WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

The Glorious Stage Ride from Keswick to Windermere.

Over the Great Hights of Castle Rigg and Dunmail Raise—Wordsworth's and Coleridge's Daily Meeting-Ground—The Valley of Rothay.

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The conventional trip taken through the lake district is either after arrival by rail at its southern headquarters, Windermere, by coach north through the heart of the region to Keswick, or on arrival by rail at Keswick, over the same grand highway by coach south to Windermere. Thus tourists, and particularly American tourists, who wish to make the best use of their hours, are enabled to secure a very good general idea of the district, and certainly look upon that portion richest in associative interest—while viewing its finest lakes, loveliest vales and loftiest mountains—by an expenditure of but one day's time. An old traveler's word for it, seldom in a lifetime can a day be so exaltingly filled.

At Keswick or Windermere you have daily the choice of a score of four-in-hand coaches. Some are of the old English and Concord patterns, but most are built high in air, open, seating at least twenty fares; are wonderfully constructed for strength and lightness; give a delightful sense of breezy altitude to passengers, and furnish in their cavernous "bodies" vast storeroom for parcels and baggage. Most of these coaches are provided with guards with musical horns and rosy noses, with taciturn drivers, who loiter about the stables of the nobility in winter, and exist in a defiant attitude of protest against questions in summer, and with the handsomest coach-houses to be found in all England. You can leave Windermere or Keswick, in either direction, at any hour of the day between 7 and 2, and the ride of twenty-one miles, through several of the deepest valleys and over two of the highest passes of the region, is usually accomplished in about five hours.

You are at Keswick. If you have "booked" at least three days in advance, have paid for two fares beside your own, and have privately consulted with stipendary modifications the driver and guard as to the most favorable measures for viewing the region, you can secure your seat on the box of the most popular "going out" coach, at nine in the morning, the envy and glares of the remainder of the 'fares," whom you find represent almost every civilized nationality, Americans and Germans predominating. If you ask questions you will also secure the largest number of "out-and-outers," with which your credence was ever assailed. Your own knowledge of the literature and topography of the Lake region is your sole amulet against these. But your coach is away with all the shouting, rattle and tooting necessary to remind you that at last you are the proud possessor, with its other monarchs, the guard and the driver, of the box of a genuine British institution. The gentle thrill which accompanies this reflection has barely subsided when you have passed beautiful Greta Bridge, and with a sudden turn to the right begin the long ascent of Castle Rigg—"the most windin' one for 'osses 'o the stretch," the driver remarks in the single truthful statement you will receive all the way to Windermere.

But in this long, slow climb you pass Chestnut Hill, a quaint little, crooked-roof house, with its historic sycamore, elm and cherry-tree, where Shelly brought his school-girl bride and where they chased each other like happy children about the flower-beds, until the stern Cumbrian landlord chased them both away. As the coach is halted at the top of Castle Rigg, 1,000 feet above Keswick, grand and beautiful indeed is that scene behind. The entire vale of Derwent is spread to view. Keswick gray and snug is half hidden in its bosom. To the west gleams the upper reaches of Derwentwater with the crags of Grassmoor beyond. Saddlerock looms in the northeast. Beyond the tower of old Crosthwaite church, where Southey lies buried, shines the blue bed of Bassenthwaite Water. And across the whole lovely vale where the farms spread in checkered patches of color to the sun, lofty Skiddaw stands monarch sublime of the Cumbrian North.

This dragging way over Castle Rigg is one of the two great hights you will attain by coach on your pleasant journey. The other is at Dunmail Raise, just before you pass into Westmoreland. You are in Cumberland now. This was the Little Britain of long ago. It was the home of those fierce and unconquerable Brigantes who, from the time the region was known as Brigantia until it became Cumberland, beat back the Saxons from the east, the Welsh from the south and Picts from the north, and met every foe outside their mountain gates. Marvelously sweet and fragrant is the morning as you now smoothly spin along these noble hights. But it seem to have scarcely reached the deepest vales. To your right, the west—for your direction is nearly always due south from Keswick to Windermere—are the seeming endless fells, odorous with the budding heath, and here and there a mass of color from banks of violets, the gentle breeze stirring the whole fell-side as if with wild and riotous motion and delight. In front, the wide, smooth mountain road winds between overhanging lichened rocks, spans shadowy dingles, and at its apparent end seems to drop sheer into a measureless sea of blue. But now to the left down, down, as if into some vast witch-cauldron the sight descends, and attempts to penetrate the films of mist. Morning is late in reaching St. John's Vale. Dense and dark in the vale's lowest depths, the mist breaks above in feathery rifts where the rays of the eastern sun filter through in filmy streams of gold. Half disclosed behind them are the dark gray outlines of the mighty crag, Castle Rock. You cannot see it clearly; but Scott has so nobly described it in "The Bridal of Triermain," with its

> Wicket of oak, as iron hard,
> With iron studded, clenched and barred,
> And prong'd portcullis, join'd to guard
> The gloomy pass below—

that you need no better view.

