[For the RECORD-UNION.]

### WITHIN.

While through the woodland's depth I strayed,
I saw a lonely, wounded bird;
But oh! the music that it made
Was sweeter than I e'er had heard.

And so the poet's song will grow
More bright amid the darkest hour;
As in our homes the lights will glow
When evening's shadows round us lower.

T. J. RICHARDS.

## MIDSUMMER FIRES.

CHAPTER I.

To-morrow would be midsummer day. The sun was nigh its setting. Out over the level, shining sea he seemed to lie; blood red and ruddy purple gleamed the throbbing waves of the horizon; rosy and golden came the rippling wavelets from that distant path of the sea to the yellow sands of the Manx coast.

A path, winding up a headland, led from the western shores to a white road. The red gleam of the sunset was upon it, and the sparse heather landward glowed ruddy, as some girls sauntered loitering along the path.

There were three of them, sisters. One was a child, Nessie; the others, Meta and Kate Qualtrough, were on the happy borderland of girlhood and womanhood.

We have no picturesque national garb of a foreign land wherewith to set them forth—they were dressed as hundreds of girls in London might be dressed, though they came of so pure a Manx race as to be proud of the days when English people were looked upon as foreigners in Man.

Nessie was full of life; she danced ahead or she lingered behind; she sprang to right or left over the broken ground of the headland; what her sisters waited for had evidently no strong hold on her thoughts. At last she struck in with this:

"Ye'll be utterly foolish, you girls, idling here any longer for those lads." Her accent bore the North Country lilt and the soft, sweet tones of the Manx people. "Do you think they'll be leaving their fishing for the—"

"Hist!" commanded Meta.

The girls were all at play, in a sense, but it was a play with a serious vein in it to Meta.

"Eh?—I am full of respect!" and wild Nessie threw out her arms and made a gay, bowing reverence in a circling fashion to the hills and the green mountains. "But the boys are not so, and I'm thinking they'd only be hindering us if they were here."

"And they promised, too; and if they break their promise we'll be free from ours, I say. Do come; we'll be awfully late, and there's a lot to do."

Then they walked on a bit faster. Nessie was out of sight, but yet they were closely following on her steps. So many turns and bends and shoulders there are to these Manx headlands that one may be easily out of sight.

A shout burst forth into the still summer air, and the next moment Nessie, with waving arms and with yellow hair flying as the light wind caught her, was seen on the topmost bit of green.

"Boat ahoy!" and her arms gesticulated. There was a boat skimming across the bay—Peel Bay. One unbonneted head was in the stern of the round, deep boat; it belonged to a fisher lad, who was the working chum of three scarlet-capped youths. One of these last was a Qualtrough, a cousin of the girls; the others were his friends, lads who, a year or two back, had been with him at King William's College at Castletown, but who, being English, were only in Man for a summer jaunt now.

And now it had been for the delectation of these same young Englishmen that the doings of that midsummer eve were being made so much of.

"Do they mean to land or not?" asked Kate.

"Undoubtedly," was Meta's decisive word. "Do they not know it is for them we are making this delay?"

In a very short time the boat was out of sight, which means that she was well under the headland and landing her crew in White Strand Cove. Some few moments more and three young men in boating flannels, and each with a rough pea-jacket atop, appeared from clambering up the face of the headland. Then the party went on more swiftly.

First on to and across the white sunlit roadway, then down an opposite lane, rough and stony and untended. This lane finally lost itself on a furzy common, where short, sweet, mossy grass was patched irregularly by a savagery of gorse, and furze, and strong, waving bracken. Meta, walking apart, pulled the bracken; Kate and Nessie, with energy of a more talkative and less solitary humor, bade the young men bring out their knives and slash away mossy branches of gorse and furze.

"Where is all this to go now?" asked Doyle Philipson, the elder of the two English brothers. "Is this common the haunt of—of—the enemy?" A twinkle lighted up a would-be grave face.

"Oh, don't!" Meta's exclamation was instinctive.

"There!" cried the Manxman of the party. "Take Meta's horror for your keynote, Philipson, or you'll be setting us all in danger of the evil influences of the hour."

"Eh, Willie!" and Nessie flung her vigorous small self against her cousin, herself armed with a huge bundle of prickly furze. "ye'll be the worst of the three. You ought to know better."

"Blessed are the immunities of ignorance!" the youth exclaimed.

"I do not say that at all," quickly young Philipson replied. "I wish to know—I wish to—"

"Meta will tell you then."

The girl was still in her silent humor—perhaps a dangerous humor for a nature just a degree prone to mysticise over things.

These were men from the outer world, the brave outer world of which she dreamed; the faithless outer world which she knew ridiculed any ancient fantasy of custom. Should she be silent, or should she be brave and show that she was not too weak to acknowledge her weakness? One second she had for hesitation, but no more.

"Will you"—came the question pointedly put to her—"lay your commands upon me, Miss Qualtrough, and tell me while I obey?" How light and yet how true did he look as his clear-browed eyes met hers.

Meta flushed with pleasure. Was there really a sensible man going to listen to her old wives' fables, and listen with respect? The delight of this flashed through her and made the delicate Manx face of the girl radiant. Manx feminine beauty has not had much eulogy, very likely; but, where will you find more delicate features, brighter intelligence, and purer expression than in the faces of the girls of Man? Meta Qualtrough was a picture, with all the loveliness of those island women.

"You mean it?" was her cry, and her face was full of enthusiasm. Her blue eyes took a fire of brilliancy, and the clear delicate pink of her complexion, heightened its color with one quick flush, gone as soon as it was seen.

"Assuredly I mean it. Ignorance has no charms for me as it has for your cousin there. But I do not promise faith, mind you."

