THE MAGDALENA BAY REGION.

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER'S "BUSTED" COLONIZATION SCHEME.

Immense Fortunes Made by Flores, Hale & Co. in Gathering Orchilla—A Strange Country.

[Special Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION.]

LA PAZ, Baja Cal., 1889.

I think it was somewhere about the year 1871, or '72, that what was known as the California Colonization Company—of which General B. F. Butler was one of the leading spirits, in conjunction with several other prominent men of the East—took formal possession of 175 leagues of this peninsula, immediately adjoining Magdalena Bay. For this princely territory they paid to the Mexican Government $175,000 in solid cash, in consideration of which sum the Government aforesaid solemnly agreed to hold as theirs forever a certain part of the land, whether or not they fulfilled all the conditions of the grant, and also to protect the colonists who might settle thereon.

A good many families came, with their goods and chattels, and for a time all went well with the "California Company." But when the French intervention distracted poor Mexico, the Government had more than it could do to protect its own, and Mr. Butler's colonists were compelled to flee for their lives, a number of them being killed.

For a number of years thereafter nothing was heard from this company, and no further attempts were made at colonization. It seems, however, that the spirit of the scheme is not dead, nor sleepeth—only biding its time. There appears now to be several claimants to a portion of this same territory, whose boundaries were never very clearly marked. The "International Company," of the northern half of the peninsula, included some of it within their jurisdiction, and have recently been warned by Butler et al. not to sell, settle or otherwise tamper with a foot of it, at their peril; a Mexican family assert with vehement positiveness that they own the whole thing, and show deeds and titles to prove it; while the great orchilla exporters, Messrs. Flores, Hale & Co., are in actual possession and mean to keep it. As possession is "nine points in law," and as the latter claimants have abundant means with which to support their pretensions, and the ear of the Government, through the Mexican half of the firm, it is safe to conclude that they will hold the fort for some time to come.

FLORES, HALE & CO.

Own (or claim to) exactly 4,000,000 acres, extending 400 miles along the Pacific coast of this peninsula, from the 28th parallel away down to Cape St. Lucas, with an average breadth of eighteen miles. The quid nuncs say that Mr. Flores is a mythical creature, like Mr. Harris, to whom Sairy Gamp so often alluded, to add weight to her opinions; but he is popularly supposed to spend his time at the Mexican capital, looking after the company's interests with the Government. J. B. Hale is an Irishman, now a millionaire twenty times over—a mild-eyed, thick-set and very gallant gentleman, just turned to the shady side of middle age, and of so retiring a disposition that newspaper items have to be fairly wrung out of him by main force. He has an elegant home and pleasant family in San Francisco, and has been in business on this peninsula for more than a quarter of a century—first in silver mining at San Antonio, and for the last fifteen years busily engaged in gathering orchilla, and his millions, in the vicinity of Magdalena bay.

The famous dye-stuff (pronounced orchee-ya) was first discovered on this peninsula by a sailor from Nantucket, R. I., and is found nowhere else in North America. It is a parasite—a kind of air plant, second cousin to the orchid family—which here attaches itself to shrubs and trees up to a height of twelve feet, in such surprising profusion that the more is gathered the more seems to grow in its place. Doubtless it belongs to that genus of lichens known to commerce as the "archil plant," "white Swedish moss," "dyers weed," "cudbear lichen," etc., which are collected from rocks near the sea in various parts of the world. That found in the Levant, and on the Canary and Cape Verd Islands—whose botanical name is *Rocella tinctoria*, or *fuciformis*—is supposed to be the very best for dyeing purposes, while a somewhat inferior variety (*Lecanora tartarea*) is found in Sweden and the south coast of England, and grows so abundantly along the Mediterranean and the coasts of Africa and Madagascar, as to form a thick turf on rocks near the sea. The Castilian name for it is *oreiglia;* the French, orseille. When first picked it presents a soft, greenish-brown, mossy appearance. It is of a substance almost cartilaginous, branching out like tiny sponges covered with little black warts that are flat and powdery. The branches are commonly less than two inches long, and the size of in ordinary pin; but these of Lower California, has also some foundation on the west coast of South America, near Lima—sometimes grow six or eight inches long and large as a goose-quill.

