SAN FRANCISCO TO SANTA CRUZ.

The Beauty of the Natural Scenery Along the Coast Line.

LOOKING FOR GEMS ON THE BEACH

Sea Lions That Disport in the Waters Near Halfmoon Bay—A Town Properly Named—Ruins of the Old Landing at "Gordon Chute." The Redwood Forests in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Written for THE SUNDAY CALL.

THERE are few, if any, great cities of the world surrounded by more striking natural scenery than San Francisco enjoys. You may take a boat, or a train, or a stage, or your own horse and buggy, and start out toward any point of the compass, and you cannot fail to be surprised and pleased with what you see. Within the last two years I have dutifully trudged over the hills and plains around New York, Washington, Chicago, Omaha, St. Louis, Los Angeles and several considerable towns of smaller size and less note. Books of travel are stupid indeed, compared with what an idle rambler sees on such excursions. If he has good eyes and reasonably good legs he can walk around the suburbs and back into town, and tell the natives more about the city in five minutes than they had learned in all their lives. I had a nurse in New York who had been in the business in that city for thirty years, going from house to house and nursing the sick, and yet I had to tell her the course of Harlem River. But this leads me to remark that San Franciscans are not so green. They know more about their environs than do the denizens of any city I have been over, except Los Angeles. And yet I venture to say that after four months of sojourn in the vicinity I could show the great majority of them, within thirty miles of town, scenes of beauty and grandeur which would be new and amazing to them. When Robert Louis Stevenson was here, bent on an errand similar to mine, "thin-legged, thin-chested, slight unspeakably, neat-footed and weak-fingered," as the poet has described him, he went north a hundred miles to hide and rest, and then came out and published his "Silverado Squatters." Indeed, it is a nice trip to the Sonoma County Geysers, but my favorite haunts are in another direction.

The whole coast is pretty, from the Cliff House at San Francisco to the Cliff Drive at Santa Cruz. Considering its beauties it is too little known—less perhaps than any pleasure ground adjacent to the city. Some are familiar with it, or it could not properly be called a pleasure ground. Its Halfmoon Bay, its Pebble Beach, its Mossy Beach, its Pescadero, its Pigeon Point Light-house and its big basin of gigantic trees have all been heard of, but no railroad leads there, and only those are familiar with them who have the courage to stage it or the means

TO GO CAMPING.

Taking the train at the corner of Third and Townsend streets, you go to San Mateo. I took the morning train at 8:30. This connects with the stage at San Mateo, and from there you have a drive across the mountains to Spanishtown, passing on your way the immense reservoir of the Spring Valley Water Company, which looks like a mountain lake and supplies a large part of the city's water.

At Spanishtown you are on the coast. The stage stops for dinner and gives you ample time. Perhaps you will be told, as I was, that the place was so named from the fact that it really was a Spanish town originally. Inasmuch as the same name might for the same reason have been applied to any other old town in the State, you make a note here at the threshold of your journey. The chances are that after looking it over you will say that of all the Spanish towns you have seen in the State this quaint and curious hamlet best befits the name. At any rate you will say that no Spaniard need be ashamed of it.

From Spanishtown southward along the coast you will find all you want of the weird and wonderful. To your left will be the mountains, with cottages and groves of giant redwoods, criss-crossed with fences. On your right is the ocean, with a shore line of wondrous beauty. Across your pathway, from the mountains to the sea, runs every mile or two a trout stream of romantic outline and drowsy murmur. Follow it up and you are soon lost in a grove of redwoods, compared with which any tree east of the Rocky Mountains is a scrub. Trees 250 feet high, ten or a dozen feet through, are as thick as hoop-poles on land as near to San Francisco as one end of Chicago is to the other. I have had no greater surprise in California than these two, that the big trees stand so thick on the ground and so close to San Francisco. You might see bigger sequoias in Calaveras, Mariposa or Tulare County. But a tree one rod in diameter and twenty rods in height is big enough for either the lumberman or the ordinary sightseer. And you can find bigger trees than that between Sutro Heights and Santa Cruz.

The shore itself is hilly most of the way. As you drive over the hills you get views of indescribable grandeur. Such beaches, such cliffs, such rocks, such caverns, such miles of surf, you may have seen, but I haven't. At the Doble ranch, below Halfmoon Bay, you may leave the road, drive through the barnyard gate and across a pasture, and there you will see sea lion rocks which beat those at the Cliff House two to one. There are ten times as many sea lions and they are more easily seen. I never tire of watching them. Many a one has been caught here for the menageries.

A SUMMER STROLL

On the beach will give you a young sea lion for a pet, and if you like, you may proceed at once to pet him. He will bark at you, but he wont bite. His parents might, if they saw you near him. They weigh, perhaps, a ton apiece. By the way, attention should be called to a bad practice of natives or tourists at this point. They shoot the sea lions. Anybody could shoot one who could shoot the side of a barn if he was inside and had the door closed, so there is no sport in it. The monstrous carcasses float ashore and fill the air with stench. Is there no law to prevent such wantonness? or is the trouble in the enforcement of the law? The last time I was there the fine beach at the mouth of Tunitas Creek was strewn with half a dozen carcasses of all sizes in all stages of decomposition.

Tunitas Creek is said to be named after a plant which abounds at its mouth, and which has a long, thick, fleshy leaf and an aster-like flower. The stage road crosses the creek on a bridge appropriately called the Long Bridge. Near by is the Gordon Chute, one of the wrecks of old landings so familiar to the people down that coast. The great warehouse is still there, and the deserted cottages of the superintendent and employes. The old pier, disconnected from the shore and inaccessible, is as weird a skeleton as ever stretched its arms across a western ocean sky at sunset.

Follow the windings of the cliff at this point and you will see some two dozen caves, from one to six rods deep, which you may penetrate at low tide, but into which the water rolls and churns and thunders at high tide. You may hear the story of the three sea-lion catchers whom the tide caught in one of the deepest of these caves and held there all night. From these cliffs I had a fine view of several whales quite near to shore, and have generally been fortunate enough to sight one or two.

All that country is a fine hunting ground. As for fish, you can get all the trout you want and also surf fish and other sea fish. Clams and mussels abound.

A county road has been surveyed through, which, when completed, will give a short line from the great Stanford University to as pretty a spot as there is on the coast. It follows down Tunitas Creek to the long bridge at the old Potter ranch, where stands the ideal "cottage by the sea."

Pescadero is too well known to require description, but its Pebble Beach ought to be seen. There is something wild and awe-inspiring in the peculiar formation of the great rocks over which the water dashes. One would not suppose that so flat a shore could be so grand. There was

NO SAND ON THE BEACH

When I was there—nothing but clean pebbles. It was like walking on a bin of beans. They are several feet deep. You will see the tourist lady or gentleman stretched at full length and pawing the beach over for gems. Patience and skill are pretty sure to win a fine collection.

Within a few miles of Pescadero you may bury yourself in a virgin forest of redwoods untouched by the ax. I have seen train-loads of tourists go wild over a clump of saplings.

