interchange ideas upon the current topics of the moment. Although riots and mobs are greatly to be deprecated, yet, from what I can learn, the time is not far distant when the 15,000 or 20,000 unemployed laborers of San Francisco will rise en masse and demand what they deem their rights, regardless of the country's laws. The murmur of discontent is gradually growing more distinct, and it has already reached the listening ear of the Chinese, who are preparing themselves for the most desperate emergency. The subjoined will corroborate the foregoing statement.

CHINESE PURCHASE OF THE PALACE HOTEL.

Recently it was common report that a Chinese syndicate had offered $2,000,000 for the Palace Hotel property. Believing it to be a canard, I visited one of the wealthiest and most intelligent Chinamen, and interrogated him relative to the matter. He answered in the affirmative, adding that the syndicate had been prepared to pay $2,500,000 for the property, but upon mature deliberation they arrived at the conclusion that the investment would prove an unwise one at the present juncture. They soundly reasoned that by thrusting themselves in the midst of the fashionable white quarters just now and occupying the most ornamental edifice in the city, they would be piling combustible material upon a smoldering fire, thus hastening on what they also believed the inevitable, and further negotiations for the purchase were set aside. This is one of the most convincing proofs of their faith in the coming storm.

My information relative to the existing dissatisfaction among the laboring people is derived from cool-headed workingmen, who advocate conservative measures, denounce mob law, and all that; but they declare it will be a miracle should the tide of indignation and desperation of their colaborers be stemmed. These men have lost confidence in the potency of the Restriction Act, and have no longer faith in the general Government's disposition and power to protect them against the most servile pauper-labor competition. They do not purpose imitating the French Commune—indiscriminately sacrificing life and property—but will confine themselves solely to the expulsion of the obnoxious element. Of course I merely give you this as a matter of current news.

PALMY DAYS AND MEN OF NEVADA.

The impecunious Nevadan, whose generosity naturally knows no bounds, after vainly struggling to earn a living in this city, "runs to seed," or, in other words, grows misanthropic. His nature is a sympathetic one, but reverses upon reverses have a tendency to sour the milk of human kindness contained within his bosom, and it appears to delight him to gloat over the fallen fortunes of those who were contemporaneous with him in the Silver State, especially those who gave him disastrous "stock points." That is not characteristic of the average Nevadan, yet when he is being pulled from pillar to post by the more prosperous, he evinces a desire to drag all down to his unfortunate level. He only grows morbid when perpetually colliding with frigid humanity. Transplant him to the region a little beyond the Sierra Nevada summit, thrust him amidst the associations which had been his for fifteen or twenty years, and he will thaw out and resume his former generosity of disposition and geniality of nature.

Last evening, standing in front of the Lick House, I engaged in conversation with one of this species. He was a Comstocker, very seedy in appearance by reason of protracted, but unwilling, idleness, squirting tobacco juice all over the sidewalk, and commenting upon all old Nevadans passing by, whom he had known in "better days." The poor fellow was in a garrulous mood, with an

INCLINATION TO TELL ALL HE KNEW.

Turning to me, he observed: "Young man, do you see that swarthy fellow mopping his beetle-brow with a four-bit 'kerchief? I knew him when he was a hostler in a Carson City stable, and he couldn't write his name, almost. Somehow Bill Sharon picked him up and took a likin' to him, and bye-an'-bye he made him Superintendent of the Belcher mine, when the stock was sellin' for more'n a thousand. Are you listenin'? He got awfully rich—millions, I tell you. He cut a big splurge for awhile; got married to a nice lady and gave big blow-outs. At first he wasn't a good hand at this sort o' business. But he was always watchin' people how they managed to behave at his table, until he got to be as big a fish as any of them at the dinner-table swim. His time, however, was cut short; they say he wanted to be a bigger man than his boss, so he got left. They say he don't drive any four-in-hand, or even one-in-hand, now."

