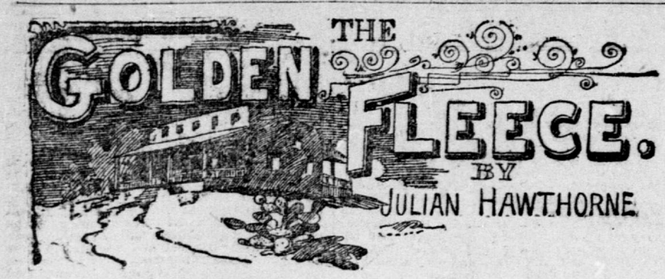

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CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

"Yes; but what is to prevent your father from thinking that I stole his idea and then used it against him?"

"You can tell him the truth; he could not complain; and why should you care if he did? I know that men separate business from—from other things."

They had now come to the little inclosed space where the fountain basin was, and by tacit consent they seated themselves upon it. Miriam gave an exclamation of surprise.

"The water is gone!" she said. "How strange."

"Perhaps it has gone to meet us at our rendezvous in the desert. No. If I tell your father I should be unfaithful to my employers. But there is another alternative. I can resign my appointment and let my place be taken by another."

"And give up your chance of a fortune? You musn't do that."

"What is it to you what becomes of me?"

"I wish nothing but good to come to you," said she, in a low voice.

"I have never wanted to have a fortune until now. And I must tell you the reason of that, too. A man without a fortune does very well by himself. He can knock about and live from hand to mouth. But when he wants to live for somebody else—even if he has only a very faint hope of getting an opportunity of doing it—then he must have some settled means of livelihood to justify him. So I say I am in a difficult position. For if I give this up I must go away, and if I go away I must give up even the little hope I have."

"Don't go away," said Miriam, after a pause.

"Do you know what you are saying?" He hesitated a moment, looking at her as she looked down at the empty basin. "My hope was that you might love me, for I love you, to be my wife."

The color slowly rose in Miriam's face. At length she hid it in her hands.

"Oh, what is it?" she said, almost in a whisper. "I have known you only three days. But it seems if I must have known you before. There is something in me that is not like myself. But it is the deepest thing in me; and it loves you. Yes, I love you!"

Her hands left her face, and there was a light in her eyes which made Freeman, in the midst of his rejoicing, feel humble and unworthy. He felt himself in contact with something pure and sacred. At the same moment the recollection recurred to him of the figure he had seen the night before with the features of Miriam. Was it she, indeed? Was this she? To doubt the identity of the individual is to close one's footing on the solid earth. For the first time it occurred to him that this doubt might affect Miriam herself. Was she obscurely conscious of two states of being in herself, and did she therefore fear to trust her own impulses? But, again, love is the master passion; its fire fuses all things and gives them unity. Would not this love that they confessed for each other burn away all that was abnormal and enigmatic, and leave only the unerring human heart that knows its own and takes it? These reflections passed through Freeman's mind in an instant of time. But he was no metaphysician, and he obeyed the sane and

"WHAT IS IT TO YOU WHAT BECOMES OF ME?"

wholesome instinct which has ever been man's surest and safest guide through the mysteries and bewilderments of existence. He took the beautiful woman in his arms and kissed her.

"This is real and right if anything is," said he. "If there are ghosts about you and I, at any rate, are flesh and blood, and where we belong. As to the irrigation scrape there must be some way out of it; if not, no matter! You and I love each other, and the world begins from this moment!"

"My father must know to-morrow," said Miriam.

"No doubt we shall all know more to-morrow than we do to-day," returned her lover, not knowing how abundantly his prophecy would be fulfilled. He was overflowing with the fearless and enormous joy of a young man who has attained at one bound the summit of his desire. "There! They are calling for me. Good-by, my darling, Be yourself and think of nothing but me."

A short ride brought the little cavalcade to the borders of the desert. Here, by common consent, a halt was made, to draw breath, as it were, before taking the final plunge into the fiery furnace.

