AT SHAKESPEARE'S TOMB.

Wakeman Wandering in an Atmosphere of Dreams.

The Shrine of the World's Immortal Bard at Stratford-on-Avon—Grand Old Ruin of Kenilworth and Gray Old Warwick—Numerous Historic Places.

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

STRATFORD-ON-AVON, Sept. 30, 1891.

If there shall ever appear a true and comprehensive Narrative of Dreams I think it will be found that one of the most frequently recurring experiences of dreamers is that they seem to lack the power of close and genial companionship with the voiceless personages whom they meet in sleep. No matter how close may be the bonds with the same personages in waking hours. No matter how vivid the apparent reality of act and doing in dreamland. There is ever a filmy vail of unrecognition even where recognition seems most complete; and at waking there is always the saddening longing to have seen clearer, to have got closer, and to have more firmly trod or clasped the outstretched hand.

Something akin to this tender feeling of unrest and vague consciousness of unfulfillment, possesses you in this sweet old town of Stratford-on-Avon. From first to last the entire experience is tinged with the nature and wrought in the very tissue of dreams. It has been your dream to sometime know this greatest of all literary shrines. While you are within its strange influence you wander and dream as in the actual region of dreams among dream-born folk who are themselves dreaming within the dream. After you turn away all that you can possibly recall seems to have had its origin in some far-off age of dreams.

If you come to this shrine by railway and its interminable changes, giving you glimpses of all sorts of midland towns, from ancient Warwick with its stately battlements, to Leamington with its modern glitter, you have reached a pleasing state of confusion not remote from the vagaries of dreams. If you have come to the place on the box of one of those famous coaches which spin to various points of interest throughout the shire, you will have seen in a few hours a countless succession of the most beautiful and dreamful countryside pictures in England. And if you should come on foot for the eleven miles as I did, along the hard, white highway from Warwick, underneath an almost unbroken archway of elms, through the crisp yet drowsy atmosphere of an English midland autumnal morning, there is still surrounding you the glamor of bewitching unreality you cannot and would not dispel.

Tramping over this witching way what a flood of historic memories sweep in with the breath of the rosy morning! Here upon this noble eminence, with historic Clopton House to the right and Hampton Lucy to the left, beneath the arching elms, is caught the first glimpse of the Valley of the Avon. An hundred lesser gentle, verdure-clad eminences rise and fall as if with the throbbing of nature's heart in its fair, far sweep. From away in the northeast winds a thread of silver. It broadens as it disappears and reappears in its course towards the Severn, and is finally lost completely, where, above a mass of elms and limes and red-tiled roofs, rises a slender apire. The silvery thread is the Avon. The mass of elms and limes and red-tiled roofs is Stratford. The slender spire of its Holy Trinity Church marks the tomb and shrine of the world's immortal bard.

Loitering here the old days, places and stirring scenes fit quickly into the wide horizon rim. The three spires of ancient Coventry can almost be seen, not far away, to the north; Coventry with its legends of pilgrimages and the deed of fair Godiva, which brought freedom from the oppression of her fierce, grim lord to the people of her well-beloved town. The grand ruin of Kenilworth, with its memories of jousts, tournaments and revelries of Elizabeth and her favorites are nearer still. Gray old Warwick, with its walls still as mighty as in the furious times of the third Henry, is just behind you to the north. Over to the west Evesham and Tewksbury recall a grewsome tale. Only fifteen miles to the north, just at the edge of Oxfordshire, the first great battle between the King's and Parliamentary forces was fought in the seventeenth century at Edge Hill. Not far away, in Northamptonshire, is Fotheringay, notably connected with the lives and fates of Princes, and famous and infamous as the place of execution of Mary Queen of Scots.

Below Edge Hill is Banbury, of cherished nursery-rhyme memory, to whose toothsome cheese Shakespeare likened Falstaff, for his rich and unctious habit. It is but a few miles away, just over there in Northampton, beyond the ivy-hid Rugby of "Tom Brown's School Days," that the Avon Springs from the hills about Naseby, where Cromwell and Fairfax drove the hapless Charles from his throne and kingdom. Sixty-four great seats with their castles or halls, from Allesley Park to Wroxall House, besides many fine cathedrals and superb monastic and castle ruins, cluster close within the shire. The chimneys and minareted turrets of one rise above primeval trees down there to the east in the dreamful Avon Valley. They mark old Charlecote, scene of a certain rhyming poacher's escapade. And this same Charlecote once stood in the greatest of all British forests, the forest of Arden, whose name and fame can never grow old, so long as the fair and tender Rosalind and all the other winsome brood in "As You Like It" shall repeat their wise and wondrous human truths to those who own and love the English thought and tongue.

