ENGLISH SEASIDE PEARLS.

Wakeman at Bright, Breezy, Historic Brighton.

The Place Made Famous by George IV., Thackeray and Good Old Dr. Richard Russell—Martha Gunn, Who Ducked King George—The Newcombs.

[Special Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION. Copyright, 1891.]

BRIGHTON, Eng., August 31, 1891.

With whatever one may be out of sorts in English travel; whether weariness, dreariness or positive illness may have prompted the coming; with whatever desperation one may have escaped London and its irrevocable griminess and hardness, a sunniness and good-natured laziness possess the soul whenever Paddington is left behind and one's face is at last set toward that most famous of all English watering places, bright, breezy, historic and glorious old Brighton.

London smoke and dust may blacken summer skies behind; London fog and smut may make its millions of hurrying, harrying humans more fiend-like by day than by night; the fog and its shapes may still canter beside your train beyond the sweet lavender fields of Mitcham; there may still be a black fog at Clapham Junction, where the porters bellow and steam and puff and get all sorts of people and all manner of luggage into wrong carriages; there may be a yellow fog at Croydon Junction, where the oncoming passengers are as saffrony as pilgrims to Arab shrines; there may be a white fog at Red Hill Junction, bringing up to the station with the country yokels the milk-cans and vegetables the attars of steeping fields; at Three Bridges all kinds of fogs may be flapping and wringing from their spongy folds an endless ooze, drip and drizzle; and you may sit through the long passage of Clayton Tunnel like a clammy frog in a miasmatic cave, still, when your train has leaped out of the tunnel, you may nearly always be certain of the sunshine, a cloudless sky, and a breath of blessed ozone sweeping strong and clear from farthest southlands across the tuneful sea.

The knotty kinks in your being are loosened. The tension of your whole nature, keyed to its highest pitch from resistance of the bullyings of briefest London experiences, relaxes as if by magic. The hard wrinkles leave your face, and in the little strip of mirror opposite, you see your own countenance mantled with a sunny smile. Why not? Even if alone and unknown, a myriad of goodly companions have crept in beside you to accompany you on your journey. They tempt you to reminiscence, inveigle you with mellow memories, tap at the sunlit windows of your heart, with dalliance and invitation bland. The little bit of English hill and vale, stretches of copse, trails of hedge, ribbons of highway, gleams of white cottage wall and flashes of red tiling, between the tunnel and Brighton, are now all too brief for reminder, rejoinder and rest.

How the odd things and folk of old Brighton and new, come crowding into the mind! History, romance and song all send their familiar hosts. There is old King Canute, so puffed with his own greatness that when his chair was placed upon the Godwin Sands he commanded the incoming tide to stay its onward march, and got for his bravado an inglorious ducking in the presence of his entire court. The lordly figure of William, the Norman conqueror, cannot be disassociated from the place. Then every school child knows of Earl Godwin, Earl of Brighton manor, who, tempting his sovereign to play the fool, was choked to death in attempting to swallow a bread crust. The rare old Flemish pirates came over once and took all the town away. Brigthelmston, it was called in those days, and when it was built up again the French came and made a bonfire of it. It was time now for Brighton to be put in a state of defense. So they built a block-house, a gun garden and four gates, "all done of flynte and sand in a warlyke manner."

Then came the era of the "Auncient Mariners" when war raged for two centuries between landsmen and seamen over the election of "headboroughs" and "councilors," when the "Auncient Mariners" swore by the good old rule,

The simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can,

That they should evermore rule in Brighton; and the landsmen swore, "Odds fish, handspikes and tackling!" that "by the rood, we'll have our share," the final compromise being that the sea folk should elect eight and the landsmen four out of "the twelve auncientest, gravest and wysest inhabitants of the town for assistants to the conestable in every publique cause," out of which came many of the raciest and most mirth-provoking ballads that olden England ever knew. In Henry VIII.'s time, at the dissolution of the monasteries, the manor of Brighton, with the rectory and advowson, were given by the King to Anne of Cleves for life.

About a hundred years ago the London mail coaches were bowled down to Brighton at a mad gallop during daylight, and the present steamship service between New Haven and Dieppe was foreshadowed by a service of packets between Brighton and Dieppe. The route was advertised as bringing London and Paris ninety miles nearer than by way of Dover and Calais, and a trim "pacquet" sailed every evening the moment the foaming horses dashed up with the London coach to the "Old Ship" inn, and the mails and passengers could be hustled on board. Half the literature of the last century teemed with scenes and incidents from these then wonderful old journeys, and the crack of whips, the notes of the coach horns and the screech of the wheels down the frosty hillways seem to float into your carriage window to this very hour, welcome and melodious still.

