

HOME FROM THE MINES.

PRENTICE MULFORD'S RETURN AFTER YEARS OF ABSENCE.

Some Phases of Steamer Life—From "Frisco to the Isthmus, Across to the Caribbean Coast and Thence to New York—Many Queer Characters.

(Copyrighted by the Author.)
XVI.



AFTER sixteen years of exile in California I found myself rolling seaward and homeward through the Golden Gate in the Panama steamer Sacramento. The parting gun had been fired, the captain, naval cloak, cap, eyeglass and all, had descended from his perch of command on the paddle box, the engine settled steadily to its work. Telegraph Hill, Meigs's Wharf, Black Point, Alcatraz, Lime Point, Fort Point, one by one receded and crept into the depressing gloomy fog, the mantle in which San Francisco loves so well to wrap herself. The heave of the Pacific began to be plainly felt, and with it the customary misery.

The first two days out are devoted to sea and home sickness. Everybody is wretched about something. No sooner is the steamer a mile beyond the Heads than we, who for years have been awaiting a blessed deliverance from California, are seized with unutterable longings to return. All at once we discover how pleasant is the land and its people. We review the associations, its life, its peculiar excitements and the warm friendships we have made there. And now it is all fading in the fog; the Cliff House is disappearing, it is going, it is gone. Heart and stomach are contemporaneously wretched; we bury ourselves in our berths; we call upon the steward and stewardess; we wish ardently that some accident may befall the ship and oblige her to put back. Not more inexcusable, certain and inevitable is the earth in its revolution, the moon in its orbit, or one's landlord when the rent is overdue, than is the course of the steadily vessel south.

South, day after day, she plunges; the North star sinks, the sky becomes fairer, the air milder, the ocean of a softer blue; the sunsets develop the tints of fairy-land; the sunrise mocks all human ornamentation in its gorgeousness. Light coats and muslin dresses blossom on the promenade deck; the colored waiters develop white linen snits and fanciful neckties. The sea air on the northern edge of the tropic zone is a balm for every wound, and forces us into content against our perverse wills.

We had a medley on board. There was a batch of sea captains going east, some with wives, some without. One of the maritime madams they said could navigate a vessel as well as her husband; she certainly had a sailor balance in walking the deck in rough weather. There was a tall, Mephistophelic looking German youth, who daily took up a position on deck, fortified by a novel, a cigar and a field glass, never spoke a word to any one and was reported to be a baron. There were a dogmatic young Englishman with a heavy burr in his voice, who seemed making a business of seeing the world; a stocky young fellow, one of Morgan's men during the war, and another who had seen his term of service on the Federal side; a stout lady, dissatisfied with everything, sick of traveling, dragging about with her thin legged husband well stricken in years, who interferred feebly with her tantrums; and a young man who at the commencement of the trip started out with amazing celerity and success in making himself popular. This last was a cheery, chipper young fellow; his stock in trade was small, but he knew how to display it to the best advantage. It gave out in about ten days, and everybody voted him a bore. He took seriously to drinking brandy ere we arrived in New York. And then came the rank and file, with-out sufficient individuality as yet developed to be even disagreeable.

But there was one other, a well to do Dutchess county farmer, who had traveled across the continent to see "California," and concluded to take the steamer on his way home to observe as much as he might of Central America; a man who had served the Empire State in her legislature; a man mighty in reading, such a walking encyclopedia of facts, figures, history, poetry, metaphysics and philosophy I never met before. He could quote Seward, Bancroft, Carl Schurz, Clay and Webster by the hour. His voice was of the sonorous, nasal order, with a genuine Yankee twang. I tried in vain to spring on him some subject whereof he should appear ignorant.

One night as well he endeavored to show Noah Webster a new word in the English language. And all this knowledge during the trip he ground out in lots of orders. It fell from his lips dry and dusty. It lacked soul. It smelt overmuch of histories, biographies and political pamphlets. He turned it all out in that mechanical way, as though it were ground through a coffee mill. Even his admiration was dry and lifeless. So was his enthusiasm. He kept both measured out for occasions. It is a pleasant sail along the Central American coast, to see the shores lined with forests so green, with palms and cocopalms, and in the background dark volcanic cones; and this man, in a respectable black suit, a standing collar and a beaver hat, would gaze thereon by the hour and grind out his dusty admiration.