"Before we go further," said General Trednoke, approaching Freeman, as he was tightening his girths, "I must tell you what is the object of this expedition."

"It is not necessary, General," replied the young man, straightening himself and looking the other in the face, "for from this point our paths lie apart."

"Why so?" demanded the General, in suprise.

"What's that?" exclaimed Meschines, coming up and adjusting his spectacles.

"I'm not at liberty, at present, to explain," Freeman answered. "All I can say is that I don't feel justified in assisting you in your affair, and I am not able to confide my own to you. I wish you to put the least uncharitable construction you can on my conduct. Tomorrow, if we all live, I may say more. Now, the most I can tell you is that I am not entirely a free agent. Meantime—Hasta luego."

Against this unexpected resolve the General cordially protested and the Professor scoffed and contended, but Freeman stayed firm. He had with him provisions enough to last him three days, and a supply of water, and in a small case he carried a compact assortment of instruments for scientific observation.

"Take your departure in whatever direction you like," said he, "and I will take mine at an angle of not less than fifteen degrees from it. If I am not back in three days you may conclude something has happened."

It was certainly very hot. Freeman had been accustomed to torrid suns in the Isthmus, but this was a sun indefinitely multiplied by reflections from the dusty surface underfoot. Nor was it the fine, ethereal fire of the Sahara. The atmosphere was dead and heavy, for the rider was already below the level of the Pacific, whose cool, blue waves rolled and rippled many leagues to the westward, as, eons ago, they had rolled and rippled here. There was not a breath of air. Freeman could hear his heart beat, and the veins in his temples and wrists throbbed. The sweat rose on the surface of his body, but without cooling it. The pony which he bestrode, a bony and sinewy beast of the toughest description, trod onward doggedly, but with little animation. Freeman had no desire to push him. Were the little animal to overdo itself nothing in the future could be more certain than that his master would never see the Trednoke ranch again. It seemed unusually hot, even for that region.

There was little in the way of outward incident to relieve the monotony of the journey. Now and then a short, thick rattlesnake, with horns on its ugly head, wriggled out of his path. Now and then his horse's hoof almost trod upon a hideous, flat lizard, also horned. Here and there the uncouth projections of a cactus pushed upward out of the dust. Some of these the mustang nibbled at for the sake of their juice. Freeman wondered where the juice came from. The floor of the desert seemed for the most part level, though there was a gradual dip toward the east and northeast, and occasionally mounds and ridges of wind-swept dust, sometimes upward of fifty feet in hight, broke the uniformity. The soil was largely composed of powdered feldspar, but there were also tracts of gravel shingle, of yellow loam, and of alkaline dust. In some places there appeared a salt afflorescence, sprouting up in a sort of ghastly vegetation, as if death had acquired a sinster life. Elsewhere the ground quaked and yielded under foot, and it became necessary to make detours to avoid these arid bogs. Once or twice, too, Freeman turned aside lest he should trample upon some dry bones that protruded in his path—bones that were their own monument and told their own story of struggle, agony, exhaustion and despair.

None of these things had any depressing effect on Freeman's spirit. His heart was singing with joy. To a mind logically disposed there was nothing but trouble in sight, whether he succeeded or failed in his present mission. In the former case he would find himself in a hostile position as regarded the man he most desired to conciliate; in the latter he would remain the mere rolling stone that he was before, and love itself would forbid him to ask the woman he loved to share his uncertain existence. But Freeman was not logical; he was happy and he could not help it. He had kissed Miriam and she loved him.

His course lay a few degrees north of east. Far across the plain, dancing and turning somersaults in the fantastic atmosphere, were the summits of a range of abrupt hills, the borders of a valley or ravine which he wished to explore. Gradually, as he rode, his shadow lengthened before him. It was his only companion, and yet he felt no sense of loneliness. Miriam was in his heart, and kept it fresh and bold. Even hunger and thirst he scarcely felt. Who can estimate the therapeutic and hygienic effects of love?