A shadow fell over Meta's radiance.

A very quick-eyed young man was this. He saw it, and read, too, in his kindly, sympathetic soul the measure of her troubles. So reading, he at once set himself to gladden her again. He was thinking what a lovely study her radiance would make for some girl saint of Middle Age religion.

"Every one has a chink in his armor, you know; and, though I am matter-of-fact personified, you may—just may" he smiled, "find me vulnerable somewhere."

The rest were ahead, every one of them laden with green or sun-dried stuff for the burning. These two gathered up their burdens and followed, talking all the way.

From the gorsy common the track was homeward for the girls, and they crossed a meadow, stopping at its further side by a brook, where grew clumps of golden marsh marigolds. They were wanted as much as the dry stuff, but not for burning.

"I thought not," said Edgar, the younger of the Philipsons. "They're far too pretty. You have some in a bowl at your house. They come far before the lilies of the London esthetics, in my opinion." This young man was not, like his brother, an artist, but a trader. To put his status quite plainly, he was a clerk in a tea merchant's office. And here he was trending on to the debatable ground of lily worship.

"Very well out here," said young Qualtrough, rather testily; "but not the things for girls to wear on their dresses. You don't mean that?"

"I was thinking of that;" and the other marked the word. "Miss Qualtrough"—he turned to Kate—"do not let him talk you out of wearing them."

Kate had worn some only the evening before.

"No, I shall not; certainly I shall not!" she cried, laughing. Nevertheless she wore only roses that night.

"What do you with these? What is their virtue?" Doyle asked of Meta.

"You shall see if you can be patient. Their virtue?—I cannot say."

"Empty seer!" cried the young man.

"Yes we've reasoned out the fires, but here I don't know where to begin. We always do it—the children always do it."

"What?"

"We lay them about on the door sills and the window sills, and we strew them by the outhouses. It is for 'good luck.' We all want 'good luck!'"

"So we do, but—I'd like a reason to see why 'good luck' lurks within the mysteries of these marsh marigolds more than in other flowers."

"Can't give it to you, but you shall have the 'good luck' if you'll have a flower; or shall I keep it back from you?"

"No—no, Give it me."

"How excited you are! I've found the chink in your armor. I've found out you are superstitious, and I'll just punish your weakness"—Meta parodied some of his own words—"by not giving you the flower."

"Or—the good luck! Oh! you will."

"No."

What was mastering this very proud disciple of matter of fact? His sun-tanned face flushed, and something carried him out of his former wise self. He ran back to the brook, where he saw one golden starry blossom left, and plucking it, he brought it like a trophy to Meta.

"This is for you," he cried. "There is 'good luck,' infinite good luck for you, and—if for you, then for me. You have given me your faith—"

A shout from the rest interrupted him. Could he possibly have been going to say that he had faith in those old wives' fables of Meta's?

"Oh, be quick! They are all waiting for us," and Meta ran before him. She could by no means face any talking in such a passionate strain as this matter-of-fact youth was developing. She felt hot, and she ran up to the others laughing and talking gayly. Certainly her humor had wondrously changed.

CHAPTER II.

The sweet midsummer eve closed in, and the gray of the night came on. Strangers from the foreign land of England wondered as they drove home from their day's excursioning at the fancy of the peasants for setting light to the gorse everywhere.

All the young Qualtroughs were out in the grounds with Willie and his friends. Mr. Qualtrough, gray-headed and wise, went out too. Perhaps he laughed over it all, but there had never been a Midsummer Eve he could recollect without the burning of the witch fires. No, indeed; and if his children had shown themselves very advanced in the common sense of the age and neglectful of the old customs, he, good man, would have been just one degree uncomfortably surprised.

They had all had a merry supper—Manx folk are primitive, and supper is not yet wholly cast into oblivion—and then all went out. Two of the girls threw light shawls over their heads, Nessie stuck on a gray felt hat of her father's, and they went gaily round the house and through the unkempt, luxurious flower garden; then through the kitchen garden, where monstrous cabbages sheeted the beds with their crumpled outer leaves; where the strawberries blinked rosy from amid a tangle of long suckers; where alleys were made by trained apple trees, whose green young fruit promised joys to lads and maids in the days to come.

"Ah!" suddenly young Philipson exclaimed.

"The Corrin's fire at Ballaseggan!" and Mr. Qualtrough turned round. There had come a golden, springing, flashing light on his glass-houses.

"Horrid!" Nessie exclaimed angrily, "and ours not alight yet. Jim is horrid! I specially gave him orders to light up early, because Mona Corrin declared they'd have the finest show. I'll be speaking to him to-morrow morning."

"Do, dear do," Willie, her cousin, said.

"I will." And she ran on. In a moment she was seen flying up to the wooden ladder, which led up to what they called their "lookout," a square miniature tower which gave a grand view over miles and miles of farmlands, of distant mountains, of western sea, and—a sight of all for strangers—of one bit of savage, storm-battered Calf of Man. "Grand!" she cried joyously. "Grand! We're alight now! Eh! I'll not heed Mona having the start, we'll be far the finest."

A pale golden fire began to shimmer on a near-by hill, it spread and spread until verily the whole of the hillside was a tricksy flashing dance of fire.

"Our gorse is not there?" Doyle wondered.

"Eh? No. This is my private business. Jim and I did this in the morning."

"So! This is how Jim does his weeding?" her father began.

"Yes. That'll be his manner of weeding on Midsummer Eve! He couldn't do less than obey his mistress?"

"No, Mr. Philipson," she went on, "the bits of fuel we got this morning are on the other side. Look! I saw Jim run across only two minutes ago; he'll be lighting it up now."