It seemed like a good evening for ex-millionaires to be passing by the Lick, and while the loquacious Comstocker was replacing the old quid in his capacious mouth, a former popular Superintendent of the Ophir mine chanced along. "Ah!" resumed the old man, "that's a feller I'd like to see rich again; but I'm afeared he'll never be." Then, dropping his voice to a melancholy tone and wistfully gazing after the discussed person, he continued, "What a wreck bad luck, despondency and ingratitude on the part of others have made of him. Maybe you never saw Sam when he was one of the finest specimens of physical manhood? Why, he had more money than a mule could pack, but he thought the thing 'd last forever, and his hand was always in his pocket. The boys in his mine always got a chance at a deal when he could do it on the square. Poor fellow! He might be a small bonanza king to-day, had not a certain doctor formed

A CONSPIRACY WITH SAM'S WIFE,

And tried to palm a strange baby on him as his own. That broke him all up, and he's never been the same man since. Energy, ambition—all gone. Well! there is old J. M. Walker," continued the brief biographer, relieving his mouth of a half paper of solace tobacco. "I knew him when he was about the solidest man on the 'lode.' Guess he ain't rich now, eh? He was a millionaire almost before any of 'em. John O. Earl, McCreary and such men were mighty small fish in the puddle when he was a whale. He was interested in all the big locations, and ought to be the richest man in these United States now. He owned the biggest part of Central No. 1 and No. 2 mines, now known as Consolidated Virginia and California, for which John W. Mackay gave him a $1,000,000-check. Level-headed man that Mackay! 'Spose Walker is in about the same fix as the balance of the old-timers."

Then came along about a half-score of others who in their day had realized from $500,000 to $5,000,000 from Nevada's mineral output, of each the old man had something to say. Among the number were Uncle Billy Raymond, of the famous Raymond & Ely mine, whose net income from that property, at a certain period, was $88,000 per month; General Charles Foreman, who had an opportunity of realizing several millions out of the Overman mine; H. C. Howard, who made $500,000 out of the Devil's Gate toll road, all of whose pecuniary circumstances are about the same as they were before they ventured into Washoe's speculative arena.

A PECULIAR STAGE ROBBERY.

Suddenly a tall, fine-looking man passed by—one well-known here—upon whom the old man glanced with a look of surprise. Inviting my attention to him, he again took up the thread of his brief biographies: "There is a queer story connected with that man," said he. "Years ago, when I was mining at Cherry creek, White Pine county, that man was a partner of mine, but not findin' the prospects to suit him he left, to try his luck on the Comstock. Two days after his departure the mail stage drove into camp, the driver statin' that he had been stopped on the road and relieved of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s treasure-box, containin' $10,000. A posse at once went out and scoured the country for miles around, without findin' anything but the smashed treasure-box, and the robbery was kept shrouded in mystery for many years. A year or two after this event the stage-driver was let out, and he went to Missouri. About eight years ago, upon his death-bed he confessed what is even now believed to be the true version of the robbery. He related that while driving into Cherry Creek that memorable dark night, without a passenger aboard, he was halted by the man just passed, who called the driver by name, and cried out:

'HAND DOWN THE EXPRESS BOX!'

The two well knowing each other, the driver regarded the demand as a joke and stopped his coach for a moment's chat. But when my old pard mounted the box and stuck a good-sized six-shooter under the driver's nose the latter thought he meant business, and the treasure was handed over. 'How much is there in this box?' asked the robber. 'If you'll be decent, we'll divide the pot.' To cut a long story short, the interview resulted in the division of the spoils, and the driver secreted his share some distance from the main road, taking it with him upon his migration to Missouri. His associate in the crime was at that period engaged in an extensive upholstery business on —— street, in this city. After the driver's death the other was taken into custody and conveyed to Cherry Creek, where, after a preliminary examination, he was liberated, owing to the facts that the antemortem declaration of the dead man was not drawn up in due form, and because his alleged particeps criminis proved an alibi. He since made a large fortune, and lives here under an assumed name."

Just then my entertainer was solicited by an old chum to take "something," and we parted company.

BENEFICIARIES OF MR. SHARON.

A question that just now appears to absorb the curious mind of San Franciscans is, What private provisions did the late Mr. Sharon make in his will? It is not generally credited that his immediate family will inherit the full estate, excepting the $100,000 bequeathed for special purposes. There are about three or four persons familiar with the exact conditions of the testament, and it is said one of the number has "leaked." According to his version, Count Smith, chief clerk of the Palace Hotel, is to get $25,000; detective Davis, $10,000; Ah Ki, $10,000; and smaller bequests to others who found it expedient to prove faithful to the late Senator in a sort of a passive way. Furthermore, his private Secretary, one Dobinson, who, prior to having been appointed to that position, had been a tutor in the Sharon household, is to receive $50,000. The above I give you for what it is worth, although the report emanates from a pretty reliable source.

