# EXCURSIONS NEAR PARIS.

### DELIGHTFUL SCENES ALONG THE SEINE AND MARNE.

**Our Correspondent Gets Mixed Up in a Love Affair, and Leaves the French Capital.**

PARIS, May, 1889.

There are most charming excursions to be made, for a day, or even a few hours, from Paris, when one suddenly finds himself in the country with surroundings so truly rural that it is hard to believe that one of the greatest cities of the world is so very near. Madam Dussolin went with me one day up the Seine to Charenton, leaving the girls to attend to the little restaurant. It was a perfect day, and there are many such at this time of the year in France; the banks, after leaving the city, were green, and the new willow leaves were beautifully bright in the sunshine. Boys were swimming or running along the paths, the flesh tints harmonizing finely with the green, in a way to catch the eye of an artist.

About 11 we left Pont Royal on the little express steamer, stopping at many stations on both sides of the river. The bridges over the Seine are very numerous and beautiful, but none of them seem to be so solid as those of the Thames, yet make an imposing appearance viewed from the river. Presently huge elm or willow trees take the place of houses, and then, at a sudden bend, the river Marne is met with, bringing a great quantity of water to the Seine. Above the Marne confluence the banks near each other, and the scenes along them become more picturesque. The steamer, however, went but a short distance up the Seine to its last station, and returning followed the course of the Marne, which is very winding, swift and shallow, as far as

THE BRIDGE AT CHARENTON.

I was quite proud of my companion, she was so neatly and tastefully dressed (as French women seem to know so well how to d ), and wore her little green bonnet, of that very verdant shade now in vogue, as gracefully as a princess, or at least as the conventional princess. Charenton is a small place, but famous for its well arranged asylum for the insane which covers the side of a high hill to the left, overlooking a wide expanse of lovely scenery in both the valleys of Marne and Seine. Henry IV. allowed a Protestant church to be erected here in the first part of the seventeenth century, but it was destroyed when the edict of Nantes was withdrawn. We wandered along the narrow and badly paved street into the suburb of St. Maurice, where one of those pretty garden restaurants offered temptations impossible to resist and we sat down in the shade of chestnut trees to a luncheon of chops and green peas. The waitress here amused me very much by her wiles to attract passers-by; she sat near the gate, and whenever she heard a footstep approaching she would begin to sing and rattle her dishes, but if they went on she would stop immediately and continue her work as quietly as a mute.

It was a racing day and crowds of people were on their way to the race course in the park of Vincennes, whither we also wandered. It was a very pretty scene, the gay dresses of the ladies and the handsome horses.

VINCENNES

Is certainly more beautiful than the more famous Bois de Boulogne for it has less art and much of nature about it. In the thirteenth century Louis IX. made this his hunting seat and since that time it has always been the stage of much that has interested the world. The old castle is full of historical and romantic interest. In 1740 it was used as the porcelain factory of the famous institution which was in a few years removed to Sevres. During the years when it was used as a prison, it held many illustrious captives, among them the Cardinal Retz, Mirabeau and Fouquet, but more sad than all was that cruel murder, by Napoleon, of the unfortunate Duc d'Enghien in 1804, the last of the famous family of Condi. He was suspected of conspiracy against Napoleon, and by his order was arrested, tried and shot. Everything possible was done to save him, but the Emperor wished him out of the way. His body was buried without the usual obsequies, in the ditch where he was shot. However, there is now a monument to his memory in the chapel where his remains were placed by Louis XVIII. in 1816. It is when we hear of such acts of the Emperor that we have a grain of pleasure in contemplating his fall. Another romantic episode occurred in 1871, when the castle was abandoned by the insurgents when the Government forces came from Versailles. A man was left to set fire to the powder magazine and destroy the place; what he thought or why his heart failed him we shall never know, for instead of the wholesale slaughter which the explosion would have caused, the man committed suicide and was found alone in the great castle when the troops entered. We took a short drive to

NOGENT SUR MARNE,

With its many fine villas overlooking the broad fields and winding river. There were crowds of old women and children gathering daisies and making them into boquets, bound with grass, to sell on the race course. Returning, we made a little detour to visit the tomb of America's old friend, General Lafayette, who died in 1834 and was buried in the cemetery of Picpus. Here is also the burial place of nearly 2,000 victims of the Revolution, and also the tombs of some famous and noble French families. On the way home, Madam told me what a hard time she had with Marie, who, it seems, was in love with a young cook, who was unfortunately poor, but worst of all, she had also to fight against the influence of Dussolin himself who actually encouraged his daughter in the unfortunate entanglement Madam's little green bonnet vibrated with indignation all the way home, which became alarming when she thought that the hated young cook might make use of Madam's absence to visit the Rue St. Dominique. Down the Seine to Anteuil, past the enormous scaffold

