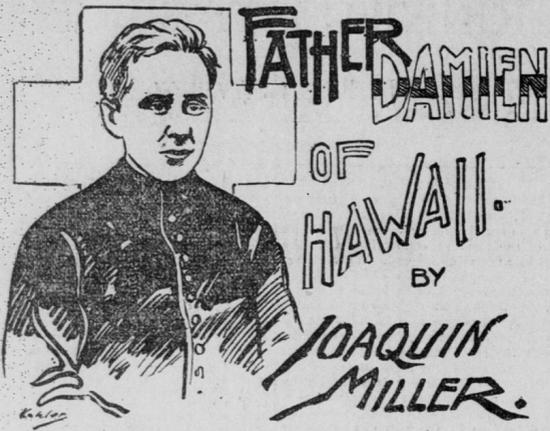


NEW TO-DAY.



FATHER DAMIEN OF HAWAII.
BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Joseph de Veuster Damien was born in Belgium on January 3, 1840. He was educated in the Roman Catholic Seminary at Louvain, where there exists at the present day an institution for the supplying of missionaries to the lepers. Father Damien went out to the island of Molokai, Hawaii, where he ministered to the wants of the unfortunates separated by the terrible disease from the rest of the inhabited world. He himself fell a victim to the disease April 6, 1889, at the age of 49 years.

The best-born hero that ever may be,
The very bravest in peace or in war
Since that sad night in Gethsemane—
Horns of the moon or the five-horned star?
Why, merely a Belgian monk, and the least,
The lowliest—merely a peasant-born priest.

And how did he fight? and where did he fall?
And whom did he conquer in the name of God?
The Cross! And he conquered more souls than all
Famed captains that ever fought fire-shod.
Now, lord of the sapphire-set sea and skies,
Far under his Southern gold Cross he lies.

Far under the fire-sown path of the sun
His ashes slow gather to ashes as
His great seas chorus and his warm tides run
To dulcet and liquid soft cadences.
And, glories to come or great deeds gone,
I'd rather be he than Napoleon.

Hear this! a Hawaiian doomed leper lay,
Lay prone in the sand, cast out and alone,
The Levites passing by the other way,
Their proud hearts hardened as a hard millstone.
This priest bore water, kneaded, prayed, and tore
His robes into shreds till he bound each sore.

He rests with his lepers, for whom he died;
The lorn outcasts in their cooped-up isle,
While Slander purses her lips in pride
And proud men gather their robes and smile.
They mock at his deeds in their daily talk,
Deriding his ways in their Christian (?) walk.

But the great wide, honest, the wise, big world,
Or sapphire splendors or midnight sun,
It is asking the while that proud lips are curled,
Why do not ye as that monk hath done?
Why do not ye, if so braver than he,
Some one brave deed that the world might see?

THE HEIGHTS,
Oakland, Cal., August, 1895.



The Altruist



By Adeline Knapp

He was a lover of humanity and had high faith in the great destiny of the Race. He believed that the way to lift Man is to get down, beside him, into the pit. He had lofty ideas as to the dignity of labor, and of the equality of all human beings. He longed to meet his fellows upon a perfectly equal footing; to watch with his lowly brother, eye to eye; to talk with him as one man to another. He used to meet with the workmen's clubs on Sunday nights and address them upon the economic fallacies of the day. On these occasions he always appeared in working-man's garb, and it was a source of regret to him that his hands were not stained with the marks of toil. He endeavored, always, to adapt his expression to that of the members of the clubs, so that they would recognize the fact that his creed proclaimed his oneness with them. It delighted him to feel that he was one with them. It was well that he could be thus bridged, since they could never be one with him. "I am no better than the least of you all," was what he endeavored to make them feel.

