[For the RECORD-UNION.]

THE GRAPE-PICKERS.

BY ELWYN IRVING HOFFMAN.

INSCRIPTION.

But twice amid the golden yield
Have pickers of the grape been seen,
Since he was there, who now doth wield
This pen, with smiles each stroke between;
But scarce two years have passed, and yet
What Time may teach us to remember or forget!

Yet friends, who knew each other well
Beneath that far-off bunk-house roof,
Let these few rhymes, told ill or well,
The scribe's remembrance be the proof.
He passed some pleasant hours with thee,
May thou, too, pass some in this memory!
Stockton, Cal., September, 1894.

I.—THE JOURNEY.

As gay a crew of vagrants we
As ever was from society
Set loose upon a scowling earth
To vanquish it with arms of mirth.
And never went there ancient knights
With songs more merry to their fights
Than we, when with our blankets rolled
And strapped and tied we took the road
And, toiling 'neath the weary load,
Journeyed unto where unfold
The fruitful vineyards to the eye
Beneath fair Fresno's balmy sky.

Vagrants we, and vagrants thus
We journeyed on; and oft to us
Came weariness and pain, but song
And joke (both gay and grim) o'er long
Repelled the sharp, insistent pain
And made the weariness a dream;
Or, if not vanquished, made them seem
At least of lesser depth. Again
We hid beneath our laughter's face
The trouble that, firm in its place,
Had left with us the city's din—
Though none guessed that it lurked within—
And though we laughed with hearty will
Kept our hearts reminiscent still
To hungry mouths that called for food—
The dear and much-beloved brood
That in the little, homely nest
Of cottage walls had often pressed
Their lips upon our care-marked cheek,
And loved us though we vain did seek
To give them food, or clothes enough
Of, maybap, poor but warming stuff
To shield them from the bitter wind
That ever at the casements dinned.

For some, kind Fate had not yet wrought
A chain of love to bind their thought
To household cares; but had instead
Let them free to choose and tread
Whatever path their fancy might
Give them choice; or that Right
Might point to them as that one where
'Twas wisest for their feet to fare.
And one there was who left behind
Within a cottage, flower entwined,
Upon a quiet, shady street,
A mother with a face as sweet
As Raphael's "Virgin." Time had failed
To mar its grace—had but unveiled
The soul of beauty when he took
The mask of youth and left the look
Of serious age—a look which gave
A lesson to the careless youth
Of deeper love for good and truth,
Of stronger purpose, heart more brave,
And sterner will for ills that find
Such lodgments in the youthful mind,
That stirred not from their vantage, tend
To bring the swift, disastrous end
Of warped and useless life.

A touch
There also was, which, though not much,
Still spoke in plainest language of
The holy altar of home-love,
And told in signs none could mistake
What fights were fought for Duty's sake!

O Mother! If it were for me
To pause just here and write on thee
A brief but truthful eulogy,
I could not think of aught but this:
"Through all these long, ungrateful years
For you, so filled with pain and tears
For you, so filled with sore defeat
And spoiled of much that had been sweet,
Your heart has raised all pain above;
Your sweet lips still contain a kiss,
You still can sympathize and love!"

Full many a rounded year shall pass
Before the heart of lad or lass
Shall ever cease remembering her
Who was their youth-time's monitor;
The one who, with her mother's kiss,
Taught them love's most sacred bliss,
And learned them first to curb their hearts
And shoot less cruelly straight those darts
Which every child, like a cupid small,
Is prone to fly; unseeing how,
Turned in their flight by coming years,
And multiplied ten thousand spears,
They yet must find who beat their bow
And rankle till his heart is gall!

O, mother! Many an arrow here,
Back-shafted from this later year,
Recalls me to my wanton youth
Where they were sped—and with small ruth!
But on that far September day
When from thy cottage turned away
A stripling vagrant for the South,
How sweetly did thy loving mouth,
Forgetful of each careless deed
With which he'd stung thee oft of yore—
Forgetful of all this, and more—
Stoop down to kiss and say, "God-speed!"

O, naught is there that makes less hard
The toilsome journey—foot and yard,
Dusty rod and weary mile—
As the farewell word, the farewell smile!
And next to lights that glow ahead,
To beck us on to some loved bed,
With rays so cheery, strong and sweet
They almost lift our lagging feet
I place those lights that 'mind us glow—
The words of love that bade us go!
O, rays that followeth still and far,
And light us through our working war,
Many a sweetness I bless thee for!