The mustang could not share his rider's source of content, but he may have been conscious, through animal instincts whereof we know nothing, of an uplifting and encouraging spirit. At all events he kept up his steady lope without faltering or apparent effort, and seemed to require nothing more than the occasional wetting which Freeman administered to his nose. There would probably be some vegetation, and perhaps water, on the hills, and that prospect may likewise have helped him along.

Nevertheless, man and beast may well have welcomed the hour when the craggy acclivities of that lonely range became so near that they seemed to loom above their heads. Freeman directed his steps toward the southern extremity, where a huge, pallid mass of almost regular pyramidal form, reared itself aloft like a monument. He skirted the base of the pyramid, and there opened on his view a narrow, winding valley, scarcely half a mile in apparent breadth, and of a very wild and savage aspect. Its general direction was nearly north and south, and it declined downward as if seeking the interior of the earth. In fact, it looked not unlike those imaginative pictures of the road to the infernal regions described by the ancient poets. One could picture Pluto in his chariot, with Proserpine beside him, thundering downward behind his black horses on the way to those somber and magnificent regions which are hollowed out beneath the surface of the planet.

Freeman, however, presently saw a sight which, if less spectacularly impressive, was far more agreeable to his eyes. On a shelf or cup of the declivity was a little clump of vegetation, and in the midst of it welled up a thin stream of water. The mustang scrambled eagerly toward it, and before Freeman had had time to throw himself out of the saddle, he had plunged his muzzle into the rivulet. He sucked it down with such satisfaction that it was evident the water was not salt. Freeman laid himself prone upon the brink and followed his steed's example. The draught was cool and pure.

"I didn't know how much I wanted it," said he to himself. "It must come from a good way down. If I could only bring the parent stream to the surface my mission would be on a fair road to success."

An examination of the spring revealed the fact that it could not have been long in existence. Indeed, there were no traces

IT SEEMED UNUSUALLY HOT.

whatever of long continuance. The aperture in the rock through which it trickled bore the appearance of having been recently opened; fragments were lying near it that seemed to have been just broken off. The bed of the little stream was entirely free from moss or weeds, and, after proceeding a short distance, it dwindled and disappeared, either sucked up in vapor by the torrid air or absorbed into the dusty soil. Manifestly it was a recent creation.

"And, to be sure, why not?" ejaculated Freeman. "There was an earthquake last night, which swallowed up the spring in the Trednokes' garden. Probably that same earthquake brought this stream to light. It vanished there to reappear here. Well, the loss is not important to them, but the gain is very important to me. It is as if Miriam had come with a cup of water to refresh her lover in the desert. God bless her! She has refreshed me, indeed, soul and body."

He removed the saddle from the mustang and turned him loose to make the best of such scanty herbage as he could find. Then he unpacked his own provisions and made a comfortable meal, after which he rolled a cigarette and reclined on the spot most available to rest and recuperate. The valley, or gorge, lay before him in the afternoon light. It wat a strange and savage spectacle. Had is been torn asunder by some stupendous explosion it could not have presented a rougher or more chaotic aspect. To look at it was like beholding the secret places of the earth. The rocky walls were of different colors, yellow, blue and red, in many shades and gradations. They towered ruggedly upward, sharply shadowed and brightly lighted, mounting in regular pinnacles, parting in black crevices; here and there vast masses hung poised on bases seemingly insufficient ready to topple over on the unwary passer beneath. A short distance to the northward the ravine had a turn, and a projecting promontory hid its further extreme from sight. Freeman made up his mind to follow it up on foot after the descending sun should have thrown a shadow over it. The indications, in his judgment, were not without promise that a system of judiciously applied blastings might open up a source of water that would transform this dreadful barrenness into something quite different.

This shade of the great pyramid fell upon him as he lay, but the tumultuous wall opposite was brilliantly illuminated; the sky over it was of a peculiar brassy hue, but entirely cloudless. The radiations from the baked surface, ascending vertically, made the rocky bastion seem to quiver, as if it were a reflection cast on undulating water. The wreaths of tobacco smoke that emanated from Freeman's mouth also ascended until they touched the slant of sunlight overhead. As the young man's eyes followed these, something happened that caused him to utter an exclamation and raise himself on one arm.