TOWER OF EIFFEL,

Of which the people of Paris with their usual versatility are already beginning to be tired, saying it draws on thunderstorms, and may tear it down to celebrate the 14th of July; so also the pretty islands and the villas, each adds its tribute to the pleasure of the journey. Above all, though, in interest and beauty, is the excursion to St. Germaine-en-Laye on the steamboat Touriste, giving nearly four hours on the river. Marie made that trip with me, and as she had often visited the place she was a good guide. St. Germaine-en-Laye has a lovely situation and has attracted to it many residents. The Kings of France even as far back as 1150 chose this place as a summer home. The castle, of course, is the spot of greatest interest to visitors. In the church are the remains of the unhappy King James II. of England, who spent twelve years of his exile here till his death in 1701. The castle was a royal residence down to the time of Louis XIV., when the Palace of Versailles was built for that luxurious monarch. There is a fine but wearying museum of antiquities. We wandered about the place and rested in the quiet church by the white marble monument of King James, which George IV. raised to his memory and which Queen Victoria has lately had restored. The magnificent terrace, almost two miles long, affords a grand promenade, from which a view is had which can never be forgotten. Grapevines cover the hills, and the valley of the Seine, with country houses and villages, is a scene of peace and plenty. Paris would be visible were it not for the hill called Mont Vallerien, which conceals all but Montmartre. The forest with eleven thousand acres is one of those beautiful spots in the world where one feels he would live forever. We reached

VERSAILLES

Very quickly by train and saw the Grand and Petit Trianon with their pleasant memories of Marie Antoinette. Here was a little village of most picturesque kind, where, in the days just before the revolution, the ill-fated Queen with her courtiers used to play that they were peasants. Those must have been fine pictures for a Watteau—the handsome court ladies, in their artistic peasant costumes, milking the cows and churning or gardening. By accident or design, we met the unhappy cook in the Versailles courtyard; neither he nor Marie seemed to be much surprised at the meeting, so I have a suspicion that a scheme had been laid for things to turn out just as they did. Suddenly thinking that I wanted to see something or other, and strangely Marie or the cook not caring to see it, I went away alone, saying I would return in a short time—their grateful looks I shall never forget. I wandered something like half an hour about the stiff but not unbeautiful garden and then went back to find

MARIE AND ALBERT.

I feel now the chill which crept over me when I returned. There was a merry-go-'round or carousal in the square; it was spinning about merrily to the jangling tune played by the hidden organ; in one of the cars sat Marie with Albert. Their faces showed plainly that something was wrong, and soon I saw the cause. There stood, magestic and awful, Madam Dussolin. The merry-go-'round spun itself out, the travelers alighted; the Madam seemed not to see the cook, but taking Marie's arm marched her away to a tram car, and before I had come to my senses they were driving away to Paris. Madam was coldly polite to me in the evening, and accepted my offering of roses in a manner which plainly gave me my *conge*. I never went there again; I never saw Marie, Elsie or Dussolin afterward. Paris lost its charm, and I was soon far from the once lovely Rue St. Dominique.

CHARLES A. GUNNISON.

## "IN GOD WE TRUST."

**How This Motto Came to be Stamped on United States Coins.**

The motto "In God We Trust," which is now stamped on all gold and silver coins of United States money, was suggested by an honest, God-fearing old farmer of the State of Maryland. This conscientious Christian thought that our national coin should indicate the Christian character of our nation, and by introducing a motto upon our coins expressed a national reliance upon divine supporting governmental affairs. In 1861, when Salmon P. Chase was Secretary of the Treasury, he wrote him and suggested that, as we claimed to be a Christian people, we should make suitable recognition of that fact on our coinage. The letter was referred to the Director of the Mint, James Pollock, a Puritanic Christian, of Pennsylvania. In Mr. Pollock's report for 1862 he discussed the question of a recognition of the sovereignty of God and our trust in Him on our coins. The proposition to introduce a motto upon our coins was favorably considered by Mr. Chase, and in the report he said he did not doubt, but believed, that it would meet with an approval by an intelligent public sentiment. But Congress gave no attention to the suggestion, and in his next annual report he again referred to the subject, this time in a firm theological argument, and said:

"The motto suggested, 'God Our Trust,' is taken from our national hymn, 'The Star Spangled Banner.' The sentiment is familiar to every citizen of our country; it has thrilled the hearts and fallen in song from the lips of millions of American freemen. The time is propitious; 'tis an hour of national peril and danger; an hour when man's strength is weakness, when our strength and salvation must be of God. Let us reverently acknowledge His sovereignty, and let our coinage declare our trust in God."

