

## MARY'S PART.

By WILLIAM T. SAWARD.

NOT only in that village home  
To minister to many needs;  
Fulfil the tasks that hourly come,  
Or meditate along the meads;

Bring sunshine to a darkened life;  
Make home the sweetest place on earth;  
Fresh smiles to smooth away the strife,  
Or gather for the time of dearth.

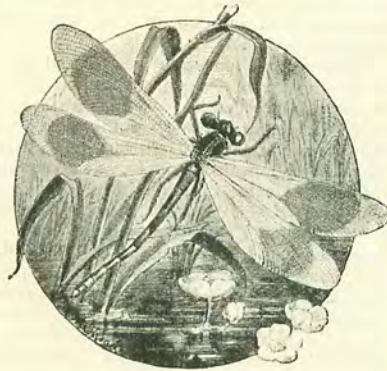
She trained her ear to catch the strains  
Of all the harps on Sion's Hill;  
Where Jordan's sacred valley drains  
The tiny streamlets as they fill.

The Homeland, cumbered round with care—  
Trees, flowers and rivers—useless things—  
No voices on the evening air,  
No twilight and the peace it brings—

A clump of trees, a scarp of rock,  
A long, low valley, colourless;  
Clouds in a heavy sky, that mock  
Thoughts tinged with their own bitterness.

But, passion-hushed, the quiet mind,  
Attuned to Wisdom's sweeter way,  
Hears, even in the sobbing wind,  
The promise of a better day.

Thus higher wisdom teaches still  
A lowliness of mind and heart;  
The sweet subservience of the Will,  
The gladness of that better part.



## CHRONICLES OF AN ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN RANCH.

By MARGARET INNES.

## CHAPTER I.

It has been suggested that the experiences of some English people in search of and on a ranch in California might be of interest to others, especially, perhaps, to those who are looking about more or less anxiously to find some promising opening for the future of their boys, and who, seeing the Old World so crowded, and realising the difficulty of finding a possible niche at home, may desire to try an altogether new life in the New World.

Many fathers and mothers, also like ourselves, would fain discover, if possible, some way of keeping their boys beside them; some business which they can work together, and in which they may find a satisfactory livelihood for all. Of course, I am speaking of those who have no well-established family business or firm; for them many difficulties and anxious questions are solved.

These were the reasons, together with the delicate health of our two boys, and my own long-standing lung trouble, which, after much thought and study, led us to pack up all our worldly goods, label them "Settlers' effects," and start off on the weary long journey of 6,000 miles, to the land of sunshine, on the Pacific coast. Having some acquaintances living at a little summer holiday place on the coast, and within some seventeen miles of the busy and enterprising town of Los Angeles, we decided to go there, and, if convenient, make it our headquarters while looking about

and getting all possible information on the important subject of ranching.

We arrived about the end of October, when the heat of summer was over; for even on the coast, the glare of full summer is trying to people coming from northern latitudes.

But we found the climate most exquisite all the winter. The sunshine was perfectly glorious; the colours, the distances and the sunsets were like fairyland. Indeed, they were quite an excitement to us, and we would often come to a sudden standstill in our evening walks to watch the splendid transformation scene, saying how exaggerated everyone would think our descriptions, if we tried to put them all down exactly, on paper. It is true Holman Hunt had such colours in his pictures of Palestine, but it needs a genius to make such impossible colours accepted as realities.

The little town is built near the edge of the bluffs, and it was delightful to sit under the eucalyptus trees and look out at the sea, so wonderfully blue, with its broad white fringe all round the bay, where the big rollers broke on the yellow sands, and rushed away up the level shore.

The happiness too of all the living creatures seemed quite infectious. We saw flocks of dainty wee sea-ducks, tumbling and swimming about in the sea, just where the huge rollers broke, vying with each other in the show of bravery, going under with the huge crest of a wave and bobbing up again, so rapidly, and with a jaunty toss of the head. Enormous

golden brown butterflies came floating down the soft air and hung over the white surf.

