

## NYE IN SANTA CLAUDE.

Considers Himself Unfitted for the "Monking Industry" and Prefers a Buttery Life.

William Discovers on California Hotels, Taverns and Chinamen—A. Knotty Tale.

(Copyright, 1893, by Edgar W. Nye.)

SANTA CLAUDE, Cal., April. The old missions of California are a great treat. I have visited a number of them. At first I thought they were built and operated for the entertainment of excurionists, but I now find that they are genuine and do much good.

The mission at Santa Barbara is an elderly building of some size, and inside of the monastery through the iron barred windows monks may be observed engaged in "monking," as Mr. Barnabas might say.

Inside the chapel a middle aged monk was dusting the many feathered dusters and polishing the hard benches so as to make it more difficult to sit on them. By an by perhaps he will make it impossible. I trust so. At present each attendant supplies his own "rozzum."

Several attractive ladies accompanied me, and when the monk heard their voices he turned, looked the other way and said something to himself. A man can't be too careful that way if he is connected with the monking industry.

Only two women have ever crossed the threshold of the monastery proper. They were Princess Louise and Mrs. Harrison. Ever since then the brotherhood have been engaged in trying to overcome this by a rigid course of devotions worthy of a better cause.

Looking over the rules required of these monks, I can see how eminently I am unfitted for such a life. Nothing could be more widely different than their lives and the cry, butterfly existence I now lead, flitting as I do from place to place, pausing only here and there to earn an honest dollar if possible, but taking silver, of course, in some instances here on the coast.

I do not know exactly how old these missions are, but they are pretty old and rather picturesque. There should be better facilities there for the tourist to drop a shilling in the box for the aid of the mission, for they would not mind it. They got accustomed to the act of contributing to most everything as they go along.

One lady of our party is very fond of dogs. She found that there was a collection of these animals stopping at Redlands. It was a troop of educated dogs seeking to elevate the stage. They were spending the Sabbath at a lively stable there, having played to S. R. O. (standing room only) at San Bernardino on Saturday evening.

I never saw such a man in search of health in my life. It takes a pretty healthy person to go in search of his health. I often think.

The train ahead of ours had 15 sleeping cars and 9 engines, besides the coaches. The sleeping cars were so full, that in one car, filled almost entirely by ladies, they were dressing for over 300 miles in the morning. One lady had to brush her hair on the Oakland ferry. She says that when she comes on earth again she hopes she will be a Chinaman.

One finds the Chinese here quite frequently. They are divided by naturalists into two classes—viz, male and female. The female Chinaman goes bareheaded. The male wears a hat. The Chinese have been pretty busy assassinating each other and thus endangering themselves to the people of San Francisco.

(I am writing this letter at a table in the reading room of the hotel, and a man with "the whole arm movement" is writing at the other side of the table. I judge that he learned to write on the side of a large, heavy barn that had been secured by mortgage or something, so that it could not move much while he was writing. The table is steady, however, trying to follow the thread of his remarks.)

Recently I met Mr. Hatch, the biggest fruitgrower on the coast. I am told. He began to hort about 18 years ago. He had a piece of land about 100 acres, and he was worth \$10,000, but taking me by the arm and leading me out to the Cliff House, where the sound of the breakers drowned his voice, he admitted to me that he did not have that much.

Now he is getting an income of \$300,000 per year—\$100,000 per day, for the last four years, including Sundays. Every four years, when there is an extra day with no income, the poor man eats an orange. This proves that any young man with perseverance and \$10,000 may in 18 years by industry and economy, and by knowing as much as Mr. Hatch, provided the red scale does not break out on a large scale in his orchards, be far beyond the reach of fate.

It was thought for many years that Mr. Hatch was the author of the piece entitled "Monuments of Human Grandeur Perish." But afterward it was discovered that he copied it from a Fourth Reader.

During the busy season Mr. Hatch is compelled to hire help in picking the fruit, while he attends to the packing and arrangement of the large, juicy fruit which one notices at the top of the basket.

All kinds of trees grow in this state, especially tropical and subtropical trees. The date tree grows here, and at the right season busy men may be seen standing on a stepladder in the rich foliage cancelling their dates. The pepper tree, the camphor tree, the banana tree, the breadfruit tree and the oyster cracker tree all grow here in abundance, and are pointed out to one by the driver, who is generally a pretty fertile man himself.

Some think that all the great liars go to perdition. This is a mistake. They go to Yosemite and drive teams there. One of them said that down the road a little "further" he would show us a strange sight. It was a big hole in a

made of chicken and hot things chopped up together and rolled in a corn husk. Then they are heated in an alcohol stove and kept hot by men who sell them to a credulous throng.