A 2-cent bronze piece was authorized to be coined by Congress the following year, April 22, 1864, and upon this was first stamped the motto, "In God We Trust." In his report of that year he expressed his approval of the Act, and strongly urged that the recognition of trust be extended to the gold and silver coins of the United States. By the fifth section of the Act of Congress of March 3, 1865, the Director of the Mint, with the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury, was authorized to place upon all the gold and silver coins of the United States, susceptible of such additions, thereafter to be issued, the motto, "In God We Trust."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

### A Notable Gift.

An especially notable feature of the gifts which people of every condition are crowding one another to make to their distressed fellow-citizens of Western Pennsylvania is the contribution of the general fund made by the prisoners in the Eastern Penitentiary. From the small savings which they are enabled to accumulate from over-work the prisoners have contributed the considerable sum for them of $522, and it is certain that in the millions of relief money there is no more precious proof than this of the universality of sympathy with Johnstown and its neighborhood. As far as we know this incident is unique. From one view it may be called a needless generosity, since these poor creatures will need their slight savings, when again entering the world, as seriously as any unfortunate who could be named. But they have made their decision, and it is for themselves to choose. It is a matter of feeling, and if they have been led by their better natures to this exhibitton of sympathy and helpfulness it is not for us, who find it far easier to give, to criticise them. It seems a pity that those precious dollars should be cast into the general fund; they should, if possible, be kept distinct for the relief of some special and commanding misery. But that is mere sentiment; the prisoners did not make any such point when they so freely gave; they only felt themselves part of the body of the public upon which lay a duty proportioned to individual ability to carry. Assuredly their noble action will not be forgotten.—*Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.*

### How Hysteria May be Cured.

A patient in one of the hospitals here had a habit of going into convulsions every time the house physician stepped into her ward. That grew decidedly monotonous after a while, and one day, while in one of her attacks and seemingly unconscious, he told her the next time she had one he would "teach her better." But she did not believe him, and the following day showed up as usual. He had her taken into a bath-room and laid on a table. Arranging a rubber sheet under her head, he attached one end of a small rubber hose to a faucet, and to the other the small tube of a syringe. After playing a small stream of water against her face for a few minutes, her "tantrum" suddenly ceased and she begged the physician to shut off the water. But he was in no hurry to do so, and kept it up until the patient was thoroughly alarmed. He then informed her that the next attack she had he proposed to drown her in the bath-tub. Evidently she believed that he would make his threat good, and she never had another attack—so she informed him fifteen years afterward.—*Boston Herald.*

**PLEASANT to the taste and readily taken is Simmons Liver Regulator.**

# SECRETS OF LOWER CALIFORNIA.

### A COUNTRY LITTLE KNOWN TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

**Here Every Traveler Must Be His Own Columbus—Hardships Encountered.**

[Special Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION.

SAN TELMO (L. C.), 1889.

Until within the last year or two the interior of this peninsula has never been explored, except by wandering Indians and an occasional prospector, who are not given to making public their findings. We have heard more or less of the main characteristics of the coast line—but my purpose is to ascertain what lies beyond those chains of hills that guard the shores from end to end. Their bleak and frowning walls rise gradually to the mountains that run down through the center of this long and narrow tongue of land; but between them are blooming valleys, mostly lying east and west—of whose people and products and possibilities the world knows nothing.

And it is no wonder the world has not heard of them. Unless one possesses the patience of a Job, the spinal column of a camel and the determination of grim death, he had better abandon all idea of exploring this peninsula before he begins the herculean task. Let no dilettante tourist come down here, expecting to make a picnic or a pleasure party of disclosing the secrets which this mysterious land has kept involate through all the centuries, in spite of greedy Spaniards and zealous priests and speculating Yankees. It is easy enough to reach the edges—but the heart of the peninsula is yet well-nigh non-come-at-able.

You journey pleasantly in a parlor car to San Francisco or San Diego, and wonder why your predecessors should talk of hardships. From either of those points you may sail all the way around the peninsula, stopping at any of the more important sea ports—in a steamer by no means palatial, as compared to the best Atlantic vessels, but tolerably comfortable, if any such thing as comfort can be found on the "bounding billows." But in that way you see nothing of the country. Your troubles begin only when you leave the conveniences of civilization and strike out for yourself into the wilderness. Were there any people, even savages, it would not be so bad; but

AN EMPTY COUNTRY,

A totally unoccupied space, in which you seem to be the only living soul, with nothing to fight but rattlesnakes and starvation, is disheartening, to say the least. There are people, to be sure, collected at a few centers, long distances apart, but between those old settlements stretch hundreds of miles of *terra incognita.*

Land at any port you like, and attempt to make it the base of your interior operations, it is the same story everywhere—you find yourself helpless as was the giant whom the Lilliputians bound with tiny threads. There are no railroads or stage lines to where you want to go—hardly highways or byways—in a country where each traveler must be his own Columbus. You are in the condition of the first man, as Milton describes him, when "the world was all before him where to choose," and the matter of choice is not so difficult as that of execution. Neither love nor lucre can procure horses and carriages where such things do not exist, and you cannot well strike off alone across the country without guides or supplies. Unless, by some chance, you are so fortunate as to fall in with some party bent on a similar expedition, your only alternative is to purchase horses, blankets and camping outfit, and hire native assistance from point to point, trusting to your lucky stars to bring you safely through and enable you to get some of your money back by disposing of the circus when the tour is completed.