Above this, almost on a level with your coach, which is just beginning the long southern descent of Castle Rigg, lies a huge moving cloud. It is slowly passing down the valley. Suddenly you realize you are above the clouds, for "See the Striding Edge!" is chorused by many of your companions. There it lies, this grim, yellowy-black and curved ridge of Helvellyn, majestic monarch of all this grand lake region. It seems across that cloud to be the mighty mural walls of some weird isle, unattainable beyond a sea of mountainous waves. A curve in the road for a few moments hides cloud and mountain-top. When Helvellyn again appears, the cloud has been lost in and over the Vale of St. John, and there stands the grand old mountain, forest-hung at its base, cleft and scarred above, still higher striped her, and there with far-descending torrents, like mighty plumes in white, and its broken summit and "Striding Edge" showing thousands of blackened almost vertical furrows in the eternal stone of its peaks and ridges.

But you now have something to do besides gaze on Helvellyn. Your coach is descending the mountain at tremendous speed. The wheel horses are at their best pace, in a trot, and the leaders are fairly at canter. The shids smoke at the wheels. Many a "God bless me!" is ejaculated by old travelers. The ladies stifle little screams in vain, and have recourse to occasional alarming "Ouches!" The guard blows his horn furiously. And in a series of bounds, lurches and ricochets, over a good two miles descent, done in less than seven minutes, the foaming horses, the creaky, beclouded coach and gasping passengers, come to a grateful standstill at the King's Head Inn, Thilrspot, hard by the shores of Thirlmere lake.

The inn is for those who wish to stretch their legs and wash the mountain dust from their throats with mountain dew. You remain in your high seat there, for this valley and its mountain sides have hosts of memory-wraiths for the few minutes in which they may appear. Just before you is Dalehead Hall, once full of Southey's mirth and Wordsworth's quiet wisdom. Beside it, Dalehead Meadows, in which once stood the famous inn-of-call for packers and dalesmen, "Willie How." Across Thirlmere is ancient, haunted Armboth Hall. You passed in your mad gallop down the mountain side Fisher Place, where Rossetti, at death's door, read the last proofs of his wild, melodious sonnets. To the right is the pony path leading over to outlandish Watendlath; and you can any time go over its weird, wild course with Forster and Matthew Arnold by reading the latter's exquisite poem, "Resignation." All this valley was Wordsworth's and Coleridge's daily meeting-ground. Down there in Thirlmere is the "Rock of Names," where the names of William Wordsworth, Dorothy, his faithful sister, Mary Hutchinson (afterwards his noble wife), Samuel Taylor Coleridge, John Wordsworth and Sarah Hutchinson were chiseled by their own hands

At the valley's edge to the north is all that is left of the Cherry Tree Inn, forever famous because Wordsworth stopped his peasant "Waggoner" there, and at the "village merry night" gave him two or three hours of rousing fun. Under Bull Crags is the ancient "Justice Stone" where in olden times the law was administered. Almost clinging to the crags in spots like chamois, around the noble valley's rim are flocks of the black-faced Herdwick sheep of Umbria, which tradition says the Armada brought here 300 years ago. Not only here but on many a mountain side in Cumberland you will see circular green bits of pasture on the hillsides. They are walled with stone, and are the earliest inclosures by civilized people in the north of England. In ancient times the cows were herded within them at milking time. Here and there on highest crags can be seen the "maens" or cairns of old. These and countless other objects will lead you into the mazes of antiquity, while in the very names of the inn and valley of Thirlspot, and of Thirlmere set like twin sapphires in the bosom of the vale, tell of the Viking Thorold who dwelt here and bequeathed the spot his name forever.

"Time's up!" from the guard, breaks in upon all your dreamful musings. In a trice your now cheery companions are in their places. The notes of the coach-horn flood the valley. On, on you speed, scaring the sandpipers into the rushes and reeds; and the ring-ousels skim scamperingly to the farther shadowy shore; through the valley, past sleeping Thirlmere; up past little Wytheburn Church, not as big as our own parlor, and the second smallest house of God in Britain; and then up, up again, as over Castle Rigg, to weird old Dunmail Raise. Here a parting look is had at grim Helvellyn, and the eye lingers lovingly on the pale blue of St. John's Vale below the deeper blue of far Blencathra; the whole a miniature image of the Pass of Lauterbrunnen. Here, too, is that northern curio of the antiquarians, the Raise itself. It is a huge cairn of pebbles. Tradition says the cairn was made over 1,000 years ago, on the defeat and slaughter of Dunmail, King of Cumbria, in the year 945. Dunmail's dominions were given to King Malcolm of Scotland, and the cairn was left to mark the boundary of the two kingdoms, as it to-day forms the boundary of the shires of Cumberland and Westmoreland. Into the latter and another noble mountain-flanked valley your coach now plunges with smoking horses and wheels. Faster and faster speeds the coach, and faster and thicker crowd objects and scenes hallowed by the lives and graves of men and the immortal glamor of song.

