

MORE FACT THAN FANFOY.

He stayed at home, a dreamer still. Unknown of all—with small desire To roam beyond his native hill. His own heart-fire.

"OLD HOPELESS."

Ho Tells the Pathetic Story of Poor Nancy.

Two great rocky cliffs in Southern Colorado form the walls of a dark abyss something like fifteen feet wide, from the bottom of which comes up the eternal moan of waters as they rush on in the solemn darkness over their rough course to the Rio Grande.

The place is called Purgatory, and not altogether inappropriately, for, standing near its forbidding edge, with the waters seething and moaning far below, it is not improbable that thoughts of the final resort of sin is suggested to the mind of the awestruck visitor, and cause him "to shudder and grow sick at heart."

To within ten feet of the edge leads a well-worn trail, which abruptly ends at a grave. The latter is marked by neither rough stone nor slab, and the many visitors to the spot are told, by the loquacious mountain guides, of a romantic incident of which this lonely mound is the fatal outcome.

One day in the beautiful summer time in company with my guide, I halted my steed near the edge of Purgatory and took in the widely picturesque scene.

My guide was a hunchback, horribly disfigured in form, and his dress and manners were rough in the extreme. His coarse, iron-gray hair was long and unkempt, and his distorted face was covered with a repulsive shock of beard.

"Old Hopeless" he had been called in my presence, and the landlord of the Colorado House had told me that he was a character of the region, almost entirely insane at times, rational at others, but never dangerous and always a good guide. So, for want of a better, he had been engaged for that day.

When, in the course of our rambles, we drew up at Purgatory, he suddenly burst out in a tumult of incoherent expressions, in which I caught the word "Nancy." I spoke to him. He calmed himself, as if his mind were all at once strengthened by a visitation of reason, and began talking to me in an earnest tone.

"I'll tell ye all about Nancy—Nancy Summers, Felix," he said, in the characteristic dialect of the mountains. "Long years ago she was known all over Colorado, an' no one ever said that her name warn't spotless. Beautiful—yas, yas, more'n that. She was as fair as a May-day moon, as fresh as dew-kissed flowers. Her face was a trifle brown from exposure to her sun, but it was perfect in outline from forehead to neck. It was full of firmness, an' tenderness, too, sometimes. Her eyes was a rihb, dark brown, an' when a feller looked into 'em, he war her slave forever. Her ha'r war of the same color, an' long an' wavy. Thar never war a better figger ner hers, an' she knowed how ter dress ter set it off. She lived with her parents, who kep' ther Colorado House, ther hotel we left this mornin', Felix. Even at that day ther war a good deal o' travel along hyar, an' they war makin' money."

"Mebbe ther travel war on Nancy's account, for she counted her lovers by ther score, an' she used ter hev a proposal 'bout ever' day in ther week. Ever' young fellow in the Southwest tried his charm on ther purty Nancy, for gals war gals ther days; but they gener'ly drew off mighty quick when they found they made no impression, an' got a firm 'no' in ther teeth."

"One day thar come along a quiet-dispositioned, good-lookin' young feller, who hed a little sheep ranch all his own, not a hundred miles from Purgatory, and he put up at ther Colorado House, and began ter make love ter Nancy. He war happy in ther promise name of Lake Golden, an' he war head an' years in love with ther little gal. An', Felix, it warn't long afore it war noised all over the kentry that he hed succeeded in winnin' Nancy's heart. It war plain ther all ther seen them together that Nancy liked him mighty well, an' her old man had no objections ter him on account of his character."

"Ever' mornin' they used ter go for a ride, an' sometimes they would gallop side by side for hours through ther mountains. Often they would visit Purgatory, an' one pleasant day like

to-day they drew their horses up 'bout what we set now, Felix, an' they set an' listened to ther ceaseless gaspin' of ther water 'way down thar for a long while in silence. He looked at her finally with an expression of sad disappointment. He hed been pleadin' with her to be his wife, an' while she did not refuse, she would not give her consent. She hed never told him that she loved him, but her preference for him showed it, an' it give him hope. No one hed ever stirred ther love in her heart afore, an' she struggled hard against yieldin' to ther feelin'. In her soul she must hev yearned ter be his, but she would not let him see ther truth.