Go with me from San Francisco to Santa Cruz in a one-horse buggy and I will show you grove after grove of monsters so tall that you could not see a squirrel at their tops and so thick on the ground that you would be lucky to shoot a deer within easy range. I spent a couple of weeks in the haunts of Rip Van Winkle. The scene of that story was happily laid and I am as familiar with the waterfall and the dense grove where he slept for twenty years as with the jolly face of Joe Jefferson and the long beard, ragged clothes and broken gun which appear on the stage. I haven't seen a wilder, sleepier spot in this coast, but within much less than a day's drive of San Francisco I will show you Rip's long resting place, with all its dreamy seclusion, with its trees and its hill and its Kaaterskill and its old saw-mill grown a hundred-fold in size and grandeur. You shall have the mountain lake and all, except the 260-foot waterfall.

We should want to linger a whole summer long from Halfmoon Bay to Pescadero, but if we do go on here is Mossy Beach, as famed for its mosses as Pebble Beach for its pebbles, and here is Pigeon Point, where you may climb the light-house tower above 100 feet and see one of the most modern of flash-lanterns. They wont let you inside the lantern now, but half a dozen people could find room in there. I had the opportunity of hearing the fog-horn at night at Pescadero, six miles away.

A little further down you follow the stage road where it leaves terra firma and takes the beach for two or three miles. Keep close to the water's edge for a good hard road, and let the brine lave your buggy-wheels. We had company along this part of our journey. It was a live coyote. The bank was steep and he had no escape, so he trotted along by our side, looking anxiously for a hole in the bank, and all the time within easy shot. His disappearance was complete and sudden, and left us wondering whither he had gone.

We leave the beach at the mouth of Waddell Creek, where we hear the story of Mr. Waddell, who was

KILLED BY A BEAR.

In the camping season the banks of the creek are white with tents. Passing onward down the coast the rest of the drive to Santa Cruz is pretty and interesting, and of course the last two or three miles—famed for beaches, cliffs, natural bridges and fine drives—need not be described.

About nine miles north of Santa Cruz we met a large party of railroad surveyors running a line for the Southern Pacific, said to be for the purpose of tapping the immense deposits of bituminous rock in that region. Will they push it through? Will a railroad ever be built up that coast? It will be expensive, perhaps, but it would open up timber lands and pass through soil not excelled in the State. For raising hogs, cattle, horses, poultry, potatoes and all bulky vegetables, apples and pears and the small fruits, here is the best of land, a little rough, but cheaper than land not half as good can be found as near to any other American city. Shut out from the rest of the world by a high range of mountains on one side and a wide ocean on the other, it is now devoted to pasturage. A railroad would divert it to the uses which make business for railroads—the production of bulky products. It is a well-watered country and would make thousands of homes for the busy, energetic, thriving classes to whom it is suited. Coming from the rolling States of the East they would feel more at home here than in any part of California that I have seen. This feeling would be increased by the greater similarity of the products and methods of farming to those of the East. Variety and grandeur of scenery, proximity to a great city, abundance of wood and water, evenness of temperature—all would be there, and half the energy which has been wasted on that many square miles at the other end of the State would give this region a boom too big to be healthy. Let me express the hope that it will rather have a steady growth, but let it soon get the start that has been so long in coming.

Half the profit of a ramble through strange scenes is gained or lost by the kind of traveling companion you have. In this I have been fortunate in all my journeyings about San Francisco. Perry Morrison, who has kindly taken me on these delightful trips, is a forty-niner of the best type, who has recently extended his domains on the coast from sheer enthusiasm and faith in it. His seaside home is at Potter ranch, by the Long Bridge, near the famous ranch of Creed Haymond, and just at the point where the shortest road from the Stanford University will strike the seashore. The road is now impassable from washouts, but when finished is destined to be one of the finest drives in the United States. Of Mr. Haymond's ranch, and the work he is doing to make it both profitable and beautiful, too much cannot be said. It is high up on the mountains and looks down on the boundless ocean. It is whispered that Mrs. Stanford will yet have a cottage there.

HENRY J. PHILPOTT.

HEADFOREMOST 190 FEET.

The First Suicide From the Washington Bridge.

The daily tide of broughams, dogcarts and traps had just set in on the new Washington bridge across the Harlem River yesterday afternoon when a dark man with handsome features, whose face would be remembered anywhere for the long silken mustache, says a recent issue of the New York Sun, was noticed walking nervously up and down about at the center of the great span. He was neatly dressed in a black suit, wore a new brown derby hat, and carried a black silk umbrella. The nervous man was Henry C. Farrington, an employe of Benjamin J. Falk, photographer of 949 Broadway. He worked outside the office, his business being to associate with actors, artists and politicians, and to get their consent to have their pictures taken.

A man passing in a light wagon saw Farrington step to the railing on the west side of the bride, toss his hat in one direction and his umbrella in another. For an instant Farrington stood looking up at the sky, and before any one could have stopped him he climbed upon the railing, which is four feet high. He stood upright for a moment and then plunged headforemost. At the place where Farrington jumped the police say the floor of the bridge is 183 feet above high water. The bridge floor is known to be 153 feet above the railroad tracks of the New York Central Railroad. As he jumped from the railing he probably fell nearly 190 feet.

It happened that Policeman Michael J. Owens of the High Bridge Police was on the Westchester County shore, having been assigned to watch the property of the New York Central to prevent possible injury by strikers. Owens' attention was attracted by Farrington's leap into space. "At first," he said afterward, "I thought it was a big Newfoundland dog. I suppose that it was because the man was so far above me. It seemed as though he had jumped from the exact center of the arch that spans the river. I saw him turn a complete somersault, then another, and just as he struck the water he had turned over a third time. He seemed to strike face downward, and on the left side of his body. The river is about fifteen feet deep at high water at the spot where Farrington struck, and it was at full high water at the time. As quickly as I could I peeled off my uniform and plunged into the river. He came to the surface face upward just as I had begun to swim out to him, and sank again immediately. His face was purple, and blood seemed to be oozing from the pores of the skin. He rose again and sank, and came to the surface just as I reached him. He was still alive, but lay unconscious with his head on my shoulder.

"While I was trying to keep the man's head above water," Owens continued, "Sergeant Donovan and Roundsman Morgan, who were also guarding the railroad property, got a boat and rowed out to us. Farrington was breathing his last as we got him into the boat, an operation which was pretty difficult, as he was of stalwart build and must have weighed 160 pounds. He died just as we got to shore."

Farrington was 43 years old yesterday. He was born in London, and was a practical photographer when he came to this country about twenty years ago. Since then he has lived in New York, and has worked for Photographers Mora, Falk and Dana at different times. He was expert in the art of persuading a footlight favorite or a United States Senator to have a photograph taken. He has been known to go so far as to have a handsome carriage and team at the stage entrance and capture a prima donna by pure assumption. In his pocket was found after his death a well-worn clipping from a newspaper, in which he was described as the best dressed and most widely known man in this country "in the photograph artistic line."

This is the first suicide from the Washington bridge.

A Horrible Butchery.

On the morning of the 22d inst. a boy named Webb was passing the farm of Charles Thomas, colored, ten miles northwest of Neosho, Mo., when a dog ran by him carrying the leg of a human being, jumped over the fence into the field and buried the leg. Neighbors were summoned by the boy, and gathered at the Thomas farm. Mrs. Thomas said that she and her husband had some trouble Monday, and after returning Monday night Thomas got up from bed and went out of the house, and she had not seen him since. She stoutly denied all knowledge of his whereabouts. A general search of the farm was made and resulted in the finding of the head of Thomas buried out in the field in a sack, his arms and legs in the thick brush near the house, and his body was found buried near where the fire had been built. The murderer or murderess had attempted to burn the body, and the parts found were literally roasted. The place of attempted cremation was discovered, and the murdered man's knife with two nickels was found in the ashes.—Globe-Democrat.

THE FAIR WOMEN OF SARATOGA.

Who They Are, How They Dress and What They Do.

Miss Morosini the Belle of the Road—Three Graces at the Races—Flirting on the Road—Expensive Supper.

SARATOGA, Aug. 25.—Women come to Saratoga to dress. Men come to play the races and gamble. If it were not for the piazzas and the hops for the women, and the race course and the faro tables for the men, Saratoga would be a dull place. The women change their costumes three, four and five times a day, and seem to try to make the hotel piazzas vie with the most artistically arranged milliners' or modistes' windows.

There is more chance here for a display of costumes than at any other summer resort. They dress for the springs in the morning, then again for the races later on; after the races they appear in another costume to go driving and in the evening they wear still another for exhibition. The young girls here this season affect a sweet simplicity in their array. They wear short-waisted dresses with scanty skirts and sashes tied up under their arms. The material spared from the skirt is apparently put into the sleeves, which are very large and full. These simple gowns are made of muslin, China silk, or crepe de chine, and are quaint and charming in effect. To their mothers and their elder sisters are left the elaborate costumes of silk and lace with their gorgeous effects. This is rather a sensible arrangement, because the young girls have the good times dancing and driving, while the older ones sit around the hotel piazzas and the sides of the ball-room.

Among the young people, one who has caused somewhat of a sensation here is Miss Henrietta W. Dall. She is a very pretty girl with sparkling blue eyes, clear complexion and light brown hair. She is of medium height, with a slender though well-rounded and graceful figure. Miss Dall is one of the best dancers in Saratoga this season. She has a sweet and gracious manner and is thoroughly unspoiled by the attention she has received. This is Miss Dall's first season at Saratoga. She is very young and full of life. As one of her admirers recently expressed it, "she seems constantly bubbling over with fun." Miss

Mrs. H. W. Dall.

A FASHIONABLE TURNOUT.

Dall is a Brooklyn girl. Her father lives on Sixth avenue, near Garfield place, and is a wealthy merchant. The costumes she wears are very artistic. Among them may be mentioned one of Nile green silk with an overdress of crepe de chine having a border of violets around the bottom of the skirt and the edge of the low-cut corsage. Another of pink mousseline de soie, with a garniture of morning glories, was very becoming to Miss Dall's style of beauty.

Each hotel of course claims to have the belle of Saratoga. The belle at the United States is Miss Anita Berwind. She is the daughter of the wealthy iron merchant of that name in Philadelphia. She is a petite blonde, young and very pretty. Miss Berwind dances like a fairy, and is of course in great demand at the hops. She has three things in her favor: She is pretty, clever, and her father is very wealthy. She is probably the wealthiest belle at the Springs. Among her admirers are Walter P. Bliss, the son of George Bliss, Vice-President Morton's partner, and Mr. Robert L. Cutting Jr., of New York. Miss Duffy, the daughter of W. R. Duffy, one of the wealthiest men of Rochester, is the belle of the Grand Union. Miss Duffy is extremely popular with the young men at the Union, in spite of the fact that she does not favor them very much at the hops. She is a girl of medium height, slight in figure and very stylish. Her eyes are of a bright blue and her hair chestnut color. She is passionately fond of music, plays and sings, is a good artist, and can speak several languages fluently. She enjoys riding and is usually seen in the afternoon on the avenue with her father and her brother.

Walter P. Bliss is said to be the most accomplished flirt in Saratoga. The girls are perfectly wild to receive a little attention from this favored young man, who seems to delight to tease them. At a hop recently Walter met his match. The story goes that he was paying particular attention to Miss Annie Lamont, a pretty, pert-looking young miss, who is staying at the States with her mother. Her home is on Fifth avenue, New York City. Mr. Bliss tried to engage her in conversation, but all he could get out of her was a yes or a no. He seemed to be somewhat discomfited. He was more so when a young gentleman asked Miss Lamont to dance and she very promptly accepted the invitation, leaving Mr. Bliss with a laugh that meant mischief. When the dance was ended and the gentleman brought her back to her seat she completely ignored Mr. Walter P. Bliss, but engaged in a very animated conversation with her late partner. Mr. Bliss, unaccustomed to such treatment, played with his slight mustache for awhile and then stalked across the room and out on to the balcony. Several times he looked in and watched how things were progressing. Although

Mrs. George H. Wheelock.

Miss Lamont knew what was going on she chatted away as unconcernedly as possible. After standing it for about half an hour Mr. Bliss suddenly appeared, and in a most determined manner stalked across the room, stopped in front of Miss Lamont, and in the most authoritative manner he could command said, "Come here."

"What is it?" demurely inquired Miss Lamont.

"Come out here and dance," thundered he.

Miss Lamont meekly responded, but anybody who had seen her face at that moment knew that she was conscious of having scored a good point.

It is worth a visit to Saratoga to see the driving on Union avenue every fine afternoon. The avenue is crowded with swell equipages that are probably only surpassed by those seen on Bellevue avenue, Newport. Handsome women in beautiful costumes make the scene a gay one. The proper thing to do is to drive out to Moon's, get some light refreshment there and return. The distance is eight miles there and back.

Miss Guilia Morosini, the daughter of Giovanni Morosini, Jay Gould's late partner, is certainly the belle of the road. Her favorite turnout is a tandem. She also has a pair of high-stepping bays harnessed to a very handsome T-cart, and she handles the reins with such skill that many veteran drivers might easily take points from her. Her usual companion is her father. In fact, it looks as though her parents do not mean to give her a chance to follow the example of her sister, for either her mother or her father is constantly in attendance upon her. Sometimes she drives a pair to a driving phaeton, and occasionally she is seen on horseback, but not very often. Miss Morosini is a handsome blonde, with a plump, well-rounded figure. She is bright, a good conversationalist, and very fond of teasing the young men who attend her on the piazza.

Mrs. George Hankins, the wife of George Hankins of Chicago, drives a very handsome phaeton drawn by a pair of bay horses. The carriage is painted black, picked out with yellow. Mrs. Hankins, too, is very fond of wearing a black costume with yellow trimmings. Her husband owns a large racing-stable, and black and yellow are the stable colors.

One thing that the young people do, and which would doubtless shock their parents if known, is flirt on the road. It is quite the fashion here for two young girls to drive together in a dog-cart or buckboard. When they drive for style, they take the public roads to the lake or to the Spouting Springs; but when to flirt, they choose Woodlawn Park or some quiet thoroughfare. Should two young men drive along in a carriage, then the fun commences. After teasing and bantering one another from the two carriages, a change is made. One of the young ladies will leave her cart and join one of the young men in the carriage, while the other young man takes the vacated seat in the dog-cart, and the two young couples will then drive off for an afternoon by themselves. They arrange to meet at a certain spot before going home, and there a change back is made. Quite a code of signals is arranged with the whip, which is in constant use.

Three ladies who are seen together at the races each day are Mrs. George H. Wheelock, Mrs. W. W. Lyles and Mrs. Rhodes. They are always full of fun, and on account of their being together so much they have been called "The Three Graces." They play the races for a little, usually making up a pool of about $3 between them.

Mrs. Wheelock is from Chicago. Her husband is a large stockholder in a new racing association which has been organized. She is a tall, stylish looking woman and a good type of the Irish beauty which one reads about so often in the Duchess' novels. She has a fresh, rosy complexion, big gray eyes fringed with long, dark, drooping lashes, and hair of so dark a brown that it looks like black. She is causing quite a sensation here by the number of elegant costumes she has worn.

Mrs. W. W. Lyles.

Many of them she brought back with her from Europe in the spring. Mrs. Wheelock attends all the hops and has not been seen wearing the same costume twice. One of the handsomest of these is a peach-blossom silk, with an overdress of white crepe de chine and low corsage fastened at the shoulders with diamond crescents. Mrs. Wheelock is a very graceful dancer and exhibits her handsome costumes to great advantage. Her driving phaeton is a very stylish one and is drawn by a handsome bay horse, which she calls Blaine. One of her most striking driving costumes is a yellow China silk. With this she wears a big Leghorn hat, trimmed with black velvet and yellow crepe de chine.

Mrs. Lyles is from Covington, Ky., and is one of the prettiest women on the grand stand. She is tall, slender and graceful, with pretty blue eyes, brown hair and a pink and white complexion. She always dresses in excellent taste, and frequently drives with Mrs Wheelock in the afternoon. One of Mrs. Lyle's favorite costumes is a lilac China silk, with which she wears a large hat covered with clusters of lilac.

Mrs. Rhodes is from New York. She is a widow and has with her her son, Jackson, a boy of 16. She is a bright, vivacious little woman and seems to be the life of the trio. After the three have decided which horse they will back in the race, Jackson takes the money and goes down to the ring to get the best odds he can procure against them. It is fun to watch the trio when they have a ticket on the winning horse. Mrs. Lyles snaps her fingers as they come up the stretch. Mrs. Wheelock seems to be driving an imaginary winner and Mrs. Rhodes laughs and calls out the name of her favorite horse.

I saw a party of four the other evening being entertained by Ferris Thompson. They were taking supper in the restaurant in the rear of the club-house. From where they sat they had a peep at the roulette tables and were talking about gambling and roulette. Mr. Thompson, after a little urging on the ladies' part, played roulette for awhile. He bought some chips, which he soon lost, then bought more and lost them also, and before the supper was even on the table was $1200 loser. When he went back to his party the ladies thought it lots of fun. They proceeded with their supper, and between the courses Thompson paid various visits to the roulette table. He would stalk into the room and, just as the ball was twirling, call out: "One hundred dollars on the red!" The first bet he lost. Then he made another visit and threw a hundred-dollar bill on the red. This time he won. He left the two hundred and threw an extra fifty-dollar bill on the red. This he lost also. Altogether he lost about $1900. Still it was fun for the ladies.

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It takes about three seconds for a message to go from one end of the Atlantic cable to the other—about 700 miles a second.

SOME LEGENDS ABOUT PEARLS.

The Romantic Idea of the Oyster and the Dew of Heaven.

Tales That Have Been Told of the Beautiful Gems That Have Adorned Some of the Famous Women of History.

TO picture the sedate and matter-of-fact oyster as rising to the surface of the ocean to drink in the dew of heaven may well be regarded as a stretch of the imagination worthy of the most fanciful weaver of romances. Yet such was stated by early writers to be the origin of the pearl, that gem which is deemed worthy to deck the brow of royalty, which adorns fair women, which is the delight of the treasure-hunter, and which in all ages has been the symbol of beauty, purity and worth.

This theory is advanced by Pliny, and Bœthius says of the Scotch pearl mussel: "These mussels, early in the morning, when the sky is clear and temperate, open their mouths a little above the water and most greedily swallow the dew of heaven, and after the quantity and measure of dew which they swallow they conceive and breed the pearl."

This pretty conceit, however, is brushed away by the stern realities of sober fact. The keen eye of science has discovered that the birth of the pearl is anything but a poetical affair. It is due to an accident, and to one of those provisions of nature by which every living creature resists foreign attack, and seeks to protect itself from injury.

The oyster pearl springs into existence in two different ways. The first is by the introduction into the animal of a foreign substance. In an unguarded moment the oyster may permit a minute grain of sand to slip into its domicile and lodge between the flesh and the shell. The oyster is powerless to expel the intruding substance, which immediately becomes a source of irritation. There is but one remedy. The animal begins to cover the grain of sand with a coat of membrane, followed by a layer of calcareous matter called nacre.

This is identical with the mother-of-pearl, that beautiful lining of the shell which reflect all the colors of the rainbow, as well as the most delicate and subtle tints. Nacre is constantly exuded from the bodies of the oyster, the cockle, the nautilus, the snail, and other animals of the mollusk order, and forms their outer covering, hard or soft, thick or thin, according to the protection demanded by their surroundings.

Around the intruding grain of sand which has been mentioned accumulate alternate layers of membrane and nacre, until a pearl is formed. These pearls, however, are not the valuable

GEMS OF COMMERCE

Because, in the first place, they preserve the form of the grain of sand, and hence are irregular in shape; and in the second place they frequently adhere to the shell, and consequently present one rough side.

The perfect pearl is found loose in the interior of the flesh, and has its beginning in an animal germ. The oyster annually produces a number of eggs which, as soon as they develop into diminutive animals, are thrown out by the mother. Occasionally, however, an egg proves abortive and remains behind.

It is almost microscopic in size and is inclosed in a tiny capsule. This capsule now becomes, to all intents and purposes, a foreign substance. But it has certain powers akin to those of the parent, one of which is that of manufacturing, throwing out and gathering around itself nacre. The nacre completely envelopes it and the germ of an animal is soon incased in a beautiful prison, usually spherical in form, but sometimes pear shaped.

This is the true pearl. Its size, of course, depends upon the length of time to which the process is continued, as the pearl is enlarged by constant deposits from year to year.

Considerable ingenuity has been exercised in the manufacture of artificial pearls. The French have attained the greatest excellence in this industry. From a small fish called the bleak the scales are scraped, washed and pressed between folds of linen cloth of fine texture. A fluid then slowly trickles from them and when it has been filtered often enough to attain the requisite degree of purity is mixed with an alkaline substance to arrest the decay of animal matter.

This is the precious "Essence d'Orient," to produce a pound of which several thousand of the fish are required. The addition of a small quantity of isinglass completes the preparation of the fluid for use. The essence is now injected into hollow spheres of colorless glass until it covers the surface of the interior. Instantly the glass bead is transformed into an admirable imitation of a pearl. In fact, the counterfeit is so perfect that it can only be detected by weight.

The Italians also make artificial pearls, but in an entirely different way. They insert skillfully colored varnish into glass beads; and also cover porcelain spheres with a cement made from finely powdered mother-of-pearl. These imitations are pretty ornaments, but do not make any pretense of competing with the genuine article.

The production of pearls by assisted propagation is a curious industry, which has been carried on more successfully by the Chinese than by any other people. They take the mussels from their beds, and, prying open the shells, or boring holes through them, insert small molds or beads so that they will lie in

THE SOFT FLESH.

The animals, being unable to expel these foreign bodies, immediately begin to cover them with nacre, as described in the natural pearl-making process. In a year a complete coating is formed, but the beauty of the pearl is greatly enhanced by allowing it to remain undisturbed for two or three years.

These pearls, however, are seldom perfect in shape, because it is almost impossible to obtain or manufacture kernels of flawless spherical form. The deposit of nacre, of course, follows every inequality of surface in the artificial molds.

The most famous pearl fisheries in the world are near the coasts of Ceylon, Japan, Java and Sumatra, and in the Persian Gulf, although pearls in limited quantities are obtained in streams of various countries. Ceylon, however, stands in the greatest renown for its pearls and pearl-divers.

Ceylon is an island in the Indian Ocean about ten miles south of Hindostan. It presents great contrasts of scenery, from precipitous and picturesque rocks to level plains of sand. The pearl-oyster banks are on the west coast, and here at certain times of the year villages suddenly spring up and are as suddenly abandoned at the beginning and end of the diving season.

The formation of one of these villages is a strange sight. Bleak and deserted wastes of barren land suddenly become populated, great throngs of people clad in gay colors rapidly assemble, and there is a confusion of tongues where but a short time before only the swash of the ocean waves was heard. Besides the divers there are provision dealers, boat repairers, traders, laborers, merchants from many nations and priests.

Before the divers begin their work there are blessings and magic spells from priests and sorcerers to drive away the sharks and bring good luck. These incantations are of course roundly paid for. The boats start out late at night, so that operations may begin at daybreak.

The divers have small instruments for compressing their nostrils, and beeswax to stop the apertures in their ears. Each one holds a block of stone between his feet to aid his descent. Leaping from the boat and plunging beneath the waves, the divers reach the bottom, where they run about swiftly and fill their bags with oysters as quickly as possible. When one is ready to rise he gives a signal and is drawn back to his boat by a rope.

Divers cannot remain in the water for over a minute, on an average, while two minutes taxes the most expert. A very few who have stayed under four or five minutes have won great reputations for their

EXTRAORDINARY ENDURANCE.

The occupation is injurious to the health, as it requires an immense amount of exertion. Divers are short-lived, subject to various diseases, and have been known to expire suddenly on reaching the surface of the water.

One peculiarity of pearls is that, unlike other precious gems, they are liable to decay. Occasionally a valuable pearl changes color, seems to be attacked with a deadly disease, and crumbles into dust. Such is reputed to have been the fate of the most magnificent specimen ever known.

It was found by an ignorant fisherman, who disposed of it for an insignificant sum. Passing through successive hands, it finally became the property of a Russian merchant and found a possessor who knew its immense value and prized it accordingly.

He kept it carefully in a secluded room of his magnificent mansion, apart from all other of his treasures. It was the wonder and admiration of favored friends who were permitted to look at it. The merchant finally became involved in a political conspiracy and fled to Paris, taking his one great treasure with him. He kept it hidden for a time, but at last consented to show it to some distinguished lovers of precious stones. But when he opened the casket he fell back in dismay and staggered as though stricken with death. The gem had begun to change color. A fatal disease had attacked it. It soon was a worthless heap of white powder, and the once wealthy merchant was a pauper.

The death of a pearl is caused by decomposition of the animal membrane which enters into its substance.

Pearls have been put to some strange uses. All have heard of Mark Antony and Cleopatra drinking them dissolved in vinegar, and Sir Thomas Gresham once swallowed one in a glass of wine in order that he might pay due tribute to his noble Queen in drinking her health.

Lovers have used pearl dust to dry the ink of their letters, and powdered pearls in the olden times were supposed to possess remarkable medicinal qualities.

The late Mr. Hope of England owned the most noted pearl of modern times. It weighed 1800 grains, and, although not perfect in form, was of such enormous value that no market price was ever put on it.

The Russian royal jewels comprise the most magnificent collection of pearls in the world.

Pearls never go out of fashion. From ancient times until the present day they have been sought at the peril of human life and valued wherever things of beauty are prized. They are a staple gem among jewelers and their sale is limited only by the length of their admirers' purses.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

LITERARY NOTES.

JULIA CLINTON JONES of this city, a poetess, whose productions heretofore published, including "Valhalla," have been most favorably received by the lovers of thoughts expressed in poesy, has had published by the Bancroft Co. a very neat brochure containing two of her latest poems, "The Story of the Ship" and "Mechanic Art." The work is dedicated by the author to Mr. Irving M. Scott, "who through his genius and energy has elevated San Francisco to a prominent position in the ranks of naval ship-building by the masterly construction of the United States steamer Charleston, the first steel warship built on the Pacific Coast." Both poems are meritorious productions. In the choice of language used and its application to the subjects the author has succeeded in placing before the reading public something possessing true poetic genius. One verse from "The Story of the Ship" is:

Cradled on surges at the Mission Rock,
And nourished by Potrero's furnace blast,
Conceived and framed to outburst tempest shock,
Reared to full strength on Union forges vast,
Touched by electric fire, and well supplied
With each appliance known to modern art,
Her guns of metal proved, her swiftness tried,
Steel-clad, strong-ribbed, complete in every part,
Mold, engines, arms, the best inventions known,
Mechanic science claims her for her own.

In taking up the September "Wide Awake," both the juveniles and the elders will turn at once to Mr. Ward's Andover serial; the chapters in this issue ought to be read in every college in the land. "Doc's" death-bed is a fearsome warning to those students who think "hazing" a manly kind of "lark;" the dog "Calvin's" doings give the necessary sunny relief, in these chapters. C. E. Garland has a capital story in this number, "The Last Baseball of the Season." Preston Lee Otis gives a strong story, too, of Southern life, entitled "Rijane." "My Friend, Ah Ging," a San Francisco story by G. Adams, will interest the boys, and reads like a true tale. "The Quest of the Whistling Boy" ends in this number. "Four Fire Buckets," by Mary Bolles Branch, is a good lesson for officious little girls.

"A Successful Man" is the title of what is probably the brightest American story—typically American—which has appeared for many years. It is a story of life prominent in fashion and in politics, written by a member of New York's highest society who displays a genius as a writer destined to make her name famous—although she substitutes a nom de plume for her own well-known one. "A Successful Man" will appear in two parts in the "Cosmopolitan Magazine"—the first in the September issue—and is illustrated by Harry McVickor, the drawings being made from acting models who were guests and servants at a Long Island country house.

"At the Dawning" is the title of a new American novel by a new American novelist, to be published September 1st by the Keystone Publishing Company of Philadelphia. This will be the initial number of the new series of American novels to be issued by this company, and it is said to excel in strong character-drawing. The central figure is a modern society man, whose real character is subjected to a merciless dissection. One critic has said on this point: "Many a society favorite will wince under the stinging lash that flays Sidney Carothers, for there are thousands of his ilk who will see in this character a wondrous likeness."

The Imperial edition of the "American Architect," published in Boston, contains much that is of the utmost value to the constructor and builder. It presents, among a number of drawings of fine buildings, a double-sheet sketch of the Crocker Building, now in process of erection at the junction of Market and Post streets, in this city. It shows a structure of magnificent proportions, one which overshadows the "chimney" at the other end of the block. It is from a drawing by A. Page Brown, the architect.

It is not generally known that Jean Ingelow, whose poetry has found an echoing chord in almost every heart among the English speaking race, is still living in England, a delightful, white-haired old lady, who is still engaged in literary pursuits. The John W. Lovell Company have issued, by special arrangement with her, a volume entitled "Quite Another Story," the tone of which is quite in accord with her delightful poems, and which must be read to be thoroughly appreciated.

A handsome volume has recently been published descriptive of the oft written of but ever new Niagara Falls. The book is handsomely bound in two colors, and contains a number of illustrations on plate paper, taken with a camera and drawn with pencil. Each picture is made the subject of a text by some eminent author, including Charles Dickens, Anthony Trollope, Charles Dudley Warner, William Dean Howells and others. The Michigan Central issues the book.

"Belford's Magazine" for September contains an unusual number and variety of articles, all of them on live topics, none of them very long and all very interesting. The publishers of this magazine have prepared this issue in accordance with the present notion of the people who desire a magazine to be filled with short, sharp, bright, instructive articles and a little fiction added.

It is announced that Mr. Frank Hopkinson Smith, the well-known artist who has recently written some very interesting articles upon life in Mexico, will appear as a novelist in the coming year of the "Century." A five-part story, "Colonel Carter of Carterville," by this writer, will begin in the November number.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard announce the publication of a library to be called "Good Company Series." This series will be issued in monthly parts, and will consist of choice works by some of the best American and foreign authors, upon various subjects, including fiction, biography, history, essays, etc.

The illustrated supplement to "Harper's Weekly" for August 27th contains a timely article on "Cycling in the United States," by F. P. Prial. In the same number will appear a portrait of Rudyard Kipling, together with a critical estimate of his writings by Andrew Lang.

In the September issue of "Forum" E. L. Goodkind, editor of the New York Evening Post, will contribute a political essay on "Money Interests in Political Affairs." Lieutenant John P. Finley, Signal Officer in this city, will contribute an article on "Protection Against Tornadoes."

"St. Nicholas" for September is replete with good things for the juvenile readers, and many of the sketches can be read with profit by people of advanced ideas. Palmer Cox furnishes another of his admirable sketches entitled "The Brownie's Birthday Dinner."

"The Epoch" is publishing a series of interesting articles by well-known women writers on their favorite reading. Octave Thanet's was the first one, and that was followed by one by Kate Upson Clarke, which appeared in the issue of the 22d inst.

Mrs. Custer's new book, "Following the Guidon," a collection of reminiscences of military life on the Western frontier, and a worthy companion to her former work, "Boots and Saddles," has just been published by Harper & Bros.

On account of an unforeseen delay in the presentation of "Across the Andes"—the first of an important series of papers on South America—the publication of "Harper's Magazine" for September was been postponed to August 26th.

"The Domestic Monthly" for September is filled with news of the fall fashions and is profusely illustrated with pictures of what will be worn during the coming season. It also contains a number of good stories.

T. R. Sullivan, the author of "Day and Night Stories," contributes to September "Scribner" an amusing love story, entitled "The Clerk of the Weather"—in which a charming elderly bachelor is the hero.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' article in the August number of "Forum" created such a demand for that number that a second edition had to be printed.

SOMETHING TO LAUGH AT.

Pupil—Why does the avoirdupois system have no scruples?

Professor Rodder—Because, my boy, it's used to weigh coals and ice.—Harper's Weekly.

* * *

"Say, look here, waiter! Do customers have to wait a year in this restaurant before they can get something to eat?" "I really can't tell you, sir; you see I've only been here a week."—Philadelphia Times.

* * *

American Millionaire (in Paris, proudly)—My daughter is being waited upon by a duke. Old Traveler—Well, dukes make excellent waiters. There are several of them in our restaurant, too.—Good News.

* * *

A Desirable Neighborhood: Chickering—Some of the new houses up town are so narrow that a piano cannot be put in.

Baus (excitedly)—You don't know the rent of the houses next door to them, do you?—Puck.

* * *

Briggs—There was another addition to Watt's family to-day. Braggs—Lemme see. Is that the second or third? Briggs—Judging from the cigars he has been passing around it must be about the ninth.—Terre Haute Express.

* * *

The jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty." The Judge said admonishingly to the prisoner: "After this you ought to keep away from bad company." "Yes, your honor. You will not see me again in a hurry."—Chatter.

* * *

The Horrid Things.—Beggar—Ach, my dear madam, can you not give me a pair of old boots? Lady—Why, those you have on are quite new yet. Beggar (in a whining voice)—That's just it; the horrid things ruin my business.—Das Humoristische Deutschland.

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

The Great Battle-Field on Its Seventy-fifth Anniversary.

The Present Appearance of the Scene of Napoleon's Defeat—The Similarity Between Gettysburg and Waterloo.

THREE-FOURTHS of a century is a long time in the life of a man, but a mere moment in the age of a battle-field, destined, as men think, to be immortal, and so this field of Plaicenoit and Braine l'Allend, known to the world as Waterloo, because Wellington wrote his first dispatch there, is but entering on its green youth, though seventy-five years have passed since Napoleon was there exterminated. Yet scarcely a man survives who took part in the fight, the old Duke of Albemarle, of the tough Dutch Keppel family, now 91 years old, being the only Englishman of note who is yet living, and who fought under Wellington there. Of the 190,000 men who had some share in the main fight—72,000 under Napoleon, 68,000 under Wellington and 40,000 under Blucher—perhaps one hundred are now living, writes a correspondent from Mont Saint Jean, Belgium, to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

More than 25,000 died and were buried on the great field where they fell—25,000 died at once or of wounds, and were buried elsewhere—the others (140,000) have been gradually dying until only a single company remains of all the regiments that marched and charged June 18, 1815.

When that sought but Duty's iron crown
On that loud Sabbath shook the spoiler down,

As Tennyson says of Wellington.

Even the central ground of the contest, under and about the great mound, has been so much changed that it is a little hard to recognize those natural defenses of which Wellington availed himself when he posted himself here the day before the battle, after repulsing Ney at Quatre Bras and falling back to unite with Blucher. This pretentious mound, covering more than four acres and more than 160 feet high, was built up more than a half century ago from the ridges and knolls about the center of the British line, and this work destroyed that configuration of the ground, which in part protected Wellington's troop from destruction. Toward Hougoumont, which was the key to the British situation, the slopes have been cut down, but the heavy wood about

THE CHATEAU

Which aided General Byng, Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonald to defend the fort so successfully, was long since stripped away; only a few ancient beeches, chestnut and apple trees full of bullets remain of the Hougoumont wood; the chateau, except the chapel, is entirely gone, and a new barn long ago took the place of that which Jerome Bonaparte's shell set on fire. But the old brick garden wall, loop-holed for musketry, is still there, and the gardener's house, both marked with bullet and cannon shot, where 1000 Englishmen and Scotchmen, chiefly the Coldstream Guards, resisted for eight hours repeated attacks of the French left wing, numbering many thousands. Still of all the battle-field this quiet farm and garden of Hougoumont are the most unchanged.

The mound built by the Belgian Government on the spot where the Prince of Orange was wounded, and surmounted by the Belgian, not the British, lion, has spoiled the battle-field for topographers, but it has made it more attractive to visitors, for it commands a far better view of the ten or twelve square miles of actual battle than either Napoleon or Wellington could get on the fatal day. The British line extended in a crescent for a little more than two miles east and west and north of the mound; the French army extended to the east, south and west of the mound in a more irregular shape, and over an area twice as great during the day. For while the fight lasted the British, generally speaking, held their positions, while the French, who attacked, were constantly changing theirs to assault the British at some new point or to renew the attack where they had made an impression. Finally, when the last charge of the Emperor's Guard broke and drew back, and Wellington, taking advantage of the movement, charged with his whole line, then the British troops covered all the area that Napoleon had held until

WELLINGTON

In the evening occupied the place where Napoleon had first stationed himself in the morning. Now the Lion Mound gives a view over every part of this area, and also on the southeast, where Blucher and his Prussians came to the aid of Wellington late in the afternoon, and thus it furnishes what did not exist in 1815, a "spectacular mound" from which all the great movements of the fight can be traced. Wellington was annoyed when he saw the mound years afterward—for it had obliterated the front of his line of battle, but now it serves to draw the visitor to the central spot, and to help him understand the localities when he gets there. It is about one and a half miles from Braine l'Allend where the railway leaves you, and you are carried across the country in an omnibus from every train for a very moderate sum. The land is by no means a flat plain like the field of Marathon, nor is it so flat as the plain of Cheroned, but lies in long ridges with broad valleys between, which become deep and narrow valleys here and there, where a road runs through a ridge. By several of these cuts or "hollow ways," the position of Wellington was materially strengthened. When General Sheridan was here some twenty years ago he remarked the similarity of this battle to our decisive fight at Gettysburg, and there is even a resemblance in the lay of the land. But the features of the Gettysburg scenery are bolder and the distances greater.

We happened upon an excellent guide, Martin Pierson by name, a native of the parish not old enough to remember the battle, but whose father had seen Napoleon, and who had imbibed not only the traditions of the neighborhood, but much of the true-written story of Waterloo. We found in him a little of that quality he described to us in Victor Hugo, whom he remembered coming here before writing his famous account in his "Miserables." "Victor Hugo," said Martin, "was a grand ecrivain—what you call great

WRITING MAN;

But if you give him one finger," measuring that short distance on his own hand, "he makes it so long," indicating half a yard. Martin does not extend things quite so much, but like all dramatic speakers he consults the situation and makes the best of it. He inclines a little to the French side in his story, but not much, and he says what Wellington says in his first dispatch describing the battle, that it was the Prussians who turned the scale. As to the words of Wellington, which are characteristic and not much known, let me quote them: "I should not do justice to my feelings nor to Marshal Blucher and the Prussian army if I did not attribute the successful result of this arduous day to the cordial and timely assistance I received from them." I copy from the dispatch sent by Wellington June 19th, in which he fixes the time of the beginning of the fight alittle earlier than the historians now give it. Describing the position of his army he says: "In front of the right center, and near the Nevelle road, we occupied the house and garden of Hougoumont which covered the return of that front. About 10 o'clock the enemy commenced an attack on our post at Hougoumont. It was maintained throughout the day with the utmost gallantry by these brave troops." This seems to make the beginning of the action as early as 10 in the morning. As to the end of it, Wellington says: "About 7 o'clock the enemy made a desperate attempt with cavalry and infantry, supported by the fire of artillery, to force our left center near the farm of La Haye Sainte. Having observed that the troops retired from this attack in great confusion, I determined to attack the enemy, and immediately advanced the whole line of infantry supported by the cavalry and artillery. The attack succeeded at every point." It was made just as the sun was setting, and before daylight had gone on that long midsummer eve the army of Napoleon was

PRACTICALLY ANNIHILATED.

Only about 40,000 of his men returned to France, carrying only 27 of the 240 cannon they had brought into action.

Even had Napoleon won at Waterloo, as he expected, he could hardly have escaped the same defeat elsewhere, for all Europe was then against him. But Waterloo did "decide the destiny of Europe," as Napoleon's victories at Marengo and Friedland had done years before. At St. Helena he was inclined to grumble at Wellington, and said to Las Casas: "He owes a good candle to old Blucher; without him I do not know where his Grace would be; for my part, I surely would not be here. His troops were admirable; his disposal of them pitiable, or rather he made no disposal of them. He, a generalissimo of Europe charged with great interests, with an enemy in his front as prompt and bold as I, and then to leave his army scattered about, to sleep in Brussels, to allow a surprise. And what can destiny not do when she takes a hand? In three days I thrice saw the fate of France, and of the world, slip out from my plans." These three opportunities were lost, according to Napoleon, by reason of a high officer who carried word to the enemy, by the unusual delay of Ney at Quatre Bras, and by the "strange manners of Grouchy," in search of the Prussians. He could not allow that he had made the strangest maneuver of all in dividing his forces while the allies were uniting theirs. It was a similar maneuver that made it impossible to win the battle of Gettysburg, where Meade, like Wellington, chose his own ground (rather hurriedly in both instances) and by defending it stoutly won the day.

As in other countries where I have followed the route of Byron, I found his "Childe Harold" the best-known guide-book to Waterloo. But he has led his readers into some error by his magnificent verses. It was not to the decisive field, as we generally suppose, that "the cannons' opening roar" summoned Wellington and the Duke of Brunswick

FROM THE BALL

Of the Duchess of Richmond, but to the preliminary fight against Ney at Quatre Bras, where Brunswick "rushed into the field, and foremost fighting fell."

A grand monument was dedicated to him a few weeks ago on that battle-field lying to the south, half way between Charleroi and Hougoumont. That Wellington was surprised by the news of Napoleon's advance is true, for he confessed it himself in his dispatch of June 19th, already quoted. "I did not hear of it," he says, "until the evening of the 15th—the ball evening—and I immediately ordered the troops to prepare to march, and afterward to march to the left (through the forests of Soignie), as soon as I had intelligence from other quarters to prove that the evening's movement was the real attack." This shows how well Napoleon had disguised his plans; but the plans of Blucher and Wellington were equally well formed, though not so swift in execution, and they were carried out with a firmness and certainty that were quite lacking on the French side. This and the heroic staying quality of the British defeated Napoleon at Mont Saint Jean. Our guide told us the anecdotes of Marshal Soult a little otherwise than the books give it. According to him, Napoleon was sending his lancers to attack the British left where the Scotch Greys were posted, and he said to Soult, "In an hour I shall cut those Scotchmen in pieces and turn Wellington's left." Soult, who had met them in Spain, said: "Sire, you don't know those Scotchmen. They will die where they stand before you will get an inch of ground from them."

And, in fact, they not only held their position, but moved forward against the enemy and spoiled the whole charge of the French. And of the Britisd infantry not a single square was broken the whole day long by the incessant pounding and charging of Napoleon. He had never attacked British squares before, and he had to learn by experience what it means.

All this is old news to the reader of history, but on this field you must see and say over again the old heroic things. Never was battle more fiercely delivered by a great General than here; never was it more fiercely met than by the Iron Duke, who, standing 160 feet below where I sit, here fully won his title. To-day the whole land is peaceful; war seems never to have invaded these rural lanes, as I look down from this triumphal mount which itself has become almost a natural hill in the undulating table-land. But like Thermopylæ, Marathon and Platea, like Saratoga and Gettysburg, this lovely district seems likely to preserve forever the memory of great schemes, of conquests thwarted, and heroic valor displayed in defense of sober and rational liberty. The accessories and incidents of these fights are in time forgotten, but their impress remains deep graven in history, which is the family record of mankind.

COAST ITEMS.

Brief Notes From Pacific States and Territories.

The Banning Herald began its third year last Friday.

The drift at the Extension claim, near Downieville, is now in 4456 feet.

The public reading-rooms at the Wellington collieries have been ordered closed.

A new town has been laid out on Puget Sound that staggers under the name of Mukilteo.

The people of Santa Fe, N. Mex., are anxious to have the town lighted by electricity.

Vashon Island, the great sporting ground of Puget Sound, was burned over last week by a forest fire.

The match factory at National City, San Diego County, is turning out strikers at the rate of 1,400,000 a day.

There is wheat enough at Portland, Oregon, to load fifty-seven ships, and to give $2,000,000 to the farmers.

Rev. Mr. Frazer of Pomona was thrown from his buggy last Monday, and received internal injuries that may prove fatal.

The Petaluma Imprint says the new ferry-boat Ukiah on the Donahue line will be put into commission about October 1st.

David Tully expects to gather Skinner pippins of 1¼ pounds weight from his mountain ranch, four miles from Julian, San Diego County.

The Republicans of Idaho have nominated George L. Sharp for Governor, Norman B. Wiley for Lieutenant-Governor and Willis Sweet for Congress.

The Riverside Press says many of the orchards there are infested with the San Jose scale, and prompt action should be taken to destroy all infested trees.

A small schooner owned and sailed by two Makah Indians took 2000 cases of dynamite from Port Townsend to Juneau, Alaska, for the Treadwell Mining Company.

The City Trustees of San Bernardino are managing the finances with so much economy that they have a surplus of $35,000 and the next tax levy will not be more than 60 cents on the $100. Last year the rate was 90 cents.

W. D. Parsons has a nice mountain ranch in Fresno County, 4500 feet up in the air, yet he raises corn, cucumbers, Chile peppers and other choice vegetables. He has started an orchard that promises to bear all the semi-tropical fruits.

In Del Norte County Mr. Nickel and Mr. Tack are anxious to be nominated and elected County Assessor. If the latter gets in the people will call his roll "a paper of Tacks"; if his hated rival wins, his work will be called "a roll of Nickels."

The Yuma Sentinel of Saturday says: J. B. Glover of the United States Quartermaster's Department will arrive here to-day to superintend the removal of the remains of the soldiers buried at Fort Yuma to the Presidio of California. There are 160 bodies buried in the Fort Yuma Cemetery.

The Del Norte Record says: A bone shark, said to have been forty feet long, was seen up the coast on Thursday by the divers and crew who are locating the wreck of the Brother Jonathan. The shark followed their boat for about 200 yards. One of the crew who has been in the southern latitudes says that the shark was the largest one of that species he had ever seen.

The Humboldt Times of Saturday says: The whale captured by William Whalley at "Samoa on the Peninsula" proves to be a right whale—the only one of that species cast ashore in this vicinity. Its dimensions are 75 feet in length by about 40 feet "bust measurement." It is estimated that the body will produce fifty barrels of oil and the head about forty gallons of sperm oil, while the jaws will yield over a thousand pounds of that valuable commodity known to commerce as whalebone, which sells at $3 to $5 per pound.

The Phœnix Herald says: William Gibson raised some good cotton on his place one and a half miles east of town this year. The staple is not very long, but the fiber is of good quality. He only had a few bushes, only enough to add one more to the growing list of successful cotton-planting in this valley. The specimen was exhibited at O. L. Gibbs' office, where an experienced planter explained this morning that such cotton was good for two and a half bales or 700 pounds of lint cotton or 2300 pounds of seed cotton per acre. At 6 cents per pound the lint was worth $53 and at 60 cents per hundred the cotton seed would add at least $7, making an income of $70 per acre for this crop. Such figures beat alfalfa at least.

Startling Discovery.

The discovery by the inhabitants of a locality hitherto unvisited by the pestilent scourge of fever and ague, that it exists in their very midst, is decidedly startling. Such discoveries are made at every season in every part of the Union. Subsequently, when it is ascertained, as it invariably is at such times, through the valuable experience of some one who has been benefited and cured, that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a thoroughly efficacious eradicator of the malarial poison, and a means of fortifying the system against it, a feeling of more security and tranquillity reigns throughout the whole neighborhood. Besides the febrile forms of malarial disease, dumb ague and ague cake are removed by the potent action of the bitters, to which science also gives its sanction as a remedy for rheumatism dyspepsia, constipation, liver complaint, debility, kidney troubles and all diseases impairing the organs of digestion and assimilation. 35

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