Comprehensively speaking, it is all the Vale of Rothay. To the east, the eye scans the sides and hights of Fairfield, Red Screes and Wadsfell, with the far ridges of High street and Kirkstone behind. To the west, rise in weird and precipitous masses the savage Pikes of Langdale, and Cringle Crags and Wetherlam with their sunshiny cones are seen in the far south. Beneath you is the fair and peaceful valley, with gray old Grassmere, by its square church-tower, asleep beside the peaceful waters of its beauteous lake—sublimity, beauty, peace, everywhere blended as if by a magic wand. See to the right that ancient mill-wheel. Above it rises mighty Helm Crag, its crowning majestic piles of stone every fairy woman, cowled priest, threatening demon, or myriad changing other forms from poets' days to Druid times of old. Stone Arthur,

> "The last that parleys with the setting sun,'

frowns opposite. You rush by Swan Inn whence Wordsworth, Southey and Scott left on their ponies for Helvellyn's ascent, and where there are still delicious legends of how Scott came back of evenings, after Wordsworth was safely snoring at Grasmere, to mix the lake water with a few drops of John Barleycorn. As you crash across Rothay's bridge, your eye follows the spume and foam of Sour Milk Ghyll, and your thought leaps to the farthest depth of Easdale, which Wordsworth haunted and vowed was all his own. And here, just by the northern edge of Grasmere village, is Allen Bank. Volumes could be written upon its memories; for it is Allen Bank where Wordsworth wrote most of the "Excursion," where DeQuincey and "Christopher North" first met, and where Coleridge wrote the "Friend."

But here is Grasmere; Grasmere of ancient "Rushbearing" fame; Grasmere with perhaps the oldest and certainly the quaintest church in England; Grasmere where the brave old dame soundly walloped the Prince of Wales for "harrying" her sheep; Grasmere where DeQuincey for 37 years retained his Dove Cottage and its maze of books that all the other writers borrowed and never brought back, so absorbed and absorbing were they, and where the angel, Margaret, fought the demon opium and rescued that wondrous intellect and soul from inconceivable hells of torment; Grasmere, where in old St. Oswald's churchyard sleep Hartley Coleridge and William Wordsworth, and the beauteous Rothay, leaping from sequestering meadows, gives back along the old church wall the deathless songs they sung.

The heart swells and the eyes fill quickly here; and you are glad the fresh relay of horses speeds you so swiftly away. The road lays along the shores of Grasmere. To the west are mountains, mountains everywhere. Half way around the base of bold White Moss, high above your head, is the "Wishing Gate," famous in romance and song. Turning sharply to the left little Rydal Water, a speck of blue in a now almost level valley, is before you. In that cottage to the left lives a grand-daughter of Wordsworth. Swinging into the north-and-south highway at spanking speed, you come alongside a tiny cottage embedded in ivy, its hedge and walls squarely upon the road, and a sweet bit of meadow sloping away from the place to the shore of Rydal Water. Nab Scar rises high behind it, like the fir-hung hill behind the Alcott cottage at Concord. It is Nab Cottage, and was built nearly 300 years ago. In it loyal Margaret Simpson, afterward wife of DeQuincey, was born, and under its slates and ivies Hartley Coleridge lived and breathed his last.

You can scarcely recall these things before you are passing Rydal. Just a glimpse of the little church is seen, so dense is the foliage here. But you know that up there at the end of that shadowy way, to the right is splendid Rydal Hall, to the left Rydal Mount, where Wordsworth lived for forty blissful years; and that the melodies of the Rydal waterfalls are just behind.

From Rydal through Ambleside to Windermere is one mad rush of your coach, meeting and passing coach and vehicle of every description, tourists of every nationality in every pleasant means of going and coming, and altogether one wild whirl of entrancing associative interest. Here is Elleray, sentineled by its giant sycamore and rife with memories of Professor Wilson. There is Fox How, where lived noble Dr. Arnold. Behind that mass of beech and laurel lived Harriet Martineau, and the sun-dial on the fragrant terrace still bears the inscriptive echo of her lofty, life-long soul's desire, "Come, light, visit me!" Ambleside haunted by the wraiths of all these folk and hidden in its mass of foliage and bloom is whisked behind.

And then through an almost unbroken avenue of beeches and sycamore you are whirled along one of the grandest roads in England; with swift glimpses to right and left of mountain, vale, lake and stream; of cottage, hall and hostel old; until, with aching bones, whirling head, hungry stomach, and heart athrill for its royal stirring, your coach is brought up with a crash and a bang in front of John Riggs' famous Windermere hostelry. The grateful odors of broiling char (almost as ravishing as those of Thompson's Gloucester "planked shad!") ascend to your eager nostrils; and before your eyes lies one of the sweetest scenes on earth—transcendant Windermere, queen of all the Umbrian lakes, dotted with dreamful sails; and from her silvery shores upleading the gladdening vision to measureless masses of mountains swathed in emerald and purple and crowned with sun-kissed glories, to the high, far horizon line, that hints of but repels the tempests of the thunderous Irish Sea.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

DEEP DYEING SECRETS.