Among the steerage passengers was a bungler, who every night gave a free entertainment. He played with taste and feeling, and when once we had all allowed our souls to drift away in "The Last Rose of Summer," the Grinder, in the midst of the beautiful strain, brought us plump to earth by turning out the remark that "a bowleg made about as nice music as any instrument goes," of it was well played." Had he been thrown overboard he would have drifted ashore, and bored the natives to death with a long and lifeless story of his escape from drowning.

Dames Rumor and Gossip are at home on the high seas. They commence operations as soon as their stomachs are on sea legs. Everybody then undergoes an inspection from everybody else, and we report to each other. Mrs. Bluster: Mrs. Bluster's conduct is perfectly scandalous before we have been out a week; she tiddling around young men of one-half-eye, one-fourth-her-age! The young miss who came on board in charge of an elderly couple has scolded from them, pronounced the hurricane deck very late with a dashing young Californian; but then birds of a feather, male and female, will flock together. Mr. Bleareye is full of brandy every morning before ten o'clock; and the "catamaran" with the thin legged and subjected husband does nothing but talk of her home in—. We know the color and pattern of her carpets, the number of her servants, the quality of her plate, and yesterday she brought out her jewelry and made there-of a public exhibition in the saloon.

All this is faithfully and promptly borne per rail over the isthmus, and goes over to the Atlantic steamer. I am contentions in this matter of gossip. I had made resolutions. There was a lady likewise conscientious on board, and one night upon the quarter deck, when we had talked propriety threadbare, when we were both bursting with our fill of observation, we met each other half way, and confessed that unless we indulged ourselves also in a little scandal we should die, and then, the floodgates being opened, how we riddled them! But there is a difference between criticism of character and downright scandal, you know; in that way did we polidize our bruised consciences.

On a voyage everybody has confidences to make, private griefs to disclose to everybody else. This is especially the case during the first few days out. We feel so lone and lorn; we have all undergone the misery of parting, the breaking of tender ties; we seem a huddle of human units shaken by chance into the same box, yet scarcely are we therein settled when we begin putting forth feelers of sympathy and recognition. There was one young man who seemed to me a master in the art of making desirable acquaintances for the trip. He entered upon his work ere the Golden Gate had sunk below the horizon. He had a friendly word for all. His approach and address were prepossessing. He spoke to me kindly. I was miserable and flung myself upon him for sympathy. The wretch was merely testing me as a companion de voyage. He found me unsuitable. He flung me from him with easy but cold politeness, and consorted with an "educated German gentleman." I revenged myself by playing the same tactics on a sea and love sick German carriage maker. "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," you know.

We touched at Magdalena bay and Punta Arenas. We expected to stay at Punta Arenas twelve hours to discharge a quantity of flour. Four times twelve hours we remained there. Everybody became very tired of Costa Rica. The Costa Rican is not hurried in his movements. He took his own time in sending the necessary lighters for that flour. A boat load went off once in four hours. The Costa Ricans came on board—men and women, great and small—inspected the Sacramento, enjoyed themselves, went on shore again, lay down in the shade of their coconut palms, smoked their cigarettes and slept soundly while the restless, money laden of humanity on the American steamer fretted, fumed, perspired, scolded at Costa Rican laziness and ridiculed the Costa Rican government, which revolutionizes once in six months, changes its flag once a year, taxes all improvements, and acts up to the principle that government was made for the benefit of those who govern. Many of the passengers went on shore. Some came back laden with tropical flowers, others full of brandy. The blossoms filled the vessel the whole night with perfume, while the brandy produced noise and badly sung popular melodies.

The Grinder went on shore with the rest. On returning he expressed disgust at the Costa Ricans. He thought that "nothing could ever be made of them." He had no desire that the United States should ever assimilate with any portion of the world's worse. He predicted that such a fusion would prove destructive to American energy and intelligence. We had enough southern territory and tropic already. The man has no appreciation of the indulgence and repose of the tropics. He knows not that the most delicious of enjoyments is the waiving dream under the festivity palm, care and restlessness flung aside, while the soul through the eye loses itself in the blue depths above. He would doom us to an eternal rack of civilization and progress work—grind, jerk, hurry, twist and strain, until our nerves, by exhaustion unstrung and shattered, allowed no repose of mind or body; and even when we die our bones are so infected by restlessness and goal-hediveness that they rattle uselessly in our coffins.