Your correspondent has traveled enough to cease looking for "downy beds of ease," and to adapt herself pretty well to circumstances. In the most isolated and seemingly God-forsaken communities, if one can speak the language of the people, the presentation of proper credentials and judicious use of money (without appearing to possess too much of it), with precisely the same deportment that one would carry into church and society at home, will generally win respectful attention and every reasonable facility within command of the natives. They will scare up some kind of escort or conveyance, and pass one from village to village, from ranch to ranch, committed to the care of distant friends, who, in their turn, help one on to the others, often going many miles themselves, if necessary to insure his safety.

LEAVING SANTO TOMAS,

With faces turned always towards the south, a wagon-road winds up a steep, rough hill, then down again, into the next valley—the Chocolada—even smaller and narrower than that just passed, being a mere gorge, winding around the bases of the mountains, in places nothing more than a sandy river-bed, which at certain seasons must be filled with a raging torrent. Diverging canyons mark the way to La Estapana, a pretty and fertile valley of probably six hundred acres, where reside a few families of American colonists. La Estapana is almost continuous with the Guadalupe valley—the latter a much larger tract, level as a plank floor. A stream winds through the center of both, which, however, runs "upside down" during half the year—that is, becomes dry as dust on the surface, but water may be obtained anywhere along its course by digging down a couple of feet.

And so we go on through canyons and gorges, between hills now bushy, now barren, jolting over rocks and sands and flowers and cacti, to the celebrated valley of San Vicente. The latter, cut by low mountains into irregular shape, contains nearly 7,000 acres, and is traversed by the San Vicente river, one of the largest on the peninsula. One branch of it, the San Jose, is nearly as large as the main stream, and there are many other affluents, making for the basin a total drainage area of over 3,000,000 acres. A short distance below the settlement this valley gives place to a canyon, which opens again, only two miles from the ocean, upon the *mesas* or table lands of San Ysidro. In this canyon are located those copper mines called Delphina, about which so much has been said.

THE MISSION OF SAN VICENTE FERRER

Was founded in 1780. Its buildings were erected on a bench of the hills overlooking the valley, and around their feet were planted the olive and "prickly pear," which have now become groves and thickets, while the structures they were to serve and adorn have crumbled under the insidious tooth of time to a mass of dust-heaps.

Southward from San Vicente extend foothills and rolling mesas, composed of gravelly loam that takes on a tinge of red, reminding one of the "sacred soil" of old Virginia, especially that between Washington and Harper's Ferry. Now we come to that beautiful table-land called "Mesa Colorado" (the word Colorado meaning "red")—one of the loveliest upland tracts in Lower California. It is eleven miles long, by little more than two wide, with a general slope toward the south. It connects with the Salado mesa, which leads down to another valley of the same name. Hereabouts the chaparral of the uplands suddenly gives place to a rank, heavy growth of bunch-grass in the bottoms, and a fine ocean breeze, making a funnel of the hills, keeps up delightfully cool despite the fierce sun and total absence of shade.

But there are no people—it is a New World with no inhabitants in it. To break the silence that can be felt, we shout, we sing, we spout poetry and rehearse scraps of eloquence borrowed from Marc Antony to Colonel Ingersoll—but the hills throw back our words in mocking echoes, rendering the loneliness more oppressive.

Northeast of the Salado, which at this point is only about ten miles from San Vicente, lie the

VALLEYS OF LAS COCHAS AND CALENTURA,

Both of which contain ranches. Time did not permit us to make a detour in search of these modern Crusoes; but we thought, heaven pity the people upon whom nature smiles so graciously, but who are as completely isolated from their kind as though located on an island in mid-ocean.

Five miles farther on we enter the Agua Verde (green water) valley, which is perfectly inclosed and beautifully level, tapering toward the west to a mere gateway for the admission of ocean breezes. From this point eastward, for a distance of eight or ten consecutive miles, the hills are covered with the maguey plant (the agave American, or American aloe, or "century" plant), in such dense profusion that to walk or ride between their spear-like points would be impossible. This is another future source of wealth for California, springing wild by the wayside. *Pulque*, the national beverage, is made from it, and also the favorite intoxicant, *mescal*, and after the liquor is extracted, what remains affords a good article of molasses. The leaves, dried and crushed, furnish about the best paper pulp in the world; and from their fibers ropes, sacking, thread, etc., are obtained. The Mexican Government, alive to these benefits, and desiring to encourage home manufacture, has offered a subsidy of thirty thousand dollars to every mill for the reduction of maguey, when completed and in operation.

This region is crossed by the valley called San Rafael del Sur (of the South), which must not be confounded with that of the same name near the northern end of the peninsula. It seems a pity that those who had the naming of these places felt it their religious duty to stick so closely to the Saints, for the number of the latter being limited, the result is a confusing repetition. A great river winds through this Southern Rafael, outlined by a heavy growth of willows, sycamores and cottonwoods—blessed sight after the treeless leagues we have traversed. All along the roadside grow date-palms, figs, and the cultivated variety of prickly pear.

THE FEW PEOPLE

Who live here appear to be entirely devoted to the manufacture of mescal, and perhaps for the lack of any other market consume great quantities of it themselves.