The Trade Is One Not Easily Mastered—Description of the Process.

Queen Fashion sends out her decree this season that your clothes shall be of a certain hue which I tell you of, and forthwith all her subjects set about to obey her behest, for this monarch has loyal subjects who would not think of disobeying her call. Her devotees bother their heads to get the proper dresses of the correct color in order that they be not forced to remain at home because they have nothing to wear, which is (even cynics will admit it) an entirely unrefined state of affairs, and no person could go out under such circumstances. Even if literally there are garments in plenty in the wardrobe, yet if these are not of the fashionable color the disgrace is felt to be as great as though there were none. Here is an overheard conversation:

"Will your mamma attend Miss B.'s tea?"

"No; she has nothing to wear."

"But how about that beautiful surah which she got?"

"Oh, she has worn it twice already."

Poor wards of McAllister! Many a pocketbook of yours would be much lower than it is if it were not for a certain convenient man who curtails expenses in this regard. "Oh, papa, I need a new dress, my old ones are so horrid." "Can not help you, my darling, your mother would have the plumber come around." So Maie cogitates and she hits upon the idea of going to some establishment where she can have her clothes dyed to make them look as she wishes.

But that is not the only reason why the dyer lives. It can be easily understood why the people want the colors of their clothes changed. Many a garment that would otherwise be thrown away as useless because it does not suit the wearer's complexion is sent to the dyer, and comes forth fine and proper to be worn.

The reporter went to see a prominent dyer in this city yesterday.

"People have an idea," said he, "that dyeing is like painting—that all to be done is immerse the cloth in colored water and let it lie there for a little while and the operation is over. That is a mistake, and if it were not, every one who wished could dye his own clothes without my assistance, while as the matter stands I myself would not undertake to dye a piece of cloth, for, although I have been in the business for more than thirty years, I have not been constantly practicing this art, and therefore am no longer an expert. I have a man here who works in black dyes continually, and he is a skilled laborer, yet he can not dye red goods, nor can he decide whether a piece of goods can be dyed red, although he might be able to tell in instant whether it could be colored black.

"As soon as a piece of goods is brought or sent us we mark it and then send it out to the man having charge of the vat containing the desired color and ask him whether the goods can be tinged the shade asked for. If he says that he does not know, then, if possible, we test a sample of the goods. If that is not done we do not promise, for there are certain pieces of cloth that will deceive any dyer, and these are his bane. I remember a piece of silk which I dyed; it was to be brown, I believe. It seemed to me all of one material, and I proceeded to treat it so. When it came from the vat half of it was dyed and the other half remained in its original color. This showed that one part of the cloth had been made and dyed in a different way than the other half of it, yet they had been so closely interwoven as to defy detection."

"What do you do with the goods after they have been marked and you have decided how to color them?"

"Well, if necessary, we clean them and then put them into a mordant which prepares the goods for soaking in the tanks filled with dye stuffs. The mordant is made by putting into an iron tank water and acid. All the water must be filtered, and though there is an awful lot of mud in Ohio River water, yet as soon as the dirt is removed the Ohio furnishes the finest water for ourl purposes. And this is a fact which has been remarked to me by competent men from all over the country and from various other countries, too. The acids vary for the various sorts of cloth. The mordant must have a double attraction for organic fibers and coloring matter, so as to prepare the goods properly. For the dyer, goods are divided into animal and vegetable, and according to these two broad classifications he prepares his mordant. Again, there are some acids which act on some vegetable or animal stuffs better than on others. We always use tannin for cotton; bichromate of potash, alum and tin for wool; alum and iron for silk and satin. Tin makes a good mordant for cochineal, iron for buffs, drabs and blacks, antimony for printed aniline colors. The goods are put into these mordants and left for an hour, after which they are left for a day to dry before being dyed. Then they are put into the dye vats, and a skillful man handles them so that they are dyed evenly. You can see that I have partitions between the vats. That is because dyes are very sensitive to each other, some being easily affected by the other, so that it is advisable to keep them apart lest some drops of one fall into the other. After the goods have been in their vats for several days they are taken out and the dyeing is complete. If the original colors have been discharged, or if they have properly united with the new color, the result is good. If we happen to be disappointed we can always dye clothes a darker color, but it is doubtful whether they can be tinged with lighter dyes.

"There is one little point which I forgot regarding dyeing. It is that woolen goods, *i. e.*, animal stuffs, are dyed when the water is at the boiling point, silks and cottons at a much lower temperature."

"I suppose you have a good many chemicals?"

"Yes; we use about everything which is sold in a wholesale drug-store, and it costs quite a respectable amount, yet not as much as formerly. Indigo is the only one that has retained its original high price, and that is because it cannot be replaced by aniline colors. I have paid $2 50 for an ounce of cochineal, while today it is worth but forty cents, because of the aniline colors which replace it. Aniline dyes have these advantages, they are brighter and cheaper than the dyes we formerly used, but then, again, they are not as permanent.