She was right. A hillocky lift of the land was spangled all at once with patches of flame, ruddy flame, golden flame, flame that sputtered and fizzed as it mastered the juices of the green bracken.

"We have an extra grand show to-night, girls," Mr. Qualtrough began. "Who shall say our old customs are dying out? But I expect it is as much in your honor as in that of the fairies and witches," he nodded to the young men.

They, seated like the girls, on the battlements of the miniature tower, were gazing here and there, as one quarter and then another was made alight. Beacons, like stars, blazed out far away. Evidently the whole neighborhood was of one mind.

"We will not accept that idea to-night, sir," Doyle answered. "No, no; let us not tempt the powers. But can we not go among it all? Two minutes will take us where Jim is."

"Oh! if you like."

So they left the gardens and tramped over a field to the hillocky ridge. There was a good deal of talking and laughing, as might be supposed, but among it all Meta was again silent. She was wearing her one marsh marigold stuck under her chin, as a girl might wear a brooch. She was very careful of it, keeping her light wrap well away from it. What danger of cold could there be on such a sweetly warm summer night?

She lingered behind. But among such a gay string of merry folks who would notice one straggler?

Nessie was by Jim and talking hard and fast. No one paid any heed to her, but we must, for the subject of her talking affects our story.

"There were nine lots, Jim."

"Eh, missee, I'll know that; and nine have I set the light teu," refining his word real Manx fashion.

"Then where are they? Six—seven—eight," she counted.

"It's beyond me, missee; but nine'll be the number I kindled. Sure, by token I'd only ten matches in my box here, an' one I left for the pipe. Pfah!" he blew on to the pipe bowl. "It's nigh out she'll be, missee, with me talking an' talking."

He here took a good whiff to ward off fulfillment of his words.

"The boys must have matches. I'll by no means go without my nine!"

Nessie was always a bit self-willed.

"Eh, missee?—let be. I wouldn't interfere—"

"Interfere!"

"Sure—"

"What stuff!" Nessie's play had no faith—no faith of the timorous sort, at least. "I'm as strong as the fairies. If they put the fire out I'll light it again. That I will!"

She ran back to the young men.

Whereat Jim faced the inevitable and bestowed all his active care upon his pipe. He shrugged his bent shoulders; perhaps it was at the foolhardiness of young maids.

All at once a new blaze of light sprang into the gray night. It came with a sudden flash just behind where Nessie and the boys stood and talked.

One golden flash there was; dry gorse had caught a smoldering spark, left at the very tail, as one might say, of Jim's ninth match. Then the flash died down; then—another blaze, and a brighter, more golden blaze. A quick, short cry on the top of it: "Ah!"

Meta's foot treading on the unseen dry gorse had pushed it toward the dying match—had kindled the flame, and—her dress, a soft muslin thing, had been caught by it.

There was a rush. All were first and all were last, it seemed. Meta was down upon the ground before the rush and cry were done. Every flame was out, every smoldering spark was hurried out of life.

For one moment Meta lost sight and sound. Then memory flashed back one sight and one sound—Doyle Philipson she had seen tear off his coat and she had heard him give one cry.

"Meta!—my own!"

How the soft gray night echoed the words! Had she dreamed them? Was she dreaming still? There was now no fire, the flickering lights of the distant hills were paling under the breeze, her father stood over her, bidding her not to "be afraid."

"Your coat has suffered." This she heard Mr. Qualtrough say to a dim, shadowy figure. The voice was low, and such as comes when a man's inner self is trembling.

Doyle made a light answer. Men do answer lightly, even when perhaps the gravest question of their life is fighting for its answer within them. He pushed his arms into his coat sleeves, and all at once he found that in crushing down the rising flame of Meta's dress he had got his hand burned.

* * * * * * *

A week hence the young men had to go away from Man.

Willie Qualtrough was to drive them to Douglas on the morrow, so as to be in time for the boat. A good hour's drive this was, and they must be up betimes. He and his friends had strolled over the fields from his father's house; they would naturally say good-by to the girls and the Qualtroughs of Brae Hill.

Again it was a summer night, again the girls were wandering about the old garden. Meta was aloft in the "lookout," Kate was below meeting the young men, Nessie was chasing a white butterfly.

Doyle Philipson had, many days back, come to the solution of one grave question; but, not being a rich man, and being honorable to what some folks might call an extreme degree, he had commanded himself to hide the love he had for Meta Qualtrough. Nay, he it was who had hastened the departure from the island because, seeing Meta day after day, he could not keep eye and tongue in cool obedience.

And the sweet, lazy hours of evening had come, and Meta had chanced to be aloof, and the others had chanced to drift into the company of each other—who talks of chance?

The would-be matter-of-fact young artist was mastered. He told his story, and all his wise commands were scattered to the winds.

What they two said only the night heard It was an old story made new, and there is always a golden originality about the telling of these old-new stories.

Meta and Doyle were coming down from the "lookout;" the rest were in a group.

"It is arrant nonsense, Kate, for you to drive into Douglas at such an hour." So spoke Willie Qualtrough, the girl's cousin. He and Kate often squabbled, cousins do do so.

"Thanks," she pouted; "but I'll judge best for myself. I have shopping, and the shops are fresh in the morning."

"That are they; and the shopmen are sleepy."

"You shall wake them up for me,"—she was persistent. "Oh! Willie!"

The cry had actually trembling in it.

Kate made a little start and again a second start, or rather droop, backward to Willie's side.

"Eh! that's done!" Willie was a masterful cousin; he made no ado, but drew Kate's hand within his arm. "He told me he shouldn't do it till next year, when he's coming again——"

"Oh, Willie!" Kate's vocabulary was growing stunted.

"And now that's—all—moonshine. Do you mean you never saw it?"