But George IV., good old Dr. Richard Russell and Thackeray, the three who most made Brighton famous, send you the clearest cut faces and most pleasant companions with which to enter Brighton. Who has not the memory of broad-beamed Martha Gunn, "the principal bathing woman" of Brighton, who once had the honor of ducking King George, and who can still be seen here in an hundred buxom prototyes, as well as her own original self, in a weird crayon drawing, holding a pink-faced boy in lawn with chestnut curls, the infant King of unsavory memory, with the cobalt sea at her feet, and a lone bathing machine labeled "Smoaker & Co." in the awful perspective? It is a sight that will leave a smile on your face past many a weary journey. Then there was "the principal bathing man," who also ducked King George. He was known to local fame as "Old Smoaker," and appears and reappears deathlessly through old tales and ballads, ever ripe for use as the traveling play actors' utility man. He is here still, bless him! in scores of gray old fellows, bronzed and broad, cheery and mellow, a sort of salty cross between Santa Claus, Neptune and a porpoise, more tempting than a siren to the embrace of the waves.

But more than Martha Gunn, "Old Smoaker" or George IV. to Brighton was that luminous old pudge, the true patron saint of the place, Dr. Russell. How he must have chuckled to himself when he sent broadcast through Britain that great treatise, "The Efficacy of Sea Water in Glandular Diseases," and saw Brighton almost instantly grow as rich as Canterbury in the time of the pilgrimages. The old joker knew that the universal British pulse and purse lay just beneath the universal British glandular disease, and by the covert mention of the peculiar adaptability and efficacy of Brighton salt water in particular, a stream of people and gold began flowing toward this one cove of the sea that has never ceased increasing.

Then dear, delightful Thackeray wrote: "It is the fashion to run down George IV. What myriads of Londoners ought to thank him for inventing Brighton. One of the best physicians our city has ever known is kind, cheerful, merry Dr. Brighton. Hail, thou purveyor of shrimps and honest prescriber of South Down mutton! There is no mutton so good as Brighton mutton; no flys so pleasant as Brighton flys, and no shops so beautiful to look at as the Brighton gimcrack shops, and the fruit shops and the market." More than this, he peopled it with many of his own fair brood in "The Newcomes." Who can come here without feeling that Clive and Ethel Newcome are somewhere in all the joyous company? And while one hopes he has left all the Rev. Charles Honeymans, with their sweet feet, delicate and white hands, snowy handkerchiefs redolent of the richest Truefitt and Delcroix, rich cassocks and meek faces, at the Lady Whittlesea's chapels in hideous old London behind, who will not wander on the Stein here to pick out the very house where brave little Miss Honeyman grandly held her own and conquered? There it is, in scores of places, the little, pudgy, round-fronted house, with bow windows and green-painted balcony, redolent of scrawny chops, pinched "teas" and lodgers, but a veritable shrine, worth coming all the way from America to see, by anyone who thrills at the bravery that is cheery and stern to the happy end in all the bitter sweet trudgery and vexation, the rebuff and insolence, and the final glorious victories in everyday life.

It is with this sort of flavor and through this tender glamor that all who come, dimly or consciously, know and love Brighton. All else is as at all other great seaside resorts, perhaps with the difference that at Brighton the peculiarities of the seaside resort are more pronounced because on a grander scale.

It is but an hour and a quarter from London. It is so near that it is almost an ever present and blessed temptation to millions of harried and hurried men and women. For every city whim or hurt it is an outlet and panacea. For over depression or exultation; for headache or heart singing; for debility or plethora, there is the sudden resolve, the apologetic note or telegram, the fleet hansom and the next Pullman express to Brighton. Therefore, from Easter until September, Brighton is simply beaming-faced London-by-the-Sea. It is London at its best. Brighton East street is turned into London Bond street; North street becomes Picadilly, and King's Road, the great sea front thoroughfare, is transformed into splendid Rotten Row.

For London and all other common folk who come to Brighton the great attraction is this King's Road, an unbroken driveway and promenade three miles long; the vast show ground and gimcrack shops beneath its sea front edge; the wide reach of foreshore, ample enough in area for a million people to disport themselves upon; the shore itself, lined with innumerable sailing craft, rowboats and bathing machines—the old closed van on wheels which English conservatism and prudery will seemingly never relinquish—and the endless sea, upon which, perhaps, 50,000 souls from the home pens of London daily gaze and gaze with a vacuous sort of dreamy longing, as though the life-giving feast could never be given up.

