# WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

## His Fourth Interesting Tramp Across Portugal.

**The Poet Traveler in the Homes of the Portuguese Peasantry—Boundless Hospitality, Lightsome Labor and Joyous Content—Charming Studies Among the Lowly.**

[Special Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION. Copyright, 1892.]

TAVIRA, Portugal, January 7, 1892.

My Gallegan guide, servant, companion and friend, honest Dobrado, became so enamored of our loitering sort of wanderings, that, on leaving Beja, I had no difficulty in overcoming his scruples against traveling on foot. And so our way to the southern seacoast of Portugal, perhaps 150 miles by the windings of the quaint old thoroughfares of the country, was made from Beja in this delightful manner.

In no strange land have I walked that distance with such a continuous sense of elation of interest. There are early October days in our own land which all these days and nights recalled—days when the verdure is still rich upon the trees; when the aftermath has pushed above the stubble of the fields and spread an emerald carpet above the after-harvest here; when skies are cloudless and of wondrous depth of blue, and when an aroma that hints of fruit or of wine is in the bracing air; evenings when the whole sky is ablaze from the setting round red suns that seem to wait huge and glorious before plunging beneath the purple pillows of the west, and nights when the gleaming of lights from farms and hamlets quickens the footstep of belated wanderers, and unconsciously makes more eager all home gatherings where firesides are already taking on a bit of the winter glow.

This is the only winter Central and Southern Portugal know. There is a tender elation in it. You unconsciously breathe great drafts of the exhilarating air. Your head is erect and you walk in fine strong strides. Then there are countless sights and scenes which charm and enthrall; of cloud-capped sierra, of heath-covered moor, of boundless forest, of valley landscape, of mountain-side hamlets strung together as on a gaudy thread by strange processions; of huge old windmills as in Holland, of gigantic water-wheels creaking and swinging and oxen circling about them in endless tread, of walled-in farm-houses built as if to withstand siege, and of every form of peasant labor and pastime, always of deepest interest because telling the story of everyday life and living of the humble folk of any land, upon whose labor and lives, after all, the entire social and governmental superstructure of any nation is laid.

A sunnier land in which to travel does not exist. Hospitality is universal and intense. It is so extraordinary a characteristic among all classes that it often becomes an impediment to progress in travel. Between Evora and Tavira, about 250 miles by road, we are literally compelled to enter more than 100 homes. In a dozen of these we were quartered for the night, and in all others refreshments were offered and partaken of. Most interesting of all were the visits to the ruinous old monasteries.

It often seemed that we must have been espied at a distance of miles, for in many instances some ambling old servitor was sent to meet us, or again a kindly-faced friar halted us at the roadside, and, precisely as if the visit were prearranged, conducted us to his monastery, often a little and pinched habitation where less than a score of the order seemed to be gaining a livelihood. The welcome and benediction at parting were always of a character to convey the idea that our coming had placed our host under inexpressible obligations, while the eagerness of these mountainside monks to gather the meagerest knowledge of the outer world's affairs and activities was often touching and pathetic in the extreme.

Friar, farmer and peasant were alike in punctilious observance of one pleasant custom. At our departure they always accompanied us some distance, and frequently for miles, on our way. Then, standing by the wayside until we were quite out of hearing and sight, they sent after us all manner of friendly benedictions interspersed with "Boa viagem!—boa viagem!" (Good voyage!—good voyage!) until they must have returned to monastery, villeggiatura or cabin hoarse from their kindly called farewells.

Dobrado tells me this boundless hospitality is a changeless part of the Portuguese religion; that they have as a common saying, "Curses follow illy welcomed travelers," and that the belief is general here that good fortune comes in degree to the bountiful entertainment of strangers who may chance among them. I have found the same custom and belief prevailing in only one other place in Europe. That is the west of Ireland, among the poor but great-hearted folk of lone and rugged Connemara.

But of deeper interest than all else are the lowly folk of this fair land. I have not seen in town or city an instance of what we know as want and suffering. The lowly in Portugal possess nothing; acquire nothing; have burning ambitions for nothing. A bit of cornmeal or rye bread washed down with water is a repast. Add to the bread a bit of fish, a handful of olives or a few swallows of wine, and it is a feast.

The stinging scourge of necessity for providence with which the rigors of winter lash our poor is incomprehensible here. At their backs are mountains and valleys green to the sun and sky the whole year through, and never failing in their rich yield of fruit and grains. At their feet are broad rivers or the almost encircling sea with luscious food free for the taking. None ever become rich. None ever arrive at our own idea of a modest competency. None scarcely know how to think how riches can be desirable. The wonder with them is that any one should worry and strive—that any human being should ever be in a hurry. As with the Cubans in their languor-breeding clime, whose *manana!* (to-morrow!) is the key to their torpor and vassalage, *paciencia!* or "patience!" tells the story here. Something is wrong with that one who will hasten, and crime surely lurks beneath leanness and vigor.

