WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

The Poet Traveler Presents Other Pictures of Galicia.

The Petroleum Fields of Galicia—Homes and Servants of the Polish Nobility—Estate Laborers No Better Than Serfs—Lowly Folk of Austrian Poland.

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

LEMBERG, Galicia, April 7, 1892.

My original purpose in visiting Austrian Poland was to inspect, at the invitation of a friend, the new petroleum fields of Northeastern Austria, and incidentally to study the Galician lowly.

On first reaching Cracow a hasty trip by rail to Kolomea, in the southeastern corner of Galicia, a half-day's walk from the frontier of barbaric Bessarabia, demonstrated that there was nothing of very great interest to write of these industrial developments.

An oil belt 300 miles in length and about twenty-five miles wide extends southeast from near Sanok, in Galicia, along the Carpathian range of mountains. It then passes between Bukovina and Hungary, and there breaks away into the Roumanian oil fields in detached spurs of the Carpathians. It is perhaps 1,000 miles in length, and altogether forms what is known in the geography of petroleum as the "Galician deposits" and territory of the "Austro-Roumanian refineries."

Until 1881 the operations were of the most primitive character, consisting almost exclusively of "hand digging" and the "free fall" systems of sinking wells. At the date named the Canadian system of "pole tool drilling" was introduced, and rapid development, backed by English capital and operated by Galician Polish companies, resulted. All the steam power machinery is imported from England. Engineers and superintendents have been brought from the Canadian oil fields, and the tools, formerly supplied from Hanover, are now made in Galicia.

The flow of oil is not to be compared with that of the average Pennsylvania districts. It becomes most insignificant when the great Russian wells of Baku are taken into account, yet it is a fairly profitable source of supply; has given employment to thousands of Polish and Ruthenian peasants, whose wages are ninety kreutzers, or about thirty-six cents per day, with a daily allowance of two sticks of cordwood for fuel; and I find the entire annual production of the Galician petroleum fields equals two-thirds of the total consumption by all Austria.

In so far as these peasant employes, who were too recently agriculturists, woodsmen and mountaineers to have lost any of their hereditary customs and characteristics, gave opportunity of study of the Galician peasantry, the large groupings of such lowly had interest. But my researches among the peasant class were chiefly carried on upon the large estates and in the purely peasant villages.

The acceptance of three invitations as guest at the homes of two noblemen and one rich gentleman-farmer furnished opportunity to know slightly the aristocratic country landlords, and to really see their hinds or laborers and house servants as they are. The latter differ in no important respect from the laboring peasantry of the villages, save that to me they seem even more soddenly stupid and servile. At this time of the year the outdoor laborer still retains his winter clothing. He is a curious looking fellow. His hair is cut either straight across his forehead, or to a spear-like point upon it, and grows like a lion's mane about his shoulders and neck.

His head-covering is a mangy fur hood, often of squirrel skin, with the tail dangling loosely upon his shoulders, or of sheep or goatskin, with the fleece side next his head. A sort of greatcoat or robe hangs loosely from his shoulders to below his knees. This is of the skin of some animal, with the fur or hair next the body. The reversed exposed side is covered with ancient layers of grease for protection against the sun and rain. If he possesses undergarments of any sort, they are shreds of rags, stuffed with chaff and straw.

He usually wears stockings of the heaviest and coarsest material, and high-legged, pointed shoes of huge proportions. For not only are the precious hose protected by ropes of straw wound from above the knee to the ankle, but enough chaff and wisps of straw participate in occupancy of his cavernous shoes to provide sufficient warmth. Aside from this unique garb, his beard stands out from his face a massy, wiry *chevaux-de-frise*, in which enough straw and chaff have lodged to provide an adequate "comforter" for his face and neck.

From a dozen to a score of these peasant animals seem to be attached to every large estate. If they have quarters—except those who are married, who are provided with low, thatched wooden huts, squalid and filthy beyond description—I was not able to find them. They are "messed" like hogs from the great house kitchen in corners of the stables, and lie down at night among the other animals, with their straw ropes and hide coats for bedding, wherever they are able to find most congenial and comfortable stabling.

Serfdom is not supposed to exist in this land, but it have a well founded suspicion that something very like it is in vogue. The wages of such laborers do not exceed an average of thirty kreutzers per day, perhaps twelve cents, although they are glad enough to get this. Each estate is provided with a steward or overseer, who, like the Irish agent, adjusts matters so that human effort is not permitted to produce more than this kind of human life is supposed to require. He has a storehouse filled with the rude requirements of these estate laborers—coats, shoes, hose, belts, something that is called tobacco and snuff, caviare and vile brandy. These are issued, after the manner of our own exquisitely devilish "truck" system with miners, with such discretion that the estate laborer is in lifelong debt, and is subject to the prison and lash if he attempts to escape his master and his obligation.