For these same common folk there is hardly another such a pleasant pandemonium to be found in the whole world as upon the sands and shingle between King's Road and the sea. Half the humbler "pros," the vagrom players, "eccentrics" and mountebanks of London, free of fee or license, take possession of these miles of foreshore, where the livelong day the multitude is entertained in return for whatever pennies it may choose to shower upon the singers and players. I have in one day counted 2,700 of the performers—a no mean villageful by themselves—who were entertaining from 50,000 to 100,000 people. These are the "buskers" or "busketers" of Brighton. Put all the rest of the seaside fakirs in England together and the whole of them would not furnish the same variety, ingenuity and picturesqueness of these merry nomads. But burnt cork minstrels and the deathless domestic tragedies of Punch and Judy ever closest hold the vast crowd's heart. The onlookers stroll or stand at the edge of the King's Road esplanade, about sixteen feet above the various mountebanks who perform on the sand and shingle beneath. The latter are surrounded by rings and eddies of children sometimes numbering from 15,000 to 20,000 on a sunny day, and their only apparent temporary sorrow is found in the merciless interruptions by the donkey drivers and riders, with which they frequently become ingloriously involved, for there are nearly as many donkeys as harlequins at Brighton, and their masters are London gypsies, handy as costermongers with their tongues and fists.

For the fashionables, aristocrats and thousands of well to do families who summer at Brighton there is not only the glorious sea, but there is London itself to run to and from as often as the fancy or business and social necessities may prompt. Again, in summer Brighton possesses really more elegance, comfort and entertainment than London itself can boast. The great singers and actors do not regard Brighton as provincial but metropolitan. The Theater Royal and Alhambra rival the greatest London legitimate and variety theaters. The hotels are enormous, numberless and splendid. The Royal Pavilion, the scene of some extraordinary orgies, when William IV. was Duke of Clarence, and which are best left untold, is now the home of the grandest of popular promenade concerts, and the magnificent Royal Aquarium is not only a wonderful place for the student of ichthyology, but also provides fine musical and other entertainments. The shops of Brighton are as brilliant and grand as those of Regent street, in London, and the display of equipages and horsemanship on King's Road drive any sunny afternoon is astonishing, even to one familiar with Bois de Bologne, in Paris, or London's famous Rotten Row.

There are many other aspects of Brighton, some being quite disassociated with its chief interest as a resort, which are very winsome to one loitering here. These come to the attention like daily new and pleasing acquaintances. The coaching tours are full of delight. There is nothing more charming in England than a trip to Arundel and a dinner at the old Norfolk Arms, one of those delicious old inns with which the literature of the early part of the present century abounds. Coaches run daily now as they did a hundred years ago from the White Horse Cellar in London to the Old Ship Hotel in Brighton. The Brighton races, out of which "On the Road to Brighton," and scores more of roaring old English ballads had their birth, are still held "on the Downs" the first week in August and the last in October. The "meets" of Crawley and Horsham, Burstow, East Sussex and Goodwood foxhounds, and the Warnham and Surrey staghounds are near, and tops, spurs, cords, "crops" and white, with

A southerly wind and a cloudy sky
Proclaim a hunting morning.

"Meeting papa" at the station in the evening on his return from London is one of the prettiest sights in Brighton. The deputations of wives and children in fine broughams, the cheery greetings and the dashing away to the home or hotel of the reunited hundreds of families is one of the grand events of the day. Then there are the interesting processions of Dr. Blimber's boys in their going to and from the playing fields, with the solemn assistant masters, greater slaves than ever was any Eton or Rugby "fag" conscious of their importance, but writhing under its sedate dignities; the rambles to Shoreham and Lancing, where there is a wonderful little Norman church and the figs ripen in the open air; the exultant walks "over the long back of the bushless downs," and a thousand other things to do and know, until, at departing, the rhythmic wheel beat of your vanishing train times truly with countless rhymes the minstrels have made on this London-by-the-Sea, and most of all with—

If you're fond of good wine and good dinners,
Seascapes divine, which the flashing seas
whiten,
Nice little saints and nice little sinners,
Loiter at Brighton.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

LADIES take Angostura Bitters generally when they feel low spirited. It brightens them up. Dr. Siegert & Sons, sole manufacturers.

PEARL'S POETRY.

Hoffman Deals Gently With a Stockton "Poetess."

He Points Out Great Truths Which Were Partly Concealed in Ambiguous Language and Advises Pearl to "Go It."

My honeymoon, which was in full blast a week ago, is now on the wane. My father-in-law has laid his antediluvian musket away, my mother-in-law has announced her intention of paying me a visit in the fall, and peace reigns.

Owing to the usual lack of funds I was compelled to leave my bride with her mother and go to Los Angeles on my bridal tour alone. Wifey will take her bridal tour sometime during the winter, provided I can borrow the money from some of her relations. At present our hopes are centered upon one of her aunts and a ten-acre field of beans. If the aunt dies and leaves her nothing, and the bean crop is a fizzle, she will be compelled to forego the trip until my thrilling novel, "Fillmore After the Gas Was Blowed Out," begins to prove profitable.