He was calling upon one of the boys in an evening class which he had established. The lad, who worked in a machine-shop, had been struck on the head by a flying bit of broken gearing. He had received a nasty cut and was in a high fever. The Altruist sat by his bedside in the little stuffy tenement for over an hour, bathing the hot head. He rejoiced at this opportunity to be of service to his fellow-creature. From time to time the boy's father crept in and out of the room. He had been out of work for some weeks and thus had time

to look after the patient, while the mother in the next room finished some fine laundry work she had got to do. There were only two rooms in the tenement, and the steam from the living-room filled the little dark bedroom, where were two beds. The transom giving upon the hallway was shut, as the noise of passers on the stairs made the half-delirious boy restless. Presently the wife and mother came to the bedroom door. She looked at her husband, and then whispered to him. He turned to the Altruist. "Dinner's after been red-dy, sorr," he said, "an' Jimmy's keem in from wurruk an' must be atin' an' off agin. Mebby ye'll be drawin' up wid us, sorr."

The half-invitation was extended hesitatingly. The Altruist, in turn, hesitated. The mingled odors of laundry and culinary operations were oppressive—almost repulsive to him. But who was he, to refuse the invitation of a fellow-being? What his brother fared upon, daily, must his dainty stomach refuse? Should he turn from the proffered cheer of any human creature, when the world was crying out for personal association, the giving of one's self, in human sympathy and companionship, as man to man?

So he accepted the invitation, and went with his host to the other room. There was a dish of stor. She looked at her husband, and then whispered to him. He turned to the Altruist. "Dinner's after been red-dy, sorr," he said, "an' Jimmy's keem in from wurruk an' must be atin' an' off agin. Mebby ye'll be drawin' up wid us, sorr."

The Altruist felt a generous glow of good-fellowship pervading his being. He took the proffered chair and the proffered plate of beef and potatoes. The latter was detestable to him, but he ate heartily, chatting the while with his host and hostess. These humble folk were his brother and sister. This after all was life. No one

could fully understand it until he got down among his fellows—came in contact, as it were, with the great, beating, suffering heart of the people. How he sympathized with them. He exerted himself to be entertaining. He talked as animatedly, or as interestingly, as he would have tried to do at the table of his richest acquaintance. He owed it to the humble folk to give them of his best as freely as they had given him of theirs. He was sorry he could not wholly remove their sense of constraint. They sat and listened to him, but without eating. What a pity there should be this terrible gulf between human beings; that they should be embarrassed in his presence. Ever since the other boy, regarded him reservedly, with an anxious air, as he allowed himself to be helped to the last potato, the last bit of meat in the dish. He did not care for these. Nor did he want another slice of bread, nor any more of the terrible tea, but he ate in the effort to make them feel at ease, to show them that he did not despise their meager fare. But he felt, as he had never felt before, the austere cleanliness of the poor. Even at their own table they would not really meet him half way. When would they learn that the chasm between them and their more prosperous brethren was largely of their own making? He went on eating until at last the food was all consumed and they left the table. His entertainers had eaten almost nothing. Would they never cease to be overawed by him? Would they never understand that he felt himself to be only another brother? He went back to the sick boy, but he felt depressed and discouraged. He would have liked to give the father some money and retire, released of responsibility. But he would not degrade a fellow-creature with the proffer of mere material aid. He had let them enjoy the higher blessing of giving. He had broken bread with them. He would not insult their humanity by the offer of charity.

But he went away disheartened. He felt that the problem was a bitter one. His heart yearned to help, but he seemed helpless. He would come next day and try again.

But on the next day he was very ill. The bad air, the coarse, unaccustomed food, the strain upon his sympathies, had combined to produce a serious gastric attack, and he was confined to his bed for a fortnight.

When he recovered he went back to visit his friends. They had gone. The man had been out of work, they were back in the rent and had been obliged to seek other quarters.

Alas! the difficulty of maintaining these one-sided friendships with the suspicious poor. Why had not this man, whom he so longed to help, turned to him for aid?

ADELINE KNAPP.

A PIONEER OF YOSEMITE.

Life Story of the Man Who First Wrote of the Great Valley.

Forty Years of Loving Labor in Popularizing California's Scenic Wonder.