From San Rafael to San Telmo the distance is thirty-seven miles, the last ten of which leads through the roughest of mountain gorges. Here, for the first time, we found *pitapayas*—the puntias variety of cactus-fruit about which the early missionaries said so much, and which then (as now) formed the principal food of the native Californians. It is found in many parts of Central and South America, and also in Southern Mexico—but nowhere in such proportion as on this peninsula. There are two kinds of it—one large as a hen's egg, round and sweet, with a thick, green, purply shell covering a red and white "meat" in which black seeds are scattered like grains of powder; the other, larger and slightly sour, growing on low, creeping bushes. During about eight weeks of the year there is a great abundance of them—from the middle of June to the middle of August—in this latitude, and during that time the Indians are fat and well-conditioned, however they may starve the rest of the time. The pitapaya season is a general holiday among the natives, the most joyful time in their calendar, spent entirely in traveling about in search of this fruit—stuffing themselves till many die from the effects of their gluttony, but which they do not take the trouble to dry or preserve in any way. The Indians have no notion of what a year is, and have

NO METHOD OF DIVIDING TIME.

Instead of saying "a year ago," or during this year, they use the expression, "It is already an ambia past," or "during this ambia," the latter word signifying the season of pitapaya fruit. They have not even a noun for spaces of time, and in speaking of three years they would say, "Three pitapayas."

The most common pitapayas, the sweet variety, start from a trunk hardly more than a foot high, and shoot up parallel columns, thick as a man's arm, ten or twelve feet high. These columns are thickly covered with thorns, as is also the fruit, making them difficult to gather. The Indians manage it by means of a pole, to which is attached a hook of bone or wood, and below a net.

The lower valley of San Telmo contains the remains of an ancient Mission, around which are clustered sixty or more Mexicans and Indians. The Fathers left few traces here in the way of improved civilization, for the people are about as degraded as can well be imagined, and lead the most primitive existence.

FANNIE B. WARD.

## CALIFORNIA AND KANSAS.

**"One Dollar for Land and Ninety-Nine for Climate."**

[From the Tulare Register.]

That is what a recently-arrived Kansas man said of the price of land in California, and he said it with a sneer. He was one of the thoughtless throng which do not learn until the second lung is attacked that the first one was destroyed by climate. It is the quality of climate, not the quality of land, which determines land values. In a given climate, rich land is worth more than poor land, but the influence of climate on the value of land is so overwhelming that the difference in value between rich and poor land in the same climate becomes insignificant by comparison. Some of the richest soil on earth is covered by the eternal ice of the frigid zones, and still more of it is exposed to the deadly breath of the torrid belt.

It is a matter of frequent complaint by Western men seeking farming land in California that while the best land on the Atlantic side is valued at $30 per acre as a maximum, on the Pacific slope it is held at $100. Let us suppose a case: A home-seeker has bought 160 acres in Kansas at $30 per acre. He can raise on it only wheat and corn. To market his crop to the best advantage, he raises hogs. He can raise very little fruit, even in restricted variety, and dairy products and poultry with extreme difficulty. Each successive winter of seven long months threatens death by freezing and starvation to his stock, for which the entire preceding short summer's crop is too frequently inadequate. His winter work is a long agony of suffering from chilling blasts, and his children attend school at the risk of losing their feet, and not infrequently their lives, by frost.

Suddenly a miracle is wrought. For some unexplained reason, Jupiter has set off a forty-acre patch in one corner of the corn field, and has covered it with California atmosphere and its corresponding climate. The consequences are amazing! That forty-acre patch seems to be not in another part of our country but on another planet. The farmer had invited a number of his neighbors to partake of a Christmas dinner with his family. The company had reached the farm-house through a fierce, driving and blinding storn of snow and sleet. The raging storm without spread gloom within. On Jupiter's favorite spot, which the farmer no called his "California lot," was an old abandoned cottage which formerly served to shelter the temporarily employed help of the farm, but which had for some years past stood a dismantled ruin without a single window or door in it. To this airy relic of a former house was immediately transferred all the paraphernalia of the Christmas feast and the assembled guests enjoyed their dinner with all the added zest of picnic surroundings.

This farmer, being of a systematic turn, kept a diary of all his operations in two parts, one for his 120-acre Kansas farm and one for his 40-acre "California lot." Here it is:

RECORD OF OPERATIONS ON KANSAS FARM OF 120 ACRES. 1888.

Planted corn at usual time. Hoed it all summer. Harvested it in the fall. Fed it out all winter.

REMARKS.

No apples this year, consequently no cider.

Many bugs, consequently no potatoes.

Family don't go a cent on vegetables.

Lots of pork and hominy.

RECORD OF OPERATIONS ON CALIFORNIA LOT. 1888.

January—Planted peas and cabbages. Harvested beets for cows, Japanese fruits and California walnuts.

February—Planted fruit trees and grape vines. Harvested carrots for horses and orange crop.

March—Planted potatoes, alfalfa and nursery. Harvested strawberries, peas, etc.