Panama sums up time: An ancient, walled, red tiled city, full of convents and churches; the ramparts half ruined, woods springing atop the steeples and bellies; a fleet of small boats in front of the city; progress a little on one side in the guise of the Isthmus railroad depot, cars, engines, ferryboats, and red, iron lighters; a straggling guard of parti-

colored, tawdry and most slovenly uniformed soldiers, with French muskets and saber bayonets, drawn up at the landing, commanded by an officer smartly dressed in blue, gold, kepi, brass buttons and stripes, with a villainous squint eye, smoking a cigar. About the cauldrons a chattering crowd of blacks, half blacks, quarter blacks, coffee, molasses, brown, narkeen and straw colored natives, thrusting skinny arms in at the windows, and at the end of those arms parrots, large and small, in cages and out, monkeys, shells, oranges, bananas, carved work, and pearls in various kinds of gold settings; all of which were sorely tempting to some of the ladies, but ere many bargains were concluded the train clattered off, and we were crossing the continent.

The Isthmus is a panorama of tropical jungle; it seems an excess, a disipation of vegetation. It is a place favorable also for the study of external black anatomy. The natives kept undressing more and more as we rolled on. For a mile or two after leaving Panama they did affect the shirt. Beyond this that garment seemed to have become fashionable, and they stood at the open doors with the same unshod dignity that characterized Adam in the Garden of Eden before his matrimonial troubles commenced. Several young ladies in our care first looked up, then down, then across, then sideways; then they looked very grave, and finally all looked at each other and unanimously tittered.

Aspinwall! The cars stop; a black-and-tan battalion charge among us, offering to carry baggage. They pursue us to the gate of the P. M. S. S. depot; there they stop; we pass through one more cluster of orange, banana and cigar selling women; we push and jam into the depot, show our tickets and are on board the Ocean Queen. We are on the Atlantic side!



>THE< WILLAMETTE Land Company OFFERS INDUCEMENTS TO HOME SEEKERS —AND— Investors

We have lots 50x200 feet, 100x200 feet, all favorably located. These lots twice the ordinary size are but half the usual price of other lots similarly located. We have one-acre, two-acre, five and ten-acre tracts, suitable for suburban homes, convenient to town, schools, churches, etc., and of very productive soil. A large, growing "Prune Orchard," of which we will sell part in small tracts to suit purchasers, and on easy terms.

Call and see us and get prices at Oregon City office or on Robert L. Taft at Portland office, No. 50, Stark street, Portland.

The subjects of Pluto and Vulcan, begrimed with soot and sweat, and the elements for millions and millions of years imprisoned in the coal are being steadily set free. Every shovelful generates a monster born of flame. As he flies, sighing and growling, through the wide mouthed smokestacks into the upper air he gives our hull a parting shove forward.

A death in the steerage—a passenger taken on board sick at Aspinwall. All day long an inanimate shape wrapped in the American flag lies near the gangway. At 4 p. m. an assemblage from cabin and steerage gather with uncorroded heads. The surgeon reads the service for the dead; a plank is lifted up; with a last shrill whir! that which was once a man is shot into the blue waters; in an instant it is out of sight and far behind, and we retire to our staterooms, thinking and solemnly wondering about that body sinking, sinking, sinking in the depths of the Caribbean; of the sea monsters that curiously approach and examine it; of the gradual decay of the corpse's canvas envelope; and far into the night, as the Ocean Queen shoots ahead, our thoughts wander back in the blackness to the buried yet unburied dead.

The torrid zone is no more. This morning a blast from the north sweeps down upon us. Cold, brassy clouds are in the sky; the ocean's blue has turned to a dark, angry brown, flecked with whitecaps and swept by blasts fresh from the home of the northern foe and iceberg. The majority of the passengers gather about the cabin registers like the house flies benumbed by the first cold snap of autumn in our northern kitchens. Light coats, pumps and other summer apparel have given way to heavy boots, overcoats, fur caps and pea jackets. A home look settles on the faces of the North Americans. They sniff their native atmosphere; they feel its bracing influence. But the tawny skinned Central Americans, who have gradually accumulated on board from the Pacific ports and Aspinwall, settle listlessly into corners or remain ensconced in their berths. The air which kindles our energies with theirs. The hurricane deck is short of its awnings. Only a few old "shellbacks" passengers maintain their place upon it, and yet five days ago we sat there in mid-summer moonlit evenings.

We are now about one hundred miles from Cape Hatteras. Old Mr. Poddle and his wife are traveling for pleasure. Come to California by rail, concluded to return by the Isthmus. Ever since we started Cape Hatteras has loomed up fearfully in their imaginations. Old Mr. Poddle looks knowingly at passing clouds, but through his field glass he doesn't see a fore-and-aft schooner from a man-of-war. Mrs. Poddle once a day inquires if there's any dinner. Mr. Poddle does not talk so much, but evidently in private meditates largely on hurricanes, gales, cyclones, sinking and burning vessels.