As you descend into the old town everything is strangely still. On the way you see a few blackbirds hopping sagely among the stubble, close to the sheltering hedge. Here and there a wary pheasant that has escaped the annual autumnal slaughter whisks into the road, trots along its grassy border for a little, and then as suddenly and silently disappears. The kine are sleepily chewing their cuds against the farm-house byres. A few "stooks" of late-gathered grain are huddled in the little fields. The smoke ascends faintly from the chimneys of cottage and hall. They are late risers these English folk, and the low sun is far up in its slender arc before dwellers give sign of being astir. Even the sable rooks that haunt the dead trees and high, wide chimneys of ancient demesnes, rise sluggishly from their hiding, wheel lazily about it, and settle down quietly again, not yet ready to unloose their saucy, chattering tongue.

You know, as everybody knows, when you have come to the little closely-hedged tiled houses where the open highway has merged into a long, picturesque, humble street, that were you to remain in Stratford for a month's time there could be only just the half dozen places immediately identified with Shakespeare to visit—the house where he was born, the vacant site of the house where he lived at New Place, the church where he is buried, Ann Hathaway's cottage, and the memorial fountain and theater. And while you could see these in an hour's time the impulse, now that they are so near your ken, is to avoid them; to wander away through the town for a little at first, and, shaking off the dreamful captivity of it all, to try and come back to those objects and places one by one, with increased attitude and power of recognition and companionship.

You are now in the center of Stratford, on High street. You suddenly recall the curious fact that in all the hundreds of English towns you have visited you have always found a High street, and that every place of interest to be seen, as at Stratford, is only a few moment's walk from every other place, off or on this old familiar High street. Here is an open space, the ancient "mercate square." Jagged, zigzag thoroughfares lead to it from outlying picturesque spots and quarters. All about are half-timbered houses projecting story over story into the market place, and you wonder how long before, from sheer age, they will tumble, red roofs first, over into the clean, cool square below. Quaint shops, just now opening, are pinched in between staid old mansions. Bandboxes of inns, scores of them, each striving to outdo the other in curious name or escutcheon suggestive of the one memory of the slumberous old town, speck the gray facades with gilt and color.

Down one of these streets, old Henley street, through whose windings a glimpse of the uplands is caught, you know is to be found the house of all others in Stratford. But you turn in the opposite direction. You pass an ancient inn named for the bard. Each of its rooms is given the name of some one of the characters he created. Servants are higgle-haggling with a rosy-faced huckster over the price of vegetables on its comfortable porch. Old stone houses, with the oldest of peaks, gables and pent-houses over huge oaken doors, are passed. At some old men and women are nodding even in these morning hours at the open windows. Soon there is a vista of trees shutting out all beyond save a gray stone porch. Without knowledge of Stratford topography you have come with unerring instinct straight to Holy Trinity Church and graveyard. An ancient verger with snow-white hair is shuffling along the leaf-strewn pavement. He pauses, and, with a loud jangling of his huge keys, he unlocks the wicket, then the wide, low oaken doors, and is shortly lost among the shadows within. You steal softly after him. Somewhere in the dim place the old man is whistling, as if for company, in low tones, as become an old, old man, but somehow it checks your impulse to enter, and you wander around and around the shadowy shrine, halting at last next the side of the chancel nearest where you know that Shakespeare lies. You lay your hand gently on the old gray stones as if groping for the touch of a near but unseen friend. How long your revery has been you know not, but a tiny, iconoclastic sparrow, scratching among the gravel at your feet, looks so quizzically into your face that you hurry ashamed away.

A few steps among the graves, beneath huge elms, bring you to the river side, for the Avon he loved laves the sides of the churchyard walls. It is so still and silent here that you feel the very spirit of the stream is hushed in obeisance and reverence for the spot its waters are passing. On the farther side are long, lonesome meadows. A few sheep are grazing there. Up the stream to the right, above the masses of trees and tiles, looms the huge, obese Memorial Hall. You resent it as you have already turned away from the perky white fountain in mellow old High street. Everything modern here that seeks to memorialize men or committees of to-day, through fantastic memorials to this very sun of the English race and tongue, hurts you with its brazen impertinence.

You turn, pass through the churchyard and saunter along in the quiet of Mill Lane. At its end is a ramshackle mill, nobody knows how many centuries old. The splash of the wheel has a drowsy sound. A foot-path leads to a mossy wooden bridge. You cross this, take to the meadows, with the river, church and town to your left, and cross the fields to Shottery. Here is a typical English village, criss-crossed with stone walls, and hedges cut in high box patterns, and brown with thatched roofs, so old that birds and mice use them for nests, while wild field flowers and weeds grow luxuriously upon them. Instinctively you approach the oldest and quaintest structure in Shottery. Its gable overhangs the lane. Its south side faces a maze of vines and flowers, and four tiny windows, hooded by the thatching, peep over into the breeze and bloom. It is Ann Hathaway's cottage. A pleasant old woman, whom you feel must have known the maid and the man, hustles about; shows you the interior; the ancient "settle" where the love-making was done; the visitors' book with its glorious priceless autographs; even the heirlooms of linen, more lasting than effigy or cenotaph of stone, the while chatting cheerily as if the lids of time always opened upon her as upon a bright and stainless page. But you have not heard what was said. The old lady's words have blended with the autumn voices without. The voices you have heard came trembling down the silences of more than 300 years, and your heart has thrilled unutterably, because, for a moment, so close have come that day to this, those two to you.