April—Planted corn, beans, watermelons, etc. Harvested first crop alfalfa, hay and blackberries.

May—Planted tomatoes, squash and sweet potatoes. Harvested hay, grain and cabbage crop.

June—Planted Egyptian corn and peanuts. Harvested wheat, second crop of alfalfa hay, apricots, peaches and raspberries.

July—Planted second crop of watermelons, muskmelons, etc. Harvested peaches, potatoes and watermelons.

August—Planted corn for cow-fodder, as a second crop on the patch harvested in June. Harvested grapes, pears and third crop of alfalfa hay.

September—Planted second crop of potatoes on the potato patch harvested in July. Harvested raisins, prunes, almonds and walnuts.

October—Planted wheat on summer-fallowed land. Harvested fourth crop of alfalfa hay, sweet potatoes, apples and late fruits.

November—Planted barley. Harvested Malaga grapes for winter market, quinces and second crop strawberries.

December—Planted strawberries, beets, carrots, etc. Harvested second crop of potatoes.

REMARKS.

Omitted eggs, chickens, honey, etc., because they would have to be repeated each month.

Kept in the cellar, for winter evenings, a barrel of almonds, a barrel of nuts, barrel of figs and ten boxes of raisins; also a barrel of honest grape juice.

Bouquets every month in the year.

No frozen toes or ears, and no chillblains this year.

Gave all our heavy winter clothes to our hired men on the Kansas part of the place.

Gave poor old Uncle Josh a deed to the 120 acres, because I always loved him from my boyhood up. Consideration in deed, $1. Has not yet paid me the $1.

Ex-Congressman Jones offered me $20,000 for my California lot. I just smiled, but said nothing.

We have given up all notion of going to California or anywhere else. Why should people leave home and life-long friends? Why tear up by the roots all the fond associations of our youth? Wife has not coughed for a year.

Now for 1889. B. MARKS.

### THE MILLER OF DEE.

There dwelt a miller hale and bold,
Beside the River Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be:
"I envy no one, no, not I!
And no one envies me!"

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said old King Hal.
"As wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine
I'd gladly change with thee.
And tell me now what makes thee sing
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad though I am King
Beside the River Dee."

The miller smiled and doffed his cap.
"I earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three,
I owe no man I cannot pay,
I thank the River Dee
That turns the mill that grinds the corn
To feed my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,
"Farewell thee, happy be;
But say no more, if thou'dst be true
That no one envies thee,
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
Thy mill my kingdom fee;
Such men as thou are England's boast,
O, miller of the Dee."

### A SONG.

Love, let us twine moonbeams and music,
And hide our twin hearts in a dream.
Whither fairies call softly from grottos
Cleft by an enchanted stream.

For there in a lotus lies Sorrow,
Dream's silk-netted veil on her eyes—
How her smile stirs the fragrance to music
As notes from the bulbul rise!

O let us like her, too, in gold-downs
Of blossoms seek sweetest repose—
Love, you in a silver-white lily,
But I in a blood-red rose.

And the poppy-clad winds shall rock us,
While ripples of song o'er us sweep,
But the rose, with her eye slyly open,
The white lily's watch will keep.

—*Emma Ida Schramm in Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

### Monster Spiders.

Far up in the mountains of Ceylon and India there is a spider that spins a web like bright yellowish silk, the center net of which is five feet in diameter, while the supporting lines, or guys as they are called, measure sometimes ten or twelve feet long; and riding quickly in the early morning you may dash right into it, the stout threads twing round your face like a lace veil, while as the creature who has woven it takes up his position in the middle, he generally catches you right on the nose, and though he seldom bites or stings, the contact of his large body and long legs is anything but pleasant. If you forget yourself and try to catch him, bite he will, and, though not venomous, his jaws are as powerful as a bird's beak, and you are not likely to forget the encounter.

The bodies of these spiders are very handsomely decorated, being bright gold or scarlet underneath, while the upper part is covered with the most delicate slate-colored fur. So strong are the webs that birds the size of larks are frequently caught therein, and even the small but powerful scaly lizard falls a victim. A writer says that he has often sat and watched the yellow and scarlet monster, measuring, when waiting for his prey with his legs stretched out, fully six inches, striding across the middle of the net, and noted the rapid manner in which he winds his stout threads around the unfortunate captive. He usually throws the coils about the head till the wreched victim is first blinded and then choked. In many unfrequented dark nooks of the jungle you come across most perfect skeletons of small birds caught in these terrible snares, the strong folds of which prevent the delicate bones from falling to the ground after the wind and weather have dispersed the flesh and feathers.—*Rare Bits.*

The number of building societies in England and Wales is, according to a recent report, about 944, having a membership of over 320,000 and a share capital of $94,311,000. The receipts for one year were over $80,000,000, and the societies held securities valued at $150,000,000. In Scotland the societies are reported to have a membership of over 11,000, with a share list valued at over $4,645,000, while they held securities to the value of $6,354,105. In Ireland such societies have made less progress, and a membership of only 6,533 is reported.