"She set on her boss ez silent an' mo'ntionless ez a statue, for a long time, an' he looked at her beseechin'ly, an' with all his passionate love in his eyes. Suddenly she seemed ter be possessed of a desire ter test his love, an' ter see how much power she hed over 'im. To think war ter act with her, and turnin' her beautiful face up to his, she says: "Do yer really love me, dear Luke?"

"Her words an' her tones made him wild with love fer her. "I swear by ther heavens above, I worship you! he cried, catchin' her arm an' devourin' her with his love-lit eyes. "I am goin' ter test yer affection," she says: "I'll die fer you, Nancy," he replied. "Only tell me how I kin prove my love."

"She didn't withdraw her arm, but looked 'im straight in ther face. "You hev boasted that you ride one of the best hosses in ther Territory," she says; "ride 'im across Purgatory, bring me that little bunch of yellow-jackets over thar, an' I will kiss you an' name the day."

"He was a ridin' a fine hoss, one he was more'n proud of. He only waited ter give her a long look, and then he spurred his hoss fer'ard. "Mebbe she hed thought 'e wouldn't try it, or ther ther animal wouldn't jump over; but she war mistaken if she hed. Ez he neared ther edge she seemed ter realize what she war doin'—sendin' ther man she loved more'n any bein' on earth inter horrible danger—'n' she called him ter come back. "O, Luke! don't go!"

"But it was too late. The hoss from Golden Ranch was no common one, but one of the fiery, fearless kind, and when he felt the cruel spurs sink inter his sides he give a wild snort of pain and sprang inter ther air a-flyin' over Purgatory, safe to ther other side.

"Luke plucked ther yellow-jackets, kissed 'em an' waved 'em to her, an' then remountin' he again urged his steed ter leap ther terrible chasm. Hoss an' rider hung fer a minute in ther air. It was awful—it was awful! You kin hev no iden of what it war, Felix. Ther hoss failed to clear the chasm this time. His forefeet struck the edge, an' fer a minit he struggled ter gain a footin' then his hoofs slipped off ther rocks, an', with a cry that was almost human, he fell back—down, down, down, carryin' his rider into the dark an' terrible depths below!

"Poor Nancy! Fer long weeks she laid on her bed with a rakin' fever, ravin' in delirium, an' livin' over an' over again ther fearful scene. She never was conscious long enough ter be made ter understand ther her lover still lived—that by fallin' on ther body of his hoss he hed escaped alive, though he was terribly wounded. He never was able ter leave his bed ter see Nancy, an' she wouldn't hev knowed 'im ef he hed. It was long months afore ther fever left her, an' then she hed lost her reason forever. But ther good Lord took mercy on her, an' afore ther warm breezes war blowin' again she hed been laid hyer ter rest. That's her grave, Felix."

"They call me 'Old Hopeless' an' say I'm crazy. They're not ter wrong, You've guessed it, Felix—I'm Luke Golden. I rode a fine hoss down to death at ther bottom of Purgatory, fer Nancy's love. I couldn't set up ter over a year after ther terrible fall, an' you see how I hev been ever since—a hunchback, Felix, one of the wust lookin' critters on ther face of ther earth. "I've never been back to ther ranch. They give me some money fer it, I don't know how much, an' I hev stayed around hyer 'what she used ter be. I'll die before long, Felix, an' they will bury me hyer at Purgatory, beside Nancy. Poor Nancy!"—Arthur C. Grisom, in Fanksee Blade.

A Surprising Statement. We boldly assert that all American china and glazed crockery ware is enameled with a preparation consisting largely of the red oxide of lead, or as it is commonly known, litharge. This salt of lead is very soluble in the fatty acids especially in butyric acid. All fatty goods contain this acid and when from the frequent alternate expansion and contraction of the enamel or glazing on the various dishes and plates we use on the table, cracks have formed, the butyric acid insinuates itself under the enamel, takes up the lead, and with the food on the plate is taken into the stomach, where being a cumulative poison it insidiously poisons the system. Do not let us deceive ourselves by thinking that the quantity of lead is small, but remember that the quantity of lead set free by carbonic acid in the water running through a lead pipe is still less, and yet no less authority than Professor Chandler has proven that much lead-poisoning is due to this.—American Analyst.