Schools of porpoises made the most demonstrative show of enjoyment, jumping high out of the sea and careering round, in a rushing mass, that would churn up the water as they went into a perfect whirlpool. Here and there, in the quiet evening, the head of a friendly seal would appear silently, and then go under without a ripple.

Stately, solemn-looking pelicans, too, flew past constantly, always in single file, as though they were going to some grave and important function. There were crowds of blue birds, looking like jewels in the bright sunshine; and the humming-birds made quite a noise with their wee wings round our honeysuckle-covered verandah.

Every living thing seemed to have just discovered how gay and charming a thing life was.

All this helped to give us a very favourable impression of the new land, and to heal a little the painful home-sickness and longing that beset us almost at once, when we realised more and more the strangeness of much around us.

Finding, on arriving there, that this little town would suit us for some months, we "rented" a pretty little house of seven or eight rooms, with a good verandah, shaded with honeysuckle, and a small garden, for which we paid thirty dollars a month.

Many of the ranchers from the inland valleys come there for three or four of the

summer months, as the heat is then almost unendurable anywhere out of reach of the sea breeze. We had been advised to bring a servant with us from England; for help of every kind is very expensive, all over the States, and especially in California. The usual wages are twenty-five dollars a month for women servants, and thirty to forty dollars for a Chinaman.

Unfortunately we were not able to bring a well tried and trusted servant, but had to content ourselves with choosing the best we could from a large number who, tempted by the high wages, came to be interviewed, in answer to our advertisement; but only very few of the applicants were at all suitable.

The usual plan as to the fare—which is of course expensive—is to make a clear and binding arrangement with the girl engaged; that it shall come out of her first six months' wage, also that she shall give a promise to stay at least two years, and that after this period she shall receive the full California wage, having, meanwhile, been paid somewhat less. These arrangements were all made, most clearly in our case, and were at once forgotten by our carefully chosen maid. She was an absolute failure, so far as we were concerned, and as few people out here ask any character when engaging a servant, it was quite easy for her to get another place at once at the usual high wages and simply march off and leave us; which she did.

Our house agent, a kindly Englishman, who had been many years in California, told us that even if we desired to go to law about it, the case would most certainly be given against us. The jury would be composed of men, all more or less of the same class as our servant, and their sympathies would be with her, and we should not have the least chance of getting justice.

It was rather comforting, at the time, to find how many others among our acquaintances had gone through the same experience!

Before this catastrophe came about, however, we had been exceedingly busy visiting innumerable ranches and examining possible and impossible land that was waiting to be made into ranches. We saw most of the well-known "settled-up" parts, and many

lovely valleys and foothills which were said to be the coming fruit districts of the near future.

It takes some years for English eyes to get accustomed to the bareness of the hills of California, or to find out the true beauty of these dried-up looking slopes. Once the love for them begins, however, it grows at a great pace, and one discovers constantly fresh wonder and charm in them. Surely no other hills have the gift of holding the splendid sunset colours with such transfiguring power. Even the Alps cannot out rival them in this. But at first it is their uncompromising bareness, dryness and barrenness which hurts one's sensitiveness. We were also disagreeably impressed by the tracts of waste ground, lying promiscuously among the more finished streets, and all scattered over with empty tins and other rubbish, giving a decided effect of disorder and unkemptness, even though the neighbouring houses might be pretty and have dainty gardens. Some of the older established fruit districts were very prosperous looking, and had quite a busy social life. But our minds were quite made up, that of what the land had to offer, we would, without hesitation, choose a real country life, free and untrammelled, in one of the less settled neighbourhoods.

However we conscientiously went to see all the most promising parts, and in this way we learnt a great deal. We found that in this part of Southern California the heat during the summer months was so very great, that all who had the means to do so, left these inland valleys and came every summer to the coast for three or four months, leaving a reliable man in charge, and also going back and forward several times to see that everything was being well cared for. To many people this would be no drawback, but only a pleasant change. We did not wish, however, to settle in any place where we should be absolutely compelled to leave home for so long every year.

