HANNAH BROWN.

Ethel Wentworth, reclining in a hammock swung between two great chestnut trees, on the grounds of "Hope Seminary," listened silently to the talk of three of her companions of the graduating class.

It was the hour after tea, which these young ladies had quite to themselves. Scattered about the place in little knots or groups, they were enjoying it. One girl only sat alone. A little brown figure scarcely visible in the twilight, bending over something that she held in her lap, in a rather melancholy fashion.

It was a lovely evening. All nature seemed in tune. In the sweet, pale sky a silver crescent moon and one soft star were barely visible. The perfume of roses filled the air, and drifts of music from the neighboring church, where the organist was practicing for some grand occasion, came to them at intervals.

And these four girls upon the bench—how charming they were, how clear their eyes, how smooth their softly tinted cheeks, how beautiful and plenteous their hair, how fresh their simple, yet stylish costume! They were quite angels in appearance, but, sad to say, the gossip in which they were indulging was neither sweet nor elevating.

"What is her name?" asked Adelaide Lee.

"Miss Brown," replied Sara Officer, the eldest of the party.

"She looks it," said Lilly Bell. "I should take her for a housemaid."

"Oh, girls," cried Sara Officer, "I've found out what her dress is made of."

"I thought it was coffee-bagging," said Lilly Bell, with her irrepressible titter.

"I said dish-towels dyed," sneered Adelaide Lee.

"It's that cheap tufted worsted stuff turned wrong side out," said Sara Officer.

"Oh!" groaned the three together in holy horror.

"And those big morocco boots, with cord lacings," giggled Lilly. "You've noticed them?"

"Yes," said Sara. "And the coarsest white cotton stockings, and such common black lace mitts. She has a best frock though."

"Oh, what is it?" laughed Bella.

"Something made of two old black silks that don't match," replied Sara, "with such funny ruffles at the neck and wrist. What a time she made hanging it up and pinning an old piece of silesia about it lest it should catch the dust, she said."

They all laughed at this. Little, silvery, well-trained laughs they were; and Adelaide, fanning herself gracefully, went on: "Well, I hope she enjoyed walking by herself to-day. The girls of the class have all shown proper spirit. I think that we have prayed that we can turn the cold shoulder to that sort of person."

"How did she manage to be taken in?" asked Sara.

"Oh, I believe her father wrote to Mrs. Hope or the professor about his daughter, and sent her on," said Adelaide. "I am sure they never saw her before she arrived, with that little paper-covered trunk and a carpet-bag."

"Not really a carpet-bag?" cried Lilly.

"Yes, indeed," said Adelaide. "Well, I fancy she'll not stay long."

"She shall not!" said Sara. "But, Lilly, how did you manage to ravel out that worsted work of ners, and what on earth is it?"

"It looks like a rag-bag," said Lilly. "As for raveling it out, of course, I caught my foot in the worsted by accident at first, and then I could not resist the temptation of walking on as if I knew nothing about it. Oh, did you hear her? 'Oh, my poor work! Oh, pray stop!' I'm afraid the rag-bag will never be finished. She is weeping over its sad remains now. Oh, Brown, won't stay long, I assure you."

All this while Ethel Wentworth had not uttered a word, but her thoughts had been very busy. She was a girl of great refinement and good feeling. As the daughter of a clergyman of high position, whose private fortune made it possible for him to use most of his large salary in deeds of benevolence, she held a social position second to none in the school.

Her tastes were fastidious and cultivated. The stocky little figure in the queer brown gown did not attract her, but she had noticed the contemptuous glances, the unrestrained sneers, the obsolute rudeness with which Miss Brown had been treated, with indignation. The girl had done nothing to merit all this; the slights, the guying, had all been turned upon her poor though tidy clothes. Ethel Wentworth was spoken of as "the sweetest girl in the class," but she was aroused at last.

"This is cruel and unladylike," she said, speaking suddenly, and rising as she spoke; "unbecoming to the last degree. I for one protest against it. Until Miss Brown does something worse than to wear turned gowns and cheap shoes she merits our kindness and courtesy." She paused and stood a little flushed and trembling slightly in the agitation of having spoken her mind in such curt fashion, but determined to go on as she had begun.