DRESS OF SAN FRANCISCO LADIES.

I am, unfortunately perhaps, not possessed of the faculty some men are, of accurately and minutely describing female fashions. I can scarcely judge whether a gown is made up of silk or satin, or cashmere or brocade, etc.; yet I am bold enough to assert that there are few who can more readily detect at a moment's glance the fitness or unfitness of female attire. From cursory observation I have concluded that the latter is the predominant feature here. I may be ungallant, but candor constrains me to confess that I have seen but comparatively few well-dressed ladies on the streets of San Francisco. The "loud" materials they cast upon themselves, regardless of harmony of color, are as offensive to the eye as false notes dropping from the lips of a *diva* are grating to the cultivated ear. Blondes wear what would be just the thing for brunettes, and *vice versa*. The matron of two score and five, weighing 200 pounds, wears the jaunty suit becoming to a slight-figured girl of twenty, and so on to the end of the chapter. Every woman wears something yellow, either in her gown, hat or parasol, and it seems that only in rare instances are garbs intended to match complexions. I have seen hundreds of costumes fit for carriage wear only, draggled through the mud and slush in our streets during the past week. As a veracious chronicler I can not say much in favor of San Francisco ladies from a standpoint of tastefulness of dress.

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**ONLY FRIENDS.**

Summers freshness fell around us,
Nature dreamed its sweetest dream,
Every balmy evening found us
By the meadow or the stream,
With our hearts as free from sadness
As the sunshine heaven sends;
Youth's bright garden bloomed in gladness,
Where we wandered—only friends.

Not a word of love was spoken,
No hot blushes flushed in red;
Love's first sleep was left unbroken,
Bitter tears were never shed.
We were young and merry-hearted,
Dreaming not of future ends,
And without a sigh we parted;
Fate had made us only friends.

But a little germ of sorrow
Wakened in my heart's recess,
When I wandered on the morrow
By our haunts of happiness.
And this germ found deeper rooting
As the weary days wore on,
Till I felt a blossom shooting
In love's garden all alone.

No kind fate threw us together,
We had missed the lucky tide;
Golden-gilded summer weather
Not forever doth abide.
But for me, though vainly sighing
For a love time never sends,
Still is left this thought undying,
We, alas! were only friends.

—[Chambers' Journal.

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**How Carp is Fished in France.**

The carp culture in the highlands of central France is a form of industry which merits a good deal more attention than it has hitherto obtained. On that high plateau there are ponds of all sizes, many of them large enough to be dignified by the more grandiloquent name of lakes, but to the country people they are one and all "etangs," and nothing more. These ponds are one of the chief sources of wealth of the country, which is mostly but poor soil for cultivation, as a great part of it has only recently been reclaimed from moorland and heather. These ponds are stocked with carp, and once every three years a great fishing takes place. All the able-bodied men of the country-side are engaged for a certain day in October to meet at one of the ponds; that on the highest level being taken at first. The sluices of the pond are opened three days previously, and the water allowed to run gradually off, leaving the bed of deep mud which seems to be one of the necessaries of carp existence. When there is only a thin rill of water left trickling down the center of the erstwhile pond, the fishing begins. On all sides the carp lie floundering, panting, gasping on the expanse of mud; in some places the fish are two or three deep on top of one another. The number of carp in these ponds is something quite extraordinary; they do not seem to suffer individually from their great numbers, for the fish are remarkably fine and heavy. The men wade through the mud, catching the carp by the gills, and flinging them on the bank. There they are weighed by men who have come with carts from the nearest town to buy the fish, and after the weighing the carp are packed among straw in the carts as tightly as possible. When the carts are full they return to the town, and the carp are then placed in tanks. A carp takes a good deal of killing, and though being tightly packed in straw for a whole day and jolted down hill for perhaps four hours, may strike him as a novel experience, it does not do him the very least harm; and as soon as he is released from durance vile and placed in the tanks he resumes the even tenor of his way, probably till the following Lent, when, as "carpe au bleu," "carpe en matelote," "carpe au vin blanc," and in many other still more savory disguises, he helps the faithful Catholic through his forty days' trial.—[Saturday Review.