There is a little log cabin in the Yosemite Valley with which is associated the story of an interesting pioneer life. In a cluster of towering pines, and from a distance apparently at the very foot of the mighty Yosemite fall, that cabin of unweaned logs has stood for thirty years. Since 1892 it has served the unromantic purpose of storehouse for potatoes and apples, but soon it may be occupied again by the man who built it. That man is J. M. Hutchings, who for forty years, as a writer and a lecturer, has been identified with the Yosemite.

He came to the United States from England when a boy of 15, and when ten years afterward California suddenly became the goal of fortune-hunters Hutchings was among those who crossed the plains in '49. His mining experience was marked with varying fortunes. But the failure of a San Francisco bank with the loss of a large part of his savings, at a time when he was on the point of completing the purchase of what are now valuable city properties, was probably instrumental in removing the chances of great wealth.

In 1853 when an effort was made to turn Sunday, then the principal business day among the miners, into a day of rest the Placerville Herald published "The Miner's Ten Commandments," written by Hutchings, and which has since been reprinted that nearly a hundred thousand copies of them were sold in the following year.

It was not surprising then that their author conceived the idea of publishing the pioneer magazine of this country.

In 1855 he began to collect material for the first number, and in the early summer of that year, accompanied by Thomas Ayres as artist, he set out for the Yosemite Valley, which a militia company of cavalry from Mariposa had found in '61 while in pursuit of a band of marauding Indians, and where they reported there was "a waterfall 1000 feet high." But no one could be found who could give directions how to reach the valley. None of those who had been of the party that went there to punish the Indians could remember the way well enough to even venture a visit on their own account.

Fortunately it was learned that a few Yosemite men were living on the Fresno ranch, near Hunt's store. They were the remnants of a tribe which two years before, by the massacre of 300 of its braves, had been almost annihilated in a midnight attack conducted by the Monos, in revenge for the theft of a band of horses that the Monos themselves had stolen down near Los Angeles. A few squaws escaped, but the rest were carried away by the Monos. Only eight bucks got away alive. Two of these Hutchings and his two companions secured as guides.

"They set out on foot, with one pack animal and a horse to be used in case of accident to one of the party. Trusting unquestioningly to the Indians to guide them across pathless mountain meadows, over talus-covered slopes, through what seemed to be interminable brush and wilderness, and across streams, they finally came in sight of the valley on the afternoon of the third day. After five days spent in looking and wondering and admiring and in making sketches of some of the grander features of the granite walls, the scenic wonder, with its towering cliffs and its mighty waterfalls, they started back to San Francisco, passing through Mariposa on their way.

Then the editor, sick and short of matter for that week's issue of the Mariposa Gazette, asked Mr. Hutchings to write a description of the valley he had just visited. It was that article, copied by all the prominent journals of the time, that first made the Yosemite known to the public.

In July, 1856, the first number of Hutchings' California Magazine appeared, the leading article being on the Yosemite, and having illustrations from the sketches made the summer before—the first pictures ever made of the valley. In 1859-60 four consecutive numbers of the magazine contained illustrated articles on that little-known valley.

After publishing the magazine for five years the health of the proprietor became so broken down in the work that his physician said: "If you don't give it up and when the city you will have to leave the world."

His magazine was sold to the Golden Era Company, but ceased publication in '62, a year after the change of proprietors. Meanwhile the old pioneer had decided to make the Yosemite his home, but there was one obstacle suggested. Rumor had it that in winter the valley was filled to half its depth of some 3000 feet with snow that slid over the precipitous walls.

No one had ever seen the valley in winter, so early in January of '62 he tried to reach it and learn for himself whether it would be possible to live there in that season. But the heavy floods made traveling impossible and he gave up the attempt until March, when he again started, accompanied by Lamon, an old Yosemite