Last night we came in the neighborhood of the Gulf Stream. There were flashes of lightning, "maro's tails" in the sky, a freshening breeze and an increasing sea. About 11 o'clock Mr. Poddle came on deck. Mrs. Poddle, hunted by Hatteras, had sent him out to see if "there was any danger" for it is evident that Mrs. Poddle is dictatrix of the domestic empire. Mr. Poddle ascended to the hurricane deck, looked nervously to leeward, and just then an old passenger salt standing by, who had during the entire passage comprehended and enjoyed the Poddletoman dreads, remarked,

"This is nothing to what we shall have by morning." This shot sent Poddle below. This morning at breakfast the pair looked harassed and fatigued.

The great question now agitating the mind of this floating community is, "Shall we reach the New York pier at the foot of Canal street by Saturday noon?" If we do there is for us all long life, prosperity and happiness; if we do not it is desolation and misery. For Monday is New Year's day. On Sunday we may not be able to leave the city; to be forced to stay in New York over Sunday is a dreadful thought for solitary contemplation. We study and turn it over in our minds for hours as we pace the deck. We live over and over again the land journey to our hearthstones at Boston, Syracuse and Cincinnati. We nest in thought our long expectant relatives, so that at last our air castles become stale and monotonous, and we fear that the reality may be robbed of half its anticipated pleasure from being so often lived over in imagination.

Nine o'clock Friday evening. The excitement increases. Barnegat Light is in sight. Half the cabin passengers are up all night, including in unpredictable talk and weariness, merely because we are near home. Four o'clock, and the faithful engine stops, the cable rattles overhead, and everything is still. We are at anchor off Staten Island. By the first laggard streak of winter's dawn I am on the hurricane deck. I am curious to see my native north. It comes by degrees out of the cold blue fog on either side of the bay. Miles of houses, spotted with patches of busy looking woodland—bushy in appearance to a Californian, whose oaks grow large and widely apart from each other, as in an English park. There comes a shrieking and growling and hallowing of steam whistles from the monster city nine miles away. Soon we weigh anchor and move up toward it. Tugs dart fiercely about, or laboriously puff with heavily laden vessels in tow. Stately ocean steamers surge past, outward bound. We become a mere fragment of the mass of floating life.

We near the foot of Canal street. There is a great deal of shouting and bawling and counter shouting and counter bawling, with expectant faces on the wharf, and recognitions from shore to steamer and from steamer to shore. The young woman who flirted so ardently with the young Californian turns out to be married, and that business looking, middle aged man on the pier is her husband. Well, I never! Why, you are slow, my friend, says inward reflection. You are not versed in the customs of the east. At last the gateway plank is flung out. We walk onshore. It is now eighteen years since that little floating world society cemented by a month's association scattered forever from each other's sight at the Canal street pier.

Doctoring a Puglist.

A puglist, well known in Cleveland as a good talker, but a poor fighter, once went to a local physician and complained of a peculiar nervous sensation that prevented him from sleeping well. The doctor was well acquainted with the puglistic gentleman, and thought to spring a little joke upon him. He filled a prescription blank calling for "terra alba" powder to be taken three times a day. The man of the manly art went to a drug store near the corner of Detroit and Pearl streets to have the prescription filled.

"Say," said he to the clerk who was waiting upon him, "wot is dis here berry aloy, anyhow?"

"Sand," was the brief and laconic answer.

"Wot are ye givin' ud?" said the puglist.

"Sand," was the reply.

The prize fighter met the doctor a day or two afterward, and told him what the apothecary's assistant had said.

"Is it true, doc, that it was sand?" he asked.

"Yes," said the doctor, "one kind of sand."

"You make me weary, you do," said the puglist, as the point of the joke began to penetrate his intellect. "You don't get no more of my trade. See?"

How to Dress Goods Red.

Boil the goods ten minutes in one ounce of cochineal, one ounce of muriate of tin and a little cream of tartar for each pound of goods, dissolved in enough water to cover them. Hang up to dry.

How to Clean Hair.

Wash well with a mixture of soft water, one pint, sal soda, one ounce, and cream of tartar, one-quarter ounce.

How to Speak "Speak" Each Other at Sea.

Communications are made from ship to ship by means of an international code of signal flags. A number of flags of various designs and colors are hoisted one under another, each symbol or combination having an arbitrary conventional meaning attached to it. Owing to the difficulty of distinguishing blue, red and black, or talking yellow from white, the tendency is to reduce all signs to black and white, singly or in combination, trusting to shape for different signals.