ORCHILLA

Is said to be the most valuable article known to dyers for adding luster to all fabrics, and the silks cannot be properly dyed without it, though when used by itself, uncombined with other dye, the color is not permanent. It is marketed chiefly in Europe, none of it being used on this continent in the raw state; but after having been sent to England and France and manufactured into dye, considerable quantities of it are reshipped to the silk manufactories of America. It is easy to see how Mr. Hale has made an enormous fortune out of this nasty-looking weed in a few years' time: He keeps more than five hundred men busily picking. They pack the moss into bales, weighing 200 pounds each, and send it by ship-loads to England, where its sells for 10 cents per pound, the average yearly profit amounting to more than $250,000.

The coloring substance is obtained from the moss by putrifaction and fermentation. The lichens are cleaned, ground to powder, placed in tanks, and covered with some ammoniacal liquid. After a time a violet-colored matter is generated, which gradually sinks to the bottom of the vat in the condition of moist paste. The liquid is then drawn off, and the paste mixed with chalk to give it consistence enough to handle. The moss itself is soluble in water or alcohol, to which it imparts a lovely hue of rosy violet. It is much used in dyeing lilac and lavender shades, and though it gives to silken fabric the richest and most delicate shades that can possibly be produced, it fades so quickly on exposure to the sun that the cloth is first colored lilac by some other process, and then passed through the archil or *orchilla* dye. It is seldom used in coloring cotton, but is in great demand, combined with indigo, for woolen goods.

The firm of Flores, Hale & Co., who enjoy the monopoly of every bit of this valuable material that exists on our continent, have already expended $1,500,000 in improvements on their territory, exclusive of the half million dollars or more used in buying up over one hundred land titles. All this

MAGDALENA BAY REGION

Is one of exceptional interest. In speaking of its possible products Mr. Hale assured me that cotton, equaling the best in the world, has been raised on his tract, and may be produced five years in succession from one planting. Sugar-cane, also, has been successfully raised. But I have no wish to arouse anybody's desires or expectations—for not one foot of land can be bought at any price where *orchilla* grows.

Magdalena Bay is one of the safest and most spacious harbors on the globe, being fifteen miles long by twelve wide, its northwestern limits connecting with a series of lagoons that extend more than sixty miles, and its southern end connected by a navigable channel with another bay—the Almejas—which, in its turn, is twelve miles long by eight miles wide. The salt lagoons are all connected with one another, separated from the ocean by a narrow strip of sand, and are used by all small-draught vessels in preference to the open sea. There are a number of entrances to this chain of lakes, and their shores are covered with a thick growth of stunted mangrove trees. There are barren islands scattered along, on some of which are springs, slightly sulphurous. The biggest snails I ever saw abound hereabouts, their dead shells covering the ground like a thick layer of snow. On all the wave-washed rocks are beautiful abalones (the edible mollusk); flocks of gray gulls cover the shell beaches; hawks build their high nests in the mangrove bushes, white pelicans and cormorants fill the air, enormous turtles bask in the sun, and cow-fish and porpoises tumble over each other in awkward play.

All this region was once a famous resort for whalemen, whose vessels have ascended the lagoon fully fifty miles above the bay, and the shores are strewn with bleaching bones, the relics of a former thriving business. Captain Scammon says that in only two seasons more than eight thousand barrels of oil were taken here by four ships, assisted by a small shore party; but the "grounds" soon gave out at that rate, and are no longer valuable.

Approaching Magdalena bay by sea from the north, the coast grows more

BOLD AND PICTURESQUE.