"This fugitiveness of colors is a good thing for us, because it makes people get their clothes dyed more often. It is queer what notions people hold in regard to black. They think it rots goods, and idea for which there is no foundation. It does not make much difference to us, for black is the most difficult color to dye, while white (except bleached) is the easiest. Dying does not weaken the fiber of goods, but, of course, if the goods are old they can not be expected to hold together as well as new goods."

"What is the most difficult article to dye?"

"You see, in dyeing, we do not cover the old color as a painter does, but we either discharge it or make it unite with the new color, and consequently whatever tends to hinder that interferes with the dyeing, as when the fiber is too closely twisted. Dresses are more difficult than men's suits, because they are generally of more than one sort of material, and are very complicated in make."—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

BACKWOODS BELLES.

One of Them Attends a Picnic Near Santa Rosa.

She Has Left the Wilds of Lake County, but Is as Full of Life as Ever—A Party of Bohemians Enjoying Themselves in the Woods.

[Special correspondence of RECORD-UNION.]

> Once a day dawned, glad as a bride's fair face,
> Perfume and light and joy it did unfold
> * * * * * * * * * * *
> Life was a holiday enjoyed with zest,
> And grateful hearts the while it winged its flight.—*Ebers.*

It is astonishing how a few days communion with Nature will bring out all that is wild in one's make-up. Sometimes the most dignified will be guilty of acts that, in their orderly home-life, would be a lasting disgrace. It was the good fortune of the writer to form one of a party that left this city a few days ago for a two days' campout and fishing excursion. The city limits were not more than cleared when the welkin echoed with the exuberance of joy. Be it said that I myself maintained the grave demeanor that alone insured the party against being run into the asylum as escaped lunatics. But having just finished "Society as I Have Found It," it served as a brake on my bubbling spirits, and when tempted to scale a zig-zaggy stake and ride a fence, or turn somersaults in the flower-sprinkled sward, the mandates of Ward floated before me in gentle reproof, and I refrained—for the time being. To use a pet phrase of Ward's, I was "not in it."

This particular party obeyed the time-honored custom of campers since the world was new, in stopping when five miles from nowhere and taking an inventory of the stock. It resulted in the mournful fact that two necessities were omitted—the hatchet and chewing gum. The day was perfect, the skies were never bluer, the sun never brighter, and only a white baby cloud was cradled in the heavens, rocked by the gentlest breezes—or words to that effect. (That is always the thought inflicted on picnic days if you will notice.)

> It was a jolly wine-maker that stopped one of three—
> And the sunlight filtered through two bottles, one clear as limpid water, one crimson and heavy as life-blood.

Standing bareheaded, the unreefed hickory shirt inveigled the visitors into adding to their cargo by saying, "Oh, yes, he makee de feesh bite." We would take anything along to insure success in the fishing department, from a bottle of wine to a white elephant.

On the banks of Russian River a halt was made and fishing began. Fishing is royal fun for those who like it, bu onte has to like it. There are few things more exasperating than having the finest worm you have nibbled from the hook scientifically, leaving it black and gleaming, while the little finny devil goes floating away in the silent depths of the shady pool. He hangs in the water a second, quiet as death, he sinks softly, his head goes up, he casts a fishy glance at you, the fins quiver, and with a jerk of his tail he speeds into obscurity. They are vastly more interesting when laying heads and tails in a pan in a snowy-bed of cornmeal.

It was hunger that prompted the company to seek the congeniality of each other's society—plain, every-day hunger. The gentleman in the brown duck coat and corduroy pantaloons was called McAllister, for his superior knowledge in serving the fricasseed spuds and cold beans and for his stubbornly refusing to eat from his pan a third time without rinsing it in the brook, a point of fastidiousness unknown in camp life. The evening meal was cooked on three bricks just within the corporate limits of some independent farmer's potato patch and served in a grassy sward. The table consisted of a coon trap that McAllister found in his exploration of the redwood fores. The door was fast shut and overgrown with grasses, and fearing to investigate the probable contents, the mystery deepened as we munched and munched and munched. Never fairer covering decked a groaning board—'twas a copy of the RECORD-UNION.

Surely, surely, that apparition at the head of the festal board cannot be the demure lassie who daily walks with dignified demeanor down the street! The bonnie curls are in disorder, falling in a tangle from under a wide-brimmed straw hat. She lost her jacket, she pleads as an excuse for the overcoat that envelopes her. The long curly lashes shade a soft cheek that the sun has kissed into brown, and holding high a tincup of murky coffee she drinks long life to her Lancelot, who sits very flat on the ground, a tinplate on his knees and supplying the earthly part of his being with cold bacon. It was M'liss who sat on a huge clod and remarked, as she saw the last drop of the rosy-red disappear down his throat, "Launcelot! Yes, I'd call him Drink-a-Lot."

While the feasters reveled she sat thoughtfully gazing at the beautiful panorama, and resting her chin on one hand and sighing softly, expressed her appreciation of the mighty grandeur by quietly remarking, "Well, I'm stuck on the scenery."