And yet the households sustained by this lovely adjustment of human equities and ethics are as serene and sweet as I have ever found. Wherever my host and I moved about the estates these white slaves first bent and kissed the hems of our greatcoats and then stood with bared heads in silence until we had passed. No doubt this sort of thing gives the master a grand Czar-like feeling, and it is lording it cheaply, besides.

So, too, within the mansions where the servants are few in comparison with similar establishments in other European countries, when the somewhat better conditioned white slaves, because better housed and fed only, are not eternally grabbing at one's sleeve or coat skirts to perform this osculatory reverence, they are continually, when entering or leaving any apartment, or receiving an order or serving you, ejaculating, with ducked heads, "Ich kust die hand!"

There are no schools or colleges for the better class of girls, and at nearly all these Polish aristocratic homes I found a bonne, an English governess, or both, and a French tutor. They receive excellent salaries, live on something like terms of equality with their employers, are usually broken down gentlemen or gentlewomen with "a literary turn" like provident Mr. Wegg, and are the most glad and grateful people on earth when chance brings a traveler like myself from the outer world of glowing activities among them.

I do not know whether to pity them or the manual servants of the household most. They live in a refined sort of Siberia in which there is scarcely a ray of lightsomeness or opportunity for enjoyment, with the advantage rather on the side of the serfs beneath them; for the latter know only the dull, plodding, beastly darkness into which they have been born. I found one woman here, a governess, whom I know to have been a fashionable leader in the "English circle" in Berlin in 1882; while a tutor in another establishment is an Oxford linguist, who has published a creditable book in London within five years last past. Both of them begged me in God's name not to reveal their present whereabouts and condition.

Outside of the great estates, the Galician peasantry in general are of two distinct races—the Ruthenians, of Russian descent, and the Poles. Their conditions are equal, but they have many distinct characteristics. Neither actually possesses a foot of soil. Most hold their patches of ground, or huts, when they are simply cotiers and laborers, at the will of the lord; and rent is seldom collected in money, for of money they have little or none. Field products are sometimes taken in lieu of money, but rents are usually, almost universally, collected in labor, amounting to from 80 to 100 working days in each year to each man.

The Ruthenian is the tidier, thriftier, more manful man of the two. His dress is of coarse, hempen stuff, with his shirt hanging outside his trousers, with occasionally a sacklike coat made of the coarse, long hair of the mountain sheep. His feet are covered with moccasins pointed at the toes and laced from the toe to the ankle. He wears no stockings, but loosely winds his legs with cord from his ankles half way to the knees, where it binds his baggy trousers closely. In the summer he wears a straw hat, and in the winter a Lapland hood. He is a coarse, clean man, never fat, of splendid muscular development; wiry, active, alert, and by all odds the best workman or laborer in Galicia.

The Ruthenian woman has some odd ideas of dress. The material is usually of coarse linen. Her gown, which is in reality her chemise, is open from neck to knees and is belted in loose folds about the waist. Another curious and distinguishing article of dress is her woolen apron. She is never without this, but it is worn behind, never in front. She has no stockings or under garments, but her feet are shod like her husband's—with pointed and laced moccasins. Her head, in winter and summer, is always bound in a gaudy handkerchief, but she possesses no other article of clothing whatever, except a sheepskin coat for winter use. What she lacks next her skin she makes up in ornamentation. I have counted more than a score of brass rings on the fingers of her two hands. Her earrings of hollow brass would hold enough oil to light the family fireside for an evening; and her necklace of glass or imitation coral beads, coiled a half dozen times about her by no means charming neck, is always yards in length.

The Ruthenian "stove" is nothing more nor less than a wigwam fire, which smolders continually upon a clay floor in the center of the hut. It is never allowed to die out. A space about forty feet square is laid with well-kneaded clay. The edges are slightly raised. In the center of this the fire is lighted. All cooking utensils are ranged about the fire and have no other place. They are not many, for the food of these Ruthenians consists almost wholly of corn meal boiled in porridge or baked in a cake resembling the Southern corn "pone," and they rarely use other condiment than salt.

The appearance and regimen of the Polish peasantry, whether laborers about the oil fields, woodsmen or agriculturists, are very different. The men are of slower action, dark, ungainly, and wear mustachois of great size and fierceness of appearance. The women are bony, hard-featured, save among the very youthful maidens, with black, beady and restless eyes. Neither men nor women are pleasant in appearance or temper.