The mountains and valleys of Portugal give home to a folk possessing all the winsome sunniness of the lowly of towns without a tithe of their apathy and sluggardness. You may read all the pastoral poems ever written and gain no more colorful picture of pastoral lives in endless content and peacefulness than your eyes may behold in an hour's ride or walk anywhere in the interior of Portugal. Rest is in the sun and sky, the earth and air, the home and field, in all men and in all nature.

I do not mean that no labor is performed. But all labor done has in it the seeming of mere dalliance with toil. The senses are not surfeited with odor, luxuriance and the almost intoxicating profligacy of nature as in the tropics. Every active exertion of every human does not betray, as there, a superlative indolence painfully effortful in the bare process of existence. But a restfulness pervades these soft and kindly landscapes which reveals elation instead of soddenness; joyousness instead of sensuousness; peace rather than passion and pain. In and through it all there is, like the first thrill of wine, an uplifting and exultation blending the physical and mental sense perfectly and gloriously. I do not say these Portuguese peasantry know this as you and I are conscious of it. But to the beholder's eyes these humble, happy-hearted people so touch and color the scene upon which he looks, that their presence is an inseparable element in its essential harmony.

The peasent tenant farmers of Portugal, the land caseiros of the country, retain their holding under life leases, and pay rentals to the morgados, the owners of the estates, or the "gentlemen farmers," as they are here called, "in kind." It is a sort of tithe system always amicably adjusted between owner and peasant. A grade below these caseiros is a class corresponding to the English, Scotch and Irish cottiers. These choupanas live in the cabins of the morgados and caseiros at the will of the latter.

Aside from these are the sheep and cattle herders and the goatheards that are found in more picturesque mountain localities; the flax-bleachers along the edge of some brawling mountain stream or against the sheltering rocks by the seashore; the interior muleteers, who, for the most trivial wages or portion of grain, convey products and merchandise to and from the towns of the coast; the woodchoppers of the mountains and the carboneiros, who are found in the highest mountain forests lazily employed in burning the charcoal used in cooking by the aristocracy of the cities.

With these divisions of the Portuguese peasantry may be counted the rush-gatherers of the mountain tarns; the osier-cutters, who supply the basket-makers of the towns; the furze-gatherers, who dot the dreariest mountain hights; the fern and rush cutters, who supply the churches and homes with fragrant branches for strewing on holy and feast days; and the wood-gleaners, who gather dead limbs at will in forests of the estates and among the mountain wilds, both for the use of the peasantry and the humbler classes of the towns.

Among all these people there is not a single implement or utensil invented within the past thousand years; an ordinary American farm-hand would accomplish, under our methods, in one day more than a score of any of these; and the wizard brush of the painter of Barbazon never fastened upon canvas more startling ancient ways, wares, postures and ploddings among the clods of Brittany than remain universal and changeless among the bright-eyed but changeless folk of these entrancing mountain vales.

There is a careless, half-joyous abandon upon the surface of all peasant toil which adds greatly to its picturesqueness. Join with this quaintness in dress, primitiveness of implements, that grace which unvaryingly accompanies innocent ignorance, and the universal loveliness of scenery, and your pastoral pictures are most idyllic and complete. Ground is tilled with oxen, tandem, in rush traces, drawing a plow of the sort first known to man—the tree-crook or snarpened root. Now and then you will find one rudely pointed with iron. One short furrow is scratched amid tremendous shoutings. Then the half-dozen who have clung to the handless rode upon the beam, or goaded the oxen, rest by the flower-laden hedge or division wall to enjoy siesta or the delights of countryside gossip with passing goatherds or muleteers. Where the hillside is too steep for this gentle process, long-handled hoes with cumbrous blades do lazy duty; for the spade is rejected as a contrivance of the evil one.

All American cereals grow here in luxriance for a mere pricking of the soil. The small grains are gathered, a handful at a time, cut by the olden sickle, and gleaners follow as in the Bible days. Corn is cut or pulled, the leaves preserved for fodder, the stalks munched by goats or donkeys, or is used for fires, the ears strung together or hung on pyramidal lattice work for curing, and finally, after husking—when the genuine old-fashioned American "husking-bee," here of weeks' duration, the peasant securing every hundredth ear for his labor, and a kiss from his inamorita for every red ear found, is everywhere progressing—the kernels are removed from the cobs by the choupanas and children, who receive the cob, for burning, in payment. A score of merry stragglers are required to house the product of one acre of ground, and every one of these work, or make pretense of work, in that care-free, need-nothing way that marks all toil and effort here. Wheat, barley and rye are threshed precisely as they were a thousand years ago.

At every roadside and beside the granery of every villeggiatura, round, high piles of pumiced stone, beaten and rain-soaked until hard as granite, may be seen. These, called eiras, are the Portuguese threshing floors. The grain is piled upon them and cows and oxen, blind-folded, are driven in opposite directions, until the treading has released the kernels. There is no other method of threshing grain in this country, and the fanning-mill is unknown. The straw is lifted off the eiras with wooden forks and preserved for the food of donkeys and goats. Then a flag is hoisted to find the direction of the wind. This done, men and women, but more often women and girls, standing at the side from whence comes the wind, throw the grain and chaff into the air, and the chaff is borne away.