"Dear—how could I?" She was clinging to Willie in a way that her cousin unmistakably approved.

* * * * * * *

Before another midsummer day came round there were two Miss Qualtroughs the less at Brae Hill.

Doyle Philipson does not, so much as heretofore, parade his matter in fact, and he is going to make his Academy fame, so he says, by a picture which shall have fairy worship for its motive. There is going in next year a marvel of a Saxon maiden, a golden-haired Saxon maiden, by a rocky shore, wearing a golden-hued marigold. The critics say it is beautiful.

It is Meta.—*All the Year Round.*

## THROUGH EASTERN EYES.

### Appreciation of California and Her Generous Treatment.

[Chicago Inter Ocean.]

The results of the Grand Army Encampment at San Francisco are not to be measured by the proceedings of the encampment nor by what the papers said of the proceedings. The magnificent hospitality tendered to the Grand Army delegates; the warm-hearted reception these old soldiers from all the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States met at the hands of the people of the Pacific coast; the royal expenditure made with a lavish hand for the entertainment of the old soldiers—all these things are sure to bear fruit of a substantial character.

The men who went to San Francisco, representing the soldier element in the several States, were most of them men of influence, if not prominence—men who have seen a good deal of the world, and who know what hospitality and entertainment on the grand scale meant. They were men who were not to be excited to enthusiasm by a mere pretense or a parade of hospitality, or to be captured by the glitter and show of gorgeous superficiality. They may have suspected that the Californians set out to outdo any others who had ever attempted to entertain the Grand Army of the Republic, and they may have suspected, too, that these enterprising and enthusiastic representatives of the Pacific coast commonwealths meant to capture them. It is certain that they surrendered unconditionally.

The pendulum that swung from Portland, Maine, across the continent to San Francisco is now on the return swing, and it is carrying to their homes thousands of observing men who cannot say too much of San Francisco and California. These people of San Francisco have taken advantage of the opportunity to favorably impress a class of men who, when once moved, do a great deal of talking. As they have been most favorably impressed, all their talking is to the advantage of San Francisco and California.

This is only one case in which California has played the part of advocate for the Pacific coast. Her climate, her products, her people are brought before the country on every possible occasion, and in a way always to present products and people in the right light. The result will be that with her climate and her advantages California will start on a line of development that will probably surprise both the older and the newer States. She is ambitious to become the greatest commonwealth in the United States. She has set her stakes along a backing that means a more brilliant future than has ever been given by any State in this Union. Just now she seems to have in every returning delegate to the Grand Army encampment a special advocate who believes implicitly in a great future for California and the Californians.

### TRUE HAPPINESS.

The good wife hustled about the house,
Her face still bright with a pleasant smile,
As broken snatches of happy song
Strengthened her hand and heart the while.
The good man sat in the chimney nook,
His little clay pipe within his lips,
And all he'd made and all he'd lost,
Ready and clear on his finger tips.

"Good wife, I've just been thinking a bit,
Nothing has done very well this year;
Money is bound to be hard to get—
Everthing's bound to be very dear;
How the cattle are going to be fed,
How we're to keep the boys at school,
Is a kind of debit and credit sum
I can't make balance by my rule."

She turned her round from the baking bread,
And she faced him with a cheerful laugh;
"Why, husband, dear, one would think
That the good, rich wheat was only chaff.
And what if the wheat was only chaff,
As long as we both are well and strong?
I'm not a woman to worry a bit,
Somehow or other we get along.

"In some lives some rain must fall,
Over all lands the storm must beat,
But when the rain and storm are o'er
The after sunshine is twice as sweet.
Through every strait we have found a road,
In every grief we've found a song;
We've had to bear and had to wait,
But somehow or other we get along.

"For thirty years we have loved each other,
Stood by each other whatever befel.
Six boys have called us father and mother,
And all of them living and doing well.
We owe no man a penny, my dear,
We're both of us living, well and strong;
Good man, I wish you would smoke again,
And think how well we've got along."

He filled his pipe with a pleasant laugh;
He kissed his wife with a tender pride.
He said: "I'll do as you tell me, love;
I'll just count up on the other side."
She left him then with his better thought,
And lifted her work with a low, sweet song—
A song that followed me many a year,
Somehow or other we get along.

—*Philadelphia Times.*

A BRILLIANT FUTURE OPENED.—One of the oddities of a Parisian journal is this advertisement: "A factory in Belleville produces in a few days artificial negroes. The metamorphosis, which is entirely harmless, is caused by iodine; it opens a brilliant future to young men, as black servants, circus negroes, etc., are always in demand. Prices low and payment easy. Curling irons for the manufacture of woolly hair always kept on hand."—*Boston Journal.*

ANGOSTURA BITTERS is a household word all over the world. For over fifty years it has advertised itself by its merits. It is now advertised to warn the public against counterfeits. The genuine article is manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siebert & Sons.

### IN LOVE'S GARDEN.

Within the pleasant pastures where I feed,
Love blooms alway and blossoms bear their seed;
Thistle nor thorn is suffered there to grow.
Then blow, O every blossom! bud and blow;
Bear blissful fruit; drop seeds from blossoms blown;
Spring, bud and blossom evermore, love-sown.

What if betimes the fond heart maketh moan,
And the unbidden tear begins to flow?
Happy my lot—thrice happy lot indeed!
Full well I know that if I bleed, I bleed
For thy sweet sake, O Love! Full well I know
I bleed and suffer for thy sake alone.