The road was gray, the hills were brown,
The horizon grass seemed trodden down
By the hard, fierce press of countless feet
As the wavering phantoms of the heat
In middle summer danced their dance
Upon the plain's sun-hot expanse.
The way was long. For full three days
Ten vagrants trod in vagrant ways.
Sometimes the rails' uneven road,
Sometimes the dusty streams that flowed
By many a farmhouse, nestling 'neath
The clambering roses' redolent wreath,
By many a roof whose sag and rent
Proclaimed it Poverty's monument!
And once a farmer, bearded gray,
Passed us by upon his way
Unto the town. His wagon old
Creaked most mournfully as it rolled.
His horses showed each framework bone
And scarce could mount a gentle slope,
While on their harnesses there shown
Full many a wire and piece of rope!
O, he was old and poor, and yet
As on the dusty road we met
He let a kind glance on us fall
And spake most cheerily to us all!

And once we fled like startled quails
As thundering o'er the shining rails
From out the hills a flying train
Shrieked out its greeting to the plain,
And swelling with its purse-proud fare
Sped as rockets do through air.
We caught a glimpse of polished brass,
Of rich-appareled lad and lass,
Of fine, rich curtains and soft plush,
But as the train by us did rush
No voice did hail of lad or lass
The dusty "tramps" who watched them pass.
No hand was seen; no voice was heard
To wave a greeting or speak a word.
We saw the point and to each other
Said, "The feathers make the bird—
The poor man only is a brother!"

II.—THE ARRIVAL.

'Twas twilight when the ranch lights through
The tall shade trees burst on our view,
And bright and cheery hailed us all
With that sweet voice which aye doth call
From every star, and lamp and fire;
From every shadowy far-off spire;
From everything beneath the sky,
Which says, "The journey's end is nigh."
And when does ever voice so dear,
As that sweet voice, fall on an ear
So well attuned to hark the note
As that one on which long hath smote
The discords of a journey-life,
The unsweet clangorings of strife,
And wayside harshnesses of sound
That on long paths are ever found?
And who is there that hath the skill,
The inclination or the will,
To tune the dull or heedless ear,
So fine and true, that it may hear
The home-notes that the alien roar
Of travel drowns, than he who more
We know and feel we love the less—
The kind, yet hated, weariness?

Heaven hath music far more sweet
Than aught of earth, for there complete
Is rest—the rest of heart and soul
That to now many is the goal!
And such brief strains as earthly ears
May catch from harps in unknown spheres,
May hear or feel, may dream or guess,
Are known and felt through weariness!
O spirit that the chords set true!
How oft are we indebted to
Thy duty done for sweet content
With things, though homely, all well meant?

And so, when kindly lights shown out
Athrough the trees that hemmed about
The cottage of the vineyardist,
We needed naught to make us list
To cheery voices of content;
But deeming that the best was meant
And that Fate yet would be our friend
Light hearted hailed our journey's end.

The vineyardist's cot set somewhat back
And hid from travel's beaten track.
A house of unpretentious build,
Yet with a priceless furniture filled,
Three girls that blessed their father's life,
Three manly boys and one good wife!
This, with a purse each year made fat,
What more could mortal wish than that?
'Twas dark at our arrival. Set
Against the sky in silhouette,
The ranch-house rose, dark sharp-peaked;
The tower-house near it, o'er which creaked
The toiling wheel, that veered and whirled—
The coquette of a windy world.
Beyond, and hidden from our sight
By sentinel rows of locust trees
The bunkhouse sat. "But if you please,"
The vineyardist said, "for this one night
You'll sleep within the big barn's loft,
The bunk room is not ready quite."
"As well," we answered cheerily.
"We care not where our beds may be,
A stone, to-night, sir, would be soft!"

There is a spirit which no man
Can dodge for long, which grim and fleet
Doth ever by some wond'rous plan
O'ertake him with a fool's defeat,
Though with loud voice and ordering hands
Its presence from him he commands,
Though with faint heart and half-sobbed pleas
He supplicants from bended knees,
Stern as an everlasting rock
It stays to sneer, and pluck, and mock,
Nor leaves till life's faint sun doth set
Or what it asks for it doth get!
We'd met this spirit e'er the sun
Had towards his setting half begun,
But for sufficient reason we
Had put it off until the night,
When through the shade-trees cheerily
Burst on our view the rancher's light.

So gladly then did we obey
The summons to the ranchman's board;
Where, seated round in fine array,
An ample justice did we pay
To what the table could afford.
And then, when by such arts as these
The Spirit, Hunger, knew appease,
The vineyardist his lantern lit
And calling, bade us follow it
To where, within the dark half-hid,
The barn rose like a pyramid!

A brush-heap is as softest down
When weariness doth lie thereon;
And flinty stones the way beside
Have oft been known to well provide
A pillow for some weary soul,
Who, meeting night before his goal
And thus compelled to tarry, found
Kind rest upon an unkind ground!