The idea of spreading a tent was ignored, and the desire to sleep under the jeweled heavens was gratified. It was at the edge of a forest of redwoods and on a couch of the spicy boughs that the Bohemians sought repose. The thought is a poetical one, and sounds well to the uninitiated, but to seek the soothing forgetfulness the drowsy god bestows, with a petrified forest under one's spinal backbone, is not conducive to sweet dreams.

In the eloquent stillness of the night Launcelot was heard to murmur sentiments unheard of in Sunday-school tales, as his steed tried to eat the sack of oats on which was pillowed his gallant head. The inconveniences one undergoes, however, is the main enjoyment of camp life. We pose as martyrs while eating the fearful and wonderful culinary experiments, and a corduroy bed makes us appreciate the comforts of home. The camp-fire has been sung in story from time immemorial, but this particular fire lit up with its straggling flames, "the maddest, merriest" features that a well regulated campfire has ever shone on. The moon hung over the hill a silver sickle, and flinging her long, white arms over us, all was quiet. Next to the County Jail there is no place that invites meditation like the cosy camp-fire. As the soft blue rings arose from Ward's improvised corncob pipe, each was busy with his or her thoughts. One wondering how much of a vacuum her presence had left in the social atmosphere, another dreaming of a deep chair by a fireside with the lamplight glinting on his wife's gold-colored hair, the slender fingers busily "tangling thread." One has in mind a bachelor's den where, in sweet confusion, papers are knee deep; a table where a semi-circular clearance for the swing of his pen has banked up treasures; books and minerals, favorite pipes and loose tobacco, love letters and soiled handkerchiefs. What dreams the bird-dog, resting his dainty nose on his brown paws and blinking at the crinkling embers? Maybe of the latest statement of his master of the quail he knocked the feathers "outen."

A tiny bridge spanned a ravine, and over this, crashing through the masses of foliage, came a train. For a few seconds its glaring headlight lit up the tall, straight trees, the ferns and dew berries, all a mass of white, starry flowers, and thundering on, gradually died into the murmur of the river. The fog came down like a sable pall, and the redwoods bowed their arms and wept. Dripping from leaf to leaf, with a gentle patter, it fell on the upturned faces, stinging and cold.

With the dawn of morning came the waking of the birds over hill and stream, cooing, calling—a joyous jangle of the world's first music. There is a sweetness about the budding day, when witnessed in the wilds, that is like a cooling hand on a feverish brow. All the world seems good, and the trials and crosses are forgotten in this atmosphere. No church bells fell on the air, but the peaceful quiet was like communion with God. With the dawning of the morning came also the horrible knowledge that we had overeaten our rations on the night before, taking no thought for the morrow. In the dewy morning a committee of three were launched with the instructions to beg, borrow or steal our breakfast, with penalty fixed at death in case of failure. A tramp of many furlongs brought in view an abode of man—a welcome sight. Thinking of it now it does not seem attractive, but then we thought it the most beautiful house in the world. The decorating was done by Nature's superior hand—"clabpoards and moss and vines did it adorn." The front walk was a mile or more long, and at an angle of forty-five degrees. The house was at the topmost round, and must have been built in time of war with a view to throwing bowlders on the enemy's head.

The carriage drive was flanked on either side with what I thought was lettuce, but proved to be "fever fern." Corn and beans then took up the line of march and sustained it to the end of the row. While my companions negotiated for the material things my senitive soul shrinks from, I sat just at the portals of the castle rocking to and fro in a rawhide bottom chair idly humming a popular air ("There's a hole in the bottom of the sea"), and thinking what a capital toboggan slide that sweet-williamed Star of Bethlehemed facade would make in winter. As my friend dropped some coins into the hand of the fair one at the door I heard him murmur, "McKinley" bill. If the prices on necessities advanced at that ratio as we proceeded into that neck of the woods, we could not afford to live ten miles further on. A hat, decorated with wild roses and buttercups, went sauntering down the walk, and from underneath emerged a few words about having to go to living on tule roots and jack rabbits.

The words fell on my dreaming ear that "Folks eat a powerful lot when they camp, but my bread haint very good." In time of sorrow sympathy is the right thing, but for hunger give me slapjacks. I want a house on a hill with a mountainous approach. It is not a fleeting fancy. I want one.

What is any more gruesome than a deserted picnic grounds? There is one in that region that the river has encroached on, and its desolation is loud enough to be felt. Under the gloomy shade of the redwoods the ferns and poison oak are picnicking sociably, and the remembrance of former gaiety makes the desolation greater. Only the skeletons of the long tables remain, and on the rustic seats, where lads and lassies twittered, the rank, green growth has completely enveloped. Like great, gaunt, white fingers, the boards still point here and there in the gloomy depths of the grove:

☞ TO THE LUNCH STAND.