They have no distinctive dress, unless rags may become by their universal use distinctive. They are the most uncouth and forbidding lowly folk in their homes or at labor I ever met. But none are so poor as to not possess neat suits for Sundays, feast days and market time diversion. On these occasions the women appear in cottons of the most striking colors. Like the Ruthenian women, they are loaded down with Brumagem jewelry, and a green, yellow or red kerchief turbans their heads, while the men invariably appear in black.

Often five to ten families live under one roof, but usually the *doma*, or house which the Ruthenian calls his *buda*, is a tiny hut of one room. All the furniture in this—cots, stools, tables and chests—are hand-made, and almost always made by the peasant himself. There is invariably one box on which he has lavished his most loving art. It contains his keepsakes and treasures and all his kreutzers and gulden. He never relinquishes the key to this, and not even his wife knows how little or great is the store it contains.

The Polish peasant's stove is a square box of stone or brick, with a square hole in front and another square hole on top. As his stove is more modern than the Ruthenian's, his food is more varied and better. He is a lover of all vegetables, and cabbage is almost a staple of food. This is varied by his *barsz* soup, or a vegetable soup containing chunks of pork, and each Polish peasant is said to consume half a ton of *gorken*, or cucumbers preserved with bay leaves and salt, every year. Another meal of which he is very fond, is potatoes and sour milk. The latter costs but five kreutzers per quart, or eight cents per gallon. He is a slave to spirits, and the average Polish peasant consumes one gallon of vile German *schnapps* every week.

The houses of both Ruthenian and Polish peasants are but one story high, with one room open to the roof. They are made of slabs and bits of refuse timber from the mountain mills. These bits are rudely mortised together. When the inner structure is completed pegs are driven into the sides. Clay mortar is then thrown upon the pegs and pounded until it is solid. The surfaces are then wet and worked by hand and light mallets until perfectly smooth and dry, when the huts are whitewashed and thatched. Little groups of these charmingly diversify the often dreary Galician landscape.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

[For the RECORD-UNION.]

TO MAE O—.

I am mad with dreams of thee,
Life is naught unless thou be mine,
Carrissima mia, Mae.

Love, for you I sadly sigh,
Morn and eve, then must I die?
Carrissima mia, Mae.

Wilt thou then my misery end
Take me for thy *dearest* friend.
Carrissima mia, Mae.

—GALE BRAITH.

San Francisco, April 26, 1892.

Berlin Cough Cure.

For coughs and colds and all lung and throat affections this article has superior merit. It is perfectly harmless, gives immediate relief and cures the worst cases in from two to three days. Indorsed by our best physicians. Try a bottle and you will always keep it. Price 50 cents a bottle.

C. C. Liniment, the best remedy for aches and pains.

Compound Sulphur Powder, the most perfect laxative and cathartic known. Gives instant relief in cases of constipation, indigestion, piles, biliousness, liver troubles, rheumatism, gravel, etc., etc. A great blood purifier and pleasant to the taste. The W. H. Bone Company, San Francisco, sole proprietors. Kirk, Geary & Co., Sacramento, sole agents.

C. SCHNERR & CO.
(Successors to Postel & Schnerr),
Nos. 111 and 113 Front Street, Sacramento, Cal.
PROPRIETORS CAPITAL SODA WORKS and General Agents Fredericksburg Brewing Company, dealers in Wines, Imported Mineral Waters, Carbonated Drinks, Flasks, etc.
Our Sarsaparilla, Iron and Vichy Water and California Orange Cider still lead on this coast on account of their healthfulness, purity, delicate flavor and keeping qualities.
☞ Beware of irresponsible parties, who, under all sorts of misrepresentation, offer for sale similar but vastly inferior goods made in outside towns.

CHAS. FLOHR,
1024 SIXTH STREET, IMPORTER AND dealer in Fine Shotguns, Rifles and Pistols. Agent for the celebrated Imperial Shotgun. Loaded Ammunition of the best quality for shotguns, rifles and pistols always on hand. Safes and Scales repaired and Locksmithing given prompt attention. Call and try my Machine-loaded, "Reliable" Shotgun Ammunition. Repairing of all kinds neatly done and warranted.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Post-Lenten Theatrical Season in the Great Metropolis.

Some Successes and One Very Bad Play—Hallen and Hart in "Later On"—Helen Barry as "Her Ladyship"—General Stage Notes.