At Los Angeles my reception was immense, thanks to the free puffs given by the *Times* and *Express*, and to the untiring efforts of the municipal authorities, aided and abetted by the Y.M.C.A., Y. M. I., W. C. T. U. and W. Y. O. D. societies. Some of the speeches lacked originality, and the welcoming ode seemed to have been used once or twice before. The rendition of "See, the Cankered Hero Comes," by the band, was good. The trombone parts especially were well rendered. The evolutions and maneuvers of the police department were remarkably fine. The delegation of prominent citizens who called upon me in the evening and invited me to inspect the Courthouse and jail were all very fine, adroit gentlemen. The freedom of the city was presented in the usual way and was accepted. The only disagreeable incident of the evening was caused by a *Herald* reporter, who endeavored to crawl into my bed without removing his hat and got his legs tangled up in the tail of my wedding garment.

My visit to Los Angeles was rather brief, and those who came to the hotel the next day to grasp me by the hand and wish me luck, and get on to my sad, sweet smile, were pained to learn that I had hastened away on an early train for Sangus, where I had made arrangements to assist in the capture of a rattlesnake said to be as big around as a stovepipe and eighteen feet in length. We did not capture the snake, but we enjoyed the scenery.

"Pearl," of Stockton, has sent me a real gem of a poem, with a request that I shall scan it closely and criticise freely. I think that rare and radiant maiden, which her name is is A. R. L., will appreciate the beauties of the poem, as there is in it a sad strain, analogous to some of the productions of her own facile pen. Allow me to say, in the beginning, that I think there is no better plan than for aspiring your poets to send specimens of their best work to those who have grown grayheaded in the business for frank and open criticism. Such people are always very much delighted when these first works are received, and never fail to return lengthy dissertations upon the art of posey, telling how the poetical machine should be greased, and often sitting up very late at night in order to do so. I really rejoice when some love-lorn poetical genius fires an ode to his lady's bangs into my sanctum, with a request for criticism. If there is anything really exhilirating to a man who is tetotally fagged out, it is the reception of a poetical idea so hastily dressed that he feels like putting it into an incubator until it has evolved a full-grown set of whiskers. But this is not complying with Pearl's request.

I shall comment upon each verse separately, in order that the fair author may the more easily perceive the defects. The title of the poem is:

ALONE.

I'm sitting alone this beautiful eve,
Reposing on days gone by;
Viewing the sun as it slowly retreats—
As it sinks far down in the sky.

This is a beautiful thought. The writer was sitting alone, reposing on days gone by. She was looking at the sun, which was retreating and sinking at the same time, therefore the sun was going in two directions at once. This is a state of things allowable, perhaps, in poetry, but hardly compatible with the laws governing the solar system. Said laws are immutable, or, are thought to be so. It is just possible that Pearl has witnessed an astronomical freak, which should be more fully mentioned. I have frequently seen the planets in the exuberant state consequent upon a jag, with moons considerably in excess of the usual number, but I have never witnessed a movement on the part of old Sol similar to that seen by Pearl. Pearl was reposing, that is, sitting, on days gone by, holding them down, so to say, lest they should bob up in front of her and obscure her view of the sun. But let us pass on to the second and third stanzas.

Thinking of persons most dearly I loved,
Recalled to my memory but dim
By the power of that all-wise Being above;
With warning He called them to Him.

Those persons once known in childhood are
gone;
Have buried their heads in gloom;
Their splendor of roses will come to new life,
Like the swell of some sweet tune.

Now we are getting down to something which suggests action. The poet was actually engaged in thought. Her memory, or something, I cannot exactly determine whether it is her memory or the defunct persons alluded to, is dim—very dim. Another fine poetical point. There is nothing so apt to form a taking paragraph as an allusion to the dimness of memory. Some folks forget all about the dimness of their memories, and it is the poet's duty to allude to it. Some of us might go thrashing along through life without knowledge of the fact that our memories were being made dim or worthless by strabismus, or cataract, or something of that sort. The noble generosity of the poet is shown in the admission that her own memory is all out of whack.

In the third stanza we are informed that the persons the poet knew in childhood have done gone and gone away and buried their heads in gloom. What they did with their legs and arms is not stated, which evolves the mental photograph of a rooster, pursued by a more valiant rival, sticking his head into the interstices of a picket fence. This shows genius. The most trivial ideas of the poet should call up other ideas, and sometimes little ideas which appear to be of no importance are really the foundations for tremendous thoughts. We are also assured that these bygone persons will live again, musically, in their own splendor—"like the swell of some sweet tune." This is a grain of comfort—another thing which the poet should scatter with a lavish hand. I had never thought of the resurrection in this light, not having taken much interest in theosophy, but I am carried away with the idea. If I am allowed to choose a tune having a real good swell, or, so to say, a well-developed inflammation, like "Old Dan Tucker," "Daddy Shot a Bar" or "Yankee Doodle," I shall be greatly pleased with the renewed splendor of my roses. But how about those people who have ignored roses and cultivated johnny jumpups, rag weed and other flowers? We will take up the next stanza:

All alone in this lovely eve,
Thinking o'er past ages of care;
'Twon't do at all for us young folks
To turn gray and white our hair.