Noon found this wonderful party, homeward bound, camped at the "Lagoon," a stagnant body of water abounding in fish and unaromatic odors—mostly odors. Here was a delightful flat-bottomed old scow of a boat which was being guided in and out among the matted stems of the tules, water-lilies and water-cress. Out of the oozy mud the lilies grow in perfect shoals, yellow stars gleaming among the broad, shining green leaves. A boat load was secured. The spot thronged with juvenile fishermen—little fellows with bare brown feet and bright eyes shining through wonderfully dirty faces. Their string of stiff, sick-looking little trout was to them a kingdom. The remnants of the tariff-ridden necessities were discussed. A word about the bread. It was not without its use in this world. With the empty bottle of "fish bite" for a bat and the "staff of life" for a ball, we did scientific work as a baseball nine.

When the baked beans came on to the table for the second, yea, for the third time, it called forth the story of the young man who remained away from home all one long day. Not being accustomed to this wild dissipating, on his return he shook his head wisely, and glancing around, said: "Yes, same old home—the same old eat, too."

I am disposed to tell the truth about the strings of "speckled beauties" caught, that we only had enough for one lonely meal, and that the hunters only bagged a lark and that sitting; but after sustaining the reputation of the party for these many days I am not going to turn States' evidence and own up. The conventional tales are now in order. "Same old stories." A. R. L.

Santa Rosa, May 16, 1890.

[For the RECORD-UNION.]

SCHOOLBOY MEMORIES.

> Years are coming, years are going,
> Telling life's story o'er and o'er;
> Time is turning its numberless pages,
> Hiding the days that are no more.
>
> Hours have passed, and hours are passing,
> Piece by piece have the moments flown,
> Nights have passed into many a morning
> Since those early seeds were sown;
>
> Seeds of wisdom, seeds of learning,
> Preparing the mind for the future's moil,
> Teaching alike the wrong and the useful,
> Teaching us all to think and to toil.
>
> Days of study, days of pleasure,
> Gliding away in the hush of the past;
> Fading to naught, like mist on the ocean,
> Moving so softly, yet going so fast.
>
> Vain are sighs of sorrow and longing,
> Life will not halt at wishes of men,
> Sooner or later each course must be over;
> Let us be busy and happy till then.
>
> Travel the paths to culture and learning,
> Thinking no more of stories once told,
> Life is our all, so let us enjoy it,
> Leaving the dust to rest with the mold.

CHARLES ELMER UPTON.

Sacramento, Cal., May 18, 1891.

THE popularity which Hood's Sarsaparilla has gained as a spring medicine is wonderful. It possesses just those elements of health-giving, blood-purifying and appetite-restoring which everybody seems to need at this season. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A GREAT LOSS.

The Enormous Amount of Life Which Has Gone Out of the American People—Can It Ever be Recovered?

Have you noticed that there are more broken-down men and weak women on our streets to-day than ever before? Have you not noticed that certain of your friends, whom you have always known to be strong and healthy, are, for some reason, weak and low-spirited? Is it not possible that you yourself feel a trifle less vigorous than in the past? Is it a fact that the American people are growing weaker, or is it due to some local cause? There can be little doubt that it is owing almost entirely to the fearful after effects of the Grip. This terrible and mysterious complaint, starting unaccountably and running severely, invariably leaves the person in a weak, nervous and run down condition, from which it requires much time to recover.

When people are in such a state, when Nature is weak and broken, what would common-sense dictate should be done? Precisely what physicians say should be done, viz: Assist Nature, stimulate her lagging faculties, build her up! How? By using a pure medicinal stimulant, and for this purpose there is nothing equal to pure whisky. Doctors, scientific men and the leading thinkers of the land have declared this and have unhesitatingly agreed that there is no whisky so pure and efficient as Duffy's Pure Malt. It stimulates healthily and builds up wasted tissues. It renews the nervous organization and assists to health. It is popular because it is so efficient. Great care should be taken, however, to secure only the genuine. Distrust any dealer who for any reason seeks to induce you to buy something "just as good." By the judicious use of this pure stimulant the after effects of the Grip may be removed and health and strength put in place of weakness and debility.

Liebig COMPANY'S
EXTRACT OF BEEF
"IN DARKEST AFRICA,"
By Henry M. Stanley.

"The LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT was of the choicest."—Page 39, Vol. I.

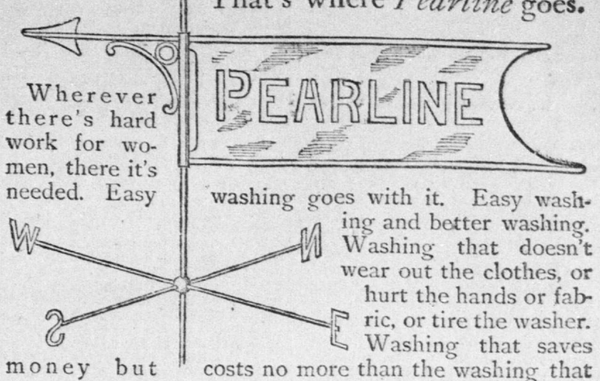
"Liebig and meat soups had to be prepared in sufficient quantities to serve out cupfuls to each weakened man as he staggered in."—Page 89, Vol. I.