"I am ashamed that I have not yet offered the stranger a welcome," she said. "And I shall do it now; she looks very unhappy." She walked away. Lilly Bell uttered a contemptuous little laugh. Adelaide looked offended and Sara Officer annoyed. She had fancied that a girl of Ethel's social position would think better of her for her contempt of what she styled "vulgarity."

"Well, we've had a sermon," she said, after a pause.

"Yes," said Adelaide; "but remember we must keep up our proper pride. If Ethel Wentworth takes that tone she must go to Coventry with Hannah Brown."

"It's too absurd," said Lilly Bell. "But the angels always show their real temper at last. 'Unlady-like, unbecoming to the last degree.' Dear me."

Meanwhile Ethel had reached the spot where Miss Brown sat by herself, and had taken a seat beside her.

"I've not had a chance to chat with you yet, Miss Brown," she said. "Ethel Wentworth is my name."

"I noticed it at roll-call; it is a pretty name," replied Hannah Brown. "They named me after grandmother, Hannah. Father says she was the best woman who ever lived. But still Hannah is old-fashioned. Miss Wentworth, will you tell me if I have done anything to offend those young women—seemed rude or offensive in any way?"

"Oh, no, I am sure you have not," said Ethel.

"Ah," said Hannah, "then they only use me so because I am countrified and shabby. Really I did not know quite how much so until I saw them all together. We are very far from the world at home, and there I am Dr. Brown's daughter whatever I wear. You're sure I've not hurt their feelings in any way? Very well then. I shall not feel badly about it. They ought to be ashamed, not I."

She caught up her worsted and began to wind it rapidly. Ethel saw that it was a dull mixed gray, not attractive to the eyes.

"You've had an accident with your work," she said.

"Yes," said Hannah. "It is not much. Just a slipper-bag for dear father for his birthday. I can not get it done in time now. I had a piece of red to line it with, and when it was finished it would have at least been useful. I believe that the girl knew that she was ripping it out. Oh, I do, Miss Wentworth."

"I think the bag will be very pretty lined with red," said Ethel. "And you can easily do half of it this evening. I'll do the other. I know the stitch perfectly."

"How sweet you are!" said Hannah, looking at her with her big, honest eyes. "I am sure I am much obliged to you. It's not the value of the gift father will think of, you see, but that I remember his birthday."

Ethel took an end of the worsted in her fingers and began to wind it.

"I'll make a ball myself," she said. "Do you live far away?"

"Up in Maine," said Hannah. "It is a little village where no one is rich. I'm the eldest daughter. I want to teach. The place is so healthy that I could have a nice boarding-school. Only, though I'm well grounded—father taught me himself—I need just what this class offers me. It was hard for father to give me my year's schooling and the traveling expenses. I couldn't be fine. Mother cried over my trunk. She said I ought to have much nicer things. They love me so dearly at home. It was dreadfully hard to come away; but I want to begin to make money before father gets old, and a country doctor in such a place has a hard life of it, driving about the country in all weathers. And I shall be so glad to help him. O, Miss Wentworth, I mean to think of that, no matter how those girls use me, and you've helped me so, being so nice."

Ethel Wentworth put out her little white hand; the larger, well-shaped, useful hand of Hannah Brown, closed firmly upon it. From that day the girls were friends.

The slipper-bag was finished during the evening reading, and, with its red ribbons, was not uncomely, after all. But Ethel had her little pang to bear. Adelaide, Sara and Lilly were cordial no longer. The whole class had chosen to show offense, and Ethel had been used to being a favorite, to being greeted with smiles whenever she appeared. In the silence of the night a few tears wet her pillow, but she stood firm.

She had one compensation. Hannah Brown proved to be an interesting companion. She had a fund of simple anecdotes at her command. Her sketches of life among the lumbermen hard by her native village were very touching at times. Soon Ethel seemed to know the sturdy, broad-shouldered doctor, with his black hair just dashed with silver; the mild little mother who sang "Love Not," and "Oh, Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms," to her children in the twilight, and all the big jolly girls and boys.

"Father shoes them once a month," Hannah said, "and they are out at toes in three weeks' time. It is so stony under foot at Woodville."

Ethel felt as if she had walked to church with Hannah and the children, while mother and father and baby rode in the gig.

The way was long, the road up-hill and down. Where there was a delightful cold spring among the rocks she had stopped to take a drink, and the little green toad who had lived there had come out and "talked" to her.