Another disadvantage of buying a ranch in one of these established parts is the very high price demanded for all such land. However, it is an open question whether it really costs more in the end to buy a ready-planted and

bearing ranch at the very high figure generally quoted.

If you buy in a less settled neighbourhood the rough untouched land at a tenth of the price—which would be about the cost of good land with water—there is the hard work of clearing and grading, laying out, planting and piping it. Then the long waiting before the trees can bring in any income, and when household and ranch expenses have to be met, must be counted as so much more money invested. It is just here that so many sad failures occur.

There has been so much exaggeration about the wonders of California, that those who have caught from such one-sided accounts the fever of longing for the sunshine and free life, do not make allowance for this necessarily long pause before any income is possible from a ranch. Thus it comes to pass that so many ranches are mortgaged; and when a ranch is mortgaged, it is a hopeless business for the poor rancher who has worked so hard at his unaccustomed labour.

It has been said that small fruit—berries of different kinds—may be grown meanwhile, and that the profits from these will help out the expenses until the ranch trees bear. If you are made of cast iron, you may possibly be able to give the necessary work to your ranch, and at the same time cultivate small fruit; but if you come from the ordinary comfortable middle-class at home, you cannot have the strength or resistance to stand this additional toil.

I believe there is a vague but sanguine idea among those at home, bitten by the Californian fever, that you have only to plant trees or vegetables and then sit down comfortably in the sunshine and wait for them to grow, condescending eventually to put aside your book and your pipe for a little while, and gather in all the rich harvest which this wonderful climate has produced for you. This is not so. Ranching is really hard work, and moreover the greatest strain of the life to men coming from a different climate, is that all this unaccustomed labour has to be done in the hot glare of unbroken sunshine.

(To be continued.)

## VARIETIES.

### IT STRIKES ONE AS REMARKABLE.

A train starts daily, let us say, from San Francisco to New York, and one daily from New York to San Francisco, the journey lasting seven days. How many trains will a traveller meet in journeying from San Francisco to New York?

It appears obvious at the first glance that the traveller must meet seven trains—and that is the answer which will be given by nine girls out of ten to whom the question is new.

The fact is overlooked that every day during the journey a fresh train is starting from the other end, whilst there are seven on the way to begin with. The traveller will, therefore, meet not seven trains but fourteen.

### THE TWO SACKS.

"At our birth, the satirical elves  
Two sacks from our shoulders suspend:  
The one holds the faults of ourselves;  
The other, the faults of our friend.  
The first we wear under our clothes  
Out of sight, out of mind, at the back;  
The last is so under our nose,  
We know every scrap in the sack."

*Imitated from Phædrus.*

### IN DEBT FOR EVER.

A man who owes a shilling, proceeds to pay it at the rate of sixpence the first day, threepence the second day, three half-pence the next, three farthings the next, and so on—paying each day half the amount he paid the day before.

Supposing him to be furnished with counters of small value, so as to be able readily to pay fractions of a penny, how long would it take him to pay the shilling?

The answer is that he would never pay it. It is true that he would pay elevenpence-farthing in four days, but after that his progress would be slow and he could never get out of debt.

### GOOD VERSES BY A BAD POET.

Few things in Dryden or Pope, it has been remarked, are finer than the following lines by a man whom they both continually laughed at—Sir Richard Blackmore—

"Exhausted travellers, that have undergone  
The scorching heats of Life's intemperate zone,  
Haste for refreshment to their beds beneath  
And stretch themselves in the cool shades  
of Death."

### LOVE OF COUNTRY.

"The love we bear our country is a root,  
Which never fails to bring forth golden fruit;  
'Tis in the mind an everlasting spring,  
Of glorious actions which become a king—  
Not less become a subject. 'Tis a debt  
Which bad men, though they pay not,  
can't forget;  
A duty which the good delight to pay,  
And every man can practise every day."