The home life of the Portuguese peasant if not always a radiant one, never lacks cheeriness, affection and simple content. He knows no other life better than his own, and is satisfied with what he has and gets to the end of his days. The cottage or cabin or hut is simply a square structure built of rock, thatched with furze or tiles. The windows and doors are never closed, for there are neither cold blasts nor robbers to enter. The bare earth is the floor. He requires no stove. His fireplace for cooking is simply a slab, waist high in the wall, and the smoke kindly takes care of itself. His staple food is meal-bread fast-day, feast-day, and five times a day. Eggs, chickens and goat's milk are almost without value, and salt fish, usually "bacalho," or dried codfish, and wine are his luxuries.

His wife is dutiful, his children beautiful. As the lowly go they are all cleanly, if the chickens do perch in the loft, the pig insists upon domestic companionship and his goats choose the inside of the house at night. He lives gloriously in his way without severe effort. His wife and children are loyal and never gadabouts. He is true to his religion, his home, his friends, and he is never too old to love the guitar or mandolin, or to join with his wife in the innocent dances to the numbers of his beloved countryside music. If he is ailing unto death the church comes to him, scarlet-robed and all-sufficient, with its, to him, saving *santissimo*, and he passes calmly to his simple heaven from a heaven of everyday content. EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

[For the RECORD-UNION.]

### MILPITAS SWAHNAIAD.

Illustrious vale! Surrounded by the sea,
Where every turtle crawls ashore—
I whoop, I yell! and hereby sing to thee
Above thy fog for evermore.

Oh, ne'er again upon thy yielding shore
Shall ever sink my hostile feet;
I'll drink the sea that ne'er again shall roar
Until, in endless bliss, we meet.

Hurrah, hooray! Whilom I stand, I sing,
And think I feel the gay galoze
That tuneful breezes round me ever bring—
Roll on, old ocean! roll and soar.

Alas! that mortal e'er should strive to gore
Or shed one tear, or two, in twain,
Or stand behind a mule, or yet before,
Or anywhere, and sing again.

But oh, methinks upon thy brow so hoar
A never-fading cactus grows;
Yet as I stand I'll sing, or sneeze, or snore,
Or try to swim and work my toes.

Hoopla! Kiyi! While still the breeze has blows
We'll all the various realms explore,
And never think, but still our mind expose,
Then flap our wings and sing some more.

There's a lot more of this. SQUINK.

### WHAT THE SCHOOL BELL SAYS.

It is wonderful what unlike things
The school bell says to the boys, when it rings!
For instance, the laggard, who drags along
On his way to school, hears this sort of song:

Oh—suz—hum!
Why did I come?
Study till four—
Books are a bore!
O how I wish
I could run off and fish!
See! there's the brook,
Here's line and hook.
What's that you say?
Hurry up—eh?
Oh—hum—ho!
S'pose I must go
Study till four.
Books are a bore!

Then the boy who loves to be faithful and true,
Who does what his parents think best he should do,
Comes bravely along with satchel and books,
The breeze in his whistle, the sun in his looks,
And these are the thoughts that well up like a song,
As he hears the old bell with its faithful ding-dong:

Cling, clang, cling—
I'm so glad I could sing!
Heaven so blue,
Duty to do;
Birds in the air,
Everything fair.
Even a boy
Finds study a joy!
When my work's done
I'm ready for fun.
Keener the play
For the tasks of the day.
Cling, clang, cling—
I'm so glad I could sing!

These are the songs which the two boys heard,
When the school-bell was ringing, word for word.

Which, do you think, was the truer song?
Which do you hear, as you're trudging along?
Don't be a laggard:—far better, I say,
To work when you work and play when you play!

—James Buckham, in Boston Journal of Education.

### JOHNNY'S COMPOSITION.

**He Tells About the Peculiarities of Cats.**

[From Harper's Young People.]

The cat is a very interesting animal. He is a small fur dog that meows, and has whiskers and several other things. He has four paws—two fore paws and two behind ones—and a tail. He has been known for many years, two of him having been said to be on the Ark, where he must have been tied up, or what would have become of the rats? Cats don't get to be cats until they are a year old, when they stop being kittens, which they are born as. It takes a kitten several weeks to get his eyes open, if he doesn't get drownded before that time, and he scratches when he is mad. My father says camels used to be cats, but got their backs up one day and couldn't get them down again, and so became camels. I never heard a camel meow, but I suppose they can, because they can do 'most anything, having seven stomachs and going many days without water.