A. P. Dunlop, writing from New York under date of April 23d, says:

"The Post-Lenten theatrical season began really on Easter Eve at the Garden Theater, with the production of 'Husband and Wife,' in which Cora Tanner has a comedy that will be of good service to her on the road. 'Hearts,' the play to which was awarded the *Herald* prize, was used as a curtain-raiser. On Monday five productions were given: 'Across the Potomac' at the Twenty-third-Street Theater; 'The Child of Fortune' at the Casino; 'Polly Middles' at the Fourteenth Street; 'Count Casper' at the Park and 'A Jolly Surprise' at the Bijou. 'Across the Potomac' is the result of a coalition between Colonel E. M. Alfriend of Virginia and Augustus Pitou, the well-known manager of New York. It is a crude and tiresome melodrama, without a trace of comedy in its make-up, and an entire absence of motive in its plot. People meet and weep, or meet and fight furiously, and at one time the auditorium is filled with smoke of rattling volleys of musketry, and the stage strewn with victims of the stage carnage, and yet neither marked a turning point in the play, or made even a climax. There are, however, some stirring effects in the play, although they have little to do with the story, and these the experienced hand of Manager Pitou may manipulate into a profitable gallery success for the road by and by. Robert Hilliard, Miss Alice Fischer and Wm. Harcourt are alone worth mention in the cast.

"The Casino has returned to its legitimate occupation, and is now furnishing genuine comic opera which is a distinct gain to the cause of art in this city. 'Uncle Celestin' was a noisy monstrosity and better fitted to Bowery houses than the only place we have which approaches an opera comique. 'The Child of Fortune' replaces it, and all is now forgiven the Aronsons for attempting to cater to a vicious taste on the part of heterogeneous amusement seekers. 'The Child of Fortune, in short, is in many respects the best work that has yet come from the pen of Carl Miloecker, who has a vein of melody almost as rich as Johann Strauss, and whose ochestration is now practically unrivaled in the field of comic opera. This operetta is now the rage of Europe, and it is the general opinion of the best experts in New York that 'The Child of Fortune' will, in a measure, repeat at the Casino its European success. The book is bright, and its chief fault is length, which can be easily remedied. The music is incomparably the better part of 'The Child of Fortune,' and is written on a higher plane than Miloecker ever before reached. The melodies are not so catchy and popular as the airs of the perennial 'Beggar Student,' but they have a classical flavor and scope that makes them worthy of study.

"At Manager Dunlevy's Park Theater Charles T. Ellis—who has for many years swung around the dramatic one night circuit—made his Broadway debut in 'Count Caspar,' written for him by Herbert Hall Winslow. Why Mr. Ellis should leave the provincial one night stand is not quite apparent, for he is without doubt the worst dialect comedian that has so far been able to enjoy the luxury of a metropolitan engagement. Mr. Ellis is neither graceful, nor as most variety men, a good dancer, and as he is to remain at the Park for two weeks, his Broadway advent will be expensive. Mr. Winslow's play, evidently written to fit the star, lacks interest and snap.

"A. C. Gunter's much talked of comic opera 'Polly Middles,' for which W. W. Lowitz wrote the music, which gives evidence of spirit and oft times of cleverness, introduces Miss Annie Pixley in comic opera. She sang the music allotted to her with exquisite taste and discretion, and in a very pretty dance in the last act brought down the house. Mr. Gunter's device of converting a lot of intensely practical, present day people into corresponding characters in the antique world is by no means a new one, but he has carried it out cleverly, and the 'fantastic operetta' will probably prove a money winner.

"The greatest popular success of the five novelties was undoubtedly made by Miss Fanny Rice, who was greatly admired while in the Casino company, and who seems not to have been forgotten by her metropolitan friends. She was given a very hearty reception—in fact, a genuine ovation—and at once established herself as a prime favorite. The play, 'A Jolly Surprise,' written for her by Arthur Wallack, was also warmly received, and both star and play have been unanimously praised by all the New York newspapers.

"At many of the other play houses changes were also made on Monday. At Harrigan's Theater the ever popular Edward Harrigan revived his popular play 'Reilly and the 400.' At Herrmann's Charles Frohman brought 'Mr. Wilkinson's Widow' for a short run, and at the Third Avenue Theater Major Charles E. Rice dropped in for a week with Barney Ferguson in 'McCarthy's Mishaps.' It has been an unusually busy week, and all the theaters with the exception of 'Incog' at the Standard have done well."

"HER LADYSHIP."

Helen Barry has signed a contract with Messrs. Nixon & Zimmerman, Philadelphia, to produce at their Broad-street Theater on Monday, May 16, 1892, a new comedy, entitled "Her Ladyship," by H. Grattan Donnelly.

The contract calls for one of the strongest companies ever gotten together. The production in the way of scenery and surroundings will be very elaborate, making this one of the most notable theatrical events of the year.

The comedy was written expressly for Helen Barry, and so pleased was she with the work that on reading the manuscript she purchased the acting rights for five thousand dollars.