"We can not persuade little Phil that the toad is not a fairy," said Hannah. Oh, the girl was very fascinating.

But the turned frock grew prettier, and the morocco shoes were rubbed at the toes, and the fact that shabby Hannah Brown, by sheer hard work, distanced every member of the class did not mollify those others. They were not fiends; had Hannah wept and been unhappy they might have ceased to detest her, but her cool indifference enraged them.

The teachers comprehended that a silent conflict was going on in the graduating class, and understood Ethel's position in the matter. The servants decided among themselves that the stylish young ladies were set against Miss Brown, and some felt this just, in view of her wardrobe, and some called her "poor thing," and said "it was a shame."

And so the weeks and months went by. Christmas vacation passed.

Hannah Brown could not afford the journey home, but a box came for her, and she spent the evenings making two new gowns, with Ethel's assistance, and looked much better in them, it is certain; but still the feud continued, and spring came without its having ended.

On a chosen day in May it was customary for the school to make a holiday. They went to the residence of Mrs. Hope, whose grounds bordered on the sound. There they enjoyed themselves in various ways and were entertained in splendid fashion. In the evening there was music, and with the dancing teacher as master of ceremonies, they inaugurated a little ball, the girls waltzing together, a bow of blue ribbon indicating those who assumed the role of "gentlemen" in the lancers or quadrilles, and afterward rode home in great wagons, in which the smaller girls fell asleep.

Hitherto, Adelaide Lee, Lilly Bell, Sara Officer and Ethel Wentworth had always been together on these occasions. This year the three first turned their heads away as they met Ethel and Hannah arm in arm. For the first time Hannah spoke of it as she sat with her friend on the rocks beside the water.

"Never think I don't know what you've done for my sake, dear," she said, "or that I shall ever forget it."

"I love you," replied Ethel, and they kissed each other. As they did so some one cried aloud. "Why, here's a boat." On the sand below the rock three figures had suddenly appeared. Sara and Lilly and Adelaide were pushing an old boat into the water. "If we had oars we might row a little," Sara said.

"I saw some oars behind that bath-house," Lilly cried. She ran away and returned with one short and one long one.

"They lock the boats when we come," said Adelaide, "and really the children might drown themselves; but we are capable of taking care of ourselves, I hope."

The boat was afloat now. Lilly had jumped into it; Sara followed; Adelaide, careful of her skirts, was stepping in daintily.

"That boat is not fit to go out in, young ladies," called Hannah Brown from her perch on the rock. "The wood is more rotten than you guess." The girls heard, but contemptuously ignored her.

"Oh, pray don't go!" cried Hannah. As she spoke they pushed off from shore. The water was quiet, the little waves sparkled in the sunshine, the girls uttered merry cries as they tossed about.

"It is dangerous," said Hannah. "That boat is no better than so much brown paper." She stood up and watched the girls seriously as they rowed about far out on the water. Ethel could merely make out the blue ribbon on Sara's sailor hat, and the pale shrimp-pink of Adelaide's little wrap; but Hannah's eyes were trained to longer distance.

"They have broken one of those old oars," she cried at last. "I think they are in difficulties."

"We must run to the house for help," said Ethel.

"Yes," said Hannah. "Oh, Ethel, Ethel! See!"

"I can't see anything but the water," said Ethel. "The sun blinds me."

"The boat is sinking," said Hannah. "Before we could get to the house all would be over. Can they swim?"

"None of them," sobbed Ethel. "Nor can I."

"I can," said Hannah Brown.

At this instant a shriek swept landward—a despairing cry for help. Ethel, screaming also, began to run toward the house, but turning, saw Hannah standing in the sand. She had taken off her boots and removed her basque and outer skirt.

"Oh Hannah! what are you going to do?" cried Ethel.

"Try to save them," said Hannah. "Go on, dear, get help as quick as you can. My strength may not hold out, though I'll do my best." And she plunged into the water.

Ethel, faint with terror, flew toward the house, calling for help as she ran, but agitation weakened her voice. The screams of the romping children overpowered it. Half-way up the hill she stumbled and fell, spraining her ankle slightly; but still she kept her way, until meeting a farm hand bearing pails of milk to the feast, she managed to make him comprehend the situation.