Back across the Avon over the great stone bridge, and a few minutes' walk, brings you to humble Henley street. There is still the seeming of dream-folk walking about in the soft autumn air. There are few of them, and they seem either very old or very young; quaint old men and grandams, ruddy of face and white of hair, who seem to have stepped out of the olden times to look around their former haunts for a little, and very quiet children with demure old ways. You wonder if the influence of so surpassing a shrine goes this far among Stratford dwellers, or whether it is the glamor of your own fancy. This, as you stand before the birthplace of Shakespeare—a spruce enough structure since its "restoration," with gabled porch, an Elizabethan window in the next story, and a peaked dormer window outjutting from the steep-pitched roof above, all with a pretty garden at the sides and back. It seems a long time before the jangling bell is answered. Finally another beaming old lady appears, and you follow her silently within. There is very little to see, incommunicable things to feel. There are two rooms below and two above. One of the latter is a sort of museum, and you find little interest here. In the other the bard was born, which fact thrills you most powerfully—that here first saw the light of day the great revealer of humanity to men, or that the once white wall is black with the names of the great and mighty of all lands and climes, who have come and reverently left these signs of tribute to what was so immortally revealed?

Yet how little is there for simply the eyes to look upon—the interior of a modest church of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, cruciform, with central tower and spire, and aisles to the nave only; a narrow chancel inclining strangely to the north; ancient oaken pews with curiously-carved misereres beneath; a west window representing the twelve Apostles and our Lord's baptism; a clerestory beautifully imposed on the arches below; a north chancel window, the gift of Americans, illustrating, from "As You Like It," the Seven Ages of Man; a few ancient sedilia or priests' seats; an entablature of stone in which is set the painted stone bust of a pleasant-faced man with twirled mustache and slight-pointed beard; and below a grave with four lines of inscriptive supplication that the dust and bones beneath shall never be disturbed by mortal man. This is all. Yet every day of every year men and women, in increasing numbers, come from the earth's remotest bounds, to stand beside this silent but never voiceless tomb.

The day passes and the shadows lengthen among the limes. You shrink into a corner beneath protecting pillar, and see, still as in a dream, the motley throng, from peasant to prince, come and go, come and go, as if the great world-heart pushed its strongest, warmest, most unfaltering pulsation here. The evening descends, and the last soft foot-fall has recrossed the worn stone threshold and passed like a whisper over the wind-strewn lime-leaves beyond. The ancient verger dons his hat and jangles his keys. Like a wraith of your own dreaming self, you pass swiftly to the chancel and kneel in the darkening old church beside one grave for a moment alone—

AT SHAKESPEARE'S TOMB.

Once where a spray of apple-bloom
Hung o'er my garden wall,
There came a vagrant oriole
To flood the music of its soul
Full in my open-windowed room.

A fleck of gold, with voice of lute,
Within my casement swung—
My own sweet-prisoned singing bird—
Whose tribute, which the master stirred,
Left it aghast and mute.

Thus came his flight and canticle,
Flooding Song's dawn with Day.
Thus we, athrill and tribute-stirred,
Like my poor prisoned singing bird,
Falter love-dumb and still.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

SANTA ROSA SOCIETY.

Everybody Goes to See the Circus.

Sonoma County Belles Visiting the Metropolis—Nancy Would Not Patronize the Elevator—Prospects of a First-Class Funeral.

Ha, ha! I have been to the circus. Didn't have to crawl under the tent, sell my cook-stove, pawn my jewels nor resort to any other of the extreme measures that the public is credited with, but marched in at the grand entrance with the greatest *eclat*. When the circus fails to draw its hundreds and tens of hundreds, the sun will have burned itself out and the stars sunk helpless in their orbits.

In Santa Rosa everybody goes to the circus, with and without excuses. We are a circus-going people. On no other occasion do the suburban populace bring their blankets and prepare to stay a while, as they do on this auspicious day. A rush for land at Guthrie is no where then. We see all sorts and conditions of men. There were disciples of Blackstone, tall and dignified, and there were expounders of the same text book not so tall and not so dignified. There was chattering, blooming May and grey-bearded December, anxious mammas with a brood of little flowers clustered round, the rural delegation in full force and a sprinkling of the four hundred. There were sunbonnets and ginghams, and here and there a diamond twinkled against a dainty cheek.