High cliffs and detached masses of rock, alternating with stretches of glistening sand beach, to Mount Ysabel, which guards its northern entrance—a tall sentinel, whose head is 1,500 feet above the water. The early Spaniards reported the existence just above here of extensive beds of asphaltum. The neighboring plains are a favorite resort for prong-horned antelope, great droves of which may be seen coming down to the lagoons. Near by, on the banks of a clear stream some ten miles from the sea, is the old Mission of Purissima, now a village of about thirty houses and 250 people. Only a small portion of land adjacent to the village is under cultivation; but figs, dates, pomegranates, grapes, olives, oranges, wheat, corn, cotton, cane, peas and beans are raised almost without labor, so rich is the soil wherever water is turned on.

The lomboi, a peculiar plant, found nearly the whole length of the peninsula, grows here to perfection. It is a small tree with soft, brittle wood, fine leaves, thick branches and clumsy twigs. On cutting a branch or twig, a thin, milky sap exudes abundantly; and this, on being exposed to the air, turns black as promptly as a solution of nitrate of silver, and is as indelible.

The principal occupation of the people of Purissima appears to be the manufacture (and consumption) of mescal from the maguey plant. This strong and highly alcoholic liquor contains more intoxication to the cubic inch than any other liquid known, but looks the most innocent, being limpid and colorless as water, but with a harsh and burning taste, compared to which new whisky is mild as milk. It is made by cutting out the core of the giant plant immediately before its blossoming time, crushing out the sap, fermenting the latter and afterwards distilling it.

The captain's charts show many places along these shores marked "water," but many a poor seaman has found these alleged guides a grievous disappointment.

IN THE SUMMER SEASON

The only regular supply of fresh water that can be obtained any where near here is forty miles from the bay, near the northern end of one of the lagoons, and a small vessel is employed for the express purpose of bringing it to Magdalena settlement. Those delusive water-marks are merely casks which whalemen have sunk in the sand. That kind of a well is common all along these coasts, and is made by merely knocking the heads out of a cask and sinking it anywhere in the sand, working it down and removing the sand from the inside until a sufficient depth is reached for water to ooze in freely, but not too deep to be conveniently baled out. Strange to say, though close to the briny ocean, fresh water soon fills the casks—by no means good, but drinkable, having a milky-white appearance, and requiring several days to "settle."

On the south Magdalena bay is bounded by broken ridges of mountains that separate it from the ocean. On the north stretches a low, sandy country dotted with scrubby bushes and patches of cacti, far as the eye can reach. Game of various kinds is abundant, and the waters are full of food in the shape of fish, oysters, mussels, edible abalones, etc. A remarkable phenomenon may often be witnessed of the water suddenly becoming blood-red in streaks and patches—from vast numbers of shrimps, each an inch or two long, that appear in "schools." Receding tides leave the shores covered with millions of them, on which the birds feed; and sometimes the air is filled with an intolerable stench arising from their decomposition.

On the west side of a little cove in the bay named "Man-of-war," there are a few houses—one of which is a Custom-house and the others are used by Mr. Hale's men in the storing and shipping of orchilla. From this point a rough trail leads through a barren and nearly level country to La Paz, the old capital, 115 miles distant.

FANNIE B. WARD.

Too Much Marrying.

The truth is—and it is the truth that many are beginning to realize, nor will it be conjured away until all right-minded men and women give it some serious thought—there is too much marrying and giving in marriage in the world. By far the greater number of young girls of the present day are raised with the sole ambition of "making a good match," as if the quintessence of happiness in life was to be found in matrimony. The author is not an "old maid," to use the current expression, and she has no intention of boasting when she says she might try her own experience in married life did she wish to do so, but she can assure her readers that no feeling of "sour grapes" influenced her opinion that more unhappiness results from unsuitable marriages than from any other one evil in existence; that men and women marrying from the wrong motives invariably bring affliction upon themselves and their children, and that therefore the hymeneal flame should not be lighted except under circumstances of peculiar promise. Men and women should both remain unmarried until they have reached an age when intelligence and common sense prevail over impulse; but even then let them look carefully into their own reasons for taking so important a step. Let them lay their day dreams aside and face a cold and conventional reality, and thus, with a heart prepared for the bitter or the sweet, with a mind resolved to make many sacrifices and a temper inclined to look on the brighter side of life, they may prove to be the exceptional couple, and, like the blissful lovers in our old fairy tales, "live long and happily forever."—*Eunice Stewart, in Washington Post.*

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HOW TO BE HAPPY.