"It's the keys of the boat-house we want," he said. "I'll get them out in a jiffy. They can hold on a bit no doubt." And setting down his pails he was out of sight in a moment, while Ethel panted her way back to the shore. Arriving there, she at first saw nothing. Then indistinct glimpses of something approaching the shore gave her hope, and she became aware that Hannah was bringing one of the girls in.

It was Adelaide Lee. Ethel waded as far into the water as she dared, and caught the girl's arm and helped Hannah drag her over the sand to a place of safety.

Hannah stood twisting her long, wet hair, and fastening it with a pin that Ethel offered without a word. "The other girls are safe yet," Hannah managed to say. "I'm off again!"

"Oh, Hannah, wait! They are coming with the key to the boat-house," said Ethel.

"No time to spare," said Hannah. She was gone.

Adelaide began to make use of her recovered breath. She wailed, she screamed, she bemoaned herself. Ethel now and then said a soothing word to her, but her heart was with Hannah.

Up at the house the news had been told, but the people were bewildered by the excitement, and the keys were in the pocket of a deaf old gentleman who had hidden himself in a quiet arbor with a newspaper.

At last, indeed, the man who had come to search for them was on his way to the boat-house, but not before Hannah had once more reached shore. Lilly Bell had done much to help herself, and it was an easy task to save her.

She did not scream, and she caught Hannah's hand and kissed it before she sank upon the sand.

"Oh, you brave creature! You good angel!" she gasped.

"Oh, how helpless I am!" sobbed Ethel. "I can do nothing."

Hannah, pale and spent, smiled kindly upon her.

"I shan't try to bring Sara Officer in," she said. "She is out of her mind with terror; but I think I can keep her from sinking until the boat reaches us, if they are not too long. Ethel, dear, if I never come back, write to father. I know he would say I am doing right."

"Oh, Hannah! Hannah!" was all that Ethel could cry as she stared upon the waters, into which the brave girl had again cast herself.

"She has saved our lives!" said Lilly Bell. "She, of all people, after our cruelty to her! Oh, Ethel, what an angel she is!"

"I always knew it," Ethel said, "I always knew it."

Hannah had reached the spot where Sara clung to a portion of the old boat. She lifted her hand and waved it toward them. They could still hear Sara's shrieks at intervals.

But now the men were at the boat-house. It was unlocked. The boat was in the water. They were rowing with might and main toward the two girls. Ethel could gaze no longer. She knelt upon the sand and prayed. The whole party had now come down upon the beach; the teachers trembling with anxiety, the larger girls in tears, the children half curious, half terrified.

The rowers were between the gazers and the spot where the two girls clung to the remnant of the old boat. They were no longer visible. Still Ethel prayed.

"They are in!" cried someone at Ethel's side. She lifted her head and saw that the boat was upon the sand. The rowers had shipped their oars. She staggered to her feet, and hurrying forward, bent over the side. At first her tear-blinded eyes could only make out that a woman lay in the bottom of the boat. An instant more she saw that it was Sara Officer.

"Hannah? Where is Hannah?" she gasped. No one answered her.

Afterward she learned that Hannah had called to them as they rowed up: "Take her first. She can't swim." Hannah was holding Sara as she spoke, but as the men obeyed, her strength seemed to desert her. He hand slipped from the edge of the old boat and she was gone.

That was a curious little badge that the members of the graduating class of 18— wore, each over her heart—some raveled shreds of coarse woven stuff braided into a tiny coil; nothing more nor less than a fragment of the shabby gown for the wearing of which her fellows had sent Hannah Brown to Coventry. Now set in gold and wet with tender tears it had become the relic of a saint.—*The Home Maker.*

HEREAFTER.

Shall we not weary in the windless days hereafter?
Still to the land we love our longings cling,
The dear, vain world of turmoil and unrest.