I was so fortunate as to attend with my friend Napoleon Bonaparte Jones of Coon Hollow. Now, Bony is nothing if he is not gallant, and on this day he overreached himself. Could the Napoleon of old be apprised of the honor conferred on his name he would get too big for his casket.

Bony is a nobleman from his seersucker waistcoat to his sunburned straw-colored hair and his swagging limbs, which are, from a critical standpoint, about a pica and a nonpareil too long. But the joy he can reap out of his dollar's worth of circus ticket is too numerous to mention. He buys pink lemonade and popcorn balls till he breaks the supply; he buys palm-leaf fans and song-books and never allows a side-show to languish for lack of patronage. And the way he sasses the lemonade caterers is to be admired. He does not propose to be imposed upon. He carried my parasol and poked the animals and said funny things till I launched off into a spasmodic fit of hilarity and then he wisely said: "Sh! folks 'll think you're from the country." He is "the people" out where he resides.

He has been elected two consecutive terms to the office of Financial Secretary in the Good Templar's Lodge, and makes beautiful swans and other brutes with his 303 pen. The prodigality of flourishes he lavishes on his signature is simply wonderful. He has filled important positions of trust in his community, ranging all the way from poundmaster to road-overseer, and stands a right smart chance of being elected Constable, if the next Presidential election goes well. He is perfectly guileless of the little insect known in common parlance as the fly. Bony always is the first to escort the newest schoolma'am, and he is the life of society at Coon Hollow. Why multiply idle words when with summing up three little ones we have it all:

Bony+is+a=A Daisy.

But the gentry who most studiously enjoy the circus is Lo, the untutored. They have not picked hops without an eye to the placarded fences—no, indeed. They huddle up in groups on the benches and prepare to enjoy themselves, the grizzle-headed old "hombra," the buxom young woman, gorgeous in a yellow calico dress made invariably with a belt waist, a red bandana over her hair, the boy in "store clothes" with his overalls turned up, and the wailing pappoose in its wicker straight-jacket. Seemingly, they are there as a duty, for they exhibit no signs of approval or the reverse, but sit like a row of sphynx. The other member of the family present is the little yellow cur dog. He is invariably little, yellow, and a cur—the curriest kind of a cur, but he is to a group of the forest idlers what the festive "jag" is to a crowd of American bloods—he is apt to "be there." He sits like a piece of statuary, too, and not a muscle of his bob-tail or his cropped ears indicates voluntarily that he is glad he has come. He shows his teeth occasionally when some one encroaches on his dignity, and that is all. He seems to be silently solving the great problem of life—trying to offer an excuse for living, but he never says a word. There is a close-knit bond between the Indian and his dog. It may be in their worthlessness or in their adjuncts, the sportive flea, but it is there.

There I saw the color line drawn in bands broad enough not to be questioned. All above, below and around the gay-colored and as gayly-odored group was a circle of empty seats. They sat alone in silent state, but if you think for a moment that this severe ostracism blighted their joy you are laboring under a delusion.

There was a particular part of the performance that perhaps I alone, out of the rows of vacant seats, was most fully able to appreciate, and that was the riding.

For I have tried to ride.

And to see a rider spring from the ground and light on his feet on the galloping steed reminded me of my experience. Only I sprang the other way, and didn't light on my feet either, oh no. The dust in the king's highway was soft and deep, and hear ye, I made an impression. My noble horse would stop when he heard a dull, soft thud and a cloud of dust rising like incense, and looking around complacently at the wreck lying lowly at his feet seemed to say: "Clamber on and try it again, idiot." It looks so easy, and the animal moves so gracefully, but to sustain a hold on his broad back takes all the amateur's best efforts. He seems to be perpetual motion; he develops joints, cogs, dips, angles, spurs, hereditaments and appurtenances that you never suspected the equine of holding in his make up. You wish earnestly that he could get over the ground with less motion, and grab around frantically for something more than his mane to hold on to; leaving the reins slack in your deep interest to hang on, the steed goes meandering off at his own sweet will on a dog trot. By this time your surcingle disavows its intention of remaining intact longer and you surprise the bedrock with a hearty and unpremeditated embrace. It has its allurements, however, for me, but I leave my nag to speak for himself.