*Churchill.*

### THE PASSING CLOUD.

Cloud and storm only intimate the passing commotion needful to purify the air and the water; and compared with the azure depths above and below, they are superficial and transitory. They retire, and the beautiful blue of heaven reappears, and the ocean again becomes a sapphire foundation on which the sun scatters his jewels of light with regal lavishness.

And so no dark trial, no grievous judgment, can cross our sky without revealing some spot of heavenly blue in the midst of it, or if concealed for a moment, breaking forth again with greater brightness and beauty.

*Rev. Dr. Hugh Macmillan.*

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## CHAPTER II.

AFTER we had very exhaustively explored this middle part of the State, we determined to go to San Francisco and see how we liked the conditions in the North.

We took rooms in a fairly comfortable boarding-house, and settled down for an indefinite time. Our boys went to the public schools, which, in the towns, are very good indeed.

We found a great charm and attraction about San Francisco, with its splendid bay and curious town; the latter, built partly on a tract of land snatched from the sea, and partly on the drifting shifting sand hills, which stretch for miles around, is a triumph of energy and enterprise. Some of the streets had to be carried up at an angle of almost forty-five degrees, and the quays, water front and business quarter are built on what was at one time a shallow part of the bay. Now innumerable electric and cable cars fly up and down the steep hill streets. It is a strange sensation to "go the round trip" on any of these beautifully built machines; a sensation not altogether comfortable at first. One seems to be either slipping down the polished seats, on to the top of the next person, from the steep upward incline of the car, or one is trying to look quite easy-minded as the thing glides smoothly up to the edge of a cliff, and, without pause, runs straight down the face of it. Accidents, however, seem very rare, and all is so well managed, that one soon forgets to be uneasy, and some of these rides are delightful. One in particular—to the Cliff House—where the railroad is cut out of the cliff half way up its steep side, with the beautiful Pacific Ocean spread out below, and the Golden Gate in full view, is magnificent. China Town was thrillingly interesting to us, and we behaved like veritable *gamins*, hanging and dawdling about, flattening our noses against windows, and trying to see all we could of the ways of these mysterious people. Our impressions were, and still remain, that they are marvellously quick and clever, but unlovely.

Now began again the same diligent search that had kept us so busy in the South; far and near, to different neighbourhoods on all sides we went, seeing a great deal, and receiving much kindness from strangers, anxious to aid us to find what we wanted. Indeed, all over the United States we were impressed with the goodwill everyone showed, taking trouble and thought to help us if possible, and ready to be most hospitable, though we were absolute strangers.

This was often very comforting during those long months of undecided wanderings, when we felt so particularly homeless, and so anxious about the future, and the great importance of choosing wisely.

We were often amused to find what very unexpected people had ranches, somewhere in the Golden State. The black porter on the train; the man who swept out and attended to the church opposite our boarding-house; the driver of the hotel omnibus; our Chinese laundryman, and the Irish woman who succeeded him. This last-named proprietor was very anxious to warn us against unwise speculations. She considered speculation the only business worth going into, and herself made quite a good deal in this way. Then there was the learned head of a university, and the pretty young lady teacher at one of the Normal schools; also the rich Easterner, coming over three thousand miles

in his private car to escape the cruel winter of the East. All these had ranches of different kinds, and all were ready to help and advise.

The only people whom we were very shy of consulting were the "real estate" men. It is true we had many a useful drive with them to inspect new neighbourhoods, but we would never have dreamt of buying on their recommendation. We had heard too much from others of the tricks they play, and the schemes they carry through, to influence possible buyers, and we took a rather wicked delight in making them useful, while remaining perfectly independent of them. We discovered that everyone who had a ranch spoke as though that part of the State were the only possible neighbourhood where ranching was sure to pay; yet we could not but notice that each one was most ready to sell his ranch.