SEE THAT YOU ARE HEALTHY, WEALTHY AND WISE.

A Thoroughgoing American Address Delivered by Judge Richard O'Gorman in New York.

[From the New York Commercial Advertiser.]

The following spirited, wholesome and patriotic address was delivered by Judge Richard O'Gorman to the graduating class of St. Francis Xavier College, which took place at the Metropolitan Opera House on Monday evening last, June 24th, and which is here reproduced in full. It should be a model in style and sentiment to orators for occasions of this kind, for such words can not fail to foster those principles which others have joined this journal in commending, the principles which are at the bottom of American manhood, and which in time will bind all the varying elements that compose our national character into an impregnable unity of purpose and accomplishment:

Gentlemen of the Graduating Class: It is difficult to imagine a position more enviable than that which you occupy to-night. You are young, in the happy and hopeful morning of life. You have undergone the last and most severe ordeal of your collegiate career, and you have acquitted yourselves with success and honor.

The diplomas you have received testify to your industry and your acquirements, and give you the right to take rank in the honorable confraternity of scholars. You ought to be—I am sure you are—very proud and happy.

All here are your friends. Those who love you and whom you love, with the fondness and fidelity of home, are here. The reverend and learned professors of your college are here, who have watched over your progress with anxious care and pride. Here, too, is the eminent and honored prelate, the Archbishop of this diocese, whose presence to-night gives additional dignity and grace to this assemblage. All are here to do you honor—to tender you our hearty congratulations, and to assure you that we cherish the hope that your recent successes are but the harbingers of future honors, which you will obtain on the broader field of activity upon which you are soon to enter.

A MEMORABLE NIGHT.

You will not easily forget this night. This scene will be a pleasant vision, familiar to all your lives. Other triumphs are, I trust, before you—other efforts will achieve success—you will be prosperous and honored; yet, in the midst of your fullest pride and exultation, this scene will steal back to you—this triumph of the old times—and with it, perhaps, may come also a feeling, akin to regret, such as a poet thus expresses:

Ne'er tell me of glory, serenely adorning,
The close of our days, the calm evening of life;
Give me back, give me back, the wild freshness of morning,
Its smiles and its tears are worth evening's best light.

But that can never be. Neither poet, nor magician, nor sage can restore the past, can keep sweet hours from dying, or charm them to life again. The past once gone is gone forever. The present alone is ours; to use it as best we may, and in it to build up our fortune for the future.

Gentlemen of the graduating class, your college life is past. All that skillful and careful teaching could do for you has been done, and you have turned it to good account. You have acquired all the various knowledge that goes to make up a practical and a liberal education. The weapons by means of which you can best fight and win the battle of life are ready to your hands. It is for you now to wield them with courage and skill.

Henceforth your fate is in your own control. The portals of the great world will soon open to receive you, the great, busy, bustling, earnest, restless world, where each man is striving to gain for himself wealth or power or honor. There lies your future field of battle. There you must win victory or suffer defeat.

For the present you need rest—you are weary after your long continued efforts—you need the indulgence of idleness for a time. You have won the right to enjoy it for awhile. But don't let it last too long. Don't let idleness grow into a habit, for the habit of idleness is, of all the bad habits that mar the efforts of aspiring youth, the most subtle and the most dangerous. Once in its fatal grasp, energy, ambition and force of will begin to wither and decay, and the wretched victim becomes lost to life and name and fame for evermore.

IDLENESS.

You know with what bitterness of scorn the proverbs of all people denounce idleness.