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GENERAL COMMISSION MERchants, and Shippers of all kinds of
Fruits, Vegetables, Fish, Game, Poultry, Eggs and General Produce.
Careful attention given to the Selection and Packing of Choice Fruits for Distant Markets.
Nos. 308 and 310 K st., Sacramento, Cal.
o30-1m

## MONEY TO LOAN.

**MONEY TO LOAN**
ON REAL ESTATE AND LOANS NEGOtiated by P. BOHL, 325 J street. n18-tf

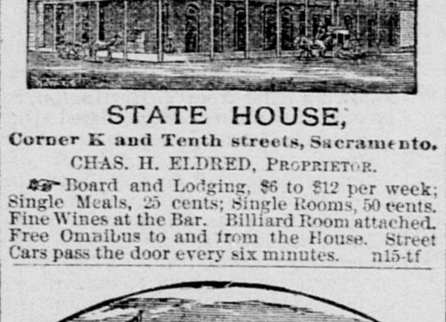
# Money to Loan!

**Sweetser & Alsip,**
REAL ESTATE AGENTS,
No. 1015 Fourth st....[n12-tf]... Sacramento.

## HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.

**PACIFIC HOTEL,**
Corner K and Fifth Streets, Sacramento.
CENTRALLY LOCATED AND CONVENIENT to all places of amusement. The best family hotel in the city. The Table always supplied with the best the market affords. Street cars from the depot pass the door every five minutes. Meals, 25 cents. C. F. SINGLETON, Prop.
n25-tf

**CENTRAL HOUSE,**
818 and 820 K st., bet. Eighth and Ninth
BOARD, per week.....$4
BOARD AND LODGING.....$5 to $8
MEALS.....25 cents
HORNLEIN BROS., Proprietors.
☞ Street Cars from Depot pass the door every five minutes. n21-tf



**STATE HOUSE,**
Corner K and Tenth streets, Sacramento.
CHAS. H. ELDRED, PROPRIETOR.
☞ Board and Lodging, $6 to $12 per week; Single Meals, 25 cents; Single Rooms, 50 cents. Fine Wines at the Bar. Billiard Room attached. Free Omnibus to and from the House. Street Cars pass the door every six minutes. n15-tf

**GOLDEN EAGLE HOTEL,**
Corner Seventh and K streets.
☞ STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS. ☜
Free 'Bus to and from the Cars.
n6-tf W. O. BOWERS, Proprietor.

**WESTERN HOTEL,**
NOS. 209 TO 219 K STREET,
THREE BLOCKS FROM RAILROAD DEPOT Leading Business and Family Hotel of Sacramento, Cal. The most convenient to Postoffice, Express and Land Offices, all Courts and Places of Amusement. Meals, 25 cents. First class in all its appointments. Free coach to and from the Hotel. WM. LAND, Proprietor.
o29-tf

**CAPITAL HOTEL,**
SACRAMENTO,
CORNER SEVENTH AND K STREETS.
BLESSING & GUTHRIE, Proprietors.
☞ Free Omnibus to and from the Cars ☜
o13-tf

**AMERICAN EXCHANGE HOTEL,**
SANSOME STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
This hotel is in the very center of the business portion of the city. The traveling public will find this to be the most comfortable and respectable Hotel in the city. Board and room, $1, $1 25 and $1 50 per day. Hot and Cold Baths Free. Free Coach to and from the Hotel.
o13 CHAS. MONTGOMERY & BRO., Props.

**ST. DAVID'S,**
715 Howard St., near Third, San Francisco.
A FIRST-CLASS LODGING HOTEL, CONtaining 190 rooms; water and gas in each room; no better beds in the world; no guest allowed to use the linen once used by another; a large reading-room; hot and cold water baths free. Price of rooms: Per night, 50 and 75 cents, per week, from $2 upwards. Open all night. F. HUGHES, Proprietor. At Market-street Ferry, take Omnibus line of street cars for Third and Howard. jy2-TuThSt

# AGAIN AHEAD!

**McCREARY'S**
# ALL ROLLER
**FLOUR MILL**
STILL LEADS!

FIRST PREMIUM STATE FAIR, '84.
FIRST PREMIUM STATE FAIR, '85.
SILVER MEDAL AND FIRST PREMIUM,
MECHANICS' FAIR, 1885.