Among the festive throng that went to the metropolis on a recent excursion were three of our fairest daughters who had an experience. I give it in the spokeswoman's own words unaided by any embellishments of mine own:

"You see, we didn't want to appear countryfied, and were determined to belie our looks. Our party of a dozen or more stopped at one of the leading hotels. We were waiting in a large, brilliantly-lighted apartment to be shown to our respective rooms. To the bystanders and retainers we must have given the impression that this bustle and confusion was an everyday occurrence to us, whereas it was a sore temptation not to look out the corners of our eyes at the superb appointments that greeted us on every hand. We looked straight ahead into empty air with stolid indifference. We were about to step into the elevator when one of our companions said, in a voice that sent the wild echoes flying clear over in Saucelito, 'No, siree! You don't ketch me agoin' up in one of them there things. I've heerd of too many accidents in the pesky critters;' and Nancy's alpaca polonaise sailed up the stairs, John following in her wake."

It happened just the other day I dropped into the public library one muggy, soggy afternoon to be amused. I was just settled, or rather convulsively unsettled, behind a funny paper, when an old gentleman, a regular habitue of the library, approached me with a copy of the RECORD-UNION held lightly between his thumb and forefinger. His specs fairly scintillated with the gleam of intense interest and merriment in his honest eyes, and he whispered eagerly, waving the paper till the air was redolent with printers' ink:

"When does the contest close?"

"What contest?" said I blankly, pausing in the midst of a laugh and petrifying it as it were.

"Beg pardon. Don't you know? Why it's the impression among the RECORD-UNION readers that you and Hoffman are trying to see who can be the biggest fool."

"?" "! !"—† † †—‡ ‡ ‡—† ‡ †—‡ ‡ ‡

☞ Notice of funeral hereafter.

Santa Rosa. A. R. L.

SUPREME COURT MINUTES.

IN BANK.

WEDNESDAY, October 7, 1891.

14,769—Henry vs. Superior Court—On reading and filing the petition, ordered that a writ of review issue as prayed, returnable before the court in bank at San Francisco on Monday, November 2, 1891, at 10 o'clock A. M., and that in the meantime, and until the further order of this court, all proceedings in the matter to be reviewed be suspended. By the court. Beatty, C. J.

THURSDAY, October 8, 1891.

14,088—Behlow vs. Shorb; 13,230—Hinckley vs. Field Biscuit Company; 14,273—Gould vs. Stafford—Rehearings denied. The court.

15,584—Rutledge vs. Crawford—Judgment reversed and cause remanded for further proceedings not inconsistent with this opinion. DeHaven, J. We concur: Garoutte, J., Harrison, J., Beatty, C. J., Sharpstein, J., Paterson, J.

Gage vs. Wallace—Writ denied. By the court. Beatty, C. J.

14,772—People vs. Brown—By the court. On reading and filing the within petition, ordered that an alternative writ of mandate issue as prayed, returnable before the court in bank at Sacramento on November 9, 1891, at 10 A. M. Beatty, C. J.

14,757—Wills vs. Smiley. By the court. Writ denied. In the present condition of the business of this court, the circumstances alleged in the petition are not sufficient to justify entertaining it as an original proceeding. Beatty, C. J.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Department One—Catlin, Judge.

FRIDAY, October 9, 1891.

Law calendar continued generally.

Estate of Eleanor Fassier, deceased—On trial.

Department Two—Van Fleet, Judge.

FRIDAY, October 9, 1891.

Thomas Lewis vs. Margaret Lewis—Ordered that the husband pay the wife $40 a month alimony and $50 counsel fees.

Wm. Jones vs. B. F. Ward—Continued one week.

H. C. Muddox vs. George Muddox—Continued one week.

S. B. Smith vs. F. W. Fratt—Continued one week.

S. W. Belcher vs. George Booth et al.—Transferred to Department One.

C. A. Jenkins vs. R. G. Wilson et al.—Transferred to Department One.

J. H. Corbin vs. Delia J. Corbin—Set for hearing for October 17th.

C. J. Stillwell vs. Elwood Bruner—Continued one week.

M. Keyser vs. D. Capolo—Cost bill retaxed by striking out item of $6 20.

Estate of Elizabeth Woods, an incompetent person—Continued one week.

Estate of E. Erich, deceased—Petition for sale of real estate granted.

Estate of B. Gorman, deceased—Continued one week.

Estate of Martin Devine, deceased—Set for hearing for October 23d.

Estate of Mary Lansing, deceased—Continued one week.

Estate of Joshua Fountain—Continued two weeks.

Estate of Nicholas Fusch—Account settled and distribution ordered.

Estate of Bernard Kane, deceased—Final account settled.

Estate of Mary McLaughlin, deceased—Will admitted to probate and letters of administration issued to Bridget Murray. Appraisers appointed.

Estate of A. H. Estill, deceased—Continued one week.

Guardianship of James Bagwell, an incompetent—Improperly on calendar.

Estate of Ira J. Darling, deceased—Final account settled and distribution ordered.

Estate of C. Connard, an insane person—Account settled; guardian allowed $75 and attorney fee $75.