Idleness is the mother of mischief.
The Devil tempts other men, but idleness tempts the Devil.
The Devil dances in an idle brain.

These are some of the expressions for popular contempt for idleness. Here, in this energetic republic, in this earnest, rapid, unresting life of ours, there is no room for an idle man, no respect, and but little toleration. He is like driftwood, moved to and fro by wind and tide, while the ships of commerce pass him by without notice. His life is unfruitful and superflous. Here, more than any other place on earth, labor is lord and master—commands armies and sends them over all the land, to win the battle of civilization.

I think it was the monks of "Subiaco" who used to say that "to labor was to pray," and, indeed, as far as steady occupation tends to keep men out of mischief, labor may be regarded in the light of a religious observance. I don't believe that a wholly idle man ever was a happy man. If you want to be happy, go to work—and the sooner you do so the better. And you do want to be happy, do you not? You want to have "a good time." No wish can be more natural.

Men have been eagerly seeking happiness ever since the occurrence of the untoward event in the Garden of Eden, which we have had such bitter cause to deplore. On this subject of happiness a great deal may be said, and I had thought of saying something about it to-night, more or less original, when, luckily, I chanced to see a correspondence in one of the daily newspapers which threw an unexpected light on the question. A person taking the name of "Juvenus" wrote to the editor requesting to be informed of the best way to be happy.

THE MODERN ORACLE SPEAKS.

The daily newspaper, as we all know, is the only true representative and legitimate successor of the "Delphic Oracle" of old, and inherits all its wisdom and astuteness. But I was in doubt whether the oracle, as now administered, would be ready on short notice to deal with a question so large and so complex. I was mistaken. In the next issue of the paper appeared this answer:

Early to bed and early to rise
Make a man healthy, wealthy and wise.

At first I disapproved of the answer, and thought it flippant and evasive. But I soon changed my mind. I found, as I believe, the secret meaning and interpretation to be this: The best three blessings of life which most conduce to human happiness are "health, wealth and wisdom," and they are to be won and secured by steady and sober habits. If the oracle did not mean that, so much the worse for the oracle. It ought to have meant it. Even in their palmiest days oracles used to be ambiguous and to leave a great deal to construction and imagination.

Of the first of these sources of happiness, you, gentlemen, are already possessed. The abounding energy and elasticity of healthy youth is yours. Cherish that precious possession. Health once lost, the gladness of life is lost, and the strain and jar of labor become hard to bear. It has been said that every sick man is a rascal. That saying seems hard on invalids. But it muse be confessed that sickness does not tend to soften the temper, or render the sufferer a more agreeable companion. A sound mind should have a sound body for sts home. When the outwork is captured by the enemy, the citadel itself is in danger.

ACQUISITION OF WEALTH.

Next among the sources of happiness comes wealth. I am sure that there is no need of my impressing on you the satisfaction derived from the possession of a competent supply of money. A comfortable balance in a man's favor, in a safe bank, tends to sweeten the bitter cup of life very much. Some money is necessary to meet the ordinary wear and tear of existence, and a little more can do no harm, always provided that it be honorably come by and wisely spent. Hear on this subject what is said by Robert Burns:

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by ev'ry wile
That's justified by honor:

Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Not for a train-attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

That is well said; every man of spirit, every man who respects himself, desires to be independent, to be able to call his soul his own, to be master of his own thoughts, to be able to say and do what seems good in his own eyes, within the limits which the law and sound morals prescribe. In so far as money can procure this independence, money should be sought for by all honorable means. To attain a great fortune is the work of a life, requiring great industry, labor, sagacity and skill. If that be your purpose, remember what says the oracle—you will have to get up early in the morning to attain it.

And, indeed, when I think of the unbounded benevolence of all men in this city, rich and poor, of the alacrity with which they come to the relief of their fellowmen when stricken by sudden disaster, when I think of the noble uses to which wealth may be put, I do not wonder that good men are eager to control a power which can be so beneficially applied.