How to Make Sandpaper.

Powder common window glass—that having a green tint is best—and sift through screens of varying fineness, for coarse and fine sandpaper. Cover any common paper with thin glue and sift the powdered glass upon it. Let it stand a day or two, when the refuse sand is shaken off and the paper is ready for use.

How to Make Family Wines from Fruits.

Take ripe fruit, crushed, twenty-four pounds; soft water, one gallon; loaf sugar, four pounds; cream of tartar, 10 grains; brandy, one quart; Dissolve the cream of tartar in water, mix all the ingredients, and in three days wash before drawing off.

How to Treat a Cold on the Throat.

As soon as possible after exposure to the acid dampen with spirit of ammonia, which will destroy the effect of the acid immediately.

A Wonder Worker.

Mr. Frank Hoffman, a young Burlington, Ohio, states that he has been under the care of Dr. King's New Discovery since he was a child, and until he was not able to walk. He pronounced his cure complete and incurable. He was prostrated by Dr. King's New Discovery, Coughs and Consumption, Consume and Cough, time was not able to walk. He had had used half a dozen bottles, but he was much better, and he decided to use it and is today enjoying perfect health. If you have any Cough or Chest trouble try it. "It is a satisfaction." Trial bottles for mailing's drug store.

New Try This.

It will cost you nothing, surely do you good, if you have Cold, or any trouble with Throat or Lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Whooping Cough, guaranteed to give relief, or return the money. Sufferers from Lung Disease find this thing and under its speedy and perfect recovery. Sample bottles at our expense, for yourself just how good a thing it is. Trial bottles free at all leading drug stores. Large size 50c.

Ans. Horning, a well-known manufacturer of boots and shoes of St. Antonio, Texas, will not forget his experience with the medicine. "I was taken with a dyspepsia in the stomach which would have caused my death, had not been for the prompt use of Dr. King's New Discovery, which cured me. I had taken the second bottle before the Doctor could get to me, and I did not need him. This shall always be one of the proudest days of my life. For sale by Hoffman's Drug Store, Albany, N. Y."

EAST AND SOUTH VIA SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD SHASTA LINE

Express Trains leave Portland

7:00 P. M.	Lv. Portland Ar. Albany
11:30 P. M.	Lv. Oregon City Ar. Albany
8:15 A. M.	Lv. Portland Ar. Albany
1:30 P. M.	Lv. Portland Ar. Albany
4:30 P. M.	Lv. Oregon City Ar. Albany

ROSEBURG MAIL (Daily)

7:00 A. M.	Lv. Portland Ar. Albany
10:30 A. M.	Lv. Oregon City Ar. Albany
1:00 P. M.	Lv. Albany Ar. Portland

ALBANY LOCAL (Daily except Saturdays)

6:30 A. M.	Lv. Albany Ar. Portland
7:00 A. M.	Lv. Albany Ar. Oregon City
7:30 A. M.	Lv. Albany Ar. Albany

Pullman Buffet Sleepers

TOURIST SLEEPING COACHES

Between Portland and Albany, Oregon

Mail Trains (Except Sundays)

12:30 P. M.	Lv. Portland Ar. Albany
1:30 P. M.	Lv. Portland Ar. Corvallis

THROUGH TICKETS TO ALL PORTS EAST AND SOUTH

For tickets and full information of rates, maps, etc., call on Company's Ticket Agent, E. P. ROBERTS, Manager, Albany, N. Y.



YOUR GOOD HEALTH

MOORE'S REVEAL REMEDY

Is the greatest of natural laws for the cure of all diseases. It is the only medicine that does not harm the system.

One Teaspoonful of Moore's Revealed Remedy will give you Relief.

Dr. H. H. Moore, a well-known Seattle physician, has cured many cases of disease with his Revealed Remedy. He writes: "I have cured many cases of disease with my Revealed Remedy. I have cured many cases of disease with my Revealed Remedy. I have cured many cases of disease with my Revealed Remedy." Sold by all druggists.

QUARTER OF A CENTURY

Dr. H. H. Moore's Revealed Remedy has been in use for a quarter of a century. It is the only medicine that does not harm the system.

Dr. H. H. Moore, a well-known Seattle physician, has cured many cases of disease with his Revealed Remedy. He writes: "I have cured many cases of disease with my Revealed Remedy. I have cured many cases of disease with my Revealed Remedy. I have cured many cases of disease with my Revealed Remedy." Sold by all druggists.