THE COMMITTEE, CONSISTING OF FLOUR Experts, appointed by the State Agricultural Society to examine the different exhibits of Flour at the late State Fair, have just awarded C. McCREARY & CO the premium over all competitors for the whitest and best Roller Flour.
n14-4ptf

# ANHEUSER ST. LOUIS
**BEER,**
ON DRAUGHT, AT
GRUHLER'S SALOON,
No. 522 J street. [o30-1plm] Sacramento

**EBNER BROS.,**
IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN WINES AND LIQUORS,
116 and 118 K st., bet. Front and Second, Sac
AGENTS FOR THE CELEBRATED
POMMERY AND GRENO CHAMPAGNE.
n25-1plm

## WANTED—LOST—FOUND.

REWARD—THE PARENTS OF LOUIS BRENDEL, one of the missing hunters, offer a reward for any information which may lead to the recovery of the body of their lost son, LOUIS BRENDEL. n27-1m*

LAND WANTED—WOULD LIKE TO buy a good piece of Railroad land, or find United States vacant land; will pay a good commission, if I accept the land, to the party who gives the information. If you want an immigrant as neighbor, please address E. BERNSTEIN, Sacramento, Cal. n21-6t*

LADY AGENTS OF TACT WANTED FOR our Bust and Form Developer; no humbug. Indorsed by Physicians. Write for sealed description and terms. ERIE MED. CO., Buffalo, N. Y. n3-1plm

TO FARMERS.—WE HAVE ON HAND SOME First-class American and Scandanavian Plow Hands that we can furnish you at the shortest notice. Apply to HOUSTON & CO., Employment Office, Fourth and K streets, Sacramento. n13-tf

**$50 REWARD.**

A REWARD OF $50 WILL BE PAID BY THE undersigned for any information as to the whereabouts of JOSEPH BRONNER (who disappeared last Sunday morning after starting on a hunting trip), if he is alive, or for the recovery of his remains. [n27-3t*] J. J. BRONNER.

## FOR SALE—TO LET.

TO LET—A NEW HARD-FINISHED house; nine rooms; bath, gas and all modern conveniences. Inquire at 1514 O street. n26-tf

WALNUT BEDROOM SET (MARBLE-TOP) For Sale Cheap. Also, Two Bed Lounges. Call at CHAS. M. CAMPBELL'S, 409 K street. Household Furniture at Lowest Cash Prices. Upholstering and Repairing. Give me a call. n22-1m

ROOMS! ROOMS!—No. 803, NORTHEAST corner of Eighth and K streets; handsome rooms, single or in suites; the best rooms in the city; prices reasonable; street cars from the depot pass the door every five minutes; strictly first-class in every respect.
n12-tf MRS. GRICE, Proprietress.

**WORK HORSES FOR SALE.**
INQUIRE OF L. C. TODHUNTER, at west end of Sacramento and Yolo Bridge. n7-1m

**FOR SALE.**
THE WELL KNOWN RANCH OF WM. Howell, at Brownsville, containing 120 acres, with a large Hotel with twenty rooms, well furnished; also, Granary, Blacksmith Shop and two Barns; there is a Mine on the premises which is being worked, but does not belong to the place; a number of Head of Stock will be sold with the place; all of the above property will be sold cheap if applied for within a reasonable time. Apply to
n12-1m JOHN HOWELL, Brownsville.

**STOCK FARM FOR SALE.**
$5,500. MUST BE SOLD BEFORE NOvember 10th. 520 acres of fine Pasture or Fruit Land; 250 acres can be plowed; plenty of water and timber; 60 acres under fence; with a frame Dwelling of six rooms; two Barns, 40x50; a good Slaughter-house; good Blacksmith Shop, with tools; Carriage-house; Stone Milk-house and other Outhouses; a Living Spring. Also, 15 head of Mules and Horses, from 6 months to 10 years (including 10 Brood Mares); Four-horse Wagon; new Buckeye Mower; new Sulky Rake and other Farming Implements; 10 Cows; 14 Yearlings; 400 Goats, bred to Angora; 75 Hogs; about 200 Hens, Ducks, Geese; 1,000 Oak Posts; 30 to 40 Cords Stove Wood, cut and corded. Jackson Creek, with its water all the year round, runs through the place. This is a good bargain. Situated four miles from Jackson, Amador county, and seven miles from Ione.
$850—Twenty acres one and one-half miles from Loomis, on line of C. P. R. R. All cleared and fenced.