People vs. A. Forgous, charged with murder—Continued until November 9th.

People vs. John Haggerty—The jury finds a verdict of guilty of murder in the second degree.

People vs. Charles Hennessey—Defendant pleads guilty to simple assault and is sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment in the County Jail.

People vs. Ralph Lewis—Defendant pleads guilty to the charge of burglary. Sentence postponed.

People vs. John Reddy, charged with grand larceny—Defendant pleads guilty. Sentence postponed.

SAN FRANCISCO STOCK SALES.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 9, 1891.

MORNING BOARD.

Andes	105	Julia	15c
B. & B	2 95@2 90	Mexican	2 60
Bullion	155	Occidental	80c
Bulwer	25c	Ophir	3 70
Caledonia	40c	Overman	1 05
Challenge	1 20@1 25	Potosi	2 50
C. C. & V	6 00	Savage	2 85@2 90
Point	1 45	S. Nevada	2 35@2 40
Exchequer	55c	Union	2 40
G & C	1 80	Utah	60c
H. & N	1 50	Y. Jacket	1 65

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Andes	105	Mexican	2 55
Bullion	1 65	N. B. Isle	40c
B. & B	2 95	Ophir	3 65@3 60
C. C. & V	6¼	Potosi	2 50
Chollar	1 40	S. Nevada	2 45
C. Point	1 45	Savage	2 90@3 00
G. & C	1 80	Union	2 45
H. & N	1 50	Y. Jacket	1 65
Justice	55c		

Articles of Incorporation.

Articles of incorporation of the Metropolitan Dispensary Company of San Francisco were filed in the Secretary of State's office yesterday. The capital stock is $100,000, and the directors are W. L. McFarland, Charles P. Thompson, Henry Donahue, B. B. Lee and B. F. Carver.

Taken away—sick headache, bilious headache, dizziness, constipation, indigestion, bilious attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. It's a large contract, but the smallest things in the world do the business—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They're the smallest, but the most effective. They go to work in the right way. They cleanse and renovate the system thoroughly—but they do it mildly and gently. You feel the good they do—but you don't feel them doing it. As a Liver Pill, they're unequaled. Sugar-coated, easy to take, and put up in vials, and hermetically sealed, and thus always fresh and reliable. A perfect vest-pocket remedy, in small vials, and only *one* necessary for a laxative or *three* for a cathartic.

They're the *cheapest* pill you can buy, because they're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. You only pay for *the good* you get.

That's the *peculiar* plan all Dr. Pierce's medicines are sold on, through druggists.

BACKWOODS BELLES.

'Manda Higgins Intended to Conceal Her Identity.

But Since the World Now Knows Who is After "C. C." She Proposes to Speak Her Mind Freely—The "Jedge" Defends Gravelly Valley.

EDS. RECORD-UNION: Efan airthquake had a whirld this airth aroun' and aroun', an' hed a open'd a yawnin' cassum at my feet an' a swaller'd me into it, I wudn't a felt littler 'n I did feel this vehy mawnin' when Lidy, my oldist gurl, sot right down befoah me an' Missus Lormur an' Missus Crain, an' thes red off, word fur word, as I had wrote that letter to yo' papur, a' windin' up in plane tones of loudnis sa'fishent to be hearn all ovah the house—"Amanda Higgins!"

"Lidy," ses I, in my mos' impassiv manner, an' in a dignerfide tone of vois, "when an' whar, an' how an' from whuse teechins do you contrive a'thority to a'dress yo' own nachel ma, as bore you, as Amanda Higgins?" An' I wus mad's a hornit.

"Why, ma, I thes red it out'n the papur," she sed.

Then I was maddern ever. I'me utterally 'stonished at yo' havin' an' showin' no moah respecks fur the wishes of a lady of the female secks, an' a widder with her pardner dead an' berrid, than to delibitly print her name in captils, es you done, to the 'hole world, an' that after I special tole you I didn't wantter rush inter print, ner be a spreadin', an' a pradin', an' a flautin' my name afore the 'hole airth, but thes sined it 'cause I've hearn you mus' do it as a yearnes' o' good faith, er yo' letter won't be put in. It thes makes me bile to think that mebbe I am, and probably I is, this minit held up over this 'hole chost; me a widder in good standin', with two innersen dawters (an' not ankyis to change my condishun, nor a thinkin' of sich at all, nor in ways nor wise hankerin' for any man person as a life pardener), an' mebbe the finger o' s'picion a pinting straight at them capitils, an' a 'specting me uv being a member uv the P. C. W. P. A. No, siree!