Now we find the poet sitting in the lovely eve, but presumably in the same place. The drift of her thoughts, however, is changed. She is now wrestling with the infinite burdens of care which have been weighing her down for ages. But another thought has struck her suddenly, and she gives us some really good practical advice in the two last lines. I am pleased to know that there lives a poet who does not approve of hair bleaching. I think it is a silly fad, myself, and have never favored it. I once knew a man who tried to bleach his whiskers, and was so successful that they came out easily, roots and all, and he actually changed his name, hunted up his divorced wife, and married her again. But this is the only case of that kind of which I am cognizant of at the present writing.

And now come the last four stanzas, which require no comment. To the shallow-minded reader they may appear somewhat ambiguous, but this is simply the effect produced by the condensation of great truths into little space, and the broad-minded reader will find them useful in whiling away dull and tedious hours, when tiddledewink, clap-in-and-clap-out, Simon-said-thumbs-up, nosey, and other brain developing games become irksome.

I think I have commented sufficiently to make Pearl's meaning perfectly plain to the reader. The poem contains some very great truths. Its philosophy is perfect, and there is plenty of it. It contains streaks of originality, too, and is not a plagiarism, but it squeezes the honors pretty closely with old man Tennyson. I would advise the author to keep her eye peeled, and when somebody living out of her neighborhood dies, write a few lines "In Memoriam," and send them to the disinherited relations. It would cheer and soothe them to a great extent. But, by the way, I almost forgot the last four verses:

Yet, too, we all are fully aware
That we must all have cares and woes;
All persons must surely share alike,
Having their friends and foes.

By faith let us watch for the coming day—
Not the wisest of us can tell—
The unseen life is going to be saved—
When ready he'll gather his loved ones to
dwell.

Why not be happy in his and her way,
For no thought can express nor tongue can
tell
What may happen to us from day to day—
Let us all do something and do it well.

Then let us wait and be content,
And weep not over the sod;
We shall meet again—face to face,
In the wonderful land of God.

I think, indeed I am certain, that Pearl is, if her folks only knew it, a pearl of great price, and I am glad that she has honored me by forwarding her poem to me for inspection, and that it is, through me, given to an appreciative public, is a source of extraordinary pleasure. But that is the way it always happens. I am so well known to the brainy people of California that they place great confidence in me, knowing that I shall deal kindly with them, and help them along as far as I can toward that prominence which I have attained. I anticipate the reception of more gems of poesy from Pearl's graphic and philosophical pen, or pencil—I don't care what she writes with. Go it, Pearl, and if any hard-hearted, thick-headed, calloused editor ever mauls you to death with a club, or painfully pushes the waste-basket at you, telling you to "insert it yourself," just let me know who he is, and I swear, by the shades of me own most noble descendants, thou shalt be avenged!

I have noted, with scarcely suppressed exclamations of delight, that California poets are rapidly coming to the front, so much so, that in a few years we shall eclipse, in this line, the poetical products of all other States, and turn out bards and poet laureates like hot cakes from a griddle. I sometimes do a little poetical skit meself—just sit down and dash off a few brilliant epitaphs, epigrams, odes and elegies, which always bring big prices and are eagerly sought. At present I am held under contract by the proprietors of Jigger's Coffin Varnish, and cannot write poetry for the current journals and periodicals; but the proprietors, I believe, contemplate reversing the contract, which will give me an opportunity to do a little reversing on my own hook, and add to the already large sales of the varnish afore-mentioned. A. V. HOFFMAN.

Fillmore, Ventura County, Cal.

SUPREME COURT MINUTES.

IN BANK.

TUESDAY, September 8th.

14,332—Brymer vs. Southern Pacific Company; 14,343—Newton vs. Hull—Rehearings denied. The court.

14,420—The Mines d'Oro, etc., vs. Superior Court, Fresno County—Application for a writ denied. We concur: Beatty, C. J., McFarland, J., Paterson, J., Garoutte, J., Harrison, J., Sharpstein, J.

IN BANK.

THURSDAY, September 10th.

14,052—Martin vs. California Central Railway Company—This cause, having heretofore been referred to Department Two for hearing and determination and no decision having been arrived at, and good cause appearing therefor, ordered that the cause be heard and determined by the court in bank. Beatty, C. J.

DEPARTMENT TWO.

13,230—Hinckley et al. vs. Fields Biscuit and Cracker Company et al.—Judgment reversed, with directions to overrule the demurrers interposed by defendants. DeHaven, J. We concur: McFarland, J., Sharpstein, J.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Department One—Van Fleet Presiding.

FRIDAY, September 11th.

Seth Gainsley and H. Gribble vs. Columbus Brewing Company—Motion for judgment continued one week.

J. D. Tate vs. H. L. Sarchett—Continued to October 1st.

Margaret Byrne et al. vs. Catherine Quail et al.—Continued one week.