**W. P. COLEMAN,**
325 J street, Sacramento. jy21-1ptf

## BANKING HOUSES.

**NATIONAL BANK**
—OF—
**D. O. Mills & Co.,**
SACRAMENTO CAL.
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS.....$480,000.
EDGAR MILLS.....President.
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Vice President.
FRANK MILLER.....Cashier.
CHAS. F. DILLMAN.....Ass't Cashier
DIRECTORS:
D. O. MILLS, EDGAR MILLS,
W. E. CHAMBERLAIN, CHAS. F. DILLMAN,
S. PRENTISS SMITH. n11-4ptf

**PEOPLE'S SAVINGS BANK.**
Office—No. 400 J street, Sacramento.
Capital Stock Paid Up.....$225,237 00.
Interest Paid on Deposits Semi-Annually.
☞ Money Loaned on Real Estate Only.
WM. BECKMAN, President.
WM. F. HUNTOON, Secretary. n29-6m

**CALIFORNIA STATE BANK.**
Does a General Banking Business.
☞ Draws Exchange on all the principal cities of the world.
OFFICERS:
President.....N. D. RIDEOUT
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Cashier.....A. ABBOTT
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C. W. CLARK, GEO. C. PERKINS,
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A. ABBOTT. n6

CHAS. CROCKER, R. C. WOOLWORTH, W. H. CROCKER
**CROCKER, WOOLWORTH & CO.**
**BANKERS,**
322 Pine Street.....San Francisco,
Carry on a General Banking Business. Correspondents in the Principal Cities of the Eastern States and in Europe. ap6-4plm

## UNDERTAKERS.

**J. FRANK CLARK,**
County Coroner and Undertaker,
No. 1017 Fourth street, between J and K.—Always on hand the most complete Stock of Undertaking Goods on the coast. Country orders, day or night, will receive prompt attention. Telephone Number, 134. j6-4plm

**W. J. KAVANAUGH,**
UNDERTAKER,
513 J street, bet. Fifth and Sixth. Always on hand a large assortment of Metallic and Wooden Caskets, Burial Cases, Coffins and Shrouds furnished. Coffin orders will receive prompt attention on short notice and at the lowest rates. Office open day and night.

**REEVES & LONG,**
UNDERTAKERS,
No. 609 J st., bet. Sixth and Seventh (north side), have on hand a complete stock of Coffins and Caskets, with Trimmings to match. Everything new. Also, a Fine Stock of Shrouds and Habits of the latest designs. Orders attended to promptly day or night. o3-

**FRITZ & MILLER,**
UNDERTAKERS,
Office in Odd Fellows' Temple, Ninth and K streets. Complete stock of Undertakers' Goods constantly on hand. City and country orders promptly attended to, day or night, at reasonable rates. jy1

**O'NEAL & SON,**
Dealers in all kinds of
**Wood and Coal,**
Second Street, between L and M.
THANKING THE PUBLIC FOR PAST Favors, we solicit a continuance. Wood and Coal at the lowest prices. Remember we give full weight and measure. o31-1plm

**JAMES McCAW'S**
**Wood & Coal Yard,**
518 L street, between Fifth and Sixth.
THE CHEAPEST IN TOWN. ANY KIND OR quantity of Wood, Coal, Coke, Charcoal or Kindling at the lowest prices. Wellington, Seattle, Ione Coals a specialty. Weights and measures guaranteed.
n6-4plm JAS. McCAW, Proprietor.

**COAL.**
**WM. J. HOEHN,**
513 and 515 I st., bet. Fifth and Sixth,
DEALER IN SEATTLE, WEST HARTLEY, Wellington, Cumberland, Scotch Flint, Sidney, Anthracite, Charcoal. Full weight and measure guaranteed. Prices the lowest. Telephone 161. n20-4plm

## RAILROADS, STEAMERS, ETC.

**SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY**
TRAINS LEAVE AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE —AT— SACRAMENTO.

| LEAVE (FOR) | FROM OCT. 13, 1885. | ARRIVE (FROM) |
|---|---|---|
| 7:20 A. | Calistoga and Napa | 7:05 P. |
| *2:50 P. | " " " | *11:25 A. |
| 12:05 P. | Colfax | 10:20 A. |
| 10:30 A. | Delta & Portland, via Davis | 3:45 P. |
| ¶*6:05 A. | Tehama, via Chico | ¶*11:30 P. |
| 7:05 P. | Knights Landing | 7:05 A. |
| *5:15 P. | Mojave, Deming, El Paso and East — Expr's | *9:00 A. |
| *5:15 P. | Mojave, Deming, El Paso and East — Emgr't | *9:00 A. |
| 7:35 P. | Ogden and East — Express | 7:00 A. |
| 7:35 P. | " " " — Emigr't | 7:00 A. |
| 2:30 P. | Red Bluff, via Marysville | 10:15 A. |
| 6:00 A. | San Francisco, via Benicia | 8:00 P. |
| 7:20 A. | " " " | 7:05 P. |
| 2:50 P. | " " " | 11:25 A. |
| 11:30 A. | " " " Livermore | 2:20 P. |
| *10:00 A. | " " " steamer | *6:00 A. |
| 11:30 A. | San Jose | 2:20 P. |
| 11:30 A. | Stockton and Galt | 2:20 P. |
| *5:15 P. | " " | *9:00 A. |
| *11:30 A. | Tulare and Fresno | |
| 7:20 A. | Vallejo | *11:25 A. |
| 2:50 P. | | †7:05 P. |
| | S. and P. R. R. | |
| *7:30 A. | Folsom, Latrobe and Shingle Springs | *1:55 P. |
| *3:00 P. | | *10:40 A. |

A. For Morning. P. For Afternoon.
* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only.
¶* Freight and Accommodation Trains.
A. N. TOWNE, General Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent.
jy1-tf

**OCEANIC STEAMSHIP CO.**
—FOR—
HONOLULU, AUCKLAND and SYDNEY,
WITHOUT CHANGE.
CARRYING U. S., HAWAIIAN and Colonial Mails. The splendid new 3,000 ton iron steamship, ALAMEDA, Captain H. G. MORSE, will leave the Company's wharf, corner Steuart and Harrison streets, SUNDAY, November 22d, at 2 P. M., or immediately on arrival of the English mails. For HONOLULU, ST. PAUL, December 5th, at 2 P. M. For freight or passage, apply at office, 327 Market street. JOHN D. SPRECKELS & BROS., General Agents. o18-tf

# Rainy Season!
# Buy Your Farm in Time!
# SWEETSER & ALSIP,
**Real Estate and Insurance Agents,**
Offer the following Bargains. Will exchange for other good property:

**No. 85.—$3 to $20 per acre.** We have subdivided into 20 and 40 acre tracts, 640 acres of land on line of railroad, at New England Mills, Placer county, 3 miles from Colfax. The land requires no irrigation; grapes grown upon lands adjacent were awarded the first premium at State Fair, 1883, and are in great demand for Eastern Shipment. Every acre can be brought under cultivation; located in a warm belt; always an abundance of rain; no snow, and vines are never injured by frost; terms moderate.

**No. 86—$45 per acre; 10 and 20 acre** tracts near Florin, Sacramento county; no improvements; this is also good fruit land, and is near shipping point.

**No. 89—$85 per acre; 60 acres of choice** fruit or grain land, 2 miles from Sacramento postoffice; unlimited supply of water at depth of 30 feet; soil, mellow loam, with enough gravel to make it friable.

**No. 91—$5 per acre; 8,880 acres, all un**der fence and cross-fence; 4,200 under cultivation; all can be easily cultivated; good orchard and vineyard; well watered and timbered; 500 head cattle, mostly cows; 120 head horses and mules can be purchased with the place.

**No. 93—$1,150; 5 acres near Ophir, Pla**cer county, Cal.; 4 acres in orchard; blackberries and strawberries; dwelling of five rooms; stable for three horses; wagon-shed and chicken-house; 1 horse, 2 cows, 4 hogs, 45 chickens.

**No. 98—$2,500; 160 acres known as** "Bay's" Ranch, near Grass Valley, Amador county; small orchard; 80 acres now tillable; balance in timber, with plenty of wood; buildings good; title, U. S. patent.

**No. 99—$5,000; 300 acres land, 7 miles** west from Grass Valley, 280 acres being of rich red soil; 20 acres adobe; all will produce clover; 400 vines; small orchard; 9 horses (three of them took premiums at Nevada County Fair, 1884); cow and calf 30 chickens, hay press, spring wagon, four-horse wagon, plows, harrow, harness and all farming tools go with the land; dwelling of 4 rooms, fair; other buildings good; this is a good chance for a party having a few head of stock; reason for selling, party desires to go East.

**No. 100—$6,000; 180 acres; 150 cleared,** upon which there are 5 acres in vineyard, 12 acres in orchard, 1 acre raspberries; 30 acres under fence; timber scattered over the place enough for wood for family use; cleared land a red slate; balance granite; four living springs; Bear River Ditch runs through the place; this place is 2 miles from Auburn and 3½ miles from Newcastle, Placer county, and near a good school.

**No. 101—$4,000; 160 acres U. S. patent;** known as the "Magnolia Ranch," on the South Fork of the American river, on stage road between Auburn and Placerville, El Dorado county; there are 3 acres in vineyard, 4 acres in orchard, 90 acres in grain; 120 acres cleared, 140 acres fenced into five fields; good two story frame dwelling of 11 rooms; good barn and outbuildings; the land is of black loam and is well adapted to the growth of all kinds of fruits; wagons, tools, etc., can be purchased if desired.

**No. 102—455 acres, 2 miles east from Loo**mis, Placer county; small orchard; 10 acres in alfalfa; small patch berries; gravel house, good barn, granary and out-buildings; 28 head of cattle and calves, 10 hogs can be bought with the place if wanted; this place has seven fine springs of water; 300 acres of the land is cleared, and 400 acres under fence, divided into two fields; the name for fruit producing land in this locality makes this tract of land a very desirable one. Price, $25 per acre; one-half can stand on mortgage.

**No. 103—$4,000; 11 acres of fine fruit or** vegetable land, off the M-street road, one-half mile from Sacramento; a young orchard is in excellent condition; improvements upon the place are exceptionally good; the locality is convenient; one doing business in the city and desiring a home outside the city limits should view this place before purchasing elsewhere.

**No. 104—$7,000; 440 acres; 340 of which** are tillable; 100 acres cleared; 300 acres fenced into 3 fields; good house, barn and out-buildings; all tools, 1 spring wagon, 1 farmers' wagon, 1 buggy (nearly new), 4 sets work harness, buggy, harness and hay press included in price; abundant living water; numerous springs; good irrigation facilities from a ditch running near the land; one half cash; balance on long time at low interest.

**No. 105—$12 per acre; 160 acres good** grain land, 3 miles east from Corning, Tehama county; will exchange for city property; this is a fine bargain.

We have a large list of other good lands suitable for stock-raising and agricultural use.

☞ SEND FOR CATALOGUES. ☜
Or apply to
SWEETSER & ALSIP,
n9- 1015 Fourth street, Sacramento.

# A. LEONARD & SON,
No. 1014 FOURTH STREET,
OFFER FOR SALE A
**SPLENDID**
# Foothill Farm!
**AT A SACRIFICE.**

IT CONSISTS OF 15 ACRES VINEYARD, ORchard and Garden; 40 acres Alfalfa Land; 100 acres have been in Grain; 280 acres Pasture, all tillable; large two-story House and Furniture; large Barn and Sheds; large Wine Cellar with Tanks and Casks and all implements for manufacture of wine; three Wells of excellent water; private Irrigation Ditch; 125 cords cut Wood; about 2,000 cords standing Wood; 4 Work Horses; 2 yearling Colts; 2 fine Cows and Calves; 100 Hogs; 200 Chickens; 3 Wagons; 1 new Mower; 1 new Rake; 1 Hay Press and all farming implements; 35 miles east from Sacramento; stages pass the door daily; the place has been kept as a public house over 25 years, and is for sale on account of the death of owner; a portion of purchase price can remain secured by mortgage. Price, $8,500. n18-3plm

# HAY! HAY!

300 Tons No. 1 Oat Hay,
300 Tons No. 1 Wheat Hay,
200 Tons No. 1 Wheat and Oat Hay,
**FOR SALE!**
—APPLY TO—
**Sacramento Warehouse Co.**
Or, N. L. DREW, Secretary,
n18-1m1p COR. FRONT AND R STREETS.