All at once, in the vacant air diagonally above him, a sort of shadowy shimmer seemed to concentrate, which was rapidly resolved into color and form. It was much as if some unseen artist had swept a mass of mingled hues on a canvas and then had worked them with magical speed into a picture. There appeared a breadth of rolling country, covered with verdure, and in the midst of it the white walls and long, shadowed veranda of an adobe house. Freeman saw the vines clambering over the eaves and roof, the vases of earthenware supended between the pillars and overflowing with flowers, the long windows, the steps descending into the garden. Now a figure clad in white emerged from the door and advanced slowly to the end of the veranda. He recognized the gait and bearing; he could almost fancy he discerned the beloved features. She stood there for a moment gazing, as it seemed, directly at him. She raised her hands and pressed them to her lips, then threw them outward with a gesture eloquent of innocent and tender passion. Freeman's heart leaped; involuntarily he stretched out his arms and murmured, "Miriam!" The next moment a tall, dark figure, with white hair, wrapped in a blanket, came stalking behind her, and made a beckoning movement. Miriam did not turn, but her bearing changed; her hands fell to her sides; she seemed bewildered. Freeman sprang angrily to his feet; the picture became blurred, it flowed into streaks of vague color; it was gone. There were only the brassy sky, and the painted crags quivering in the heat.

"That was not a mirage; it was a miracle," muttered the young man to himself. "Forty miles at least, and it seemed scarcely three hundred yards! What does it mean?"

The sun sank behind the hills, and a transparent shadow filled the gorge. Freeman, uneasy in mind, and unable to remain inactive, filled his canteen at the spring and descended to the rugged trail at the bottom. Clambering over bowlders, leaping across narrow chasms, letting himself down edges, his preoccupation soon left him, and physical exertion took the precedence. Half an hour's work brought him to the out-jutting promontory which had concealed the further reaches of the valley. These now lay before him, merging imperceptibly into indistinctness.

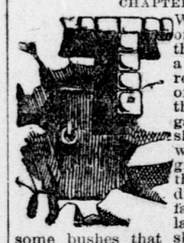
"This atmosphere is unbearable," said Freeman. "I must get a little higher up."

He turned to the right and saw a natural archway, of no great hight, formed in the rock. The arch itself was white; the superincumbent stone was of a dull, red hue. On the left flank of the arch were a series of inscribed characters, which might have been cut by human hand, or might have been a mere natural freak. They looked like some rude system of hieroglyphics and bore no meaning to Freeman's mind.

A sort of crypt or deep recess was hollowed out beneath the arch, the full extent of which Freeman was unable to discern. The floor of it descended in ridges like a rough staircase. He stood for a few moments peering into the gloom, tempted by curiosity to advance, but restrained partly by the gathering darkness and partly by the oppressiveness of the atmosphere, which produced a sensation of giddiness. Something white gleamed on the threshold of the crypt. He picked it up. It was a human skull; but even as he lifted it it came apart in his hands and crumbled into fragments. Freeman's nerves were strong, but he shuddered slightly. The loneliness, the silence, the mystery and the strange lightheadedness that was coming over him combined to make him hesitate. "I'll come back to-morrow morning early," he said to himself.

As, if in answer, a deep, appalling roar broke forth apparently under his feet, and went rolling and reverberating up and down the canyon. It died away, but was immediately followed by another yet more loud, and the ground shook and swayed beneath his feet. A gigantic bowlder, poised high up on the other side of the canyon, was unseated, and fell with a terrific crash. A hot wind swept sighing through the valley, and the air rapidly became dark. Again came the sign, rising to a shriek, with roarings and thunderings that seemed to proceed both from the heavens and from the earth. A dazzling flash of lightning split the air, bathing it for an instant in the brightness of day; in that instant Freeman saw the bolt strike the great white pyramid and splinter its crest into fragments, while the whole surface of the gorge heaved and undulated like a stormy sea. He had been staggering as best he might to a higher part of the ravine, but now he felt a stunning blow on his head. He fell and knew no more.