The dictionary says a cat is a carnivorous quadruped, but that does not sound like a cat. The old Egyptians used to be very fond of the cat, treating him like a member of their own family, and making mummies out of him when he died. Some of these mummies still live. They used to hang people for killing cats in Egypt, because the cat was supposed to be a sacred animal, being a sign of the moon, probably because they are generally out all night. We have a cat named Tom, and he has six kittens, which he washes their faces every day just like me.

Cats never fall out of anything without landing on their feet, which is why their feet are so soft, and they have to be killed nine times before they die, and sometimes they don't even then. They eat milk when tame, and when wild they cry like a baby until somebody comes to see what is the matter, and then they eat him, which is fatal, and teaches people to mind their own business, and not go seeing what other people's children are crying for.

A cat's eye is a very queer thing, looking like a slot machine all day and an agate at night, seeing better in the dark than in the light, like witches. Therefore they are said to be friends of witches, and some people don't like them on that account, but I do.

The two best cats that ever lived belonged to Dick Whittington, Mayor of London, who went out West and killed a lot of rats at a dollar a head, and took the money home to his master to get to be Mayor with, and Puss in Boots, who stole his master's clothes and ate a giant, thereby making his master owner of the farm and husband of a rich girl, whose father died and left it all to her.

My cat can't do anything like this, but he gets there just the same, and is very gentle to my little brother, who pulls his tail and doesn't have to wish he hadn't.

Altogether I don't know what we should do without cats, especially those that like to have them lying around just as we do. Yours truly, JOHNNY.

### In the Nick of Time.

The nick of time to stop the course of bladder and kidney complaints is when the organs concerned exhibit a tendency to grow inactive. The healthful impulse toward activity that they receive from Hostetter's Stomach Bitters rescues them from impending danger, and averts such dangerous maladies as Bright's disease and diabetes. Sluggishness of the kidneys increases a liability to chronic rheumatism, gout and dropsy, and since the blood is filtered by these organs in its passage through them the operation of the bitters serves a doubly happy purpose. The medicine acts without exciting, like the fiery stimulants of commerce. Malarial, dyspeptic, constipated and nervous invalids are thoroughly relieved by it. Since the advent of that shocking malady, la grippe, it has been widely demonstrating its usefulness as a curative and preventive of it.

FOR Catarrhal and throat disorders, "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are renowned and marvellously effective, giving immediate relief.

# IN RELIGION'S REALM.

## Expressions from the Various Religious Newspapers.

**The Religious Thought of the Day as Expressed in the Sectarian Press—Some Matters of Interest to Both Ministers and Laymen.**

The New York *Churchman* (P. E.), in referring to the declaration of the Bishops on unity, declares that "the Bishops did well to proclaim as the 'basis of unity' not an apostolic succession, about which there may be as many minds as men, but the historic Episcopate, which is a matter of fact. This is a true Anglican position in all things. Of her policy the church only says: 'It is evident unto all men diligently reading Holy Scripture and ancient authors that from the apostles' time there have been these orders of ministers of Christ's church—Bishops, priests and deacons.' Her standard of orthodoxy is 'Quad semper, ubique, et ab omnibus,' as expressed in the creeds and liturgy. Upon her preachers she imposes only the written Word of God; upon her ministers only her formularies. All manner of diversity of opinion and differences of administration that do not contravene her embalmed tradition nor step aside from 'the footprints of the flock,' she allows and tolerates. Her service is perfect freedom. And these are the reasons why she is the meeting-ground of a divided Protestantism, and why her Bishops may offer a basis of unity upon her own firm standing-place, without committing themselves to any one of the various theories of her sons."

"The Rev. Dr. Spalding of Cambridge has come to the conclusion," says the Chicago *Living Church* (P. E.), "that the reason why the Episcopal Church has not before this, by a summary and decisive act of authority, put down the license of free thought which is threatening the foundations of Christian truth, is because no such authority exists * * * That the church is slow to put forth any exhibition of authority, and that the system through which this must be done is cumbersome and embarrassing, are no proofs that she either does not possess or cannot exert authority, or that universal toleration is one of her essential characteristics. She has laid down as clearly as language can express it the dogmatic faith, essential and exclusive, and she has explicitly declared that 'the church hath authority in controversies of faith.' The mere fact, therefore, that owing to the circumstances connected with the organization of the American Church and the small necessity that has existed during the last century for intervening in such controversies, we have no very satisfactory machinery for the speedy separation of the tares from the wheat, is no proof whatever that the requisite authority does not exist and is not claimed. The contrary ought to be evident to every person of intelligence and discrimination."