**ONE DOLLAR a year will cover your doctor's bill if you take Simmons Liver Regulator.**

# Your Interest to Read.

THE VERY BEST ADVERTISEMENT OF OUR GOODS WOULD BE THE GOODS THEMselves could they be sent around for general inspection. As this is impossible, we fall back on the faithful types to assist us to describe, in some measure, the chief feature of our stock. We aim to satisfy all classes of buyers, and our stock, therefore, includes the **Variety of Grades** which have correspondingly **Varied Prices**. We desire to be known for cheapness, but we handle no cheap goods; that is to say, we give even in **Low Prices** the very best article the market affords for the money. It is a short-sighted policy for any merchant to make a reputation for low-priced goods at the expense of his reputation for values. No article is really cheap which will not return the buyer the full value of the money expended in its purchase. Our steady aim is to satisfy buyers, not only by **Alluring Bargains**, but by the satisfaction that comes in goods that wear and stand the tests of actual use. Parties desiring to purchase or not are welcomed at our store.

**John Breuner's,**

604, 606 AND 608 K STREET..................SACRAMENTO, CAL.

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THE BEST AND NEATEST SHOE MADE IN THE WORLD FOR BOYS' WEAR.

Sizes, 11 to 2..................$2 75.

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The Largest and Most Reliable Boot and Shoe House in Sacramento.

CORNER OF FIFTH AND J STREETS.

# CALLUSTRO!

California's Latest Production.

IT IS A MINERAL DISCOVERED NEAR Calistoga, Napa county. Its extraordinary qualities for rendering a high polish to mantels, with exceedingly small amount of labor, and for removing dirt and all stains from the hands, as well as from fabrics, has induced the owners to prepare it in marketable form. Every cake of soap, every case of polishing powder is guaranteed to do all that is claimed for it.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST OR GROCER FOR CALLUSTRO. Send for Circulars

W. R. MOULD,

1014 Eighth street, General Agent for Sacramento and Northern California. 3p

## PROPOSALS

—FOR THE—

**Purchase of Irrigation District Bonds.**

SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED at the office of the Board of Directors of the Vineland Irrigation District, at the town of Vineland, in Los Angeles county, State of California, up to 12 o'clock M. of Monday, the first day of July, A. D. 1889, for the purchase of thirty thousand dollars of the bonds of said Vineland Irrigation District.

The bonds of said District have been issued to the amount of fifty thousand ($50,000) dollars, as follows: Sixty bonds in the denomination of five hundred ($500) dollars each, numbered one (1) to sixty (60), both numbers included, and two hundred bonds of the denomination of one hundred ($100) dollars each, numbered from sixty-one (61) to two hundred and sixty (260), all bearing interest from and after July 1, 1889, at the rate of six (6) per cent. per annum, interest payable at the office of the Treasurer of said District on the first day of January and July of each year. The principal of said bonds is payable as follows: At the expiration of eleven years, not less than five per cent. of said bonds; at the expiration of twelve years not less than six per cent.; at the expiration of thirteen years not less than seven per cent.; at the expiration of fourteen years not less than eight per cent.; at the expiration of fifteen years not less than nine per cent.; at the expiration of sixteen years not less than ten per cent.; at the expiration of seventeen years not less than eleven per cent.; at the expiration of eighteen years not less than thirteen per cent.; at the expiration of nineteen years not less than fifteen per cent., and for the twentieth year a percentage sufficient to pay off said bonds.

Coupons for respective payments of interest and principal are attached to each bond.

Said bonds and the interest thereon shall be paid by revenue derived from an annual assessment upon the real property embraced in the District, and all the real property in the District is liable to be assessed for such payments, and such assessments are a lien upon said real property.

Said bonds are issued in pursuance of and after a strict compliance with the provisions of an Act of the Legislature of the State of California, entitled: "An Act to provide for the organization and government of irrigation districts, and to provide for the acquisition of water and other property, and for the distribution of water thereby for irrigation purposes." Approved March 7, 1887.

Proposals will be received as above stated for the purchase of thirty thousand ($30,000) dollars only of said bonds.

No proposal can be entertained for said bonds at a sum less than ninety (90) per cent. of the face value thereof: and the Board reserves the right to reject all bids.

Envelopes should be addressed to Vineland, Irrigation District, and marked "Proposal for purchase of bonds."

By order of Board of Directors Vineland Irrigation District.

Vineland, Los Angeles county, Cal., June 8, 1889.

Attest: I. N. RHODES, Secretary.

je11-20t

**RICORD** DR. RICORD'S RESTORATIVE PILLS.

BUY NONE BUT THE GENUINE. SPECIFIC for exhausted vitality, physical debility, wasted forces, nervous derangements, constitutional weakness, etc.; approved by the Academy of Medicine, Paris, and the medical celebrities of the world. Agents, **RICORD** J. G. STEELE & CO., 635 Market street, Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal. Sent by mail or express anywhere. Box of 50, $1 25; of 100, $2 00; of 200, $3 50; of 400, $6 00. Preparatory Pills, $2 00. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

8ptf JAMES G. STEELE & CO.