I'me proud to say that A. H. hes never vis'ted Sutrow Hites, an' Mr. Hites never hes an' never shell kiss the lips of A. H. I don't b'long to any press 'sociation. Feelin's I feel now, with my outraig'd feelin's a beatin' an' a throbbin', I cain't forgiv' you. Missus Lormur ses it's a fortuitus insult on yo' part, pufflckly unreserved by me; an' Missus Crain, she says, it's wicked for you to indiver to disperse my name. An' them two ladies gin'rally dus speak the sentiments o' this ca'munity, an' vehy prop'ly too.

I hed no ijee a comin' a writer fur the papurs. I'me only a plane widder, with two charges to keep, both of the femmermine secks, until they're taken from me, es they mos' nachelly will, reddy to lif my pen to do battul for my scandlised nauburs at the instents uv C. C., an' to warn you aginst his invidyus writin' uv letters as wusn't so.

Seems like 'n pears like, steader heppin' me, moast uv us think yuse a sidin' an' a aidin' an' abettin' him in his crewsade. Whatever an' however I gotter say, I ses it an' quits, an' doan go a ramlin' aroun'. Steader runnin' on in a haphar-rison sorter way, a luggin' in stuff it don't intress nobody, I cums to the pint and ses my say, ef I do say it myself. Now I have came to you twicet, countin' this time, a a'pealin' to you, an' ef 'twould be eny good, land sakes alive, I'de thes rite study frum now till Chrismuss, es deverse es I am, an' well you kno' it, fur I tole you so afore, to gittin' my name in print an' a comin' notorious, thes to giv you a true histry of what's a hap'nin' in this ca'munity. A livin' heah as I do live, an' es the Jedge remawk'd this evenin', right in the mist of the *needjerrees*, the Jedge uses Latin inderscriminate, I could do it monstrous truthful. Laws sakes knose we doan' mine what C. C. says gin'rally, but 'cashyunly it kinder bites, thes sorter plaguin' like, what he sez is. I hev saw some es was so insenct at him that I hed to actuil beller a laffin'. It kinder relieves yo' feelin's uv angur some way or yuther even somebody elses scotchin' roun' mad like.

Es I tole the Jedge las' nite when me an' him were a discussin' about Backwood's Belles that yude hev to go clean to Gravly Vally 'fore yude fine any backwoods 'bout heah. An' he spoke rite up for Gravly Vally quick like, an' sed he knode uv his own knowlidge plenty of peopul thar that'd be fit fur the moast select bullarks of society in any city. But I kno' how 'tis with him, his allus in pollerticks an' hes to prase ev'rybody. But I thes dote on his conversashuns. They is moast ellevatin', 'special his travils. Hese bin in Tennersee, an' in the wah, an' in Santy Rosy, an' he is pow'ful intertain', an' he sez ower society's 'bout as good as 'tis moast places hese bin, an' if them two-two dudes fines any fault with it they can thes nachelly hunt up some yuther clime. An' I ses so too.

It seems like an' it 'pears like, sence I gotter writin' for the papurs, I hev fell in luv with writin', an' thes wantter write more and more.

I wus pow'rful mad when I commenst, but some how or yuther I'me sorter soosed down now, and I doan' feel no disrespecks for you, but it wus rilin' to see my name rite there in yo' papur in captils. But I cain't be unpleased with you fur long, an' I 'special hopes yo' helth is good, an' that you won't git overhet this hot spell.

'MANDA HIGGINS.

Lakeport, September 30, 1891.

P. S.—There is no understandin' twixt the Jedge an' me.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following real estate transfers have been recorded since our last report:

William S. Jacobs to M. Gardner—West half and west half of east half of lot 2, J and K, Tenth and Eleventh streets; grant.

L. S. and Mrs. Lutie E. Taylor to Florence May Taylor—North 50 feet of west 30 feet of lot 9, and north 50 feet of east 20 feet of lot 10, N and O, Twelfth and Thirteenth streets; $500.

Edward and Elizabeth Keily to Jennie Smith—North half of fractional northeast quarter of section 8, township 8 north, range 6 east; love and affection.

Edward and Elizabeth Kelly to Elizabeth Robinson—South half of fractional northeast quarter of section 8, township 8 north, range 6 east, love and affection.

Ancient Sanitation.

The ancients thoroughly understood the necessity of keeping their dwellings and persons clean, and realized that pure air, pure water and good food were essential to good health. Alexandria, Rome, Cathage, Jerusalem and many other cities had complete water and sewage works, many of which were on a gigantic scale, as the Cloaca of Rome which has been in use for twenty-five hundred years. The ancient Egyptians worshiped the scarabæus or scavenger beetle (our "tumble" bug); the Hebrews buried their excretions at some distance from their dwellings, and the Greeks and Persians had very enlightened views on the subject of sanitation. In Jerusalem the sewage was collected in tanks and allowed to settle, when the liquids were drawn off for irrigation purposes and the solids were used for manure. We can only improve on this in purifying the liquid by precipitation.