The New York *Examiner* (Bapt.), in an article upon the "transformation" which it believes the Protestant Episcopal Church to be undergoing, says: "But two sharply defined parties are left in the Episcopal Church—the 'high' and the 'broad.' Many who would a generation ago have been classed as 'low' are now 'broad.' The broad churchman is understood to have easily fitting views both of churchmanship and of doctrine. He usually tends to what, in other Protestant bodies, is considered unsoundness, if not to positive heterodoxy. Sometimes he avoids theology as much as possible, making his preaching as practical and pungent as possible, and devoting himself to work of a broadly philanthropic kind. * * * It may be doubted whether this 'broad' party is not doomed to ultimate extinction, like the 'low.' Certainly the 'high' party is gaining rapidly in numerical and moral strength in the church. It is, to begin with, consistent, even if it is sometimes absurd. It accepts the prayer-book in its natural meaning, which no other party does. It holds the only theory of the church reconcilable with acceptance of the Scriptures as the sole rule of faith and practice, by maintaining the divine origin and perpetual obligation of the Episcopate. This is a wrong interpretation of the Scriptures, as other Christians believe, but it is not an avowed setting aside of the Scriptures in favor of human institutions. Holding such beliefs, a high churchman necessarily concludes that other so-called churches are not really churches, but voluntary religious societies, composed, doubtless, of sincere Christians, but not organized according to the divine plan. He has more tolerance for one of these erring Christians than for a broad churchman. His broad brother he looks upon as a type to be exterminated rather than tolerated."

The New York *Catholic Champion* (P. E.), discussing certain slothful habits into which clergymen sometimes fall, speaks out thus plainly about the bad and slovenly reading so common in the churches: "The Anglican Church means the people to hear what the clergy are saying, and the clergy ought to do all that lies in their power to make them hear. A man may have a feeble voice or poor eyesight, he may suffer from a cold, or the acoustics of the building may be extraordinarily bad; but when the officiant is not heard or understood just because he is not making any effort to be, we think it is a very serious offense. It is sometimes charged against Catholics that they, more than low and broad churchmen, willfully slouch over the service, and are indifferent to the manner of their reading. We are afraid there is a grain of truth in the charge. We confess ourselves to a feeling much like indignation at hearing priests whose voices are good enough mumble over the prayers and read the lessons mechanically, heedless of proper enunciation and punctuation, so that even those whose hearing is perfectly good cannot distinguish more than half of what is read. There are some clergymen, too, who affect certain styles of delivery, odd pronunciations and the like, just from a love of oddity, and rather pride themselves on their mannerisms, as if it were quite unimportant whether God's Holy Word and the solemn prayers of the church edified the congregation or not."

The Nashville *Christian Advocate* (Meth.), commenting on the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes' article on "Reverence in Worship," says: "Immature and flippant leaders, novices in piety and age, have been thrust forward to lead and train in spiritual matters. The gospel of fun has filled the pulpit with witty, smart sayings, and filled the pew with frivolity and prayerlessness. The church organization and the church house have been used to get up all kinds of entertainments, just the very things which destroy reverence, especially when they come in the guise of churchly affairs, under the direction of the church, and in the place set apart for holy uses. The pulpit giving out politics and social questions, the church audience responding by rounds of applause, the church organization devoting itself to church theatricals and things for the flesh, the church house profaned by these entertainments, the spiritual life trained by flippant novitiates—these are some of the essential causes of the decay of reverence in worship. A liturgy, as suggested by Mr. Hughes, will only embalm and proudly coffin us. We hope and pray that Methodism is not hunting for an undertaker and providing for a costly funeral. We need resurrection power, and this a liturgy can never give us."

"New Theology offers its own sentimentalism as a substitute for the barren intellectuality of the orthodox," says the New York *Observer* (Pres.). "It is constantly setting forth that the churches have taught and are teaching that men are saved by holding certain correct views of doctrine or of Christ, whereas it is well known that the most intensely orthodox churches are those which most emphasize the necessity of the work of the Holy Spirit in actual regeneration. In receiving members by examination their intellectual conceptions are, as a rule, considered chiefly in relation to the understanding of their obligations and the state of the heart in respect to Christ and His kingdom. It is absurdly erroneous and misleading for these purveyors of a new and improved religion to ignore the chief and characteristic element of saving faith, as this is defined and taught and held with deepest reverence as a holy mystery by generations of evangelical believers. No true believer imagines that he can be saved by his opinion, and we rejoice to know that the number of believers is still small who fancy that their faith is so unsubstantial that it has no intelligent contents or basis, but may be as empty and useless as the mind of the representative agnostic."

"In an editorial in the London *Guardian* the recall of Father Hall is defended by the argument that, as it was through obedience to his superior that he was enabled to go to Boston and do his great work in the American Church, he ought not to violate his obedience when ordered to relinquish his cure. This is a strange method of reasoning," observes the New York *Churchman* (P.E.), "and we scarcely expected to find such a fallacy in the editorial utterances of our influential and scholarly contemporary. The *Guardian* upholds obedience to the recall, because obedience to the previous sending had enabled good work to be done. Obedience of itself is not here commended in the abstract for itself and as an ideal virtue. It is good solely because it produced good fruit; it founded a great ministerial work, and set in train a thousand influences for good in the American Church. We might just as fairly say that because obedience has snatched away a faithful priest from his people, taken a shining light from the American Church, interrupted a ministry of singular power and influence, therefore it was under all circumstances an evil, as judged by its fruit alone, and must therefore have been an evil, even when it sent Father Hall to Boston. We prefer to remark that obedience to what is wise and good is a good thing, but that under certain circumstances disobedience, by the *Guardian's* argument, is the better course, inasmuch that disobedience in Father Hall's case would have carried out the work, and continued the usefulness for which alone the *Guardian* thinks the obedience of Father Hall in coming to Boston is to be supported as fair and rational."