# FOR SALE.

**Six Second-hand and Three New Engine Boilers—3 to 20 Horse-Power.**

CAPTAL IRON WORKS..................904 K street.

my21-4ptf M. R. ROSE.

# H. Fisher & Co.,

—DEALERS IN—

# Fireworks, Flags, Etc.,

508 AND 510 J STREET,

**Sacramento.**

my24-tilljy5-4p

## SALE OF BONDS.

**Central Irrigation District, Colusa Co., Cal.**

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE Board of Directors of Central Irrigation District, that said Board will, at its office in the town of Maxwell, in the County of Colusa, State of California, on the 10th day of July, in the year 1889, at 3 o'clock P. M. of said day, sell to the highest responsible bidder for cash in gold coin of the United States, Three Hundred Bonds of the said district, to the amount of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, being part of an issue of bonds aggregating the sum of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars; that sealed proposals for the purchase of said bonds will be received by said Board till the day and hour aforesaid, at which time said Board will open the proposals and award the purchase of said bonds to the highest responsible bidder; but said Board reserves the right to reject all bids, and will in no event sell any of said bonds for less than 90 per cent. of the face value thereof. Said bonds are dated the 1st day of July, in the year 1888, and bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually. Any interest accruing between said date and the date of the sale and delivery of said bonds shall be credited before delivery on the first maturing coupons attached to said bonds.

R. DE LAPPE,
Secretary of said Board.

Dated June 11, 1889. je13 td

## NOTICE TO WELL-BORERS.

PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED BY N. M. Orr, Secretary of the Board of Directors of the State Insane Asylum at Stockton at his office, 209 Channel street, until 9:30 o'clock A. M.

**Wednesday, July 10, 1889.**

For boring an artesian well on the Asylum grounds in the city of Stockton.

Bidders will state at what price per foot they will bore the first 500 feet and furnish and put in double-riveted pipe casing, 10 inches in diameter, made of the best quality of No. 14 sheet-iron, and at what price per foot they will furnish the same size and quality of pipe and bore to the depth required in excess of 500 feet, but not to exceed a total depth of 1,050 feet. The Board of Directors reserves the right to stop the work at any time before a depth of 1,050 is reached, provided a satisfactory flow of water is obtained.

Bidders will be required to give a satisfactory guarantee to the Board that, if their bids are accepted, they will enter into a contract and furnish a bond acceptable to the Board in the sum of $1,000, as surety for the faithful prosecution and successful completion of the work.

The Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids, if deemed too high or otherwise unsatisfactory.

Bids must be indorsed, "Proposals for Boring a Well for Water," and addressed to N. M. Orr, Secretary Board of Directors State Insane Asylum, Stockton, Cal. je14-td

## NOTICE TO WELL-BORERS.

SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED by N. M. Orr, Secretary of the Board of Directors of the State Asylum for the insane at Stockton, at his office, 209 Channel street, until 9:30 o'clock A. M.,

**Wednesday, July 10, 1889,**

to bore a well for gas on the grounds of the State Insane Asylum at Stockton.

Bidders will state at what price per foot they will bore the first 1,000 feet and furnish and put in a double riveted casing 15 inches in diameter, made of best No. 12 sheet iron; at what price per foot they will bore the next 500 feet and furnish and put in flush screw wrought iron pipe casing 14 inches in diameter; at what price per foot they will bore the next 500 feet and furnish and put in flush screw wrought iron pipe casing, not less than 12 inches in diameter; at what price per foot they will bore the next 500 feet and furnish and put in flush screw wrought iron pipe casing not less than 10 inches in diameter; at what price per foot they will bore the next 500 feet and furnish and put in flush screw wrought iron pipe casing not less than 8 inches in diameter, and at what price per foot they will bore the next 500 feet and furnish and put in flush screw wrought iron pipe not less than 8 inches in diameter.

All tools and materials of whatever description, necessary for the prosecution of the work, are to be furnished by the contractor, who will also furnish and pay for all labor necessary therefor.

Bidders will be required to give a satisfactory guarantee to the Board of Directors that if their bid is accepted they will enter into a contract and give a bond—to be satisfactory to the Board—in the sum of $5,000, as surety for the faithful prosecution and successful completion of the work.

The Board of Directors reserve the right to reject any and all bids, if deemed too high or otherwise unsatisfactory.

Bids must be indorsed, "Proposals for Boring a Well for Gas," and addressed to N. M. Orr, Secretary of Board of Directors State Insane Asylum, Stockton, Cal. je15-td

**M. S. NEVIS & CO.,**

—PROPRIETORS—

# Eagle Winery,

ARE DOING THEIR ENTIRE BUSINESS at **Twenty-first and R streets**, and are prepared to serve their old patrons, as well as their new customers, with the best of WINES and BRANDIES. my13-4ptf

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Wholesale and Retail,

At 609 K Street, Sacramento, Cal.

je4-tf4p