It is a comedy of American society life, introducing American politics in which her ladyship, an English woman of aristocratic birth, visits this country for the first time, becomes interested in the success of an American gentleman who is a candidate for the United States Senate. Unbeknown to him she joins forces with his political agent and brings about an unearthing of political schemes which are full of the most amusing situations.

"LATER ON."

Hallen & Hart, two of the most successful of all those who have devoted their talents purely to farce comedy, will present their new version of the famous skit, "Later On," in Sacramento in the near future. These capable fun-makers are now so well known and liked that no special flattery is necessary to attract general interest. Aside from their own individual merits, they have always surrounded themselves with the cleverest of performers and singers, with the result of an entertainment that has stood out among the rest of its class with singular virtues and success. This year they have added to the many bright musical numbers and humorous incidents of the variegated piece of last year with a view of making an even greater success of the firm name in their cherished skit "Later On." The company numbers twenty-two people, all of whom are active members, and who can sing, dance and entertain. The costumes are new and attractive in design, and the girls who form the chorus have been chosen with a fine regard to looks as well as voice, and nearly, if not quite all the music, songs and dances are original. An attractive musical novelty will be a gavotte called "The Sweet Robin Gavotte," in which the dance is directed by singing birds. The birds are not actual songsters of flesh and blood, but their counterfeits in mechanical shapes with remarkable imitation of voice. Another tuneful conceit is a serenade with auto-harp embellishment.

STAGE NOTES.

Marie Jansen is to leave the Francis Wilson Company.

John Robinson's great circus is to be here in July or August.

Agnes Huntington made a great hit in "Paul Jones" in San Francisco.

The sterling young actor, Joseph S. Haworth, closed his season last week.

Next season Gus Williams is to appear in a new eccentricity called "April Fool."

Miss Siedensticker has brought suit against the Hanlon Brothers for $10,000 for libel.

Stuart Robson closes his season, the most prosperous he has ever had, at Buffalo, May 7th.

Fanny Davenport has sent $250 to the Woman's Executive Committee of the Actors' Fund Fair.

"90 in the Shade" is a new farce-comedy written by Lew Rosen and Eduard Holst soon to be produced.

Miss Alice Livingston denies the reports that she is either going to get married or retire from the stage.

"Rory of the Hill," James Connor Roach's new Irish play, was produced at Hartford April 18th, and made a hit.

Adelaide Prince of Augustin Daly's company obtained an absolute divorce from her husband last week. Mr. Prince is a furrier.

During R. B. Mantell's engagement at the Park Theater, Philadelphia, he will produce Espy W. Williams' one act tragedy "Parthasius."

"Sinbad" continues to do a very large business in the Northwest where it has played to more money than any other organization this season.

Selina Fetter, Alexander Salvini's leading lady, owing to a sprained ankle, has retired from the Salvini Company, and Belle Archer has taken her place.

George W. Lederer and Professor Herrmann have transferred their legal battle about the ownership of that dreadfully bad play "U and I" to the Philadelphia court.

Hoyt's "A Trip to Chinatown" is still running to full houses at Hoyt's Madison Square Theater. The two hundredth consecutive performance is to take place Friday, May 20th.

Katie Emmet seems to be having a very prosperous season in the South. At every stand she is greeted with packed houses and her receptions amount to perfect ovations.

The new play, "Irish Inspiration," which will be produced at the New York People's Theater, May 23d, by Manager Mart Hanley, is the work of John Walsh and Howard P. Taylor.

Ariel Barney has returned from London, having engaged the Royal Court Theater Company, headed by Brandon Thomas and Weedon Grossmith, for a tour of America during the season of 1893.

Charles H. Hoyt's newest play, "A Temperance Town," is doing a tremendous business in the West. It will not be seen in New York until the opening of the Hoyt Madison Square Theater, October 31st.

Jefferson George, husband of Bertha Ricci, the singer, died in Texas last week, aged 39 years. Mr. George was a newspaper man, and married Miss Ricci about three years ago, but recently they were separated.

The wedding of Mrs. Carrie Belle Teffit, the daughter of Edward E. Rice, and Edwin Albert Screoder, the only son of ex-Mayor F. A. Schroeder of Brooklyn, took place April 14th in the chantry of Grace Church, New York City.

"The Gray Mare," an English play, which is soon to be produced at the New York Lyceum, is being rehearsed by Miss Edith Kenward, the clever English actress now playing in Cora Tanner's Husband and Wife Company.

The losses of Mary Eastlake, the actress, on her tour in the United States, were so heavy that she has been compelled to call a meeting of her creditors at London. Five shillings in the pound has been offered, and will probably be accepted.