THE United States Government report on baking powders shows Royal superior to all others. It is pure, made from wholesome ingredients, and greatest in leavening strength.

An Arizona boy who has a tame, harmless snake, tied his little brother's rattle to its tail the other day, and when two tramps tried to break into the kitchen they were frightened nearly to death, supposing that Henderson—which is the snake's name—was a rattlesnake.

Miscellaneous.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF FOR PAIN

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD

Instantly stops the most excruciating pains; never fails to give ease to the sufferer; a few applications act like magic, causing the pain to instantly stop.

A CURE FOR ALL BOWEL COMPLAINTS.

Internally taken in doses of from thirty to sixty drops in half a tumbler of water will cure in a few minutes Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Colic, Flatulence, Heartburn, Languor, Fainting Spells, CHOLERA MORBUS, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, Sick Headache, Nausea, Vomiting, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Malaria and all internal pains arising from change of diet or water or other causes. 50 Cents a Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

Dissolves the obstructions in the pores, thus acting where other plasters fail.

QUICK RELIEF FROM PAIN.

As the ferret hunts and kills the rat, so WOOD'S PENETRATING PLASTER hunts and literally kills pain.

WOOD'S Penetrating PLASTER

A HIGHER GRADE OF PLASTER THAN HITHERTO KNOWN.

A scientific combination of pain relieving and curative Vegetable Drugs, with a penetrating base.

AN OLD BLUNDER IN PLASTER MAKING:

Heretofore the makers of plasters have made them without reference to the fact that the pores are nearly always clogged with the effete matter escaping from the system. This is the reason that ordinary plasters are so slow in acting. WOOD'S PENETRATING PLASTER frees the pores, so that its medicinal agents are certainly and rapidly absorbed.

LAME BACK, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEY PAINS.

Nothing affords such quick relief and permanent cure as WOOD'S PENETRATING PLASTER. Nearly all druggists keep them. If your druggist doesn't, ask him to obtain them for you.

Penetrates The Skin.

BEFORE AND AFTER USING.

MANHOOD RESTORED! "Nervo Seeds," the wonderful remedy is sold with a written guarantee to cure all nervous diseases, such as Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Headache, Wakefulness, Lost Manhood, Nightly Emissions, Nervousness, Lassitude, all drains and loss of power of the Generative Organs in either sex caused by over exertion, youthful errors, or excessive use of tobacco, opium or stimulants which soon lead to Infirmity, Consumption and Insanity. Put up convenient to carry in vest pocket. $1 per package by mail; 6 for $5. With every $5 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Circular free. Address Nerve Seed Co., Chicago, Ill.

For Sale at JOSEPH HAHN & CO.'S, Druggists, Fifth and J Sts., Sacramento.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites Of Lime and Soda.

There are emulsions and emulsions, and there is still much skimmed milk which masquerades as cream. Try as they will many manufacturers cannot so disguise their cod liver oil as to make it palatable to sensitive stomachs. Scott's Emulsion of PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL, combined with Hypophosphites is almost as palatable as milk. For this reason as well as for the fact of the stimulating qualities of the Hypophosphites, Physicians frequently prescribe it in cases of

CONSUMPTION,

SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS and CHRONIC COUGH or SEVERE COLD.

All Druggists sell it, but be sure you get the genuine, as there are poor imitations.

CONSUMPTION CURED.
FOR 40 YEARS DR. WM.
HALL'S BALSAM
FOR THE LUNGS

Has been a never-failing family remedy for COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION, "LA GRIPPE," SORE THROAT, HOARSENESS, PNEUMONIA, CATARRH, INFLUENZA, ACUTE AND CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, PLEURISY, PAIN IN THE SIDE AND BREAST, SPITTING OF BLOOD and all diseases of the

Throat, Chest and Lungs

Leading to CONSUMPTION

Dr. WM. HALL'S BALSAM contains no opium, morphine, nor any deleterious drug. It soothes and heals the Membrane of the Lungs, inflamed and poisoned by disease, and prevents night sweats and tightness across the chest. It is pleasant to the taste. Be sure and ask for Dr. WM. HALL'S BALSAM and take no other.

Trade Supplied by KIRK, GEARY & CO., Sacramento, Cal.

PRICE, 25c., 50c., $1.

Dr. WM. HALL CO., NEW YORK.

The Liebig COMPANY

Have for twenty-five years been putting up the famous product which stirred medical circles when first invented and given to the world by the renowned chemist, Justus von Liebig. Their

EXTRACT OF BEEF

Is known around the world. It is unapproachable for purity, flavor and beneficial effects. As BEEF TEA, delicious and refreshing. Indispensable in Improved and Economic Cookery. Best stock for soups.

Genuine with Signature of