—*Charles Warren Stoddard, in Sept. Overland.*

## EARTHQUAKES.

### An Article Written Just Before the Recent Disturbances.

The following appeared as an editorial in the New Orleans *States* immediately prior to the recent earthquakes at Charleston and throughout the East:

The earliest records of history tell us of the frequent occurrence of earthquakes and volcanic upheavals in the three prominent peninsulas of southern Europe. Both the Father of History and other Greek writers are continually giving the details of seismic throes that have prostrated villages in Greece, and sent the inhabitants forth in white-lipped terror to seek the shelter of the open plains. Roman authors are no less instant and copious in their recitals of the disasters that have whelmed whole cities and territories of the Italian peninsula, leaving where once they flourished but the beds of lakes or unsightly mounds of ashes and scoriæ.

Precisely the same also was the experience of Spain and Portugal, that third peninsula that looks as if it were yearning to say "adios" to the sterner climate of northern Europe and to bury itself amid the blue skies and balmy gales of a sunnier southland. All three peninsulas have suffered fearfully from seismic calamities, not only in ancient but in modern times. Somewhere about the year 1755, if we remember aright, the city of Lisbon, in the Iberian peninsula, met with a fate more fearful almost than that experienced by any other habitation of man, not excepting that trio of renowned Roman towns, Pompeii, Herculaneum and Stabiæ, that were burned under the eructed ashes of grimy Vesuvius. In that year, an earthquake, fiercer and more ravenous than any recorded in history, visited the stately city on the Tagus; and in three hours' time one quarter of the city was level with the ground, and over 60,000 of its inhabitants had perished, killed amid toppling walls or engulfed in fissures and chasms that opened wide in the earth and sucked them down in the abysses.

A few years later it was the turn of the Italian peninsula. Seismic convulsions were continual for a few weeks in the district of Calabria, and their casual attacks culminated in a mighty earthquake that carried over to the majority in two hours a populace that numbered over 40,000. These two are the most destructive to human life of all seismic disturbances recorded in history.

Now, again, as if the three peninsulas had a tacit arrangement between them to keep the thing going on in handsome rotation, the Greek peninsula comes to the front with an earthquake not so fatal to life, but still terribly fatal.

In the telegraphic dispatches of the *States* yesterday afternoon our readers were informed that the Morea, which is the southernmost region of the mainland of Greece, was the scene yesterday of one of those fearful visitations, entailing a loss of at least 300 lives. There were two towns allied in this destruction, Philiatra and Pyrgos, both on the west coast of the Morea. In Pyrgos not a house is left standing, while Philiatra is almost swept away, swallowed up in convulsions of the earth. The shocks were experienced over the whole of Greece with a greater or less degree of violence, and the motion was felt distinctly westward, in the island of Zante, where many houses were shaken, and more faintly in southern towns of Italy.

It is within our power to congratulate ourselves, as we hear of these terrible cataclysms in foreign parts, on the immunity from such dreadful visitations which we enjoy in our safer southwestern homes.

## MILLIONS OF GOLD.

### The Long-Lost Gunsight Lode Reported Discovered.

The Los Angeles *Herald* contains the following account of the return of the party who left that place some four weeks since in search of the famous Goulder placers and the long-lost Gunsight lode:

In firm, brave faith, about a month ago a party left Los Angeles to search for the golden glory of the Pacific slope. It consisted of A. F. Judson, A. D. Spring and Barney Carter. They went by team via Cajon Pass down the Mojave, over the Mojave desert in a northeasterly direction from Barstow, passing by Black's rancho, and south of Panamint around the foot of the Amargosa mountains into that caldron of fire, Death Valley, under the fervent heat of an August sun. Their object was to follow as nearly as possible the supposed trail that the lamented Goulder followed when he discovered the vast placers of gold and gathered it like the gleaning of a field of ripened grain.

Into the dazzling white plain they went, the burning sand scorching their sore and swollen feet, and through the green goggles over their eyes the reflected blazing light nearly ruined the sight of their weakened eyeballs.

To add to the horrors of the scene, the bones of emigrants and prospectors, mules, burros and oxen lay on the plain where the possessors of these skeletons died from thirst, heat or starvation.

The party followed the north star toward the land of their hopes. Occasionally a great vulture sailed above them waiting to see when one of the party would perish to furnish him a coveted meal. In the background the barren mountain cliffs, where no blade of grass ever grew to gladden the eye, afforded no relief, while the heat was terrible, and beyond the waste of shining sand and fantastic forms of rugged rocks bounded the horizon and seemed to sink into the ocean of a deep-blue sky. After passing out of the north end of the valley they entered the east range of the Amargosa mountains. Here they became bewildered and utterly lost. The water barrels became dry, and shrunk and fell to pieces, while the wagons shrunk and fell apart. Fortunately, in that country wood never decays, and pieces of the old wagons of '49 were found from time to time where the emigrants had burned a part of them to cook their food and then died unhonored and unsung. Out of these remnants of wagons they kept their vehicle in repair, and pushed on, they knew not whither. Their thirst became intolerable, and on digging into the sand they after a while struck water, but, alas, it was salt. They drank of it, but it only increased their suffering. They poured it into the animals' mouths, but the animals threw it out.

At last, more dead than alive, they reached the mountains, where they found some timber and also some bunch grass for their horses and a spring of water. Prospecting was wearily and unsuccessfully carried on until one day, when digging for water, they shoveled out gravel that abounded in coarse gold, in chunks of the value of a dollar and five dollars apiece. They then knew they had found the great placer that Goulder discovered long years ago. They staked out a claim and gathered some of the precious metal. It then seemed certain that they were near the famous Gunsight ledges, and after long and tiresome searches they were rewarded with finding ledges of gold-bearing rock, silver ore, galena and copper. These ledges they located and secured a large number of specimens.