### PROTEST AGAINST GUSH.

**It is a Vice of Manner to be Guarded Against.**

If there is one thing above all others in which a mother should train her children it is to cultivate a natural and simple manner, says a writer in the New York *Tribune*. Not alone in outward address to the world must young people learn to be honest and straightforward, but in their thoughts, in their methods of work and in all their dealings with themselves as well as with the rest of the world. The habit of gush, for we know no better word to express the foolish practice of exaggeration in word and manner which so many people assume, having once become established, slowly saps the moral reponsibility. It is a vice of manner, the result of slow growth, and it is most necessarily a pure hypocrisy. One may feel secretly that it is one's duty to praise a certain work of art, book or sentiment, though if the gusher should sincerely analyze her feelings she will find that she receives no genuine pleasure from it. The story is told of a celebrated artist that he asked a lady once what she thought of his picture, and she answered naively that it was perfectly detestable. Thereupon he thanked her and congratulated himself that in all the river of gushing commendation he had heard, this at least was honest criticism and therefore extremely refreshing, although it is not likely that even the most genial of artists would have enjoyed many such criticisms. Nor is it required that one should thus bluntly speak the truth on all occasions. No one is more universally detested or makes more genuine mischief than she who prides herself upon her ingenuous frankness. It is always pleasant to see a person who is honestly enthusiastic, but this has no more relation to a gushing manner than cant has to religion.

Young girls are very apt to assume before they realize it a mock enthusiasm in their tone and manner, because they often feel that the exigencies of the case call upon them for more than they sincerely feel. It requires skill and care to guide a girl away from such quicksands as these, so that she will grow up to be a genuine helpful and truthful woman. But nowhere is the duty of the mother more clearly laid out than to guard her child against any insincerity.

'Tis the little rift in the lover's lute,
That slowly widening makes the music mute.
'Tis the little speck in the garnered fruit
That inward rotting surely moldereth all.

# COMMERCIAL.

### SACRAMENTO MARKET.

SACRAMENTO, January 22d.

FRUIT—Lemons—Sicily, $8@8 50 ₱ box; California, $5 50@7; Limes, $5 50@6 ₱ case. $1 100; Bananas, $2 50@3 ₱ bunch for Island; Cocoanuts, $7@8; Mexican Oranges, $3@3 25 ₱ box; Pineapples, 60c each, $7 ₱ dozen; Apples, 50@75c ₱ box for Green, and 75c@$1 for Red; Cape Cod Cranberries, $10 50 ₱ bbl.

CANNED GOODS—Assorted Table, $1 65@1 75; Apples, $1 60; Apricots, $1 50; Blackberries, $1 75@1 85; Cherries, $1 55@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 50 ₱ bbl; Oatmeal 10-lb sacks, 3¼c ₱ lb, $3 50 ₱ 100 lb sacks; Cornmeal, white, $2 60 ₱ 10-lb sacks; yellow, $2 60 ₱ 25-lb sacks; Cracked Wheat, $3 15 ₱ 10-lb sacks; $2 85 ₱ 100 lb sacks; Hominy, $3 75 ₱ 10-lb sacks, $3 50 ₱ 100-lb sacks; Graham, $2 90 ₱ 10 lb sacks; $2 65 ₱ 100-lb sacks.

VEGETABLES—Onions, Silverskins, $1 35 to $1 50 ₱ cwt; Cabbage, $5c@$1 ₱ 100 lbs; Carrots, 70c@$1 ₱ 100 lbs; Turnips, new, 75c ₱ sack; bunch vegetables, 12½c ₱ dozen; Parsnips, $1@1 50; Beets, 75c@$1; Horseradish, 10c ₱ lb; Garlic, 5@6c; Artichokes, $1 ₱ dozen; Dried Pepper, 20@25c; Potatoes, Early Rose, 60@65c; Peerless, 60@70c; Burbanks, $1 15, River, $1 05; Centennial, $1 05; Oregon, 95c@$1 ₱ ctl; Celery, 75c ₱ dozen; Cauliflower, 85c ₱ dozen; Red Cabbage, 3c ₱ lb; Spinach, 3c; Hubbard Squash, 2c.

DAIRY PRODUCTS—Butter, valley, 28c to 30c ₱ lb; Fancy Petaluma, 30@32½c ₱ lb; Eastern Creamery, fancy, 25@27½c; packed in firkins, choice, 23@25c; pickled roll, 20½c to 27½c; common, 12½@13c ₱ lb; Cheese, California, 10@11c; Young America, 11@12c; Eastern Cream, 15c; Limburger, 18@20c; genuine Swiss, 32½@35c; American Swiss, 21c; Martin's Cream, 17@18c, Eggs, 30@35c; Eastern, fresh, 25@26c; cold storage, 23@24c.