CHAPTER VII.



TWO HORSEMEN, one of whom led a third horse, carrying a pack-saddle, had reached the borders of the desert just as the earthquake began. When the first shock came they were riding past a grove of live oaks; they immediately dismounted, made fast their horses and lay down beside some bushes that skirted the grove. Neither the earthquake nor the storm was so severe as was the case further eastward. In an hour all was over, and they remounted and continued their journey, guiding their course by the stars.

"It was thus that we rode before, Kamaiakan," remarked the younger of the two travelers. "Yonder bright star stood as it does now, and the hour of the night was the same. But this shaking of the earth makes me fear for the safety of that youth. The sands of the desert may have swept over him, or he may have perished in the hills."

"The purposes of the gods cannot be altered, Semitzin," replied the old Indian, who, perhaps, would not have much regretted such a calamity as she suggested, it would be a simple solution of difficulties which might otherwise prove embarrassing. "It is my prayer, at all events, that the entrance to the treasure may not be closed."

"I care nothing for the treasure unless I may share it with him," she returned. "Since we spoke together beside the fountain I have not seen him. He looked upon me doubtfully, being, perhaps, perplexed because of these features of the child Miriam, which I am compelled to wear."

"Truly, Princess, what is he that you should think of him?" muttered Kamaiakan.

"He satisfies my heart," was the reply. "And I am resolved never again to give up this mortal habitation to her you call its rightful owner. I will never again leave this world, which I enjoy, for the unknown darkness out of which you called me."

"Princess, the gods do not permit such dealings. They may, indeed, suffer you to live again; but you must return as an infant, in flesh and bones of your own."

"The gods have permitted me to return as I have returned; and you well know, Kamaiakan, that, except you use your art to banish me and restore Miriam, there is nothing else that can work a change."

"Murder is not lawful, Semitzin, and to do as you desire would be an act not different from murder."

"On my head be it, then!" exclaimed the Princess. "Would it be less a murder to send me back to nothingness than to let her remain there? Mine is the stronger spirit, and has therefore the better right to live. I ask of you only to do nothing. None need ever know that Miriam has vanished and Semitzin lives in her place. I wear her body and her features, and I am content to wear her name also if it must be so."

Kamaiakan was silent. He may well be pardoned for feeling troubled in the presence of a situation which had never before confronted a human being. Two women, both tenants of the same body, both in love with the same man, and therefore rivals of each other, and each claiming a right to existence. It was a difficult problem. The old Indian heartily wished that a separate tenement might be provided for each of these two souls that they might fight out their quarrel in the ordinary way. But his magic arts did not extend to the creation of flesh and blood. At the same time he could not but feel to blame for having brought this strenuous spirit of Semitzin once more into the world, and he was fain to admit that her claim was not without justification. His motives had been excellent, but he had not foreseen the consequences in which the act was to land him. Yet he more shrank from wronging Miriam than from disappointing Semitzin.

But the latter was not to be put off by silence.

"There has been a change since you and I last spoke together," she said. "I am aware of it, though I know not how, but, in some manner, the things which Miriam has done are perceptible to me. When I was here before she did not lean toward this youth; now she has given herself to him, and, if I again should vanish I should never again find my way back. But it shall not be so, and there is a way, Kamaiakan, by which I can surely prevent it, even though you refuse to aid me."

"Indeed, Princess, I think you mistake regarding the love of Miriam for this young man; they have seen little of each other, and it may be, as you yourself said, that he has perished in the wilderness."

"I believe he lives," she answered. "I should know it were it otherwise. But if I cannot have him neither shall she. I have told you already that unless you swear to me not to put forth your power upon me to dismiss me I will not lead you to the treasure. But that is not enough; for men deceive, and you are a man. But if at any time hereafter I feel within me those pangs that tell me you are about to separate me from this world, at that moment, Kamaiakan, I will drive this knife through the heart of Miriam! If I cannot keep her body, at least it shall be but a corpse when I leave it. You know Semitzin, and you know that she will keep her word!"