Nellie McHenry's four weeks just ended at the New York Bijou Theater in "A Night in the Circus," turned out very profitable in spite of Lent and Barnum's Circus, both of which usually play sad havoc with things theatrical. She is to return to the metropolis for two more weeks, and then after a short rest she goes westward, playing in San Francisco late this summer.

Albert Bruning, Mr. Mantell's leading man, is receiving high praise from the press of the country, especially for his performances of Iago, Chateau Renaud and Volage. He was the leading support of Edwin Booth, during his engagement at Berlin, and was by him recommended to Mr. Barrett, who engaged him as a member of the Booth and Barrett Combination for two years.

Rehearsals of the coming extravaganza "Ali Baba," which will be produced at the Chicago Opera-house about the 1st of June, are now in progress, under the supervision of David Henderson. The American Extravaganza Company is still on a tour with "Sinbad," but regular rehearsals of the new piece are being daily held, and the bailet and the chorus are being drilled in their next season's duties by Signor Marchetti, the maitre de ballet, and W. H. Batchelor, the musical director of the organization.

The gentlemen who selected the *Herald* prize play are being pulled severely over the coals, because "Hearts" has not made a hit. While the play reads very prettily it is colorless when upon the stage, and it is just this difficulty of judging a play in type which opens the door to so many failures, and has cost each of the gentlemen in question many thousand dollars. If they are not able to select one good play for themselves, out of the many hundred of plays sent them by trained dramatist or writers, how can they be expected to do so for any one else, from a heap of plays sent by all the scribblers in the country.

[For the RECORD-UNION.]

ODE TO THE EARTHQUAKE.

Behold the earthquake, where he shakes,
Regardless of expense!
At early morn, or dewy eve, he quakes
Both here and there, and hence.

Erstwhile the people flee, nor stay
To look before they leap;
They leave the pitchfork in the hay—
The mutton on the sheep.

The sinner drops the brimming bowl,
The saint his upcast eye;
And all neglect the needful soul
Which lacketh wings to fly.

The Christians hie from church away—
The heathens to the heath;
While every preacher, prone to pray,
Still stands from underneath.

O, brethren! in that awful hour,
Whilom the tempior tems,
Why will ye shy with all your power,
And eke with all your limbs?

No castle e'er was shaken down
Which hath withstood till now—
No village, hamlet, ham or town,
Which hath escaped, lies low.

So, hence I say, in tearful strain,
"*Vale*, Vacaville! adieu!"
And, with a seismic sigh again,
"Here's to you, Dixon, too!"

—SQUINK.

Hard to swallow—the great, griping old-fashioned pill; and that's not the hardest part of it, either. Your troubles are only beginning when you get it down. It's all nonsense. You can get more good, and without having to suffer for it, with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Not merely temporary good, but help that *lasts*. In a perfectly easy and natural way they cleanse and regulate the whole system, and *keep* it regulated. Sick and Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels are promptly relieved and permanently cured.

They're the original Liver Pills, the smallest, easiest and best to take—and they're the *cheapest*, for they're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. You pay only for the *good* you get. This is true only of Dr. Pierce's medicines.

A perfect vest-pocket remedy, in small vials, and only *one* necessary for a dose.

HOFFMAN'S HUMOR.

Our Old Correspondent Comes to the Front Again.

The Story He Picked Up On a Very Hazy Morning in Marysville.

[Special Correspondence RECORD-UNION.]

To-day I happened into the *Golden State* office—a habit which has grown upon me lately—and began reading the exchanges—another habit of mine—and the first thing I saw, almost, was an item under the head of "Information Wanted."

Whenever I see, in the papers, that some poor, benighted, modest person wants information, I straightway read on to the end with the intention of finding out just what sort of information the person wants and then giving it to him, or her, as the case may be. I am not a stingy, vain and indifferent man. I know that the great heaps of information that I have stored up in my think tank have been secured by years of patient research, when the rest of the world had its eyes shut, or was looking the other way; but because this piece of knowledge represents an eye as black as the night's Plutonian shore, and that one a tooth or two, and the others represent handfuls of hair and language that would stun a pile-driver, I am not going to keep what I know locked up and of no use to anybody but the owner. I like to be of some use in this world of useless things, and my mental ragbag is always open to those who need a few bright, nicely-colored fag ends of wit and philosophy for the crazy patchwork of their lives.

However, at the present writing I do not know whether to forward the desired information or not. The item under the head mentioned was to the effect that anybody knowing the whereabouts of myself would confer a great favor by sending my address to the editor of the aforesaid exchange, who, by the way, is a stranger to me.

A favor! Well, maybe so, maybe so. There are favors and favors. Sometimes a little thing like this is a great favor to the party of the first part, and the party of the second part is not in it. Sometimes it is the other way. I am very suspicious when I read press notices asking for information concerning my whereabouts. As soon as I read them I begin to wonder whether that namesake of mine in Yolo County has been misbehaving himself, and when an *editor* wants to know, I am doubly suspicious.

I am not popular with editors, except at a distance. Editors seem to get too familiar with me, as it were, and familiarity breeds contempt—also scabs. Sometimes the scabs are bred on my nose, sometimes on the editor's. It depends somewhat upon the way the editor shows his contempt. If he does it with a club, or an anvil in each hand, or a gunny-sack half filled with plate matter and dead ads., I wear the scab. But if he shows his contempt by crawling under the table and shying the paste brush at me, he wears the scab. The ultimate result often depends upon which one of us gets under the table first.

Once, when an editor was showing his contempt for me we both got under the same table at the same time. It is impossible at this late date to accurately describe my feelings on that occasion—or his'n.

But to return to the main point of the argument. What I should like to know is this: Why does the editor of the exchange referred to desire my address? Does he think I am the lost Charlie Ross? Does he wish to offer me a controlling interest in his paper? Does he owe me a debt which he is very anxious to get off his hands? Does he want me to sign a contract to supply his paper with three columns weekly of bright clean, and original humorous matter at more than usual rates, with the privilege of sending one copy to each of my forty-three cousins in Texas? Does he possess a burning desire to do something for me which will result to my great personal advantage? Does he wish to make me his heir?

If so, I am HERE.

But let us not be too hasty. If he does not wish me to accept an interest in his paper, nor owes me a cent, nor has a contract for me to sign, nor has an inflammatory desire to do anything for me, nor wishes to make me his heir, but holds a note against me, or some other man's note indorsed by me, or wishes to show his contempt for me by breeding a scab on my nose, or has relatives who want to take something out of my hide, or is in cahoots with a constable who has a warrant for my arrest, or has a whole raft of marriageable daughters—I am not here—I have been dead for, lo, these many years.

The Sierra Nevada Mountains, I suppose, are looking very grand just now. I met a man from Woodland a few days ago and mentioned it to him, and he said it was even so. He said he frequently took a spyglass and looked away off at the hills, and it was all so grand that he could smell the tarweed and hear the chipmunks singing as they flew around, building their nests in the mosquito bushes. It has been more than a year since I was in the Sierras, and I should like to smell the tarweed again. A poet would say he would like to smell the dandelions or the thistles or the cowslips, but I am not a poet, and I care very little for the lions and cows of my native heath. Tarweed is my favorite posy. When I left the mountains I had a little sprig of it, and when I went down into Arizona, Mexico and Lower California I carried it along. Ever and anon, when I felt blue and the Chile-pepper stews of the Mexicans were gradually and cautiously boring holes through my midriff, I would get it out and smell of it. If there were any other old Sierra Nevada desperadoes around, which was generally the case, they would smell of it, too, and we would sniff and shed tears over it between drinks. One horny-handed old fellow that I met in Mexico begged so hard for it that I gave it to him, and he sold me a silver-mounted six-shooter, with five notches in the handle, for only $2 75 more than it cost him.

He said he hadn't smelled tarweed for so long that it seemed like old times to get a sniff of it once more. And then he told me that he lived at Montezuma Hill long years ago; that his wife was worn out by the long trip across the plains and died at Sacramento. Then he took his little eight-year-old son and went up to Montezuma Hill. For a year or so little Bobby got along all right, and then he was sick for a long time, and then Death took him, and then—and then the heart-broken father dug a little grave under the pines, where the ground was covered with a mass of tarweed, and planted him.

"I s'pose I couldn't find little Bobby's grave now," he said, "and I don't know's I'll ever try. When Bobby up an' died his pore old father was a man—a strong an' lissom man. His hands was clean. 'Pears like as if I went back an' stood by Bobby's grave he'd be ashamed of my hands 'cause I've seen some terrible tough times since then, an' there's bin times when the fingers I pull my triggers with was all covered with corns. Lord how this little bit of dry tarweed brings it all back again! It makes me feel powerful weak!"

If I were not relating an "ower true tale" I might weave a very nice little romance out of this desperado, the little grave under the pines and the tarweed. I might say that an hour later the man was shot, and that when dying he requested somebody to open his shirt on the left side and unfasten the little package pinned there and hold the tarweed close to his nose; and then I might make the rough, bearded men shed tears and pass around the hat, or the bier, and bring the scene to a close with a cry of "My wife! My ch—ild!" and death to slow music by the fiddler.

But I am not Bret Harte. I think there would be less tender feet in the West, armed with bowie knives in their boots and 22-caliber pops in their pockets, if there was not so much of Mr. Bret Harte in the East. At any rate, nothing of the sort occurred. For all I know, to the contrary, the old man is still powerful weak, and going around cutting notches in some more six-shooters for the benefit of fresh, trustful and unsophisticated tourists who have left Boston and New York with exaggerated ideas of the wide and woolly West.

A few weeks ago I went up to Marysville to see how things looked, and hear the people discuss what they term the dam appropriations, and while at a hotel in that city I met a gentleman who said he was an intimate acquaintance of another gentleman whose mother was one of the members of that part of the Donner party that didn't get caught in the snow, but escaped by the skin of their teeth. As John Stark, the hero of Donner Lake, was brother to my own grandfather, we naturally fell to talking about the horrors of that awful experience. I asked whether it was really true that Edward Reynolds and Amos Lane of Truckee, with the assistance of C. F. McGlashan and Stewart McKay, had, nearly a year ago, unearthed the money buried by Mrs. Franklin A. Graves in the winter of 1846-47, when one of the Reed party proposed that a game of eucher should be played to decide who should possess it.

The man said "No." He said a great deal more than that, and gave me to understand that the whole thing was a base plot, gotten up and carried out with malice aforethought. He said that Amos Lane had a livery stable in Truckee, and as business was slack just then, and promised to remain so, the said Amos put his head into an incubator and the base plot was hatched; that Amos and Reynolds picked out the spot where the money was to be discovered, and fixed it, and then when the sign was right they went there in a careless sort of way and discovered it. It was one of the easiest discoveries ever made. Columbus, De Soto, Pizarro and Jack the Giant Annihilator, never had so easy a job in their lives. Even the feats of Hercules paled before it in point of ease, and we all know that the tasks by which Hercules achieved his fame were the easiest in the world, because they were never performed. Hercules was gotten up by the ancients to advertise a particular brand of blasting powder.

Of course everybody wanted to see the spot where the money was found. To get there rigs were needed. Amos Lane had rigs in his stable, so Amos hired out his rigs. Guides to find the spot and point out the points of interest and look after the rigs were necessary. Amos Lane had guides, so the people went to Amos Lane and got guides. What Reynolds got is not known. Maybe he got the old coins that were exhibited, because nobody has heard anything of them since.

The man who told me all this was almost warm, in fact nearly too warm, in his indignant protest against the base plot. He added that no matter how many snow-conquering machines Amos Lane might make to carry the mails in winter he could never make amends for the way he took the slackness out of business, and as for McGlashan, that wicked authority on poker, as she is played, would stub his toe some day, while running the Truckee *Republican*, and fall down and burst.

I don't know whether this man told me the truth or not. I hope he didn't. It is the first time I ever hoped a man was a liar. It was very early in the morning when he told me—along about 4:30 I should judge. I know I looked at the three clerks that hung on the wall about that time, and made several remarks about the time to the three clocks that were standing behind the register about that time. At 4:30 in the morning things are a little apt to appear somewhat hazy and distorted, as though one's neck was a cotton string and one's head weighed—but what am I writing about anyway. Let us say that it was a hazy morning—a very hazy morning, and quit the subject.

A. V. HOFFMAN.

Stockton, April 24, 1892.

Fun For Two.

All children enjoy a drink of

Hires' Root Beer.

So does every other member of the family.

A 25 cent package makes 5 gallons of this delicious drink. Don't be deceived if a dealer, for the sake of larger profit, tells you some other kind is "just as good"—'tis false. No imitation is as good as the genuine Hires'.

WIRE SCREENS

For all sizes of

Doors and Windows.

The trade supplied in lots to suit at lowest rates.

WHITTIER, FULLER & CO.

1016 to 1020 Second street.

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.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF FOR PAIN

Instantly stops the most excruciating pains; never fails to give ease to the sufferer.
For SPRAINS, BRUISES, BACKACHE, PAIN IN THE CHEST OR SIDES, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE or any other external PAIN, a few applications, rubbed on by hand, act like magic, causing the pain to instantly stop. For CONGESTIONS, INFLAMMATIONS, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, PAINS in the SMALL OF THE BACK, more extended and repeated applications are necessary. All INTERNAL PAINS, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, SPASMS, NAUSEA, FAINTING SPELLS, NERVOUSNESS, SLEEPLESSNESS are relieved instantly, and quickly cured by taking inwardly 20 to 60 drops in half a tumbler of water. 50 cents a bottle; sold by Druggists. With RADWAY'S PILLS there is no better cure or PREVENTIVE of FEVER and AGUE.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

W. BAKER & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa

from which the excess of oil has been removed, is *Absolutely Pure and it is Soluble.*

No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.