But the acquirement of wealth is not the only aim and purpose of life. What a man is may be of as much importance to him as what he has. There are realms of thought, the clear atmosphere of which the cultivated mind will long to inhale. There is a society of men great and graceful and good, with whom your studies have made you acquainted. The orators, authors, warriors, sages—some of whom have lived and died above a thousand years ago. You are familiar with the language and literature of many nations and of many times. The voices of the past are audible to you and eloquent. In such studies the horizon of thought is greatly expanded and enlightened.

THE HUMANITIES.

There is, I fear, a tendency nowadays to decry the study of the ancient classics, which are sometimes called "the humanities," as not practical studies, and not suited to this busy, bustling age of ours. People say that a knowledge of Greek and Latin does not help a man to get on in life. It may be so. It may be that even you here are of that mind. I have known young gentlemen before now who have had a serious quarrel with Homer and Virgil and Horace, chiefly on the ground that they had not made their thought known in the English language. If you bear malice against the Greek and Roman worthies on that account I cannot hope now to alter your opinion.

But don't throw your school and college books away. Keep them within easy reach. The time may come when you will take them up again, and read them, and discover that in wit and wisdom and dignity, grade and pathos and power of thought, they are not surpassed, perhaps not even equaled, by any authors of more recent times.

I admit that the ascent to Parnassus requires a good deal of hard climbing. But the view from the top, when you get there, is very grand. It is something to know what were the thoughts and hopes, and fears and aspirations of great men, in great eras of the world, and to hear them speak in their own language.

Instead of decrying these studies now, the time, as I think, has come for cultivating them with greater ardor. The conditions of life and thought and public opinion in America are changing fast. "The old order changeth, giving place to the new." The serious problems to be considered henceforth will demand all the knowledge of statesmanship that can be gathered from any source, as well as all the wisdom that is native and to the manor born.

THE VALUE OF LITERATURE.

And it is not just to say that there is in literature no practical value. The literature of a nation, to a great extent, directs its purpose, spurs it to activity, and chronicles its progress. The silent nations of the past have lived, died and are forgotten. It is a nation's literature alone that keeps the memory of a nation's career forever green in men's souls. So will it ever be.

Thus literature is very practical. It is thought, not mere force, that rules the world. "A pebble cast into the sea is felt from shore to shore, and a thought from the heart set free will echo on for evermore." Remember that one of the wisest and noblest statemen in Europe is also one of its ripest scholars. There is no more earnest, no more fruitful student of the "classics" than William Ewart Gladstone.

Gentlemen, what shall I say to you about wisdom, the third and last clause of happiness? I dare not say anything. For teaching men wisdom there are neither schools nor colleges, nor are there scholars.

Men learn it from their own experience, sometimes of good fortune, but more frequently from reverses and disaster.

Though loses and crosses,
Be lessons right severe;
There wit there, you'll find there,
You'll get no other where.

But you, gentlemen, have safer and truer guides—you have been educated in the creed and morals and ethics of Christianity. You will find in them the true source of wisdom. Is it not written, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom?" Now, you are about to enter on the active career of manhood. You enter it under auspices the most favorable.

THE LAND OF FREEDOM.

This land you live in is quick to recognize merit and to reward it. No impediments or hereditary rank or station block your way. Here these solemn plausibilities of the old times have lost their reverence and effect. You may rely on fair play. You will succeed, if you deserve to succeed.

The present condition, the probable future of the world are, in many respects, full of hope. The beneficent career of science has but begun. Year by year, day by day, new triumphs will be won, the comforts, luxuries and happiness of life will be greatly increased.

The world will be beautified exceedingly, and your eyes will look upon its splendor. Nowhere will this improvement be more remarkable than here. The morals of the world, too, show signs of improvements.

The unreasonable animosities that have kept races of men apart and hostile are by degrees melting away. In that happy result the "United States" has played the most effective part. The nation has, with splendid hospitality, invited all men, of all nations and of all races and religions, to share its prosperity, and in the light of its freedom they are fast assimilating and learning to abandon inhuman fetich of mutual hatred, and to accept in its stead the religion of friendship for one another.