She reined in her horse as she spoke, and sat gazing upon her companion with flashing eyes. The Indian, after a pause, made a gesture of gloomy resignation.

"It shall be as you say, then, Semitzin, and upon your head be it. Henceforth Miriam is no more. But do you beware of the vengeance of the gods whose laws you have defied."

"Let the gods deal with me as they will," replied the Aztecan. "A day of happiness with the man I love is worth an age of punishment."

Kamaiakan made no answer, and the two rode forward in silence.

It was midnight, and a bright star, nearly in the zenith, seemed to hang precisely above the summit of the great white pyramid at the mouth of the gorge.

"It was here that we stopped," observed Semitzin. "We tied our horses among the shrubbery round yonder point. Thence we must go on foot. Follow me."

She struck her heels against her horse's sides and went forward. The lean and wiry Indian had already betrayed symptoms of fatigue, but the young Princess appeared as fresh as when she started. Not once had she even taken a draught from her canteen, and yet she was closely clad, from head to foot, in the doublet and leggings of the Golden Fleece. One might have thought it had some magic virtue to preserve its wearer's vitality, and possibly, as is sometimes seen in trance, the energy and concentration of the spirit reacted upon the body.

She turned the corner of the pyramid, but had not ridden very far when an object lying in her path caused her to halt and spring from the saddle. Kamaiakan also dismounted and came forward.

The dead body of a mustang lay on the ground, crushed beneath the weight of a fragment of rock, which had evidently fallen upon it from a hight. He had apparently been dead for some hours. He was without either saddle or bridle.

"Do you know him?" demanded Semitzin.

"It is Diego," replied Kamaikan. "I know him by the white star on his muzzle. He was ridden by the Senor Freeman. They must have come here before the earthquake. And there lay the saddle and the bridle. But where is Senor Freeman?"

"He can be nowhere else than in this valley," said Semitzin, confidently. "I knew that I should find him here. Through all the centuries and across all spaces we were destined to meet. His horse was killed, but he has escaped. I shall save him. Could Miriam have done this? Is he not mine by right?"

"MIRIAM!"

"It is at least certain, Princess," responded the old man rather dryly, "that had it not been for Miriam you would never have met the Senor Freeman at all."

"I thank her for so much, and some time, perhaps, I will reward her by permitting her to have a glimpse of him for an hour—or, at least, a minute. But not now, Kamaiakan—not till I am well assured that no thought but of me can ever find its way into his heart. Come, let us go forward. We will find the treasure, and I will give it to my lord and lover."

"Shall we bring the pack-horse with us?" asked the Indian.

"Yes, if he can find his way among these rocks. The earthquake has made changes here. See how the water pours from this spring! It has already made a stream down the valley. It shall guide us whither we are going."

[*To Be Continued.*]

[For the RECORD-UNION.]

THREE PICTURES.

So clear! so bright! on that starlit night,
A brighter star was shining.
O fair to view in the vaulted blue
Of the sky's deep-arched lining;
But far below where its clear rays go
Another star had risen,
Whose lowly birth should light the earth
Through palace, cot and prison.

'Twixt temple walls how clear there falls
A childish voice and tender;
While they who hear those accents clear
Are lost in maze and wonder;
His speech is slow, but the words that flow
Are music sweet, unbroken;
And to each ear that gathers near
Such wisdom ne'er were spoken.

In the judgment hall 'twixt columns tall
Again we see him standing;
The maddened crowd in voices loud
His tender life demanding;
And then at last e're the moon had passed
On that hillside green and fair,
The final strife of His earthly life
Was finished among them there.

O wondrous love! that thus should prove
How dear our lives to thee;
And from heaven to earth through the Christ-child's birth
Stoop low for our ministry.
O wondrous life! amid such strife
As thou on earth did'st see!
Thine was the shame, for us the gain,
Won thus on Calvary.