POULTRY—Dealers' prices: Live Turkeys, hens, 13@14c; gobblers, 13c; dressed, 16@18c; full grown Chickens, $5@5 50 ₱ dozen; young roosters, $4@5 ₱ doz; broilers, $3@4; tame Ducks, $4@5; Pekin, $5@5 50; Geese, $1 50@2 ₱ pair.

GAME—Quail $1 25 ₱ dozen; Hare, 25c; Cottontails, 20c; Rabbits, 40c; gray Geese, 50@60c; Brants, 25@35c; White Geese, 20@25c; Mallards, 50@65c; Sprig, 40@50c; Widgeon, 25c; Teal, 20c.

HAY, GRAIN AND FEED—Oat Hay, $14@17 ₱ ton; Alfalfa do, $11@13 ₱ ton; Bran, $19 ₱ ton; Middlings, $23 ₱ ton; Barley, whole, paying, $1 15@1 25; rolled, $1 35; Wheat, choice milling, paying $1 80 ₱ cwt; Rye, $1 90; Tame Oats, $1 75; Corn, paying, $1 20@1 25; White Wild Oats, $2 25 ₱ cwt.

MEATS—Beef, 6c; Mutton, 8c; Lamb, 9c; Veal, large, 5½@6c; small, 8½c; Hogs, 4@4½c; dressed Pork, 6@7c; Hams—Eastern, 13@14c; California, 10@11c; Eureka Hams, 11½c; Bacon—Light Medium, 9½c; selected do, 10c; extra light, 12½@14c; extra light, boneless, 13½@14½c.

MISCELLANEOUS—Seeds—Alfalfa, new crop, 7@8c; Timothy, Eastern, 5@6c; Pop Corn, ear, 2@3c; shelled, 4@5c; Red Clover, 10@11c; Red Top, 6@7c ₱ lb. Nuts—Chile Walnuts, new, 11@12c; California Walnuts, 9@10c; Almonds, new, 11@13c; Peanuts, California, 5@6c; Eastern, 6@7c. Lard—California, cans, 10@11c; Eastern, 8¼@10c. Hides—Salt, light, 4c; medium steers, 6c; heavy steers, 7½c; heavy cows, 5c; dry, 9½c; Tallow, 3½.

### SAN FRANCISCO MARKET.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 22d.

FLOUR—Net cash prices for Family Extras, $5 15@5 25 ₱ bbl; Bakers' Extras, $5 15 to $5 25; Superfine, $3 20@3 40.

WHEAT—Nothing of interest. Offerings are light, while trade is slow, and prices are more or less nominal at a range of $1 70@$1 72½ ₱ ctl.

BARLEY—Unchanged. Movement is not brisk, though prices show fair steadiness. We quote as follows: Feed, $1 02½@1 05 for dark, coast, $1 07½ for good quality, and $1 08¾ to $1 10 for choice; Brewing, $1 15@1 22½ ₱ ctl.

OATS—The volume of business is not very brisk. We quote: Surprise, $1 50@1 57½; milling, $1 45@1 47½; good to choice, $1 35@1 45; off grades, $1 25@1 30; Gray, $1 35@1 40; Black, $1 45@1 50 ₱ ctl for Oregon, and $1 60 to $1 87½ for California.

CORN—Not much attention is given to offerings. We quote prices as follows: Large Yellow, $1 30@1 32½; small Yellow, $1 35 to $1 37½; White, $1 32½@1 37½ ₱ ctl.

CRACKED CORN—Quotable at $29 50@30 50 ₱ ton.

CHOPPED FEED—Quotable at $21@22 ₱ ton.

CORNMEAL—Millers quote Feed at $28 50 to $29 50 ₱ ton; fine kinds for the table, in large and small packages, 3¾@3¾c ₱ lb.

OILCAKE MEAL—Quotable at $25 ₱ ton from the mills.

SEEDS—Mustard, Brown, $3@3 25; Yellow, $3 25@3 75 ₱ ctl; Canary, $2 85@3 12; Hemp, 3@3½c; Rape, $2@2 50; Timothy, 4½c; Alfalfa, 6½@7½c ₱ lb; Flax, $1 75@2 ₱ ctl.

MIDDLINGS—Are firm in price. Quotable at $24@25 ₱ ton.

HAY—We quote: Alfalfa, $11@12; Wheat, $13@15 50; Wheat and Oat, $12 50@15; Barley, $11@13; wild Oat, $12@14; Stock, $10@11 ₱ ton.

STRAW—Quotable at 50@65c ₱ bale.

HOPS—Quotable at 18@21c ₱ lb.

BRAN—Is quite steady. No. 1, $21@22; other quality, $20 ₱ ton.

RYE—Quotable at $1 65@1 70 ₱ ctl.