Some time, asks one, in heavenly ways
When we shall walk immortal,
When, all-bewildered in the maze,
We pass the shining portal,
And go through stately streets and see—
When that our sight is fitter—
The waving of the palms, ah me!
The gold and jasper glitter;
When all the ways we walk among
Seem strange and wondrous, wholly,
When that our ears hear only sung,
The "Holy, holy, holy!"
Shall we not strain our eyes to see—
With homesick tears to blind us—
Will not our tears a-weary be
For the old life left behind us?
Some time, when we at God's white throne,
As His angels veil our faces,
Will there be on our lips no moan
For earth's familiar places?
Shall we not hunger for the sight
Of faces we shall miss there?
And long for earth, to say "good night,"
And the human lips to kiss there?
We wonder—but what speech can tell?
Will homesick hearts be clinging—
When over fields of asphodel
Breaks forth the choral singing—
To the olden songs we used to list—
The songs that, thro' the rifting,
Of earthsome cares, up there we've missed,
To homesick souls come drifting?
How will it be in the other lands?
With parted lips in sighing,
We ask, while in our clasping hands
The flowers we plucked are dying—
How will it be? With bleeding feet
And eyelids hot with weeping,
We wonder, midst the noontide heat,
If heaven means rest and sleeping.
O earth! With thy delirious strife,
Thy feverish thirst—thy sorrow,
Thy fitful dream that men call life,
That ends with some to-morrow—
What will it be? We say good night,
And kiss the lips that brought us bliss,
And turn us faceward to the light
That falls from other lands than this,
And lay us down with sleep-lade eyes
With, in our ears, the singing
Of thine half-broken lullabies
That sunset tints are bringing—
Within our clinging hands the flowers
We plucked, and kissed, and cherished,
And held through all the weary hours
When strength and courage perished,
And fall asleep, as children do—
Whose cheeks bear tears undrying—
Within whose hearts old griefs are new,
Whose quivering mouths are sighing;
Yes, fall asleep, and so forget
The things our hearts are breaking,
And where the sun doth never set
Somewhere will come the waking.

—*Mme. Higgins-Glencrn in Boston Globe.*

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STANDARD NO. 4,541.—WILKESDALE is a dark bay, 16 hands high, bred at Highlawn Farm, Mass. He very closely resembles his sire, Alcantara, 2:23, who has the honor of having added more trotters to the 2:30 list (21) last year than any other sire in the world.

Pedigree—Wilkesdale's sire is Alcantara, 2:23 (sire of 33 in the 2:30 list at 14 years, more than any sire of his age), by George Wilkes, 2:22 (sire of Guy Wilkes, 2:15¼, and 71 others in the 2:30 list). Alcantara's dam is Alma Mater (dam of 5 in 2:30 list), by Mambrino Patchen (sire of the dams of Guy Wilkes, 2:15¼, Baron Wilkes, 2:18, and 39 others in 2:30 list). Wilkesdale's dam is Thorndale Maid, 2:30 (dam of Miss Alice, 2:19¾, and Thornton, 2:26¼), by Thorndale, 2:22¾, he by Alexander's Abdallah, out of Old Dolly (dam of Director, 2:17, Onward, 2:25¼, Czarina, 2:21, and Thorndale, 2:22¼), second dam, Bridesmaid, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian.

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DON MARVIN.

Five-year-old record, 2:28. Standard by breeding and performance. This fast young stallion was bred by Hon. Leland Stanford, Palo Alto, Cal. He was sired by Fallis, 2:23 (the sire of Wanda, 2:19½, Don Marvin, 2:28, Fairose, 3-year-old trial, 2:29½, and Willmington, 2:33), by the great Electioneer (the sire of Sunol, 3 years, 2:10½, and 62 others in the 2:30 list). Don Marvin's dam is Cora, by Don Victor, son of Belmont, second dam Clarabel (dam of Cliften Bell, 2:24½, and grand dam of Rexford, 3 years, 2:24, and Electrician, 2:24½), by Abdallah Star; third dam, Fairy, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian; fourth dam, Emma Mills, by Seely's American Star. Don Marvin is a handsome seal brown, 16 hands high, and weighs over 1,200 pounds. He is a horse of great natural speed. His present record was made with scarcely any preparation, after making a large season in the stud, and is no measure of his speed. The price of his service fee is $40, which is lower than any stallion in the State with same record and breeding.

KAFFIR.