They began their long and weary journey towards Los Angeles, some two hundred miles distant, where they arrived yesterday, soiled, ragged, bruised, sore, tired, with weakened eyesight and wasted strength. As soon as they had obtained refreshment they sent for a *Herald* reporter, to whom they showed their rich specimens and told their romantic tale of suffering and success. Johnson and Spring are in fair preservation, but Barney Carter was badly used up, and was not able to receive company.

To-day preparations for opening the placeres and using dry washers will begin, and men, teams and tools will be engaged to open the ledges. Steel wheels will be made for the wagons, and galvanized iron barrels will be made to hold water. Nothing but steel or iron seems to be able to withstand the climate of the great, burning Death Valley. By the time these preparations are completed it is likely the heat will greatly moderate. The returning party will go from Los Angeles to a point near Tehachapi by rail and then by teams to the land of gold. It is likely that about three weeks will elapse before the expedition will get under way. In the meantime the discoverers are jubilant at the thought that they have found the Gunsight mine and the Goulder placers.

MAKING CANE SYRUP.—One of the latest experiments on the Rancho Chico is that of the raising of sugar cane and the manufacture of syrup. Last year a small crop of the cane was planted, but did not thrive. Another crop of thirty acres was then put out, on the land just below the bee ranch, about five miles from town. This land is overflowed in the winter time, and the soil is light and sandy. Here the cane has grown well, and from the thirty-acre patch it is expected that 5,000 gallons of syrup will be obtained. The cane is a Northern variety, different from the Louisiana growth, and is known as the Early Amber. The work of making syrup was begun on September 1st and is now in progress. We were shown a sample of the product this morning. It is of an amber color, clear and smooth, and has a mild, soft flavor that is very pleasant. Gallon cans to hold the syrup are now being made at the cannery, in which the product will be put on the market as an experiment. It ought to give satisfaction, for it is a first-class article.—*Chico Enterprise.*

A STRANGE DISCOVERY.—W. B. Slaughter, the well-known rancher, recently concluded to sink for water on the site of an old ruined pueblo near the American valley. At eight feet he struck solid rock, which he caused to be blasted. It proved to be a large bowlder. Beneath this he found masonry, and when this was pierced a cavity was discovered. Upon examination it was found that the workmen had penetrated through an arch of stone, supported by heavy masonry and large pine timbers. When the debris was cleared away a large volume of pure water was disclosed, sufficient to supply a great number of cattle. Among the discoveries made were stone-axes and hammers, flint-knives, arrow-heads and quantities of pottery in fragments. Human remains also were brought to the surface, including two skulls in an excellent state of preservation.—*Socorro (N. M.) Bullion.*

BY taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla many a poor sufferer who submits to the surgeons' knife, because of malignant sores and scrofulous swellings, might be saved, sound and whole. This medicine purges out the corruptions which pollute the blood and cause disease.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

"Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race!"

20 Years' Study.

THOUSANDS OF LADIES Gladly Testify that Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND DOES EVERYTHING THAT IS CLAIMED FOR IT.

☞ Its purpose is solely for the legitimate relief of pain, and healing of those painful complaints and diseases so common to our MOTHERS, WIVES and DAUGHTERS.

**Price, $1 at Druggists.**

IN LIQUID PILL OR LOZENGE FORM (6 FOR $5). EITHER OF THE LATTER SENT BY MAIL, SECURE FROM OBSERVATION, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE. MRS. PINKHAM'S "GUIDE TO HEALTH" AND CONFIDENTIAL CIRCULAR MAILED TO ANY LADY SENDING ADDRESS AND STAMP TO LYNN, MASS. *Mention this Paper.*

**LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound**

IS THE *Woman's Sure Friend* FOR ALL DELICATE AND COMPLICATED TROUBLES. LADIES, IT WILL NOT PERFORM SURGICAL OPERATIONS OR CURE CANCER, BUT IT WILL UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES, ACT IN HARMONY WITH THE LAWS THAT GOVERN YOUR SYSTEM. PROMPT IN ACTION AND PLEASANT TO TAKE.

☞ THAT FEELING OF BEARING DOWN, CAUSING PAIN, WEIGHT AND BACKACHE, IS ALWAYS PERMANENTLY CURED BY ITS USE.

**IT IS A GREAT MEDICAL DISCOVERY**

☞ IT IS A BLESSING TO OVERWORKED WOMEN. IT REMOVES FAINTNESS, FLATULENCY, ALL CRAVING FOR STIMULANTS, AND RELIEVES WEAKNESS OF THE STOMACH. CURES LEUCORRHŒA. MENSTRUAL PERIODS PASSED *without* PAIN.

**Physicians Use It and Prescribe It.**

☞ IT REVIVES THE DROOPING SPIRITS, INVIGORATES AND HARMONIZES THE ORGANIC FUNCTIONS, GIVES ELASTICITY AND FIRMNESS TO THE STEP, RESTORES THE NATURAL LUSTER TO THE EYE, AND PLANTS ON THE PALE CHEEK OF WOMAN THE FRESH ROSES OF LIFE'S SPRING AND EARLY SUMMER TIME.

**ITS MERITS KEEP UP THE SALE.**

☞ FOR THE CURE OF KIDNEY COMPLAINTS OF EITHER SEX THIS COMPOUND IS UNSURPASSED. IN PASSING THROUGH ANY UNUSUAL TRIAL OR IN CHANGE OF LIFE, IT WILL, IF USED THOROUGHLY, GIVE GOOD HEALTH AND STRENGTH. * * * *

*MRS. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS CURE CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS AND TORPIDITY OF THE LIVER, 25c. THEY SHOULD BE TAKEN IN CONNECTION WITH THE COMPOUND.

*Ladies should always use MRS. PINKHAM'S SANATIVE WASH. It is a superior article, mailed for 25c.