It is admitted by foreign electricians that the progress made in the United States in the use of electricity is far in advance of that of any other nation.

Don't forget one thing—a low tariff and high wages generally go together. That is one of the solemn facts of history in this country.—N. Y. Herald.

ADVOCATES OF DISUNION.

Some of the Lessons Taught by Mr. Lamar's Confirmation.

The efforts of malignity and the basest partisanship have been foiled and Mr. Lamar takes his seat on the Supreme Court bench, "with the consent of the Senate." It was only a few days ago that the New York Tribune got its four legs in the trough and intimated, through alleged letters from the Chisholms, that Mr. Lamar had been a Klux-Klux murderer, or that his teachings led to indiscriminate slaughter, and that he ran the Department of the Interior entirely in the interest of ex-Confederates. Of course, that model newspaper would not hesitate at a lie or two more to bolster up its cowardly warfare against a Southern Statesman. The response of the Republican Senate to its outrageous assaults upon the character of Mr. Lamar was his confirmation by a majority of four. There are times when malice overreaches itself, even in the house of its friends, and this was a signal example. Senator Stewart's courageous letter broke the force of the Tribune's influence and malice, and convinced it that there are limits even to the credulity of Republican Senators. Although the question of Mr. Lamar's confirmation is now settled, there are sentiments expressed in Senator Stewart's letter which will be of considerable interest to the Senate, whenever, on future occasions, some of their number will again venture to wave the "Bloody Shirt."

The necessity for a union of heart and sentiment between all the people of the great and growing States of the Mississippi valley must make them one people. The vast internal trade and constant intercourse and commingling together of the people of all sections is fast obliterating all prejudices, removing suspicion and distrust and substituting in their place friendship, confidence and mutual respect. It is too late for those who are dissatisfied with their failure to aid in the work of reconstruction and the adoption of the three amendments recording the verdict of the war, to participate in these great events. Their records are made; this occasion furnishes no opportunity to gain a reputation for patriotism, devotion to country, or for prudence and wisdom in devising and adopting measures of reconstruction. More than twenty years have elapsed since an opportunity for that purpose was open to all. Those who understood that opportunity and participated in those great events are solemnly pledged to receive in good faith the people of the South, restored to all the rights and privileges of citizens of the United States. They can not afford to tarnish the record they made or the reputation they earned in the great crisis by violating their pledges in refusing to any citizen of the United States, to whom full amnesty has been granted, the rights and privileges guaranteed by the constitution.

I will not now, by any act of mine, furnish cause for suspicion that the reconstruction measures, including the three amendments to the constitution, were not adopted in good faith, as a final solution of all questions involved in the war and as an irrevocable pledge between the North and South of union, fellowship, fraternity and all the rights of citizens of the United States. I do not propose to go behind that settlement and judge any man by the criterion which necessarily prevailed prior to the final adjustment, but shall, on all occasions, confine my investigations to his fitness in office, to his faithful observance of the solemn pledges reciprocally made by both sections of the Union in renewing their normal political relations. It is unreasonable to expect that the people of eleven States of the Union shall, during all the present generation, be excluded from participation in the judicial determinations of the highest court in the United States.

It should be borne in mind that those sentiments are expressed by a Republican, who entered the United States Senate in 1864, and was re-elected in 1869, and who took an active part in the reconstruction measures immediately after the war. His manly declaration disposes of the plea that the interests of the Republican party demand the revival of the issues of the war. But it must also be remembered that the great body of the Republican Senators, under the leadership of Chandler, who was once rejected by the Senate for an office under the Government, took their stand under the folds of the "Bloody Shirt" and voted in favor of disunion, or its equivalent, the proscription of the Southern States "from participation in the judicial determinations of the highest court of the United States. The confirmation of Mr. Lamar does not alter the fact that the Republican party is still wedded to the perpetuation of sectional hate, only that in the highest legislative body in the land there were three or four Republicans possessed of sufficient self-respect and courage to resist the proscription policy of their party.