Standard No. 15,045.—Kaffir is a rich bay, foaled 1887; bred by L. J. Rose, Esq., Los Angeles, Cal.; 15¾ hands high; sired by Alcazar, 2:20½, he by Sultan, 2:24 (sire of Stamboul, 2:11), out of Minnehaha (dam of 5 horses in the 2:30 list). Kaffir's dam is Flower Girl, by Authurton (sire of Arab, 2:15, and the dams of Hazel Wilkes, 2:20, Freedom, 2:29¾—fastest yearling in the world—and 5 others in 2:30 list); second dam, Flora, 2:33, by General McClellan (sire of 3 in 2:30 list); third dam, Flora Langford, by Langford (sire of the dams of Lillian Wilkes, 3 years, 2:17¾, and 3 others in 2:30 list). Mr. Rose says Kaffir was one of the fastest yearling trotters he ever bred, trotting quarters in 37½ seconds in his yearling form. He will be allowed to serve a limited number of mares at $40 the season, after which he will be prepared for the fall campaign.

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ROSS S.

STANDARD RECORD, 2:25. (IN NUMBERS will be given in Wallace's Trotting Register No. 10.)

ROSS S., 2:25, by Nutwood, 2:18¾, first dam by State of Maine, 2:40, by Simpson's Messenger by Winthrop Messenger, son of Imp. Messenger, second dam by McCracken's Black Hawk.

ROSS S. has the fastest record of any Nutwood stallion on the coast, excepting Dawn, 2:18¾, and as a sire will prove to be the equal of any son of Nutwood. His first colts, now 3-year-olds, are very promising, and three of them will drop in the 2:30 list this year if nothing happens them, as two can now show a 2:30 gait, and the third can trot a mile in 2:50. ROSS S. and his colts can be seen at stables of the undersigned, where all can see that he is a sire of size, color, style and speed.

DESCRIPTION—ROSS S. is a rosewood bay, 16 hands high, weighs 1,150 pounds, very stylish, good mane and tail, legs and feet, plenty of bone and muscle and a splendid long neck.

TERMS—ROSS S. will stand at $75 for the season.

PAY CAR

Is my name, my sire is Ross S., record 2:25, by Nutwood, record 2:18¾, my dam is Etelka, by Sultan, record 2:24, sire of Stamboul, record 2:11, my great dam is Kattie Did, the dam of Inez, record 2:30. I am 3 years old, 15¾ hands high, splendid blood bay in color, heavy black mane and tail, the best of legs and feet, long neck, good head, well set on, can trot a 2:40 gait in an easy way. I am the only stallion in the State standing for public service that combines the blood of the two great sires, Nutwood and Sultan, I will be allowed to serve fifteen approved mares for $50 the season, at Worth Ober's Training Stables, Sacramento Race Track. Good mares sent to breed to me will have the best of careful handling and kept in any way wished. Accidents or escapes at owner's risk. Address all communications to

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INTEREST ONLY FOR FIVE YEARS AT 7 PER CENT.

Capay Valley is situated in Yolo County, about 90 miles by rail from San Francisco, and is traversed in its entire length by the Woodland, Capay and Clear Lake Railroad, the distance from Esparto to Rumsey being 21 miles.

The Capay Valley Land Company is offering the most fertile lands in this beautiful valley upon terms which enable the purchaser to pay for the land out of its own product, viz: Interest only for five years at 7 per cent. The only condition imposed is, that a reasonable proportion of the land purchased shall be planted to fruit trees or vines. Land may be bought without this condition on payment of 20 per cent. cash and remaining 80 per cent. at the end of five years, with interest annually in advance, at 7 per cent. The various tracts owned by the Capay Valley Land Company have been subdivided into 10 and 20-acre lots, which are for sale at prices varying from $50 to $150 per acre. Similar unimproved land in Vaca Valley has recently been sold at $400 and $500 per acre.

These Capay Valley lands are under the most favorable climatic conditions for the prosecution of profitable fruit growing, and the locality has proved itself to be one of the earliest in the State. The grape crop of 1890 from the company's vineyard at Cashmere was picked, dried and shipped to Chicago and Philadelphia before the Fresno County grapes were ripe.

The railroad passes through all of the tracts owned by the Capay Valley Land Company, thus insuring excellent shipping facilities; and land may now be purchased in the immediate proximity of either of the following stations: Capay, Cadenasso, Surrey, Guinda, Sauterne, Cashmere or Rumsey.

At many of these places fine orchards of the choicest and earliest varieties of peaches and apricots may already be seen, and during the coming season considerable additional acreage will be planted out. One of the recent sales made by the company was that of the Tancred Tract, containing 600 acres, to a colony association. This tract has been subdivided into forty holdings, all of which will be planted to fruit trees this season.