But wholesome changes in the currents of men's habits of thought do not occur suddenly. They are always of slow growth.

AMERICAN CITIZENS.

The blessed sun itself does not pour out its radiance in one flash of splendor, but advances by slow degrees, touching the mountain tops and the plains and valleys until gradually all the earth is alive with its glory. So gradual is beneficent reform among men. You are citizens of the "United States." Gentlemen, you enjoy the rights, the privileges of the great republic. You are protected by its constitution and the laws. In return for these invaluable advantages you owe it earnest and undivided allegiance. You must take care that, so far as you can prevent, the republic suffers no defeat, no detriment, no dishonor. If assailed by war it has the right to demand your active personal assistance in its defense. Such assistance, I hope, never need be called for. If called for you will be swift to obey the summons.

But war is not the only danger to which nations may be exposed. Peace has its own perils, no less important, and which call for the wisdom and patriotism of all the people. It seems to me that there is, even among the cultivated and educated classes, now a sort of apathy and indifference to public affairs, into which I hope you will never fall. Do your duty to the Republic, and all your duty, intelligently and earnestly, not from any selfish motive, not for the honors or importance it may bestow on you, but from the love you bear your native land. It deserves your love. It stands pre-eminent and alone in all the world as an example and champion of free institutions, of free hearths, free homes, free altars, free speech, free men.

Be proud of your country. Let your loyalty to it be a part of your religion. Regard the title of "American citizen" as a patent of nobility, and bear it as proudly as did the lords of the earth, long ago, bear their name of "Roman citizen" as their title to command the respect and homage of mankind. Do your duty always—wherever and whatever it be—and leave the rest to the guidance of the supreme and sovereign will, whose mandate the richest and the poorest, the highest and the lowest of all the children of men are bound with equal resignation to obey.

All of the branches of science, such as geology, zoology, entomology, etc., adhere with great tenacity to the use of the Latin technical terms to designate objects and animals. Is it necessary? Is it hospitable? How much preferable is the familiar word "domestic duck," to *Anus busches domesticus.*" And how much easier it is to say "crow" than "*corvus Americansis.*"

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CONTAINING 290 ACRES—25 ACRES IN bearing grape vines, choice varieties; 140 acres in orchard, from the earliest to the latest varieties, thereby having fruit for market all summer; one alfalfa field separately fenced; 100 acres in grain.

This land is all well-fenced in several divisions.

A fine dwelling of nine rooms, with modern improvements; two steam pumps; one windmill; water tanks; warehouse on the railroad, paying not less than $500 per year rental; also, a large new barn. Situated on the north line of the Sacramento and Placerville Railroad, and running to the river. About ten miles from this city. THIS FARM MUST BE SOLD; the price has been reduced to make it a bargain.

$45,000, including Growing Crop and all the Farming Utensils of every kind.

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CHOICEST FRUIT LANDS.
Ten-Acre Tracts, Planted or Unplanted, as Desired.
Orchards Cared for for Absentee Owners.

THE ORANGEVALE COLONIZATION COMpany, composed of prominent business men of Sacramento, and indorsed by the Board of Trustees, Board of Supervisors and Board of Trade, own 3,200 acres of deep, rich fruit and vine lands, all cleared, on the American river, opposite Natoma vineyard. It has been divided into 10-acre tracts, each one fronting on a 60-foot avenue. Water under pressure for irrigation will be piped by the company to each tract free of expense, the water actually used only being paid for by purchasers. Last season 150 acres were planted in trees and vines, and have already been sold, in addition to a large number of unplanted tracts. This year 400 acres are being planted. PLANTED TRACTS, $1,500 each. UNPLANTED TRACTS, $1,250 each.

Tracts planted to Orange Trees are of course much higher, varying with varieties chosen.