CALIFORNIA VERSUS FOREIGN BEER

WIELAND'S EXTRA PALE OR FREDERICKSBURG LAGER

MANUFACTURED FROM CALIFORNIA BARLEY, CALIFORNIA HOPS and with CALIFORNIA LABOR

WHY NOT USE IT AND KEEP THE MONEY IN THE STATE

All we ask is a comparative Test

If you want the Best you will insist upon getting

Never use anything of home manufacture

Don't Accept as Genuine WIELAND'S EXTRA PALE BEER UNLESS IT SEALS IN PATENT STOPPER BOTTLE IF SEAL IS BROKEN

Don't Accept as Genuine FREDERICKSBURG LAGER UNLESS IT SEALS IN PATENT STOPPER BOTTLE IF SEAL IS BROKEN

thing had to be packed over the zigzagging trails on mules. The first four-horse stage that reached the valley was taken into the Yosemite in parts on the backs of mules. Partitions had to be made for the big rooms, for the women could not always be asked to share the upstairs apartment and the men the room below. The nearest sawmill was forty miles away, and lumber could not be packed over the winding trails on mules. Cloth could be brought in, and muslin was used for partitions. It was not, however, a protection against remarkable silhouettes when the roomers were careless in placing their lights when retiring.

Two men were employed and worked all the next winter in getting out lumber with a hand saw, but the insignificant product of their labor proved that, with the greatest

but some pears. Now those apple trees yield 100 barrels of fruit a year.

In September, 1865, Governor Low issued a proclamation to the effect that Congress had given the Yosemite to California as a public park, and he warned trespassers against settling there. Hutchings remained, relying upon pre-emptory rights for the validity of his claim, no Government survey of the valley having been made at the time he purchased his claim from the former occupant and took possession.

Late in the winter of 1865, having just returned from San Francisco, where he had gone to publish the "Yosemite Almanac," he found awaiting him a notice from the Yosemite Board of Commissioners to the effect that he must secure a lease from them of the property he was occupying or they would lease the premises to some one else. He appealed to the State Legislature and was granted the quarter section he was occupying and which he had put so many improvements on.

But the action of the Legislature was useless unless ratified by Congress, and to Congress Hutchings appealed in '67 and '68. But there were delays and disappointments and no issue was reached.

Hutchings meanwhile was engaged extensively in the East in giving illustrated lectures upon the beauties and wonders of the Yosemite in order to raise money to press his claim. Nothing came of his efforts until in 1874 the State Legislature appropriated \$60,000 to satisfy the appraised valuation of the few settlers' claims. Hutchings' improvements, including eighteen buildings that formed a little settlement about the hotel, together with his twelve years' labor, were fixed by the Commissioners' expert at \$41,000. When the payments were made his share was cut down to \$24,000, while the shares of the other claimants were all increased.

By that time the popularity of the valley had been very thoroughly spread abroad. From a total of 147 visitors for '64 the number had increased to 2711 for the year '74. And during the nine years from '55 to '64 only 653 people set foot in the valley. From a pathless, unknown wild, to which there was no recognizable trail when he, as one of the first tourists, found his way into the valley in '55, it had become, during his long residence, a place of popular resort for people from all over the world; roads had been laid out by him through the valley and the Coulterville and the Big Oak Flat roads had just been completed, making the valley accessible in conveyances. Before that time better trails had been made so that visitors might come in on horseback, with a ride of only twenty-five miles, after the stage road was built from Big Oak Flat to Harding's, which then became the stage-line terminus.

Travel became so great that Hutchings had 100 saddle animals for use on this trail and in the valley at the time he surrendered possession to the State.

After the winter of '75 the Commissioners refused to lease Hutchings the cabin

and the small plot of ground surrounding it, but leased it to another party, because of his pronounced objections to the destruction of the trees of the valley and the change of any of the natural features. But when Bernard became the lessee of the hotel property in '78 he offered Hutchings the use of his old cabin, the occupancy of which Hutchings resumed and continued until the present lessee of the Sentinel Hotel took charge of the property, about three years ago. Since then Hutchings has been living in San Francisco, visiting the valley often and always hoping that he might some day return to live in the picturesque little cabin where he spent twenty-five winters; where he wrote his book, "In the Heart of the Sierras," where he lived as guardian of the valley from 1880 until 1884; where he was visited by many prominent people from all parts of the world, who were anxious to see and talk with "the oldest inhabitant"; for that little cabin was lined with curios, the valley, and its pioneer occupant was an encyclopedia of knowledge to those who wished to gain information on the flora of that region, on the birds, on the glacial formations, on the neighboring mountain ranges and on the Indian legends.