And thus within the barn's high loft
We found, that night, a bed as soft
As heart could wish, although not made
Of roses' petal, nor of blade
From meadow-land; nor yet of rush
From untamed Nides; but of the brush
Of that fierce weed naught may cajole—
Alfalfa, of uncordial soul!
But little cared we when we spread
Our blankets for the longed-for bed,
If it dissembled half enough
To make our sleeping-place less rough
Then was its wont. We only blessed
Our fortune for a chance to rest,
And thankful that no ill-fate kept
Sweet sleep away, we turned and slept!

But e'er we closed our weary eyes
We heard full many a sound about;
A half-waked rooster chuckled out
Vague exclamations of surprise
As in the shadowed loft a shout
From some thorned vagrant did arise.
We heard the kine's half-plaintive sighs,
And upward from the horses' stalls
Came cosy sound of champing jaws,
Where, busy with their grain and hay,
Man's noble servants ate away;
Or oft within the dark would pause
And seem to stare at unseen walls,
Or listen to unheard footfalls
And question with a low-toned neigh.

O, place us 'mid the rural noise
That hedged us round when we were boys.
How quick returns Youth's golden tide!
How small the life in circle wide!
How poor Fame's vaunted wreaths beside!
Sweet as the song-sown summer breeze
From waving meadow-lands brought up,
Where to old days the cheerful bees
Drink from the primitive buttercup.
The rustic sounds we heard that night,
As off with Daphne we took flight,
Ah, seemed they more to us by far
Than all Fame's worldly splendors are!

III.—THE FIRST DAY.

The morn of that September day
The sun rose from a couch of gold,
And sent a broad and cheery ray
Across the smiling plain where lay
The grape within its dewy fold,
Full-fleshed and bright, with Summer's wine,
And peeping from the cov'ring vine,
Where like a maiden fair it dreamed,
The Muscat Autumn's young bride seemed.

But with rough fingers we awoke
The bride; and with a swift knife stroke
We cut her from her stem away
And laid her out upon the tray.
And there, a victim of stern Fate,
The Muscat lay in glorious state.

From rise of sun till set of sun
The circle of our toil did run;
We went when dew was on the plain,
Returned when dew-drops fell again.
And there between the falls of dew
We lived full many a bright hour through.
The "General"—for so we'd named
That pleasant man whose eyes so clear,
So searching, yet so kind, proclaimed
The owner and the overseer—
Walked beside us through the day,
And chatted in such pleasant way
That not a man among us shirked,
But one and all we briskly worked,
Till, smothered in the flame-set west,
The sun sunk downward to his rest.

Our kindly foreman not alone
Became by pleasant nickname known,
But e'er the first day's work was done
We had renamed the entire crew,
And with much chaff and kindly fun
We called them till their names they knew.
"Professor" was the title borne
By one bright light, (who'd never worn
A college stripe or any save
The one that in his careless youth
The village birch-man often gave
To bring—in vain—a love of Truth.)
A dallier by Life's rushing streams
He'd dabbled in a score of schemes,
Had set his wit 'gainst greater wits
And profited and lost by fits—
The last swift turn had been for ill
And thus it was we found him here
In lowly toil, but hopeful still
To crush the enemy from the rear.

The "Athlete" was a jolly lad
Who few of youth times' failings had
A soul whose buoyancy was well worth
A trip to see cross half the earth.
Who with his strength of arm combined
A strength of heart and strength of mind.

We named one "Judge"—perhaps because
He knew but little of those laws
Which, like the nets of battleships
Hedge man about—(perforce, to shield)
But oftimes as the crisis slips
So Right to Wrong is forced to yield.
But, if not in judicial art
Well versed as some, he had a heart
Which knew not Gold's law-making mart—
A mind that no sleek tongue could budge
That knew the right nor feared to know—
O how I would that every Judge
Perched lordly on his bench was so!

He had still yet another grace—
Though 'neath misfortune's chariot caught
He bore his pain with smiling face
And would not deem his blessings naught.
While some, deceived by this smile,
Might deem him happy all the while,
I ween that 'neath that bright smile lay
Full many a pain with potent sway!

For the subtlest mask that e're was made
For Phyllis at the masquerade
To cheat her lover of his kiss,
Is not so subtle as is this
Poor weakly mask of Nature's trace—
The smile upon a human face.
What worlds of woe may lie beneath
The cheery smiles that often wreath
The actor's face! What troublous war
May be 'neath where the light waves are
Upon the sea! But one and all
We yet must smile, though nations fall;
We yet must laugh in cheery way,
Though hearts, and heads, and souls turn gray!