**ALL SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.**

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

my11-1pTuTh S&w1y

GRAEFENBERG CATHOLICON

Cures Female Complaints. A Great Kidney Remedy. ☞ SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

ap24-1yTuThS&w1y

IS THE PUREST, HEALTHIEST, —AND— SOFTEST **Genoveva** NATURAL GERMAN SPARKLING MINERAL TABLE WATER.

Rich in Natural Carbonic Gas, it makes a delicious "long drink" with wines or spirits. For sale, in Importers' Lots only, by

CHAS. MEINECKE & CO.,

San Francisco, Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.

☞ Ask your Wine Merchant, Druggist or Grocer for it.

**CAUTION!**

THE UNDERSIGNED AGENTS OF THE Royal Prussian Administration of

**The Renowned Selters Springs,**

At Nieder Selters, Nassau, having been credibly informed that SPURIOUS imported and domestic waters are sold as genuine Selters Water, beg herewith to inform Physicians, the Trade and the Public at large that the

**Only Genuine Natural Selters Water**

Comes in the WELL-KNOWN STONE JUGS; that each jug must bear this label:

NIEDERSELTERS NASSAU — SELTERS WATER FROM THE Royal Prus. Springs Administration NIEDER-SELTERS, NASSAU.

NIEDERSELTERS NASSAU — That each jug must bear this Trade-mark, impressed and burned upon its face, and

NIEDER-SELTERS NASSAU WIESBADEN — That each capsule must bear this Trade-mark, impressed upon it.

☞ For protection AGAINST FRAUD, the proper course will therefore be for CONSUMERS to REJECT ALL WATERS not bearing the above THREE REGISTERED TRADE-MARKS, and to BREAK EACH EMPTY JUG. For sale by leading Druggists, Grocers, etc., and in Importers' Lots by CHARLES MEINECKE & CO., Importers & Sole Agents for Pacific Coast, 314 Sacramento st., San Francisco.

s7-1plmTuTh S



# A Great Offer!

## TWO SPLENDID PAPERS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE!

## A GIFT TO SUBSCRIBERS

—OF THE—

# "Weekly Union"

THE INCREASING DEMANDS FOR THE treatment of matters relating to Lands in Northern and Central California, and the methods of inducing settlement in those regions, together with the calls for news space and the consideration of great public questions, has for some time crowded out of the "WEEKLY UNION," in part, the

**HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT!**

Recognizing the high value of the subjects proper to be classed in that Department, it has been determined to give to the subscribers to the "WEEKLY UNION" a paper devoted wholly to such topics. *To that end, every New Subscriber to the "WEEKLY UNION," and all who renew their Subscriptions, will receive, postpaid, and without additional cost whatever, the BEST, MOST REPRESENTATIVE, THOROUGH AND RELIABLE JOURNAL IN THE WORLD, devoted to Household and Domestic Economy.*

—THAT JOURNAL IS THE—

# "Housekeeper!"

Published at Minneapolis, Minn., and now in its ninth volume. It is a monthly quarto of thirty-two pages, of ninety-six columns of valuable matter.

It is pre-eminently the best, completest, neatest and most trustworthy paper of the kind in the world.

**IT IS**

## Invaluable to Every Housewife!

**The Regular Subscription to the "WEEKLY UNION" is $2 a year.**

**The Regular Subscription to the "HOUSEKEEPER" is $1 a year.**

**Both Papers will be furnished to "WEEKLY UNION" Subscribers for $2 a year.**

ADDRESS:

**Sacramento Publishing Co., Sacramento,**

**And state if the "HOUSEKEEPER" is to be forwarded with the "UNION."**

**Terms: $2 per year, postage prepaid.**

All Postmasters are Agents.

## LEGAL NOTICES.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF CONRAD BITZER, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administratrix of the estate of CONRAD BITZER, 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 said administratrix, at the law office of Young & Dunn, at southeast corner of Fifth and J streets, Sacramento, California.

Dated September 4, 1886.

BLONDINE BITZER, Administratrix.

YOUNG & DUNN, Attorneys for Administratrix.

s4-5tS

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF J. D. KENT, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, MARY C. KENT, executrix of the estate of J. D. KENT, 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 her, at the law office of C. W. Baker, at 905 Front street, Sacramento city.

MARY C. KENT, Executrix.

Dated August 20, 1886.

C. W. BAKER, Attorney for Executrix. au21-5tS

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO, ss. In the Superior Court, in and for said county. The people of the State of California to SAMUEL BRANNAN, JOSEPH C. GUMMER, L. B. HARRIS, E. A. POOLE, WM. STOUT, AMANDA HARRIS, FRANK P. LARKIN, G. H. HOWARD, MARY DOMAN, AGNES HOWARD and WM. H. HOWARD, Greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the county of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 12th day of JULY, 1886, in which action ELIZA A. HOIT is plaintiff and you are defendants. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To obtain a judgment and decree of this Court requiring you, the said defendants, to set forth your title, if any you have, in and to the following described real property, to wit: Lots Nos. 5, 6, 7 and 8, in the block bounded by X and Y, and Sixth and Seventh streets, and Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8, in the block bounded by X and Y, and Seventh and Eighth streets, and Lots 5, 6, 7 and 8, in the block bounded by X and Y, and Eighth and Ninth streets, of the city of Sacramento, county of Sacramento, State of California. And that by said decree it be adjudged and decreed that defendants have no title to said real property, and that all persons claiming under them and each of them, be forever debarred from asserting any title to said property; and that plaintiff's title thereto is valid; all of which is more fully set forth in the complaint on file herein. And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service if served on you in said county of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere. And you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in the complaint.

In testimony whereof, I, Wm. B. Hamilton, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand and affix the seal of said Court, this 12th day of July, A. D. 1886.