"One Madi managed to crawl near my tent. * * He was at once borne to a fire and laid within a few inches of it, and with the addition of a pint of hot broth made from the LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF we restored him to his senses."—Page 58, Vol. II.

Genuine only with fac-simile of J. von Liebig's signature in blue ink across label, thus: J. v. Liebig

Miscellaneous.

North, East, South, West.
That's where *Pearline* goes.



Wherever there's hard work for women, there it's needed. Easy washing goes with it. Easy washing and better washing. Washing that doesn't wear out the clothes, or hurt the hands or fabric, or tire the washer. Washing that saves money but costs no more than the washing that wastes it. When it does all this and more, is it any wonder that *Pearline* goes? And it *does* go. It goes to the help of millions of women every day. But there are some who won't be helped. And they're the ones who need it most.

Blowing Peddlers and some grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—but what a puff for Pearline. 198 JAMES PYLE, New York.

COMMERCIAL.

SACRAMENTO MARKET.

SACRAMENTO, May 22d.

FRUIT—Lemons—Sicily, $6 50@7 ₱ box; California, $3 75@4 50; Limes, $8@9 50 ₱ box; $1 50 ₱ 100; Bananas, $2 50@3 50 ₱ bunch for Island; Cocoanuts, $7@8; California Oranges—Los Angeles, $1 75@2 ₱ box; Riverside, $2@2 50 ₱ box; do Navels, $4 50@5 50 ₱ box; Pineapples, 60c each; $7 ₱ dozen; Strawberries, $1 75@2; B. T. Cherries, $1 75@2; Cherries, common, $1 50@1 75; Gooseberries, 15c ₱ lb.

CANNED GOODS—Assorted table, $2@2 10; Apples, $1 60; Apricots, $1 90; Blackberries, $1 95; Cherries, $2 40@2 60; Currants, $2 25; Gooseberries, $1 80@1 90; Muscat Grapes, $1 55@1 60; Plums, $1 60; Quinces, $1 95; Raspberries, $2 70; Strawberries, $2 70.

BREADSTUFFS—Flour, $5 50 ₱ bbl; Oatmeal, 10-lb sacks, 4c ₱ lb; $3 25 ₱ 100-lb sacks; Cornmeal, white, $2 75 ₱ 10-lb sacks; yellow, $2 30 ₱ 25-lb sacks; Cracked Wheat, $2 90 ₱ 10-lb sacks; $2 65 ₱ 100-lb sacks; Hominy, $3 50 ₱ 10-lb sacks; $3 25 ₱ 100-lb sacks; Graham, $2 90 ₱ 10-lb sacks; $2 65 ₱ 100-lb sacks.

VEGETABLES—Onions, Silverskins, $5@5 25 ₱ cwt; Onions, red, $1 75@2; Cabbage, 65@75c; Carrots, 50@60c ₱ 100 lbs; Turnips, new, $1@1 25 ₱ sack; bunch vegetables, 12½c ₱ doz; Parsnips, $1@1 50; Beets, 75c@$1; Horse Radish, 10c ₱ lb; Garlic, 20@25c; Artichokes, 75c@$1 ₱ doz; Dried Peppers, 20@25c; Green Peas, common, 4@4½c; do, sweet, 5½@6c; Potatoes, Early Rose, 85@90c; Peerless, 90c@$1; Burbanks, $1 40@1 50, Centennial, $1@1 25 ₱ ctl; New Potatoes, 1½c; Sweet Potatoes, $3 50@4 ₱ sack; Celery, 75c ₱ doz; Spinach, 5c ₱ lb; String Beans, 9@10c; Summer Squash, 12½@15c; Cauliflower, $1 ₱ doz; Green Peppers, 10@12c ₱ lb; Okra, 10@12½c; Red Cabbage, 3c ₱ lb; Savoy Cabbage, 90c ₱ doz; Asparagus, $1 25; Rhubarb, $1@1 25.

DAIRY PRODUCT—Butter—Valley, 18@20c ₱ lb; Fancy Petaluma, 20@21c ₱ lb; Eastern Creamery, fancy, 21@22c; packed in firkins, choice, 18@25c; common, 12½@13c. Cheese—California, 11½@12c; Young America, 12½@13c; Eastern Cream, 15@16c; Limburger, 18@20c; genuine Swiss, 32½@35c; American Swiss, 21c; Martin's Cream, 17@18c. Eggs, 18@20c; California Ranch Eggs, 17@18c; Eastern Eggs, 15@16c.

POULTRY—Dealers' prices: Live Turkeys, hens, 12@13c; gobblers, 11@12c; dressed, 14@15c; full-grown Chickens, $4@5 ₱ dozen; young roosters, $4@5 ₱ dozen; broilers, $3@4; tame Ducks, $4@5; Pekin, $5@5 50; Geese, $2@2 25