Oct. 11, 1892. —A. G. G.

THE LAND OF USED-TO-BE.

Beyond the purple, hazy trees
Of summer's utmost boundaries;
Beyond the sands, beyond the seas,
And only in the reach of the
Enraptured gaze of memory,
There lies the land long lost to me—
The land of Used-to-Be.

A land enchanted, such as swung
In golden seas when sirens swung
Along their dripping brinks, and sung
To Jason in their mystic tongue
That dazed men with the melody;
O, such a land, with such a sea,
Kissing its shores eternally,
Is the fair Used-to-Be.

A land where music ever girds
The air with bells of singing birds,
And sows all sounds with such sweet words
That even in the lowing herds
A meaning lives so sweet to me
Lost laughter ripples limpidly
From lips brimmed o'er with all the glee
Of rare old Used-to-Be.

O land of love and dreamy thoughts,
And shining fields and shady spots,
Of coolest, greenest, grassy plots
Embossed with wild forget-me-nots,
And all the blooms that cunningly
Lift their faces up to me
Out of the past; I kiss it thee
The lips of Used-to-Be.

I love ye all, and with wet eyes
Turned glimmeringly on the skies,
My blessings like your perfumes rise,
Till o'er my soul a silence lies.
Sweeter than any song to me,
Sweeter than any melody
Or its sweet echo, yes, all thyee—
My dreams of Used-to-Be.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

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Miscellaneous.

CHAPTER CXI.

An Act to provide for the issuance and sale of State bonds to create a fund for the construction and furnishing by the Board of State Harbor Commissioners of a general ferry and passenger depot in the City and County of San Francisco; to create a sinking fund for the payment of said bonds, and providing for the submission of this Act to a vote of the people.

[Approved March 17, 1891.]

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIfornia, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. For the purpose of providing a fund for the payment of the indebtedness hereby authorized to be incurred by the Board of State Harbor Commissioners, for the erection and furnishing of a general railroad, passenger and ferry depot at or near the foot of Market street, in the City and County of San Francisco, at a cost not to exceed six hundred thousand dollars, which the said Board of State Harbor Commissioners are hereby authorized to construct in the manner and method authorized by law, and at a cost not to exceed said six hundred thousand dollars, the State Treasurer shall, immediately after the issuance of the proclamation of the Governor, hereinafter provided for, prepare suitable bonds of the State of California: one thousand bonds in the denomination of one hundred dollars each; five hundred bonds in the denomination of five hundred dollars each; two hundred and fifty bonds in the denomination of one thousand dollars each. The whole issue of said bonds shall not exceed the sum of six hundred thousand dollars, which said bonds shall bear interest at the rate of four per centum per annum from their date, and shall be payable at the office of the State Treasurer at the expiration of nineteen years from their date. Said bonds shall bear date the first day of January, A. D. eighteen hundred and ninety-three, and shall be payable on the first day of January, A. D. nineteen hundred and twelve. The interest accruing on said bonds shall be due and payable at the office of the said Treasurer on the first day of January and the first day of July of each year; provided, that the first payment of interest shall be made on the first day of July, A. D. eighteen hundred and ninety-three, on so many of said bonds as have been theretofore issued. At the expiration of nineteen years from the date of said bonds, they shall cease to bear interest, and said Treasurer shall forthwith pay the same out of the San Francisco Depot Sinking Fund, provided for hereinafter in this Act. Said bonds shall be signed by the Governor, countersigned by the Controller, indorsed by said Treasurer, and shall have the seal of the State affixed thereto.

SEC. 2. Interest coupons shall be attached to each bond, so that they may be removed without injury or mutilation to the bond. Said coupons, consecutively numbered, shall be signed by the State Treasurer. But no interest on any of said bonds shall be paid for any time which may intervene between the date of any of said bonds and the issue thereof to a purchaser.