Isador Schad vs. Henrietta Schad—Demurrer to complaint for divorce submitted and taken under advisement. Motion for alimony continued.

E. A. Burr vs. W. D. Comstock et al.—Demurrer continued.

James Rutherford vs. Louisa Rutherford—Continued to September 17th.

In re. Fred Schrier, an insolvent debtor—Continued one week.

Adam Ankele vs. H. W. A. Michaelson—Continued one week.

In re. Henry McCann, an insolvent debtor—Continued one week.

Owens Bros. vs. E. P. Colgan—Motion to vacate judgment continued one week.

Department Two—Van Fleet, Judge.

FRIDAY, September 11th.

Peter Haas vs. Charles Zimmerman; J. Hyman vs. S. F. Darmody; Waldron vs. Waldron; L. Kreuzberger vs. J. H. D. Wingfield—All continued one week.

W. S. Kendall vs. Jos. Earl et al.—Demurrer overruled for want of prosecution; thirty days to answer; notice waived.

Pomeroy vs. Pomeroy—Set for Thursday, September 17th.

Kredeweiss vs. Kredeweiss—Set for Thursday, Septemqer 17th.

H. A. Root vs. Carl Strobel et al.—Cost bill retaxed by striking out $5 70.

Natoma Water Company vs. John Hancock et al.—Matter submitted.

Estate of Mary Nicholl, deceased; estate of James Egan, deceased; estate of Elizabeth Cisco, deceased; estate of J. Fountain, deceased; estate of Fannie Carmody, deceased—All continued one week.

Estate of Joseph Bauquier, deceased—Final account allowed; attorney for administrator allowed $500.

Estate of Emma Sarchett, deceased—Set for October 1st.

Estate of Lee Fong Gee, deceased—Petition for sale of personal property granted.

Estate of Charles A. Pearson, deceased—$60 allowed for family allowance.

Estate and guardianship of Schade minors—Petition allowed, $8 for each minor.

Estate of J. K. McComber, deceased—Matter of probate of will set for October 7th.

Estate of Henry Keema, deceased—Petition for sale of personal property granted.

Estate of Emma Sarchett—Demurrer sustained; one week to amend; notice waived.

Estate of Catherine Grubler, deceased—Transferred to Department One.

Estate of John Fisher, deceased—Sale of personal property confirmed.

In re. Columbus Brewing Company, an insolvent debtor—Order granting petition to sell personal property.

Guardianship of the McComber minors—Petition of A. A. Jackson as guardian granted.

SAN FRANCISCO STOCK SALES.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 11, 1891.

MORNING BOARD.

Alta	45c	Iowa	25@30c
B. & B	3 45	Lady W	15c
Bodie	55c	Mexican	2 40
Bullion	2 00	N. Comw'alth	30c
C. C. & V	6¾	Occidental	85c
C. N. Y	15c	Ophir	3 85
E. B. & B	30c	S. B. & M	80c
E. S. N	10c	S. Nevada	3 20
Exchequer	65c	Union	2 35
G. & C	1 85	Y. Jacket	1 30
H. & N	1 80		

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Alpha	65c	Mexican	2 60
Alta	50c	N. Com. W	30c
Benton	1 75	Ophir	4 05
Bullion	2 05	Savage	3 15
B. & B	3 60	S. B. & M	80c
C. C. & V	6¾@7 00	S. Nevada	3 50@3 45
Imperial	10c	Utah	80c
G & C	2 00	Union	2 45@2 50
H. & N	1 90	Y. Jacket	1 40@1 35

Archibald Gunter's "Miss Nobody of Nowhere" is soon to be put on the stage.

BACKWOODS BELLES.

They Still Have Glorious Times in Lake County.

After a Silence of Many Months "C. C." Writes a Breezy and Gossipy Letter that Will Interest All the Beaus and Belles of Lakeport and Some Other Places.

"Two months is a long time?" So it seems, Jack. But, when you unloaded the full wealth of your affection on me, Jack, if I don't disremember, you asked me for a warehouse receipt for life. And here I have only been away two short months—just two balmy summer months, Jack. On my return I find the watch and ring that I wore fourth-handed now belongs to the plump blonde at the Lakeview. Oh, Jack, Jack, how could you so soon forget me? Have you painted me to your latest love as you painted your earlier loves to me. Pa says he "allus thought you was an ochre anyways," but I reckon he meant ogre, for pa only attended school winters in Missouri, because they only had 'em winters. But, Jack, it's just too awfully mean of you. My love was red hot, now my jealousy is green, green—yellowy green. P'raps you might mix the colors and discover a new tint—it would be handy in your "profession." But I must bury my own sorrows, ma says, and forget you. I'll try to, goodness knows; but how can I forget Jack. His manly figure, filling his clothes so awfully full; his dear little mustache of a few hairs, but many hues as dyes are (or did you paint it, Jack?) his light suit, his English cane and pioneer silk hat. Oh! I'm afraid I can't forget Jack. But she shall never know I regret him. I'll send her Jack's letters, that's what I'll do!