[SEAL.] W. B. HAMILTON, Clerk.

By JOS. J. GUTH, Deputy Clerk.

MATT. F. JOHNSON, Attorney for Plaintiff.

jy17-2mS

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO, ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The people of the State of California to DAVID WOODS, JACOB WALLER, THOMAS DUNN and JAMES KANE, greeting. You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the county of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 10th day of AUGUST, 1886, in which action G. W. BAKER is plaintiff and you are defendants. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To obtain a decree of this Court requiring you, the said defendants, to set forth your title, if any you have, in and to the following described real property, to wit: The south half of the east half of west half of Lot No. 8, in the block or square between I and J, and Seventh and Eighth, in the city of Sacramento, county of Sacramento, State of California; and that by said decree it be adjudged and decreed that the defendants, and each of them, be adjudged to have no title to said property; and that all persons claiming under them, and each of them, be forever barred from claiming said premises; and that the plaintiff's title thereto be adjudged good and valid, all of which is more fully set forth in the complaint. And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said county of Sacramento, and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere. And you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in the complaint on file herein.

In testimony whereof, I, Wm. B. Hamilton, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand and affix the seal of said Court, this 11th day of August, A.D. 1886.

[SEAL.] WM. B. HAMILTON, Clerk.

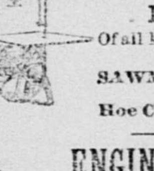
By JOS. J. GUTH, Deputy Clerk. au28-2mS

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO, ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The people of the State of California to F. F. EATON, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the county of Sacramento, State of California, by the filing of a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 18th day of AUGUST, 1886, in which action ELLA A. FOLGER is plaintiff, and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To recover judgment against you, said defendant, for the sum of $1,000, with interest at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, from August 5, 1884, and for costs of suit; and that a receiver be appointed to take charge of the property and collect the rents and profits thereof, all of which is fully set forth in the complaint on file, reference is hereby made. Also, to obtain a decree of this Court for the foreclosure of a certain mortgage executed by the said F. F. EATON, on the 5th day of August, 1884, to secure the payment of certain promissory note, and the premises conveyed by said mortgage, to wit: Lots 17 and 18, in the town of Florin, county of Sacramento and State of California, bounded on the north by the county road running through said town, on the east by the R. R. lands and the lands of the Grangers' Hall Association, on the south by the lands owned by G. A. Agear and S. S. Goddard, containing about five acres, more or less, be sold, and the proceeds applied to the payment of the expenses of sale, the costs of this action, and the amount found due. And in case such proceeds are not sufficient to pay the same, that judgment be docketed against F. F. EATON for the balance remaining due; and also, that said defendant, and all persons claiming by, through or under him may be barred and foreclosed of all right, title, claim, lien, equity of redemption and interest in and to said mortgaged premises, and for other and further relief. And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said county of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere. And you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

In testimony whereof, I, Wm. B. Hamilton, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, hereunto set my hand and affix the seal of said Court, this 18th day of August A. D. 1886.

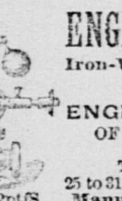
[SEAL.] WM. B. HAMILTON, Clerk.

By JOS. J. GUTH, Deputy Clerk. au28-2mS



Wood-working MACHINERY Of all kinds, of Best Make, and LOWEST PRICE.

SAWMILL AND SHINGLE MACHINERY, Hoe Chisel Tooth Saws, etc.



ENGINE GOVERNORS

Iron-Working Tools, Crosby Steam Gauges

ENGINES and BOILERS OF ANY CAPACITY, Etc

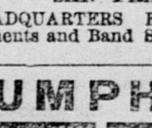
TATUM & BOWEN, 25 to 31 Main street, San Francisco, Manufacturers and Agents.

ap19-2ptfS

KOHLER & CHASE, SAN FRANCISCO.

HEADQUARTERS FOR BAND INSTRUMENTS and Band Supplies, Pianos and Organs. a12-3mTuThS&wtf

HUMPHREYS'



Manual of all Diseases, By F. HUMPHREYS, M. D. RICHLY BOUND IN CLOTH and GOLD Mailed Free.

| LIST OF PRINCIPAL NOS. | CURES. | PRICE. |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | Fevers, Congestion, Inflammations | .50 |
| 2 | Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic | .50 |
| 3 | Crying Colic, or Teething of Infants | .50 |
| 4 | Diarrhea of Children or Adults | .50 |
| 5 | Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic | .50 |
| 6 | Cholera Morbus, Vomiting | .50 |
| 7 | Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis | .50 |
| 8 | Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache | .50 |
| 9 | Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo | .50 |

HOMEOPATHIC

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 10 | Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach | .50 |
| 11 | Suppressed or Painful Periods | .50 |
| 12 | Whites, too Profuse Periods | .50 |
| 13 | Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing | .50 |
| 14 | Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions | .50 |
| 15 | Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains | .50 |
| 16 | Fever and Ague, Chills, Malaria | .50 |
| 17 | Piles, Blind or Bleeding | .50 |
| 19 | Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head | .50 |
| 20 | Whooping Cough, Violent Coughs | .50 |
| 24 | General Debility, Physical Weakness | .50 |
| 27 | Kidney Disease | .50 |
| 28 | Nervous Debility | 1.00 |
| 30 | Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed | .50 |
| 32 | Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation | 1.00 |

SPECIFICS.

Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO., 109 Fulton St., N.Y.

LOST VIGOR Exhausted Vitality, Nervous Debility, and Weaknesses in Men, resulting from Excesses, cured without Stomach Medication by the Marston Bolus. Sealed Book sent for 2 stamps. Marston Remedy Co., 19 Park Place, New York.

d23-1yTuThS&w1y