SEC. 3. The sum of one thousand dollars is hereby appropriated to pay the expense that may be incurred by the State Treasurer in having said bonds prepared. Said amount shall be paid out of the San Francisco Harbor Improvement Fund, on Controller's warrants duly drawn for that purpose.

SEC. 4. When the bonds authorized to be issued under this Act shall be duly executed, numbered consecutively, and sealed, they shall be by the State Treasurer sold at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, and in such parcels as said Treasurer shall deem best; but he must reject any and all bids for said bonds, or any of them, which shall be below the par value of said bonds; and he may, by public announcement at the place of sale, continue such sale, as to the whole or any part thereof, to any time and place he may select. Due notice of the place and time of sale of such bonds shall be given by said Treasurer, by publication in two newspapers published in the City and County of San Francisco, and also in two newspapers published in the City of Oakland, two published in the City of Los Angeles and two published in the City of Sacramento, once a week for four weeks prior to such sale. The costs of such publication shall be paid out of the San Francisco Harbor Improvement Fund, on Controller's warrants duly drawn for that purpose. The proceeds of the sale of such bonds shall be forthwith paid over by said Treasurer into the treasury, and must be by him kept in a separate fund, to be known and designated as the "San Francisco Depot Fund," and must be used exclusively for the building and furnishing of said depot. Drafts and warrants upon said fund shall be drawn upon and shall be paid out of said fund in the same manner as drafts and warrants are drawn upon and paid out of the San Francisco Harbor Improvement Fund.

SEC. 5. For the payment of the principal and interest of said bonds a sinking fund, to be known and designated as the "San Francisco Depot Sinking Fund," shall be and the same is hereby created, as follows: The State Treasurer shall, on the first day of each and every month after the date of said bonds, take from the San Francisco Harbor Improvement Fund the sum of four thousand six hundred and thirty-one dollars, and place the same in said San Francisco Depot Sinking Fund, created by this section. Said Treasurer shall, on Controller's warrants duly drawn for that purpose, employ the moneys in said sinking fund in the purchase of bonds of the United States, which said bonds shall be kept in a proper receptacle, appropriately labeled; but he must keep always on hand a sufficient amount of money in said sinking fund with which to pay the interest on the State bonds herein provided to be issued. And to provide means for the payment of said sum of five thousand one hundred and thirty-one dollars, monthly, from said San Francisco Harbor Improvement Fund into said San Francisco Depot Sinking Fund, and for the other payments out of said fund authorized by this Act, and as provided for therein, the said Board of State Harbor Commissioners are hereby authorized and directed, by the collection of dockage, wharfage, tolls, rents and cranage, to collect a sum of money sufficient therefor, over and above the amount limited by section two thousand five hundred and twenty-six of the Political Code of the State of California. After the payment of all said bonds the surplus or balance remaining in said sinking fund, if any there be, shall forthwith be paid into the San Francisco Harbor Improvement Fund. At the maturity of said State bonds the said Treasurer shall sell the United States bonds them in said sinking fund, at governing market rates, and place the proceeds in said San Francisco Depot Sinking Fund, and shall pay out the same in extinguishment of said State bonds, on Controller's warrants duly drawn for that purpose.

SEC. 6. The State Treasurer shall keep full and particular account and record of all his proceedings under this Act, and he shall transmit to the Governor an abstract of all his proceedings thereunder, with his annual report, to be by the Governor laid before the Legislature; and all books and papers pertaining to the matter provided for in this Act shall at all times be open to the inspection of any party interested, or the Governor, or Attorney-General, or a committee of either branch of the Legislature, or a joint committee of both.

SEC. 7. It shall be the duty of the State Treasurer to pay the interest on said bonds when the same falls due, out of the sinking fund provided for in this Act, on Controller's warrants duly drawn for that purpose.

SEC. 8. This Act, if adopted by the people, as hereinafter provided for, shall take effect on the thirty-first day of December, A. D. eighteen hundred and ninety-two as to all its provisions, except those relating to and necessary for its submission to the people, and for returning, canvassing and proclaiming the votes