Vacations are all over now, and most of our elite have returned from the fruit canneries where we hied (I prefer that spelling to hide, don't you?) at the coming of the sultry days. Pa and ma went with me on my summer outing. Really you know peaches do stain one's fingers so, and tomato slicing is so prolific of cuts. That's what Frank said—prolific; and Frank only goes to the cannery for the fun, and, as he puts it, "what there's in it." Of course he meant the girls, and ma said I was the only girl he could see; and that was funny, too, for his eyes seemed good to me. But, sakes alive, I mustn't talk about Frank, for I've got more'n a hundred cuts in my fingers to cure up.

My chum has come home, too. We never was chums till we went to Healdsburg. Then I had to have a chum, and she was large and plump, and I was small and slim. She was a blonde and I was a brunette, so we got awfully attached to each other, of course. I like her just splendid, but I don't think she ought to allow that little chubby, smooth-faced boy to hang around her so, if he does ride a safety so well—especially considering the way she encouraged Danny at Healdsburg. We think our crowd will bring nearly as much money home as the summer travel over the Squaw Creek road will this season, and surely 'twon't be as long about it.

Things have changed wonderfully while I was away. A bran new brick block has been built opposite the Courthouse Plaza, and it's a wonderfully grand addition to the town. The tall, good-looking blonde from Carley's addition don't have so far to walk now for her mail, though goodness knows no one ever knew of her getting a letter, though she says she is "specting one from back yander in St. Joe." She gets to see the boys, however, every day; and, if I'm not mistaken, that's what she comes for. And if that lawyer don't quit laughing and giggling with her up in the corner every afternoon, there will be a row up at his house, if I have to tell the madam myself.

What do you suppose I'm going to do? Can't guess? I'm going to join the Swimming Club. I would have been a charter member only I was "off for the summer," when it was organized. The mother of the club (may her shadow never be less) cabbaged enough lumber to build a Swiss chalet bathing house up at the point, and she takes in members for life on good humor—her good humor. She's promised to take me in. She calls it the "Illinois Swimming Club;" but, sakes alive, Illinois and Missouri are sister States. Oh! but they have good times. The little black-eyed widow don't like to swim before the Superior Judge, and won't if she knows he's around, but sometimes he just smuggles himself up there after she's in the water. Then what can she do? He can come as often as he likes when I learn to swim, for I've got just a grand bathing suit. I bought three remnants of ribbon for it at Levy's yesterday, and intend to put them all in the costume if I have to put two-thirds on my head. The mother of the club is just too funny for anything. She swims a la Illinois and like a porpoise. She floats like a cork, and is going to teach me to do the same. The only thing she can't do in the water is to sink. The daughter of the club swims as gracefully as a mermaid, and her coaxing tone lures the unwary beyond their depths, but then the raft is a safe resort, and no one gets drowned. The "Golden Daughter" looks just lovely in her jaunty red suit, and with her two chicks takes gracefully to the water. But I'll be in it next week if my ribbons don't give out.

I just got home in time for the grand Harvest Ball, and it was a grand success. All the girls went and a few boys. The belle of Big Valley came proudly leaning on the arm of a sack-sewer. Her debonaire corsage, embellished with ripe barley heads, not only made a contrast with the blue, black hair, but also caused an uneasy feeling, when in the heat of dancing, the beards fell within. The graceful dancing of this couple was not only exhilarating, but at times clattery, and a bar or two previous to the music. The steak cutter of Main street added new laurels to the many he already swung to his belt, by the jig step he so deftly introduced into the waltz, as well as by the finished manner in which he relieved the willowy beauty of Scott's Valley of her pompadour sateen skirt, a feat his feet accomplished without missing a step. Two pins and two dishes of ice-cream, then all went merry as a marriage bell. The widow from Fourth street danced with an eclat that was consanquineous, or may be the fact that the "summer boarder" was so attentive to the little married beauty in the stage corner had as much to do with it. But supper came, and all the delicacies stowed away by the worshipers of Terpsichore put more wiggle in the toes than the string band could keep up with. After supper Jack came in with a dancing ticket and that last girl of his. I thought the crowd was becoming miscellaneous, and told ma I wanted to go home, and she just jumped at the chance. Au revoir. C. C.

Lakeport, September 7, 1891.

COMMERCIAL.

SACRAMENTO MARKET.

SACRAMENTO, September 11, 1891.