When chickens are scarce the sea gull is used. That was the kind I got. I am not enough of an ornithologist to select tomases.

Designing people might make them out of weathercocks or other desiccated fowls and fool me sadly. A man who is not an ornithologist should shun the tomale unless he has faith and a stomach which will not turn when trodden upon.

California has more attraction than any other state in the Union, but the climate was about a month later than usual this year, and several people perished from exposure. Living here is cheap. Workingmen can get good board at the large hotels at \$3 to \$18 per day, with coal at \$1 per hundred. Horse hire is extra. Dogs are not allowed to play in the halls or to eat at the regular table with guests.

Monterey probably has the best hotel in the state excepting Sausalito. Sausalito is an eating joint where your meals are prepared while you wait—while you wait four hours for the Los Angeles train for San Francisco.



HE ACCURSED.

There is nothing at Sausalito but the eating house and a few cases of oil under the same management. The passengers in our entire car, excepting a man from New Haven, ate lunch there and were poisoned by something they ate there. Probably it was the canned vegetables which are used at that place and are obtained from the east. I judge, in exchange for oranges and lemons.

Our car was the scene of the wildest commotion all night, and several passengers were ill for 10 days afterward. I do not know how the employees at Sausalito live. Probably their meals are brought to them from Los Angeles.

There are many pleasant hotels in California, but when crowded, as they are at this season, of course they have to work hard to please the people, and they cannot always succeed. It would be well to engage rooms several weeks ahead if the reader is anxious to the coast.

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## OBLIVION.

Oh, if the memory of the past must sink beneath the gloomy wave, will may the limit stand again, and facing oblivion of the brave.

The skull in yonder student's hands, whose deeds of valor in strange lands, make him impossible to face.

The ox now browses o'er his grave; His tombstone bears the name: And deeds which made the poet rave, lie sealed upon the roll of fame.

Oblivion's skirt of sable hue, And he whom all the world once knew, no more to memory will appear.

The Golden Gate of yesterday, whose brilliance dazzled every eye, is like the insect newly born, To charm and please, and then to die.

Napoleon, who shook the world, Then pined and died of broken heart, Upon a glittering island, buried, Upon a desert, play his part.

The millions who good deeds have wrought; The glorious king or virtuous queen; Are doomed to the same fate, And the past is dimmed, dark and obscured.

Fresh actors come upon the stage; Fresh actors now in youth immersed, No longer men of manly name.

The "dollar" is the great great thing; The flag we sail upon the mast; The flag we sail upon the mast; Oblivion's all the past.

CHARLES ST. MORRIS. Victoria, B. C.

## M. QUAD'S SKETCHES.

The Story of a Conscience—Without Mercy.

(Copyright, 1893, by Charles B. Lewis.)

I was one of the corner's jury impelled in the case of an old man found drowned, and as soon as the mud had been washed off his face I recognized the unfortunate as a man who had told me his story several days before.

It was my intention to go to the lawyer, but while preparing myself for college a circumstance happened to change my plans and the current of my life.

Eight or ten of the leading citizens of the town in which I lived formed a stock company and erected a large factory, and when ready to operate I was appointed cashier, I was then only 20 years old.

Although my father was one of the stockholders, it was not on this account that I received the appointment. I had reasons to believe he opposed it on the ground that I was a young man and lacking in business experience, but at the same time he must have been pleased at my preference.

Everybody was my friend, and everybody loved me enough to say that I had a brilliant future before me. Some were disappointed when I took the place offered me, declaring that nature had intended me for a lawyer, but others insisted that I would develop business talents which would make me a wealthy man before I was thirty.

"Yes, you are right," but, oh, remorse, remorse, must I perish here while you prepare an exegesis on capillary attraction and pomology? Oh, man, man, in heaven's name get a move on you, I beg."

Rodgers laid down his dinner pail and began work at the knothole, but between while he got a better view of Walton and said, "Are you not Dan Walton, who lives down the gorge where the branch is, where we water the teams at?"

"I am, sir, indeed," exclaimed Walton, now crying piteously, "but do not lose all you have gained now by your accused delay and loquacity. Help me, man, oh, help me, or I shall die here and possibly annoy visitors who come this way!" Help me, man, oh, help me, or I shall die here and possibly annoy visitors who come this way!

"Ah," said Rodgers, "the word, being porous, admits the moisture, and this expands it so that the aperture by which you entered is becoming useless as an exit. Am I right?"

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