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The town site of Orangevale is but 1¼ miles from the Folsom railroad depot. Town lots 50x150, $300—$20 down and $10 per month. Lots are sold in series of twenty, and two cottages awarded to the purchasers in each series.

Send for maps and information.

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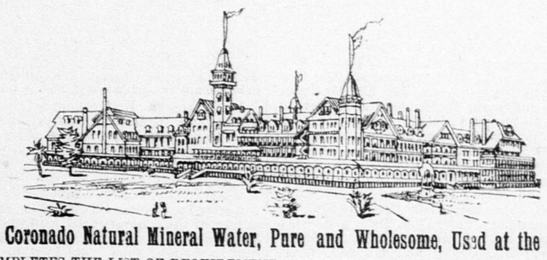

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DWELLING AND CORNER LOT, on H street, $5,500.
HOME AND CORNER LOT, P street, $4,000.
DWELLING on H street, $3,300.
FINE DWELLING and Corner Lot, $6,500.
LOT on H street, 40x160, $900.
LOT on Twenty-sixth street, 80x160, $800.
LOT on F street, 80x160, $700.
LOT on O street, 80x160, $1,750.
LOTS IN OAK GROVE TRACT, 51x183, $150; payable in installments; only three blocks from the Central Street Railroad.

School Lands in different counties.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

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MONEY TO LOAN.

CITY REAL ESTATE.

$2,200—Lot 80x135, northwest corner J and Twenty-third streets. Has a dwelling facing on Twenty-third street, and room for three more. The Central Street Railway will soon be extended past this property, making it very desirable for renting.
$3,000—Two-story dwelling, No. 1521 Nineteenth street, between O and P. Lot, 40x80. A very pretty yard.
$2,000—Lot 80x80, northeast corner Nineteenth and P, adjoining the above, with stable. These two pieces can be bought together for $4,600.
$36,000—Business property on J street Size, 86x110, on a corner. Part payment can be made in land, river bottom preferred.

LOTS.

$1,000—80x160, northeast corner Nineteenth and D streets.
$900—80x160, north side D street, between Nineteenth and Twentieth.
$3,750—160x160, northwest corner J and Twenty-fifth streets.
$1,200—80x160, north side O street, between Twenty-ninth and Thirtieth.
$2,000—80x160, southwest corner Twenty-five and I streets.

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$2,300—A BARGAIN; $800 CASH, BALANCE on time. A five-acre lot on Louisiana Tract; has a dwelling containing four rooms, stable, chicken house, fruit trees, grape vines, blackberries, etc. Only ten minutes walk from terminus of Central Street Railway in South Sacramento.
Exchange for Sacramento city property.
$1,800—FORTY ACRES NO. 1 LAND, ONE and a half miles from Loomis; al fenced and partly cleared. No. 326.
$3,000—160 ACRES NO. 1 FRUIT LAND, ONE mile from New England Mills. Would make a most desirable health resort. No. 346½.
$2,000—FORTY ACRES FINEST FRUIT Land, two miles from Loomis or Penryn; all fenced; fifteen acres cleared. No. 441.
1,100 ACRES NO. 1 FRUIT, GRAIN, OR Grazing Land, located only four miles from Railroad Station in El Dorado County; well watered and some fine timber. Connected with land there is 320 acres School Land near Silver Lakes, in same county, price per acre, $12 50; good house of six rooms, two large barns. This place is for sale, or exchange for good, rentable property—San Francisco, Oakland, or Sacramento. No. 435.
$3,200—EIGHTY ACRES A NO. 1 LAND, either for fruit or vegetables; all fenced; small house, barn, and other out buildings. Main Auburn road runs through corner. No. 413.
40 ACRES, HALF MILE FROM RAILROAD Station at Loomis, has been subdivided in ten-acre tracts at $75 per acre. All fronts on main road. No. 405.
545 ACRES NO. 1 LAND, TWO AND A HALF miles from Folsom, in Placer County. Lays fine for subdividing. Main water ditch runs through land. No. 422.
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