Senator Sherman, the representative Republican of Ohio, has never lost an opportunity to testify his ardent desire to revive the spirit of sectionalism and to grope, ghoul-like, among dead issues. Senator Evarts, representing an intelligent, progressive Democratic State, through the favor of an unjust apportionment, shows himself as destitute of patriotic principle and justice as when he consented, like Sherman, to share with Hayes the proceeds of a National steal. Twenty-six other Republican Senators, including the notorious "Bill" Chandler, voted in favor of disunion. The organs of the party never ceased their disunion strain since Mr. Lamar's name was sent in. Such is the record made by the party at the beginning of the Presidential year—proscription of the South and the revival of the issues of the war. The people of the United States will not forget this record when they come to the polls next November. They do not desire the issues of the war revived after twenty-three years, but they recognize the existence of union and fraternal feeling between all the States. The party that countenances disunion will be buried beyond the hope of resurrection when next the people have an opportunity to give their verdict.—Albany (N. Y.) Argus.

Don't forget one thing—a low tariff and high wages generally go together. That is one of the solemn facts of history in this country.—N. Y. Herald.

CLEVELAND'S MESSAGE.

Leading Republicans Indorse the President's Tariff Sentiments.

Indications abound that the President's recommendations in his message at the opening of the Congressional session are meeting with approval in the highest quarters in the opposition. Among others of the party Senator Allison, of Iowa, who has been taking a vacation among his constituents, has discovered that Mr. Blaine's idea for the disposal of the surplus is, to put it mildly, a grave political mistake. Indeed, the Iowa Senator is so confirmed in this view that he informs the inevitable interviewer that the Blaine surplus platform will never be accepted by Western Republicans.

On the contrary—and bear in mind that Senator Allison is a possible opposition Presidential candidate—he is free to say that a great necessity exists for a revision of the tariff; that Congress will perforce be compelled to act in that direction, and that the party which fails to do its proper share in the reduction of tariff taxes will be certain to forfeit popular favor.

This Allison interview may be taken as this able and popular leader's response to Mr. Blaine's "Paris message," as the friends of that gentleman choose to designate the Smalley document which was so nimbly sprung on the Republican party and country.

Nor is Senator Allison the only prominent opposition leader who puts himself on record against the theory of taxing necessities while letting deleterious luxuries go free. If Senator Allison's position is rather one of opposition by implication, on the other hand Senator Aldrich's (of Rhode Island) position is one of direct opposition. In an address to the Providence Board of Trade a few days ago he makes a powerful argument against the message from the French capital. He says that all parties are agreed that the revenue must be reduced, and adds: "There is a general feeling among those who have made a study of the question that the annual reduction ought to be \$100,000,000. I know of no intelligent Protectionist or Republican who is not in favor of reducing the annual revenue to such a sum as shall be required to meet the current expenses and the maturing obligations of the Government."

This is a direct whack at the Maine statesman's plan of dividing a big surplus revenue among the States for the direct benefit of a class. But to make its application more emphatically personal, Senator Aldrich adds: "None of the propositions to collect a revenue with a view to dividing it by extra-ordinary expenditures is, in my opinion, defensible."

The beauty of this last declaration is that it kills two birds with one missile—one in Maine and one in Ohio—while the Rhode Island Senator does not care a copper who knows that it is he who shies the stone.

Meanwhile such more than equal endorsements of the President's message as the above still further demonstrate the growing strength of the document.—Chicago News (Ind.).

CURRENT COMMENT.

As the mother loves her bad boy best the Republican party always love Jim Blaine.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

To Mr. Blaine is due the credit for making the cuspidor, nee spittoon, a novel and prominent issue in politics.—Chicago News.

It is funny to see so many prominent Republicans struggling for the privilege of being put up by the next Presidential nominating convention, only to be knocked down.—Boston Post.

The day of "infant industries" in this country has passed. Our industries are giants instead of infants. The infants are the farmers who work for these giants and pay them for doing it.—St. Paul News.

The nomination of General Nicholls for Governor of the Louisiana Democracy knocks out any hope the Republicans may have entertained of making Louisiana a doubtful State next fall.—St. Louis Republican.

It is about as fair to accuse the man who desires an intelligent and judicious revision of the tariff of being a free-trader as the man who burns the rubbish in his backyard of being an incendiary.—Providence Journal (Rep.).

It will take a microscope to find what is left of the Thoebe contest. It is evident enough that Thoebe knew that he was defeated and cared nothing about the contest. The institution of the contest was simply a dishonest political trick put on foot for the purpose of annoying Mr. Carlisle.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Southerner that fired the first shot of the war of the rebellion has been identified in the person of a man who was killed the other day at Charleston in a brawl. This question having been disposed of, interest now centers in the man who will fire the last shot. His identity is in doubt, but it apparently lies between Foraker, Tuttle, Halstead, Clarkson, John Sherman and Mr. Blaine.—Chicago Herald.

It may be admitted that certain idiots issued a circular and adopted resolutions declaring that a Republican mayor should not be elected in Jackson, Miss. If the United States Senate has authority to interfere in cases of this kind, its attention is called to the desperate efforts the Republicans of the Massachusetts Legislature are now making to suppress the Democratic vote in the city of Boston.—St. Louis Republican.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Many a broadcloth husband owes his prosperity to the fact that he married a gingham girl.—San Francisco Bulletin.

The men who have walked barefooted over the burning sand of the desert always know all about the times "that tried men's soles."

"Nothing is more pernicious than the habit of contracting debts," remarked a father to his spendthrift son. "Don't you think expanding them is a little worse?" asked the latter.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

Some people are so sanguine in this world that they think they can plant a handful of seed in a snow-drift and gather a car-load of strawberries the day after the first thaw.—Baltimore American.

"Ma, did that comedy you saw last night make all the folks cry?" "Why, no, my dear, I never laughed so much in all my life." "Well, pa told Mr. Jones everybody in the theater sat in tiers!"

In the valley of Taos, in New Mexico, there is a field of alfalfa that is reliably credited with having produced three crops a year for more than 100 consecutive years. The present owner claims to have cut the grass from the field for sixty years, and he believes the present crop the largest he has ever seen.

Teacher—"Johnny, do you remember the proverb I gave you yesterday?" Johnny—"No'm." "Speech is silver and what is it?" "I dunno, mum." "I know," spoke up a little boy at the foot of the class. "Very well, you may recite it." "Speech is silver, but money talks.—N. Y. Sun."

"How are you and your wife coming on?" asked an Austin gentleman of a colored man. "She has run me off, boss." "What's the matter?" "I is to blame, boss. I gave her a splendid white silk dress, and den she got so proud she had no use fer me. She 'aid I was too dark to match de dress."—Texas Siftings.

"You have mentioned several times during the evening," observed one of the audience to a lecturer, "the word paraphrase. Would you kindly inform me of its precise meaning?" "Certainly," said he, "it is simply a circumlocutory and pleonastic circle of oratorical sonorosity circumscribing an atom of ideality lost in verbal profundity."

Anxious Father—"I wish you would tell me what to do with my boy. He is willful, disobedient and surly. I dress him down with a horsewhip a dozen times a week, and sometimes lock him in the coal-house for half a day to discipline him, but it does no good; he comes out as defiant as ever. What does such a boy need?" Rev. Mr. Surplice (decidedly)—"He needs a change of fathers."

STORIES OF ELEPHANTS.

The Extremes in Which the Huge Animals Were Held by the Ancients.

The ancients, who are sparing in their praises of the dog, (by far the larger part of the world has always abhorred him as the very type of uncleanness), could not speak too highly of the elephant. The elder Pliny, who was a diligent collector of anecdotes rather than an observer, surpasses himself when he treats of this animal. He places him as unquestionably next to man. Intelligence, obedience, memory, ambition, affection, honesty, prudence and justice are among the catalogue of virtues which he ascribes to these creatures. He even declares that they are religious, worshipping the stars, the sun and the moon, an assertion in which he is followed by Plutarch and Elian. The stories which he tells of their sagacity and aptitude for acquiring accomplishments are marvelous. That they should go through the motions of a dance or a gladiatorial combat is credible. Busbecq tells of one which he himself saw in Turkey that danced and played at ball. But our faith is taxed when we read of four elephants walking on tight ropes, carrying another in a litter. Yet the testimony of the ancients as to this particular accomplishment is very strong. Possibly the funambulism of elephants is one of the lost arts of antiquity. Writing also is an accomplishment which we fear the animal no longer acquires. Mucianus, the friend of Vespasian, knew of an animal which could write a Greek hexameter, not, however, out of its own head; and we have a pathetic story of one which, having been beaten for being somewhat backward in its reading—for the elephants own the human trait of having dunces among them—was found diligently conning its task by night. It was, however, in a sterner character than that of dancer or scholar that antiquity best knew the elephant. He was a most formidable implement of war. The Carthaginians were the first to utilize him in European warfare, and it is a remarkable fact that they, and they only, have been able to educate the African species of the race for human uses. It may be doubted, indeed, whether the military utility of the animal compensated for the enormous expense and trouble which he must have caused. If Hannibal had not lost all his elephants but one almost before he began his campaign he would certainly have found it impossible to feed them. Their use, indeed, in Western warfare has not been frequent. One of the latest occasions of their employment seems to have been by the Emperor Claudius when he invaded Britain in the third year of his reign. They are still found, but for show rather than use, in the military establishments of the East. But it is clear that they could not exist in the face of the arms of precision.—London Spectator.

CENTRAL CALIFORNIA.

A Trip Through Sacramento Valley, the Land of Sunshine, Fruit and Flowers.

(Special Correspondence.)

SACRAMENTO, Jan. 13, 1888.

Here we are in Sacramento City after a visit to the surrounding country, under a cloudless sky, the thermometer this day standing at forty-eight degrees above zero, merchants doing bus with open doors, and people on the streets without wraps, flowers blooming in the open air, oranges and lemons on trees in the door-yards of the cozy residences, a revelation to one who arrives from the frozen east and who has dropped down in four hours from the summit of the Sierras where the snow is ten feet deep and the thermometer at 15 degrees below zero.

Sacramento City is the capital of the State, is located eighty-three miles north from San Francisco at the confluence of the American and Sacramento rivers, the latter a navigable stream, and is the railroad center and the largest fruit shipping point in California. Fifty-four trains from seven different directions arrive and depart daily, the end of the C. P. & R. form ship employments to two thousand mechanics and laborers. The city is built upon a level plain, wide streets running at right angles, lettered from A to Y north to south, and 1st to 31st from west to east.

Many fine buildings adorn the residence portion of the city, but many of the business structures with their wide awnings of main are erected during the mining epoch thirty years ago, presenting a novel appearance to us from the East. The State Capitol building is modeled after St. Capitol at Washington, and cost over a million dollars; is surrounded by grounds not excelled in beauty of landscape gardening, and semi-tropical plants by any capital grounds in the United States. The city boasts of the Crocker art gallery costing over four hundred thousand dollars, donated to the city by Mrs. E. B. Crocker, said gallery containing a large collection of art in active operation an art school. This gallery, second to none in the United States, will amply repay the tourist who may visit it.

There are many other fine buildings, among which are the new Catholic cathedral, Masonic and Odd Fellows' temples, different churches, school buildings, and two elegant theaters, numerous hotels and business structures. The city contains about 50,000 population, and has a large wholesale trade, one ore having 225 employees. The city is well lighted by two electric light and one gas company. The State fair are held here in September each year, the State Agricultural Society having a large exposition building and mile racetrack.

An exposition building adjoining the railroad depot is being erected, where a continuous exhibit of the products of Central California will be shown and printed information relative to same distributed. The area of Sacramento County is 620,000 acres. The land is of three characters, foothill, plain and river bottom. The foothill land is peculiarly adapted to the production of fruit and grapes. The plain lands are mainly devoted to grain raising, and no failure of crops since the American occupation of this country. In some portions of the county fruits, berries and grapes are extensively produced on this soil, and from an acre of land, forty and sixty acres considerable incomes are derived.

The best lands are those on the immediate banks of the rivers, and are devoted to the production of fruits and vegetables. The income per acre is fabulous, enabling the owners of the river bank orchards to own and manage a line of steamers on which their produce is transported to San Francisco markets or to Sacramento City for shipment East. Previous to the last two years many of these lands were held in large tracts; now the owners are selling the owners of the river bank orchards to own and manage a line of steamers on which their produce is transported to San Francisco markets or to Sacramento City for shipment East. Previous to the last two years many of these lands were held in large tracts; now the owners are selling the owners of the river bank orchards to own and manage a line of steamers on which their produce is transported to San Francisco markets or to Sacramento City for shipment East.

For many years California was regarded as valueless save for its mineral wealth, but American enterprise has developed that its richness in the line of agriculture and fruit raising is inferior to none in the world. From an acre of land, forty and sixty acres considerable incomes are derived.

The best lands are those on the immediate banks of the rivers, and are devoted to the production of fruits and vegetables. The income per acre is fabulous, enabling the owners of the river bank orchards to own and manage a line of steamers on which their produce is transported to San Francisco markets or to Sacramento City for shipment East. Previous to the last two years many of these lands were held in large tracts; now the owners are selling the owners of the river bank orchards to own and manage a line of steamers on which their produce is transported to San Francisco markets or to Sacramento City for shipment East.

The change from one season to the other is marked with no sudden or severe climatic changes. While most and snow, to say nothing of blizzards at this time of the year, are the fortune of the people at the East, here in the Sacramento valley the people are basking under clear skies and can pick fruits and flowers. The writer noticed in one of the markets this morning the following fruits and vegetables, being informed they were grown in this immediate vicinity: strawberries, cauliflower, cabbage, celery, artichokes, sweet potatoes, sprouts, spinach, peas, kidney, string-beans, new potatoes, onions, oranges, lemons, persimmons, English walnuts, almonds, and raisins. In an interview with the signal service officer located here, I am informed that this present winter has been an unusually cold one—a fact, the coldest in the past thirty-four years.

A few days since a snow-storm actually swept over the valley and snow fell to the depth of an inch, affording great amusement to men, women and children during the few hours it lay upon the ground. He also informed me that Sacramento County shows a warmer winter, spring, and very average temperature and about the same summer and autumn temperature that the great citrus belt in Northern Italy does, as shown by the following table which he kindly furnished me:

Table with 2 columns: Location and Average Temperature. Sacramento Co., 48.183; Northern Calif., 47.8; North Carolina, 47.5.

A branch of the Central Pacific railroad is being completed to Placerville for what was known as Hangtown in the early mining days, and which was the objective point of the overland emigrants, the county seat of El Dorado County. Said road is fifty miles long and runs through almost one continuous line of orchard, vineyards and vineyards, including the famous Redwood vineyard and orchard of 2,000 acres at Folsom, twenty miles distant from Sacramento.

Table with 2 columns: Location and Average Temperature. Sacramento Co., 48.183; Northern Calif., 47.8; North Carolina, 47.5.

A branch of the Central Pacific railroad is being completed to Placerville for what was known as Hangtown in the early mining days, and which was the objective point of the overland emigrants, the county seat of El Dorado County. Said road is fifty miles long and runs through almost one continuous line of orchard, vineyards and vineyards, including the famous Redwood vineyard and orchard of 2,000 acres at Folsom, twenty miles distant from Sacramento.

Table with 2 columns: Location and Average Temperature. Sacramento Co., 48.183; Northern Calif., 47.8; North Carolina, 47.5.

A branch of the Central Pacific railroad is being completed to Placerville for what was known as Hangtown in the early mining days, and which was the objective point of the overland emigrants, the county seat of El Dorado County. Said road is fifty miles long and runs through almost one continuous line of orchard, vineyards and vineyards, including the famous Redwood vineyard and orchard of 2,000 acres at Folsom, twenty miles distant from Sacramento.

Table with 2 columns: Location and Average Temperature. Sacramento Co., 48.183; Northern Calif., 47.8; North Carolina, 47.5.