For forty years he, more than any other one man, has made the Yosemite known to the world. He has written three books on the subject; he has furnished many sketches of the valley for the periodical press, including the first mention that was ever made of it, and he has traveled over the country for years lecturing on the subject, sometimes before audiences of several thousand people.

The Legislature, always magnanimous in its treatment of the original settlers of the Yosemite, passed the following resolution at the last session:

Resolved by the Senate, the Assembly concurring: That the use of the cabin erected in the Yosemite Valley by J. M. Hutchings, and the other buildings about it, be purchased by him, and the same are hereby granted to said J. M. Hutchings for the term of ten years.

A wrong impression has been current that, in accordance with this resolution, adopted last March by the State Legislature, the old Yosemite settler was in possession of his remnant of about five acres in extent of the pine trees. But the legislative action must be ratified by the Board of Yosemite Commissioners before the premises can be occupied.

The Commissioners meet to-morrow and will take action on the matter. That this decision will be in accordance with the wishes of the members of the Legislature representing the various districts of the State can hardly be doubted.

And then when the lease of the present lessee of the Sentinel Hotel shall expire next October, the old pioneer may be permitted to go back to spend his declining years in the spot that has become a part of his life and his constant love—the valley where his three children were born and where one of them rests in the little graveyard not far from the old cabin.



F. M. HUTCHINGS.

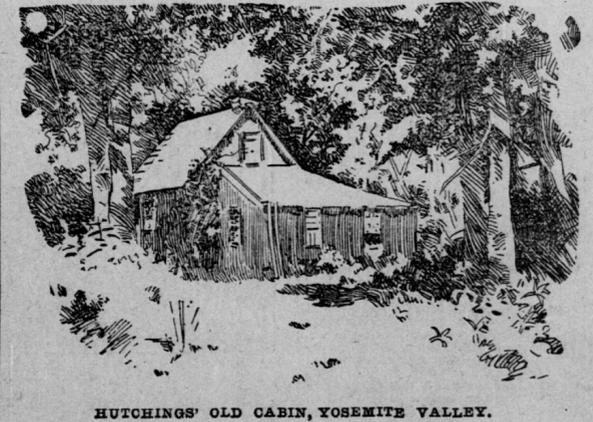
ferred the valley and found comparatively little snow there.

If they were to make their home in the Yosemite some means of gaining a livelihood must be devised. Mrs. Hutchings suggested that they keep a hotel. There was a building in the valley already that had been put up for hotel purposes several years before, but it had not been patronized very much and was unfinished. It had two large rooms twenty by sixty feet, one above the other, but there were no windows or partitions. The hotel, with its possessory land claim, was purchased, and in April, 1865, the family effects were packed into the valley on mules for a distance of fifty miles over a rough and narrow trail that is now the Coulterville road. It was then the only trail. The four-horse wagon that had brought the things to Coulterville was taken apart and carried into the valley on muleback. Crockery, chairs, looking-glasses, every-

industry, enough lumber for building purposes could never be made by such means. Hutchings went to San Francisco and bought the machinery for a sawmill, and hired a millwright to put up the plant. But the wheel would not turn. Finally, after much labor, Hutchings got it to go.

The great rainfall of the previous winter had softened the earth so much that when a heavy windstorm came fully 100 large pines and cedars within an area of eleven acres toppled over and were uprooted. These supplied the logs from which was made the lumber used for buildings.

The location of the hotel was such that in winter, owing to the narrowness of the valley and the great height of its walls, the sun only reached it for two hours in the day. Across the river there was a spot that got the sun for over six hours a day; and "over there" Hutchings built his log cabin in the fall of '65, and planted a small orchard of five acres, principally apples,



HUTCHINGS' OLD CABIN, YOSEMITE VALLEY.