Amid the lesser lights that burned
These stars among, was one who earned
The title, "Hoosier"—this because
His English had some little flaws.
His locks were long, unkempt his beard,
His vestments like wind-ruffled thatch—
In fact he seemed to have been reared
Within some heavy briar patch!
But all his ruffianly mien despite—
His lamp of life gave kindly light!

One more needs mention here, I find—
A youth who was so tall and slim.
It was no wonder that his mind
Forever was so high in him!
A dreamer and a toiler, too,
Whose song was forced in Labor's pace—
Ah, Stripling, keep thy heart still true
And fame may yet her garland place!

Oft at the closing of the days
Returning home, we passed the trays,
Whose burdens, withered in the sun,
Told where the first day's work was done.
And once the Professor, gazing on
The dry grapes, said: "Their grace is gone!
They're black as hearts are black with sins,
And ugly in their wrinkled skins!
No more will rounded forms be theirs
They are themselves their sepulchers!"

"Not so!" the Judge quick answer made,
"If grace hath fled, a grace hath stayed!
Think you that only youth can give
The wine of life that makes worth live?
The sobering years that bend to trace
Their record on a human face
Will bring a grace and nobleness,
A beauty and a tenderness,
That will, I ween, in far surpass
The beauty of the fairest lass!
The fine, plump grape is pretty when
Seen here upon these smiling plains,
Or in the banquet hall, but then
The raisin holds the sugar grains!"

"Your argument," the Professor said
And smiled, "I meet with nodding head,
But if they both do hold a grace,
Where shall I then, my garland place?
Which of this worthy couple goes
On honor's roll?" And then arose
The voice of one who long did sail
The mighty deep—a sailorman,
Whose eyes did, in full many a gale,
God's sealed philosophy almost scan:
"Man's roll of honor long extends;
God's roll, though short, hath glorious names,
Though God, I think, oftimes commends
Where man, blind-judging, sternly blames!"

IV.—IN THE BUNK-HOUSE.

When sunlight ceased to touch the vane
A-turn to meet the evening breeze,
That sweetly o'er the vineclad plain
Brought Brains' earned rest and Muscles' ease,
When calmly, without stir or strife,
The Day lived out her well-lived life,
And gave to Night her wand of power,
We gathered 'neath the windmill tower;
And, in such postures as seemed best,
Gave up our minds to talk and jest.

The "General," at such times, oft sat
Among us in a friendly chat.
We marked him by the glowing air
That seemed to vibrate round his chair;
A man of serious mind, yet who
His life's surroundings so well knew,
His heart's best hope, his soul's best dream,
He hardly ever once did seem
To rise too high or fall too far;
But ever, like a steadfast star,
His manly heart was brave and true,
And strength from simple purpose drew.
He told us tales—he oft did preach
A sermon in a witty speech;
And always in a pleasant mood
His very presence there imbued
In many a heart, a better strain
That showed Life's loss was but Life's gain!

But as the dusk to darkness turned,
And in God's battle-camp above
The sentinel stars their torches burned
To guard from what no man knows of,
We stepped out from the tower's dark shade,
And to the "General" good-nights made,
And turned to where the bunk-house loomed
Amid the trees that round it gloomed.

But oft when in the bunk-room met
We thought: "We cannot sleep just yet."
And so it happened that we sat
Till late, sometimes in friendly chat,
Or singing songs, or telling tales.
A candle, braced up with three nails,
Gave forth a dim, uncertain light.
"A flame," the Professor said, "by which
A man could well flirt with a witch
Or hobnob with the spooks of night;
Or wander off in some sweet dream
To where things are not what they seem."
"Speaking of dreams," the Athlete said,
Stretching himself upon his bed,
"Our stripling friend here is a lad
That oft, I'll wager, such has had.
Suppose," he turned upon the youth,
"Suppose you tell us one just now—
A vision of your soul—forsooth,
A poet's dream." The Stripling's brow
Was quickly heated with the rush
Of Modesty's hot-footed blush
That swiftly spread, till neck and ear
Were warm and red. "I almost fear
I am not equal to the thing.
Besides, 'twould be more interesting
To hear of something live and real,
Wherein a man may think and feel.
And poets' dreams, it seems to me,
Are not just always such." Thus he
(O Muse! he was then but a boy!)
Cast on his love much obloquy
Rather than sing where ears could hear
Of that which was to him so dear!

The scribe thus having slipped the task,
The dogged Athlete turned and asked
A story of the Hoosier, who
A smoke-wreath from his corncob blew,
And then, with brief nod of assent,
Prosaic to this story went:

I seen an advertisement in the paper t'other day;
A common kind of little ad, and not much in its way;
But knowin' all that lay behind that advertisement there,
I seemed to read, between the lines, a message of despair.
I knowed young Harry when he came to locate on the land
That lay next mine; in fact I gave the boy a helpin' hand,
And helped him build his little shack, and loaned my mules a spell
Till he had broke some ground, and then I helped him dig his well.
And when he proved up on his land I was a witness there
And bet you I could take my oath that everything was square!
Well, Harry worked from sun to sun; in fact, so did the rest,
For lazy farmers never are with fame and fortun' blessed;
And every one of us had come for the good health of the purse,
And knowed that if we didn't work we'd be so much the worse.
Well, Harry worked—you bet he worked! And soon in consequence
He didn't have a bit of land that wa'n't inclosed in fence,
And in the valley there was not a better house than his,
And finer crops and bigger ones no other feller riz.
And then it finally got out that Farmer Cross had nerve,
And so when fall election came we 'lected him to serve
As Sheriff of Twowollopee. And when young Cross got in
Each thievin' greaser had to get to save his pesky skin!
There wa'n't no foolishness about *this* officer of the law;
There wa'n't no other chap around with more sand in his craw;
There wa'n't no Sheriff honester, more punctual nor exact,
That kept his records from "Conviction, evidence lacked."
And so it happened naturally the man we all admired
Was mentioned to succeed himself when his term should be expired.
So when convention night came round and Gorman rose to say:
"Young Harry Cross for Sheriff!" there was a loud hurray!
And a dozen voices seconded young Gorman with a shout
And for a while it seemed as if ol' Bedlam was let out!
Then suddenly there rose a form from down a nigh the door.
The Chairman wrapped and sternly said, "The Sheriff hez the floor."
The cheering ceased and every eye was turned toward where a light
Threw all its power upon a face grown strangely drawn and white.
The Sheriff spoke. His even tones rang out clear and distinct,
So clear it seemed as if I heard some ringing metals clinked.
"You honor me, my friends," he said, "because you think me brave—
You do not know me as I am—a coward and a knave;
You do not know that he who wears this sacred badge is one
The most unfit of all that it could ever shine upon!"
He got no further, for there rose a cheer that echoed back
To every corner of the room and made the ceiling crack.
The Chairman couldn't stop them—they thought it such a joke,
Till the Sheriff called to them to stop, as once again he spoke.
This time there wa'n't no question but he meant it every word,
And almost every heart was stopped by the story that they heard.
He told them how he'd killed a man—they'd all heard of the crime,
'Twas in New York—and how he'd kept from justice for a time;
And how at last they captured him and sentenced him to death,
And how he tunneled through a wall, escaping by a breath.
And then he showed a telegram from the Sheriff of New York
A-tellin' him about himself, but sayin' "Billie Dork,"
And asking that the man be held "if he is found to be
Living, as I'm told he is in old Twowollopee."
"And now," the Sheriff grimly said, "I telegraphed to-night
And told the Sheriff of New York that I'd his man all right,
And that, as I was comin' back on a visit, I would bring
The murderer myself, as I would like to see him swing!"

Well, what has this small ad. to do with all this lengthy tale?
Why, nothin', 'cept it tells me that the Cross place is "for sale."

"Crime," the Professor said, "must ever meet
A punishment, though it be slow or fleet;
But penitence cannot oftimes atone
The sin that turns thy brother's heart to stone,
Your Sheriff tried hard to regain his place,
But stern man could not give the murderer grace."

This comment made, the Professor asked a tale
Of that man who, 'neath different flags of sky
Had said, "Ahoy!" to many a curious sail
That on Life's sea went swift or slowly by.
And so they bent to hear the sailorman
Who, with artistic fingers, aptly drew
A sketch of that strange life he so well knew.
And with the simple words, "I knew the man;
He was a seaman bold, a mate most true—"
Began upon his tale, which this wise ran:

Blue was the wide, wide ocean
That silently isled us 'round,
Wide was the blue, blue heaven
From center to furtherest bound.
No ship but our own on the ocean,
On the sky not a cloudy fleck,
When Death, walking over the waters,
Climbed up to our quarter-deck.

Brave were the hearts of our seamen
To repel the foeman's van,
When over the weather-rail leaning
They fought them man to man;
And never was a foe so stealthy,
But they heard and fought in a breath—
But not an ear heard this foeman,
Not a voice challenged Death!

He came in an ominous silence
And stood thus close by our side;
We only knew he was near us
When our shipmate's faint breath died.
Said a mate: "The lights are sighted—
The harbor tug takes its tow—
Good cheer for the ended voyage!"
"Amen!" we whispered low.

Blue was the wide, wide ocean,
The horizon misty and dim;
Wide was the blue, blue heaven,
And cloudless from center to rim,
When each man close by the railing
Stood with uncovered head
While the Captain read the service,
Then, pausing, solemnly said:

"O, ocean, so soon to receive him,
Make ready thy calmest tomb,
And weave for the brow of the sailor
A wreath of sea-clover bloom!
For living, he long hath loved thee,
And dead, he asks but to rest
For aye in thy rackless harbor
And hid in thy quiet breast!"

Silently, solemnly standing,
We harked to the Captain's voice,
And the wind, instead of requiem,
Seemed to say, "Rejoice!" "Rejoice!"
But our hearts were heavy with mourning
And we heard not the hopeful note
As we swung him clear of the railing
As we often had swung a boat.

His hammock, shotted and heavy,
Plunged down 'neath the light blue wave
That parted an instant to take it,
Then closed o'er the seaman's grave.
We turned from the railing slowly,
To our duties went solemnly.
For the ship and all things seemed holy
From that burial far at sea.

Let him sleep in the ocean's bosom,
Nor yet for his grave give dole;
Ten thousand leagues of blue water
Could never o'erwhelm a soul.
Let him sleep in the quiet harbor
Till the end of all time shall be,
He, who ended Life's voyage
In a burial far at sea!

He ceased 'mid silence most profound.
The night-wind only made a sound
As through the cracks it faintly came
And buffeted the candle's flame.
The Professor on the taper turned,
And gazing on its waning light—
"My spirit hath as lowly burned,
I think 'tis time to say good-night."
"But hold!" the Athlete then did cry
With merry mien and twinkling eye
"The stripling-dreamer here, it seems,
Has not yet told us of his dreams.
I move that e'er Sleep set her sail
Our youthful friend doth tell a tale."
Then did the stripling bow and speak,
With kindling eye and mantling cheek:
"When o'er our heads the years have gone
With backward look these scene upon
I'll tune my harp and hoarse or clear
I'll sing my lay—and thou shalt hear!"

DISBANDMENT.

"Disbandment." Ah, that means to part!
And "Farewell" is the heavy knife
That sternly severs heart from heart
And disengages life from life!
No keener blade nor colder steel
Than this, may mortals ever feel,
Who knowing Love's enchanted spell
Are parted by that word, "farewell!"

We did not love—we only knew
A friendship, but a friendship true
And loathe, indeed were we to say
Farewell that sunny Sabbath day
When all the yellow Muscats lay
Turning to dull amber hue,
Beneath the sun's glad-given rays,
Beneath September's sky of blue!

But with all things, be thou content!
And ask not Life thy voice to heed;
What made thy days in profit spent
A greater fate than thou decreed.
What made thy life ill's caravan
A greater one than thou did plan.

And so we parted—so we took
Each man in turn and each hand shook,
Then on that saddest of glad days
Turned and went our many ways.

"Like ships!" the Sailor said, "Like ships
We pass upon Life's mighty main!
But friends," he spoke with smiling lips,
"*A port shall gather us again!*"

And thus we parted with those words
Like sweetest songs of summer birds
Still ringing hopefully in our ears,
As through the long, on-coming years
They still will ring, till cold our lips,
Till Life's great fortune hath been spent;
So thus we met, so thus we went,
"Like ships," the sailor said, "like ships!"

FINIS.

A Temple of Health

Where vigor, good digestion, appetite and sound repose minister to physical comfort, is the bodily structure which, however much its foundations have been sapped by ill health, has been restored—rebuilt, as it were—by the great renovating tonic Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Nothing infuses strength into a debilitated frame like this saving medicine, which, in the vigor and regularity it imparts to the system, endows it with the surest defense against disease, and the best guaranty of a long life and hale old age. Worn-out men of business, tired mechanics, overworked mill hands, miners broken down by hardship and exposure to malaria, mariners and tourists all declare that it is the best safeguard against the influences of fatigue, bodily or mental, and of climate and temperature. Incomparable for bilious, rheumatic, kidney and nervous troubles.

Convenient and Economical.

Liebig COMPANY'S Extract of Beef

The best way to improve and strengthen Soups, Sauces and Made Dishes of all kinds is to add a little of the famous product.

For Improved and Economic Cookery. For Delicious, Refreshing Beef Tea.

REWARD!

The SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY hereby offers to pay

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS

As a reward for information or evidence leading to the arrest and conviction of one or more of the criminals who caused the derailment of west bound mail and passenger train, No. 4, at a point about three miles west of Sacramento about noon this date, JULY 11, 1894, in which wreck three or more persons were killed.

(Signed) A. N. TOWNE,
Second Vice-President and General Manager

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND —MAKES— PEOPLE WELL.

COMING TO THEIR SENSES.

Grove Johnson is the Favorite Candidate for Congress.

[Nevada City Transcript.]

Every day Hon. Grove L. Johnson is gaining votes, as the miners are becoming more than ever convinced that the Republican candidate will be able to do more for them in Congress than either of the other candidates. When elected, it will be the aim of his life to assist the miners in getting out the millions of dollars now locked up. Johnson's fight will be a special one in that line, and every Republican should cast his vote for him. In his Grass Valley speech Mr. Johnson said:

"I am in favor of the National Government taking hold of this work; that it is not right to compel the individual miner or the individual mining corporation to take charge of the work of building dams. It is asking too much of them. I say the expenditure of the individual miners and the individual corporation should not be the expense of building restraining dams, and then carying on their business at a profit. I am in favor of the National Government appropriating a sufficient sum to build one large restraining dam at some point to be designated by the Debris Commissioners, and then permit every miner to work his mine by whatever process he may desire to work it, whether placer, quartz, drift or hydraulic, so long as the National Government builds a dam, or permits him to do it, if the United States Engineer deem it proper.

"And if the individual miner or the individual corporation desires to go to the expense of building their own dams under the rules laid down by the Debris Commissioners and the mining engineers, all right; but I am not in favor of compelling them to do it. And I will be frank with you, just as I was in San Joaquin, as I have been in Amador, Calaveras, Tuolumne and Mariposa; just as I was when I spoke in Sacramento; I am in favor of the National Government doing it, for they ought to.

"You all know that the gold mines of California have been of incalculable benefit to the United States. You all know that the output of the gold mines of California prevented a financial panic in the United States in the early fifties. You all know that good Old Father Lincoln—God rest his soul, and revere his memory—good Father Lincoln said the output of the gold mines of California preserved the credit of the Nation and enabled the Government to successfully carry through the Civil War, and, therefore, if I am elected to Congress, I will leave nothing undone for the best interests of the miners."

Could a man talk plainer or fairer?

How China Got Its Name.

Upward of 1,100 years before Christ the Chinese were a people ruled by a dynasty of Kings, but there is no authentic history of them prior to the Chow dynasty. The "Celestial Empire" has in its time borne many odd names, for it was formerly the custom to change the name of the country every time a new dynasty gained control of governmental affairs. Thus in the ancient writings we find it called Hai-que, Cham-que, Han-que, etc., according to the name of the ruling monarch. The true name, according to Oriental scholars, is Chum-que, which means "the center kingdom of the world." The early European explorers, especially the Portuguese, corrupted "Chum-que" into "Chin-que," and from this word later navigators "evoluted" the word "China."—St. Louis Republic.

TRY McMORRY'S Teas. They are the best in the market. 531 M street.

SUNSET LIMITED.

TAKE THE "Sunset Limited"

The New Transcontinental Flyer —OF THE— SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY, —COMMENCING— Thursday, Nov. 1, 1894, —AND— Running every Thursday until further notice —BETWEEN— San Francisco AND New Orleans 79 Hours

OVER THE POPULAR SUNSET ROUTE, The Favorite Route of America for Winter Travel.

A SUPERBLY EQUIPPED SOLID VESTIBULED TRAIN, —CONSISTING OF— Pullman Palace Double Drawing-room, Sleeping-cars, Dining-cars and Composite Cars, with Buffet, Smoking-room, Bath-room and Barber Shop, Brilliantly Lighted by Pintsch Gas.

NO EXTRA CHARGE.

All first-class tickets, local and through, honored for passage. Sleeping-car Berths at regular rates.

Dining-car Service Best Obtainable. Meals al a Carte.

Immediate connections at New Orleans with trains for Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville and Memphis. Also with LIMITED TRAINS of the PIEDMONT AIR LINE —FOR— Atlanta, Charlotte, Danville, Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Boston and other Eastern Points.

THROUGH SCHEDULE:

Leave San Francisco, 10:30 A. M., Thursday.
Leave Los Angeles, 4:00 A. M., Friday.
Arrive El Paso, 5:30 A. M., Saturday.
Arrive New Orleans, 7:40 P. M., Sunday.
Arrive New York, 1:30 P. M., Tuesday.
Through Time to New York City, 119 hours.

For further particulars inquire of any agent of THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

RICH'D GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agent.

IT WILL BE TO YOUR INTEREST

BEFORE BUYING A PIANO OR ORGAN to see the large stock of beautiful instruments for sale at THE COOPER MUSIC COMPANY'S (Neale, Ellers Co.). No. 631 J Street.

We are sole agents for the Mathushek and Jacob Doll Pianos and Chicago Cottage Organs. Pianos sold for cash or installments; also, rented or exchanged. We keep a complete stock of everything in the musical line. Send for Catalogue.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS FOR SALE. A FULL ASSORTMENT OF THE choicest varieties in full bloom. Large plants in boxes. Prices reasonable. Call and see them. MISS M. M. BARRETT, 1115 D st. o25-2w

MISCELLANEOUS.

A few Pennies on the one hand—ruined garments on the other. That will be the result of your trying to save money by using poor, cheap washing-powders, instead of Pearline. Just consider. How much could you save in a year if you bought the cheapest and most worthless? And how far would it go toward paying for the things ruined in a single month? You can't save anything by buying cheap washing-powders. The way to save money in washing is to use what has been proved to be absolutely safe. That is Pearline. Millions use it. 417

CASTORIA for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTYN, D. D., New York City.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

THAT WIFE OF YOURS CAN MAKE FINE JELLIES WITH SANITAS GRAPE FOOD (A CALIFORNIA PRODUCT) For Sale by Leading Druggists and Grocers. 28

Enclose this advertisement, with your address, and we will send you, postage paid, a beautiful water-color view (size 10x14 inches) of "THE GOLDEN GATE," the entrance to San Francisco Harbor. There is no advertising matter printed on this picture, and only one copy will be sent to each address. THE CALIFORNIA GRAPE FOOD CO., San Francisco, Cal.

MATHUSHEK PIANO For Sale Cheap.

A splendid new Mathushek Piano can be bought at a very low price.

For particulars apply at the RECORD-UNION OFFICE.

BUSINESS CARDS.

WATERHOUSE & LESTER, —DEALERS IN— Iron, Steel, Cumberland Coal, Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware. 709, 711, 713, 715 J street, Sacramento.

H. F. ROOT. ALEX. NEILSON, J. DRISCOL. ROOT, NEILSON & CO., Union Foundry—Iron and Brass Founders and Machinists, Front street, between N and O. Castings and Machinery of every description made to order.

SACRAMENTO FOUNDRY, Front street, corner of N. WILLIAM GUTENBERGER, Proprietor. Work for sidewalks and buildings a specialty. Gasoline and Steam Engines to order on short notice.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

REWARD!

San Francisco, Oct. 12, 1894.

TO UNITED STATES MARSHALS, SHERIFFS, CONSTABLES, POLICE AND OTHER OFFICERS.

At or about 9:30 on the evening of October 11th the overland mail and express train No. 8 was stopped by robbers, about five miles west of Sacramento, in Yolo County, California. The express car was robbed of about $50,000 (fifty thousand dollars) in gold coin. The train men and express messenger were shot at several times to accomplish the robbery. The following is a brief description of the robbers, as near as known at present: One about six feet high, weighing about 200 pounds, the other about five feet nine inches, weighing about 170 pounds. Each wore linen dusters and masks and had their faces whitened. The Southern Pacific Company and Wells, Fargo & Company will pay a reward of two thousand five hundred dollars ($2,500) for the arrest and conviction of each of the robbers, and five thousand ($5,000) dollars for the recovery of the money stolen or a proportionate amount for any sum recovered.

This offer of reward supersedes any and all others. Further information may be obtained from the undersigned, or of Mr. J. B. Wright, Division Superintendent, Sacramento, or of Mr. A. D. Wilder, Division Superintendent, Oakland Pier, or of Mr. E. H. Cooper, Manager Wells-Fargo's Express, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Second Vice-President and Gen'l. Manager.
J. J. VALENTINE, President Wells-Fargo & Co.

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GROVE L. JOHNSON. HIRAM W. JOHNSON. JOHNSON & JOHNSON, Lawyers, 504 J Street.

CHAUNCEY H. DUNN. S. SOLON HOLL. HOLL & DUNN, Lawyers. Offices: 920 Fifth street, Sacramento. Telephone No. 14.

WILLIAM A. GETT, JR., Attorney-at-Law, Sutter building, southwest corner of Fifth and J. Telephone No. 359.

ARTHUR M. SEYMOUR. CLINTON L. WHITE. JOS. W. HUGHES. WHITE, HUGHES & SEYMOUR, Attorneys and Counselors-at-Law. Rooms 7, 9, 11 and 13. 420 J street, Sacramento, California.

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DR. WAH HING, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. OFFICE: 1007 THIRD STREET, SACRAMENTO CITY. Office hours: 9 to 11 A. M. and 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 P. M.

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