The fine orchards on the Guinda Tract, where 400 acres have been sold, are especially worthy of mention, and it is a significant fact that several of the blocks are owned by successful Vaca Valley fruit-growers, who expect to make their earliest shipments from here.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the great advantage to the fruit-grower of being in early locality. In most cases it makes the difference between success and failure. The industrious orchardist of Capay Valley may rest assured that he will derive all the benefits gained by the first fruit shipments of the season, and that 20 acres of this rich land, when the trees are in bearing, will yield a handsome and assured income.

The Capay Valley Land Company has an agent residing in the valley, whose duty it is to show the various tracts to land seekers.

Four townsites have been laid out in different points in the valley, viz: Esparto, Cadenasso, Guinda and Rumsey. Town lots may now be purchased at reasonable prices and on easy terms.

The enterprising and flourishing town of Esparto is situated at the lower end of the valley, and $125,000 worth of substantial buildings have already been erected, including a fine four-story brick hotel, two large brick blocks and waterworks, with pipes laid in the streets, besides extensive warehouses and numerous residences. The town has a postoffice, school-house and a weekly paper, and the fine railroad depot contains telegraph and express offices.

Postoffices have alse been established at Guinda and Rumsey. This latter place, situated at the head of the valley, is the present terminus of the railroad. The comfortable little hotel makes excellent quarters for hunters as well as land-seekers.

The advantages enjoyed by the settler in Capay Valley may be thus concisely summed up:

A soil of great fertility, yielding bountifully of every crop.

A soil and climate which will ripen all kinds of fruit and vegetables earlier than anywhere else in the State.

A climate perfectly adapted to the curing of raisins and drying of fruit without the aid of artificial evaporators.

A location that is central and close to markets. Railroad communication which enables shipments to be made quickly and cheaply. Lands which are sold cheaper and on better terms than anywhere else in the State.

FOR MAPS AND ALL INFORMATION REGARDING THE CAPAY VALLEY LANDS, APPLY TO OR ADDRESS

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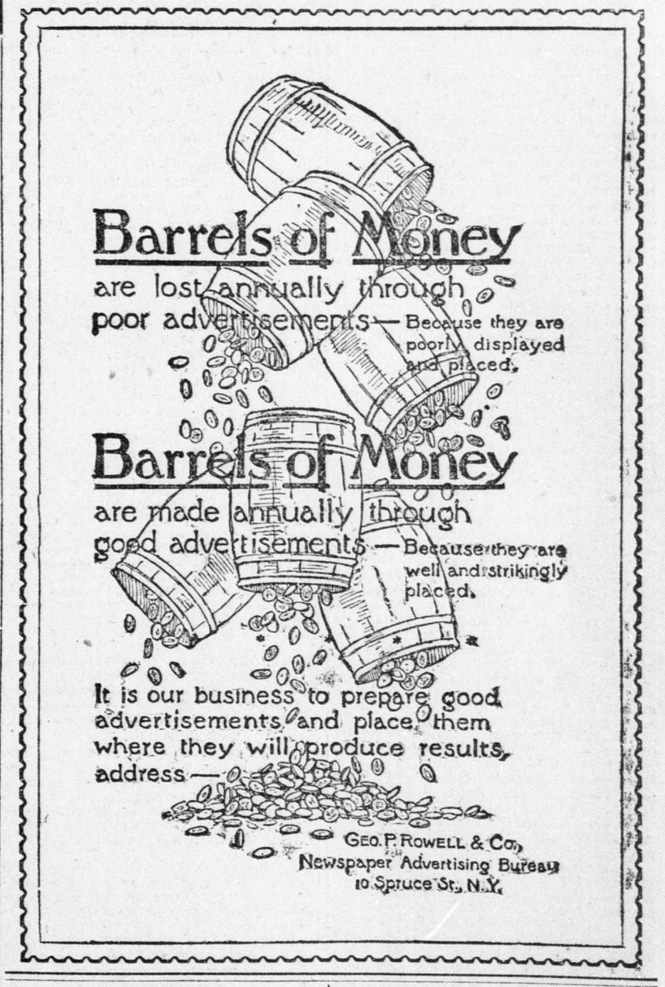

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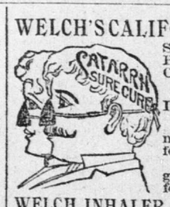

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