FRUIT—Lemons—Sicily, $8@8 50 ₱ box; California, $6@6 50; Limes, $13@14 ₱ box; $1 75@2 ₱ 100; Bananas, $2 50@3 50 ₱ bunch for Island; Cocoanuts, $7@8; California Oranges—Riverside, $3@3 50 ₱ box; Pineapples, 60 cents each, $7 ₱ dozen; Peaches, 40@60c ₱ box; Strawberries, $1 40@1 50 ₱ case; Nectarines, 75c@$1 ₱ box; Plums, 50c@$1 25 ₱ box; Bartlett Pears, $1@1 25 ₱ box; Apples, 50c@$1 ₱ box.

CANNED GOODS—Assorted Table, $1 65@1 75; Apples, $1 60; Apricots, $1 50; Blackberries, $1 75@1 85; Cherries, $1 95@2 35; Currants, $2 25; Gooseberries, $1 80@1 90; Muscat Grapes, $1 40@1 50; Plums, $1 40; Quinces, $1 75; Strawberries, $2 50.

BREADSTUFFS—Flour, $5 25 ₱ bbl; Oatmeal, 10-lb sacks, 4c ₱ lb; $3 75 ₱ 100-lb sacks; Cornmeal, white, $3 50 ₱ 10-lb sacks; yellow, $2 85 ₱ 25-lb sacks; Cracked Wheat, $3 ₱ 10-lb sacks; $2 75 ₱ 100-lb sacks; Hominy, $4 ₱ 10-lb sacks; $3 75 ₱ 100-lb sacks; Graham, $2 75 ₱ 10-lb sacks; $1 ₱ 100-lb sacks.

VEGETABLES—Onions, Silverskins, 75@85c ₱ cwt; red, 80@85c; Egg Plant, 3@4c; Tomatoes, 30@50c ₱ box; Corn—Sweet, $1 ₱ sack; Cabbage, 65@90c ₱ 100 lbs; Carrots, 50@60c ₱ 100 lbs; Turnips, new, 75c ₱ sack; bunch vegetables, 12½c ₱ doz; Parsnips, $1@1 50; Beets, 76c@$1; Horse Radish, 10c ₱ lb; Garlic, 5@6c; Artichokes, 40@60c ₱ doz; Dried Peppers, 25@30c; Green Peas, common, 2@3c; do, sweet, 3@4c; Potatoes, Early Rose, 40@50c; Peerless, 60@70c; Burbanks, 60@65c; Centennial, 40@60c ₱ ctl; Celery, 75c ₱ doz; String Beans, 4@5c; Summer Squash, 3c; Cauliflower, $1 ₱ doz; Green Peppers, 5@6c ₱ lb; Okra, 12½@15c; Red Cabbage, 3c ₱ lb.

DAIRY PRODUCTS—Butter, Valley, 20@22c ₱ lb; Fancy Petaluma, 25@27c ₱ lb; Eastern Creamery, fancy, 21@22c; packed in firkins, choice, 18@20c; 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; Marth's Cream, 17@18c. Eggs—27@30c; Eastern, 22@24c.

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

HAY, GRAIN AND FEED—Oat Hay, $11@14 ₱ ton; Alfalfa, do, $10@12 ₱ ton; Bran, $20 ₱ ton; Middlings, $22 ₱ ton; Barley, whole, paying $1 10@1 20; rolled, $1 35; Wheat (choice milling), paying $1 65 ₱ cwt; Rye, $1 70; Tame Oats, $2@2 10; Corn, paying $1 85 ₱ cwt.

MEATS—Beef, 5c; Mutton, 7c; Lamb, 9c; Veal, large, 5½@6c; small, 6½@7c; hogs, 4@4½c; dressed pork, 8c; Hams—Eastern, 14@15c; California, 11½c; Bacon—Light Medium, 9½c; selected, 10c; extra light, 12½c; extra light, boneless, 13½@14½c.

MISCELLANEOUS—Seeds—Alfalfa, new crop, 6@7½c; Timothy, Eastern, 5@6c; Pop Corn, ear, 2½@3½c; shelled, 4½@5½c; Red Clover, 10@11c; Red Top, 6@7c ₱ lb. Nuts—Chile Walnuts, new, 11@12c; California Walnuts, 11@12c; Almonds, new, 14@16c; Peanuts, California, 6@7c; Eastern, 6@7c. Lard—California, cans, 8½@9c; Eastern, 8¾@10c. Hides—Salt, light, 5c; medium steers, 6c; heavy steers, 8c; heavy cows, 5c; dry, 9c; Tallow, 3½c.

SAN FRANCISCO MARKET.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 11, 1891.

FLOUR—Net cash prices for Family Extras, $5@5 25 ₱ bbl; Bakers' Extras, $5 15@5 25; Superfine, $3 65@3 90.

WHEAT—There is but little inquiry for shipping purposes, while prices continue to weaken. Quotable at $1 62½@1 63¾ as a full range for export grades. Millers can about supply all wants at $1 67½ ₱ ctl as an outside figure.

BARLEY—Movement is tame and values keep easy. We quote: