

A BIT OF ROMANCE.

The lives of the pioneers in the remote mining districts of California were generally devoid of romance or excitement, save that witnessed at the gaming tables; and to relieve the monotony of mountain life they frequently passed a few weeks in "Frisco" (San Francisco), or sojourned for a season with the Webfeet, otherwise known as Oregonians.

Mr. Charles Bradbury, of Indian Town, Northern California, had been quite fortunate in mining, and as winter was approaching, when little could be done in his claim, he left it in care of his partners, and set out to visit a relative who resided in the Willamette Valley, some three hundred miles distant. A party had been made up to cross the Siskiyou, on the summit of which the snow already lay deep. This, it was understood, would be the last party which would undertake the passage of the mountains before they should be closed for the winter.

Near the time of starting they were joined by a young man named Alfred Boyce, whose parents resided in Oregon. He had recently been suffering from indisposition, and was cautioned not to undertake the trip, which was sufficiently arduous even for the most vigorous; but his anxiety overcame his prudence, and he set out with the others.

Before the summit was reached he became quite exhausted, and had it not been for the kindness of Bradbury, he must have perished. From this occurrence they became true friends, and at young Boyce's urgent solicitation, Bradbury accompanied him to his home near the head waters of the Umpqua, where he was cordially welcomed by the family. A sister of his friend, named Adaliza, was a charming girl of seventeen or eighteen summers, and at once won the admiration of the susceptible Californian.

His stay was lengthened from the few days which he at first purposed remaining, to several weeks. Not wishing, however, to prolong his visit unduly, he bade his new-found friends a reluctant adieu, and continued on his way to the Willamette. Here he purchased a fine horse, and not infrequently tested his speed with that of the best horses in the neighbourhood, and always to his entire satisfaction. Bradbury remained a few weeks with his relatives, but the spirit of unrest possessed him, and he soon turned his face southward, urging as an excuse that his business at Indian Town urgently demanded his presence.

But his business was not so pressing but that he turned aside to halt awhile at the home of his friends, the Boyces. His admiration for the fair Adaliza had deepened to the tender passion, and this fact he was not slow to declare. But she replied, "You Californians like nothing better than to come here and make love to us Oregon girls, and when you have won our hearts you go off to your cabins and claims, and never come back."

"But," said Bradbury, "I will marry you before I go back, and when I have provided a home for you, you shall come to me, or I will come after you."

She would give him no direct answer, but remained on very friendly terms with him, and they often rode to the neighbouring village, and to other points about the valley, together.

One day they were slowly riding towards home, and Bradbury was urging his suit, and pleading for an answer to end his suspense. They were nearly a mile from a house near which grew two large oak trees, standing very near each other, when Adaliza said, "If you will pass those two oaks before I do, I will go with you to California some day."

Bradbury prided himself upon his horsemanship, and accepting the challenge with a wave of the hand and a laconic "I'm your man!" dashed spurs to his steed and sped like an antelope over the plain.

The girl was taken by surprise at his sudden movement, but gave her horse the word, and he too "stretched neck and stretched nerve till the hollow earth rang."

It has been already intimated that Bradbury was well mounted; his companion was no less so, and they rode on as only those can ride who are at home in the saddle.

Bradbury's sudden movement had given him the advantage by a few rods, but he soon realized that it would be no easy matter to maintain it. The girl was urging her horse by whip and voice, and having been the winner in many a hotly contested race he bent to his work in true race-horse style, "Reaching long, breathing loud like a creviced wind blows."

Little more than half the distance was passed when Bradbury became aware that his competitor was pressing hard upon his flank, and he knew that his weight was beginning to tell upon the noble beast, which seemed to realize the value of the stakes for which he ran.

For a quarter of a mile he held his own, Miss Boyce, however, coming once or twice very near but maintaining her position at Bradbury's side. The goal was almost reached, and he was confident of victory. But he had not counted on his opponent's skill as a race rider. She had restrained her horse for the final dash, and now came on with a burst of speed that placed her fairly at Bradbury's side, and seemed sure to give her the victory. Indeed, the victory seemed already hers, for with long and steady leaps her horse was sweeping past at the moment they were to pass the goal.

At that moment, however, the fore feet of Bradburn's horse went down in a burrow; he

stumbled upon his feet, the girth parted, and Bradbury went over the horse's head and into the air like a rocket, landing beyond the goal and a yard or two ahead of his fair competitor. Striking upon the soft earth he performed a series of evolutions, but regained his feet with no injury save a pretty severe shock from the abrupt manner of dismounting.

He had sufficient presence of mind to exclaim with his first breath, "I believe you're mine!" while Adaliza, reining in her steed with a ready hand, sprang to the ground and in a moment was at his side, anxiously inquiring if he had been hurt. His horse had regained his feet, and stood near with a sheepish expression, as though he was the worst of the earth. Bradbury found himself able to walk, and before he and his companion reached the house she had promised that when spring should come again, she would become his wife and go with him to his mountain home. And so it was settled that at that time he should come for her.

With this understanding he again clasped hands in parting, and set out for his home in the Siskiyou. He found his partners eagerly awaiting his return, and all were busy with pick and shovel.

As autumn approached, and the water in the creek became too low for mining purposes, Bradbury set about erecting a house somewhat more pretentious than the limited quarters occupied by himself and partners.

A pleasant site near the town was selected, and though the house was far from being an elegant or imposing structure, it was neat and comfortable, and far superior to a majority of the homes of pioneers.

Not long after he left Boyce's, a young drover from Southern Oregon called at the house, and stopping for a day or two, became quite enamoured of the fair Adaliza. His attentions were not received with favour, but he persisted, and at the first opportunity proposed.

The girl frankly told him that she was affianced, and that her lover was in California. Of this he was already aware, but had feigned ignorance. He laughed at the idea of her trusting to a miner from the mountain, saying they were like the sailors, and made love for pastime.

After some time, becoming wearied with his importunities, she told him that if Bradbury did not return by the appointed time she would talk with him, but until that time she would have nothing more to say on the subject.

He then took his departure, not, however, until he had made arrangements with a friend who lived near by to notify him promptly if Bradbury did not arrive by the twenty-fifth of December.

While engaged in building his house, Bradbury received an injury from a falling timber which disabled him for some weeks and occasioned some delay in his departure, so that Christmas was already past when he set out. Crossing the mountains, he stopped one night at Jacksonville, and then pushed forward as rapidly as possible, for his forced delay had occasioned no little anxiety.

On the second day after leaving Jacksonville he fell in with a traveller, riding like himself, on horseback, and in the same direction. This stranger gave him the name of Harkman, and after a few hours became communicative. He said that he had become tired of leading a single life, and was going down to the Umpqua to change his condition.

Bradbury appeared to take but little notice of his remarks, but contrived to keep him talking until he learned that the young lady whom he was going to see had been engaged to "a chap from California," but as he (the Californian) had not appeared at the appointed time, Harkman expected to step in and win the prize with scarcely an effort. They continued to travel in company, and when they came in sight of Boyce's house, Harkman remarked, with much assurance, to Bradbury, "There is the home of the future Mrs. Harkman!"

Bradbury said nothing, and pretended that he was journeying on to Portland or Salem. Harkman, however, invited him to call and see his fair Duleinea, and touching his horse's rein, they rode together to the house. Adaliza was at the door in a moment, and as Bradbury sprang lightly from the saddle she came joyfully to his arms.

Harkman looked on with surprise, but at length found words to exclaim, "What a fool I was not to know it!"

He turned his horse's head in the direction whence he came, and no grass could sprout beneath its feet until he was out of sight.

In less than a month there was a wedding at Boyce's house, and a few weeks later a horseback journey down to the Willamette; and when the early spring had come, and the skies were clear, a longer ride through the flower-besprinkled valleys of Oregon, and over the pine and fir-clad Siskiyou to the neat cabin at Indian Town.

My friends in that distant mining town tell me that the voices of beautiful children may be heard around their unassuming home, where all is peace and happiness.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the Ladies of the city and country that they will find at his retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only.

J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.

VARIETIES.

A MODERN JASON DRAWN BY GEESSE.—According to recent London advices, the manager of Sanger's Amphitheatre was drawn on June 9 in a tub by four geese from Battersea to Westminster Bridge. He was dressed in a naval captain's attire, and made his start on the ebb tide to a salute of four guns, being piloted by Gosling, and conveyed by about half a dozen boats to clear the way. The geese were harnessed to the pole of the tub, and satisfactory progress was made down the river, past the Vauxhall Bridge, arriving at Westminster Bridge about three o'clock, the trip having been accomplished in an hour and twenty minutes.

LIZZY.—The Abbé Lizzy, according to a recent writer, speaks all languages, and copies his works himself. He is a very early riser, and has at his house only a bad square piano, that he never touches. After having read his breviary, he breakfasts frugally upon half a dozen oysters, or if it is a *four gras*, upon a small piece of beef, and then pays visits during the remainder of the day. His two worldly predilections are for *café noir* and for small and very bad Roman cigars, but cheap if not gratuitous. He is assailed by mammas who wish him to give piano lessons to their interesting progeny. They have gone so far as to offer him a whole dollar a lesson. Upon days when he has no engagements Lizzy dines *tête-à-tête* with hisson-in-law, M. Ollivier, the French statesman, and at dessert they converse on temporal affairs.

CHEERFUL PICTURES.—Mothers have a pretty custom in Hartford, it is said, of having stereoscopic views of their children taken nude in various attitudes and groupings. With a strong light thrown upon them, splendid effects are produced, the figures standing out as clear and distinct as statues of marble. Particularly admirable are some of the groupings of three or four younger children of a family. When the practice first came into favor infants only were photographed, and their pictures were, and are now, frequently displayed in the photographers' show cases. As the custom grew in popularity, older children were thus photographed, but seldom beyond the age of five or six years, after which period, as they begin to grow rapidly, they lose some of their beautifully rounded outlines of early childhood, and develop angles and sharp lines, which detract from the pleasing effects of the pictures.

SOMETHING LIKE CRITICISM.—When they gush at all in America they go all the way. It is thus that an enthusiastic journalist writes of Miss Jones, a clever actress:—"She is the most beautiful woman I ever saw. She is a white woman—as white and serene as a star. There is no cheap colour flaming in her pure face. Beyond the blue of her eyes and lustrous brown of her hair, the chaste creaminess is nowhere broken, save where the prisoned blood frets itself into red passion in her lips, or kindles like a pent flame in her rosy palms. I think men become tired of those women over whose faces drowsy pink and scarlet runs at every caught breath. The colour is put on too near the surface. There's suspicion that it is not an essential and integral illumination. But a charmingly serene white creature like Jones, with the glow coming from the depths of the soul, and just toning the face up to cream colour, leaping into flame at the lips only, and barely pinkening the finger tips.—*Alas! a passion built up against a woman like this outlives its grave.* She is a great white rose with a sunbeam prisoned in the bud." *She gets 250 dollars a week for her work as an actress.*

OPERATIC OPINION OF PURGATORY.—It appears from the letter of a well-informed correspondent that the opera, "Le Roi de Lahore," which is just the topic in Paris *salons*, is founded upon a beautiful legend of an eastern prince who loved a fair maiden of the Himalayas, but had to wait ten years, till the conclusion of the war, ere he could marry her. As he was proceeding to claim her hand he was killed by a flash of lightning, and descended into purgatory, where he submitted to the usual tortures in order to insure his eternal felicity in Heaven. As he arrived at the gates of Paradise he thus addressed the angel who was awaiting his arrival:—"May I return to the earth for an hour to see the one I love?"—"Thou may'st, faithful heart," the angel answered; "but that hour will cost thee ten thousand years of torment such as thou hast just endured." The lover closed instantly with the offer and fled to earth to find his beloved—whispering to another lover the vows of eternal and immortal constancy she had once breathed to him. He returned to purgatory, but was met at the gates by the angel, who said to him:—"Thou hast earned thy title to Paradise, for what thou has just witnessed is more tormenting than ten thousand years of weeping and gnashing of teeth!"

LEMONS A CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.—A correspondent of an English medical journal furnishes the following recipe as a new cure for consumption: Put a dozen whole lemons in cold water and boil until soft (not too soft), roll and squeeze until the juice is all extracted, sweeten the juice enough to be palatable, then drink. Use as many as a dozen a day. Should they cause pain or looseness of the bowels, lessen the quantity and use five or six a day until better, then begin and use a dozen again. By the time you have used five or six dozen you will begin to gain strength and have an appetite. Of course as you get better you need not use so many. Follow these directions and we know that you will never regret it if there is any help for you. Only keep it up faithfully. We know of two

cases where both of the patients were given up by the physicians, and were in the last stages of consumption, yet both were cured by using lemons according to the directions we have stated. One lady in particular was bedridden and very low; had tried everything that money could procure, but in vain, when, to please a friend, she was finally persuaded to use the lemons. She began to use them in February, and in April she weighed 140 pounds.

AN ERIC POEM.—Poetical aspirants are proverbial for the good opinion they hold of their own productions, but a young gentleman of Madras has just out-Heroded Herod, if we are to believe the following story told by an Indian contemporary:—"A native lad, fresh from the examination-room, was talking to a friend of mine who took much interest in education, and who used to assist such students as he thought promising. Asked if he intended to continue his studies, he answered in the negative. 'Why not? It is a pity to give up now.'—'Yes, but I have some other work on hand.'—'Indeed; what is that?'—'Sir, you can assist me. I am writing an epic poem, and I wish to ask you to help me in publishing it.' My friend coughed to hide his emotion, and then proceeded to 'give his auditor sense.' He pointed out that in these busy days people have little leisure to read long poems, especially epics, and even named some two or three ventures which had of late years fallen flat on the world. 'Yes, but if the poem is really good?' This from a lad who could hardly speak six consecutive words of idiomatic English, and whose peculiarities of English I have not even attempted to reproduce, was nearly too much for my friend. Wishing however to put a clincher on the matter, he said, 'Well, good as your poem doubtless would be, remember that even Milton is scarcely read nowadays except by students, and epic-writers of less note not at all.' 'Sir,' replied the huddle-dehoy, in the most perfect good faith, 'I have read Milton and Shakespeare with care, and have avoided the errors of both.'"

BLONDIN.—There died in Paris some little time ago, an old gentleman who had been a constant attendant at the Comédie Française for nearly seventy years. He was known at the theatre under the surname of Blondin—a name which he owed without doubt to a fine blonde wig, skillfully curled, with which he coquettishly ornamented his venerable forehead. He was always at the disposition of questioners. He was a living memorial, a choice collection which comprised the complete archives of the Comédie Française for more than three-quarters of a century. Endowed with an excellent mind, he was not one of those gentlemen who praise the past at the expense of the present. He did not resemble those old amateurs who disparage the modern theatre, abusing the contemporaneous actors, and at every turn saying: "Oh, Mlle. Contat! Mlle. Fleury! they were artists! those were the days of the Comédie!" M. Blondin, who had seen these stars of the past, rendered them full justice, at the same time declaring that the comedians of the present day were as good, and that the drama is as perfectly played now as in the early years of the French Comédie. M. Blondin kept himself in admirable health by his constant habit; in it he found all the benefits of a regular life and of a moderate exercise of the mind. A few days before his death he said: "If I should begin my life again I should not do otherwise. I owe to the theatre my fortune, my safety, my long existence, my health, and my good humour." With these calm utterances was sweetly extinguished this philosopher so constant, this sage, who, during seventy years, had been the faithful habitué of the Théâtre Français.

A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS.—Mr. Joseph Maas, the tenor, has reason to be very proud of his voice, for it once saved his life. He is passionately fond of hunting and fishing, and about four years ago started on a buffalo hunt, in company with his old friend Dion Boucault. The surrounding country was full of badly-disposed Indians. But our hunters were at all times willing to risk their scalps for a good week's sport. On this occasion they managed to lose their way and miss the trail which led to their temporary camp, so that as night came on they were utterly at a loss which direction to take. They had fortunately killed a young bull just before dusk, and making a virtue of necessity they tethered their horses and lit a fire. They had scarcely finished a hearty meal of buffalo-steaks when an arrow came whizzing by their camp-fire, and, in less time than it takes to read this, they found themselves bound hand and foot by the rascally Apaches. There was no hope of deliverance, and both Mr. Maas and Mr. Boucault expected instantaneous death. At this juncture Dion, who was almost comatose from fright, murmured feebly, "Joe, sing me *Era Poco* once more before I die, and my scalp will come off much easier." Mr. Maas tearfully complied with his friend's request, and had got as far as "The wild flowers soon will shed their bloom around my sad and lonely tomb," when two big Indians came up smiling all over and grunted, "Heap good—more!" The gifted tenor finished the aria, but explained that he could sing no more unless he was unbound. The Apaches loosened his thongs, and Mr. Maas, with a despairing hope, went on with the opera. From nine p.m. until three the next morning he kept on singing. Every time he stopped the savages poked him with a spear. However, just as his larynx was about to burst, the last Indian dropped to asleep, and Mr. Maas stole away, after cutting the hide ropes which bound his friend.