BUCKWHEAT—Quotable at $1 75@2 12½ ₱ ctl.

GROUND BARLEY—Quotable at $24 50@25 50 ₱ ton.

POTATOES—Early Rose, 30@45c; Burbanks, 30@50c for River and $1@1 20 for Salinas; River Red, 30@40c; Sweet, $2@3 ₱ ctl.

ONIONS—Quotable at 75c@$1 25 ₱ ctl.

DRIED PEAS—We quote: Green, $1 75@1 90; Blackeye, $1 35@1 60; Niles, $1 30@1 40 ₱ ctl.

BEANS—We quote prices: Bayos, $1 75@1 95; Butter, $2 25@2 60; Pink, $1 80@1 90; Red, $2@2 25; Lima, $1 80@2; Pea, $2 50@2 65; Small White, $2 25@2 45 ₱ ctl.

VEGETABLES—No Rhubarb to-day. A small lot of Green Peas was received. We quote: Asparagus, 15@25c ₱ lb; Mushrooms, 10@35c ₱ lb; Los Angeles Green Peppers, 42½@15c ₱ lb; Los Angeles Tomatoes, $1@1 50 ₱ box; Southern Green Peas, 12@15c ₱ lb; Turnips, 50@75c ₱ ctl; Beets, $1 ₱ sack; Carrots, feed, 35@40c; Parsnips, $1 25 ₱ ctl; Cabbage, 60c; Garlic, 2@2½c ₱ lb; Dry Peppers, 15c; Dry Okra, 12½@15c ₱ lb; Marrowfat Squash, $4@8 ₱ ton.

FRESH FRUIT—Eastern Apples of choice quality are on the market, offering at $4@5 ₱ bbl. Persimmons, 25@50c ₱ box; Apples, 50@90c ₱ box for common to fair and $1@1 50 for good to fancy; Siskiyou Apples, $1@1 75 ₱ box; Lady Apples, 75c@$1 25 ₱ box; Pears, 50c@1 25 ₱ box.

CITRUS FRUITS—The supply of Oranges continues large. We quote: Mexican Limes, $6@7 ₱ box; California Limes, 75c@1 ₱ box; Lemons, Sicily, $6@6 50 ₱ box; California Lemons, $1 25@3 for common to choice; Vacaville Oranges, 50c@$1 ₱ box; Los Angeles Seedlings, $1@1 25; Los Angeles Navels, $1 50@2 50 for common to choice; Riverside Seedlings, $1 25@1 75; Riverside and Duarte Navels, $2@3 25; Japanese Oranges, $1 50@1 75 ₱ box; Mexican Oranges, $1 75@2 ₱ case; Bananas, $1 50@3 50 ₱ bunch; Pineapples, $6 ₱ dozen.

DRIED FRUIT—We quote prices: Apricots, bleached, 4@5½c; do, sun-dried, 2@3c; Peaches, peaied, evaporated, 11@13c; sun-dried, 2@3½c; bleached, 3@5½c; Apples, 5½@6c for evaporated, 3@3½c for sliced, and 2¼@3c for quartered; Pitted Plums, 4½c to 5c, unpitted do, 2@2¾c; Grapes, 2½@2¾c ₱ lb; Prunes, 4@7c ₱ lb; German Prunes, 4@5c; Pears, 7@8c or evaporated; 3@5c for sliced, and 2½@3c for quartered; Nectarines, 3@4c for red and 4@5c for white; Figs, 4@4½c for pressed and 3@3½c for unpressed.

RAISINS—Layers, fancy, $1 25@1 35 ₱ box; good to choice, $1@1 10 ₱ box, with the usual advance for fractional boxes; Muscatels, 75@85c per box, and 2½@3¼c ₱ lb for selected.

HONEY—We quote: Extracted, 5¼@5¾c for amber and 6¼@6½c for bright. Comb is quotable at 10@13c ₱ lb.

BUTTER—Fancy grades are fairly steady, but other stock is weak. We quote as follows: Fancy, 34@35c; choice, 29@32c; fair to good, 25@27½c; store lots, 15@20c ₱ lb; pickled roll, 24@26c; firkin, 21@23c; Eastern, 15@20c for ladle packed, and 23@26c ₱ lb for creamery.

CHEESE—We quote: Choice to fancy, new, 13@15c; fair to good, 9@12c; Eastern, ordinary to fine, 11@13c; do, fancy creamery, 13½@14½c ₱ lb.

EGGS—Buyers have matters in their favor. We quote: California ranch, 27@28c; store lots, 24@25c; Eastern, 25@26c for fresh and 22@24c for cold storage.

WOOL—We quote spring:

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| Foothill, ₱ lb | 16@18c |
| Northern | 18@22 |
| Nevada | 15@18 |
| Oregon, Valley | 18@21 |
| Eastern, light | 10@18 |
| Do, heavy | 10@13 |

We quote fall:

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|---|---|
| Mountain, light and free | 11@12 |
| Do, heavy and