It is said that every ranch in California is for sale, if the proper price be offered. But an explanation of this is that there seems to be a kind of restlessness and a speculative spirit in all Americans, which leads them to undertake everything in a tentative spirit, and makes them always ready to change, if any profit or advantage can be assured. Most of the ranches have that air, very plain at least to English eyes; there is nearly always the appearance of the owner being ready to move on to something else.

Such changes are regarded in America as perfectly natural occurrences. A man who changes his business often, from whatever cause, in England is looked upon as unsteady and unreliable, almost good for nothing in fact; but here the habit is so universal that it calls for no comment.

Considering how very difficult it is for an ordinary young man entering upon life to hit upon just the best thing for his abilities and tastes, it seems a sensible view to take that the door should be left open for change, without any slur being cast on the stability or steadiness of the worker.

The changes made by men over here are most unexpected and often quite startling. The man who did all the hauling of our heavy furniture out to the ranch from the water front in San Miguel, some seventeen miles by road, was once a lawyer in the East. The indoor life did not suit him, and he never really liked his profession, so he came out here and has drifted into this, becoming one of the most skilled teamsters in all the neighbourhood.

On a neighbouring large ranch, where a good deal of labour is employed, and which the proprietor only visits occasionally for a few odd days, the manager and overseer is, or rather was, a doctor, and a very good manager he makes.

An elderly rancher we came across had been a soldier during the Civil War; a farmer in the East; had driven an express wagon, and after ranching a short time in the South and finding it difficult to make both ends meet, emigrated to Oregon and became a member of the State Legislature, in which position the salary was probably not the only pecuniary advantage.

We had not been long in the North when we decided that the climate was not good enough. We had left home and come six thousand miles, and were critical. It was damp and windy. In the fruit valleys, the summers were quite as hot, if not more so, than in the middle South. Most of the early fruit comes from this part, and in the winter

there was rain, more or less constantly, for four months.

In consequence of the heavier rainfall, the North is much greener than the South; the hills too are beautifully wooded with every variety of tree. But in many neighbourhoods the work of ranching is more fatiguing than in the South; the soil is heavier, and the longer wet season has many disadvantages for people who do their own ranching.

By this time the uncertainty and general homeless feeling of our lives was beginning to be almost unendurable.

There were so many things to consider; firstly, which kind of fruit paid the best and was the least subject to accidents and the disappointments of bad seasons; secondly, the quality of land best suited to such fruit and the conveniences for getting it to market; thirdly, the amount of water to be had; this last quite as vital as any point whatsoever about the land. In fact one might almost be said to buy water with land attached, so great is the value of a certainty of enough water.

We were so much impressed with this, that we were quite determined to buy land only where there was a well-trying and well-established irrigating system, and where all the water difficulties of the neighbourhood were solved and settled.

This resolve, with some others, had eventually to go by the board; but of this much we made sure when we bought, that there was water enough running in a satisfactory flume some two miles from our land. The part which had to be taken more or less on trust was the piping of the water to our little settlement, and the dividing of it in a fair and workable manner; this has given us more trouble than we would care to undertake again. The climate, too, had to be carefully examined, even in California. And the view meant a great deal to us; we were very unwilling to settle in a plain or valley, where soon our own windbreak trees would be the only outlook, year in, year out.

A school within reach for the younger boy was another point about which I was resolved to be stubborn.

Then, though we had so unhesitatingly chosen the absolute freedom of country life, in preference to pretentious villadom, we did not want isolation.

I was haunted with the remembrance of those terribly lonely farms which one passes as the train rushes through Kansas and Missouri, where each desolate building stands absolutely surrounded by miles and miles of dreary-looking prairie waste.

We realised before long that if we could find a place fulfilling some of the most essential qualities for which we were striving, we should have to let the rest go. Indeed, in our diligent search, which brought us into contact with so many ranchers of several nationalities, we heard and saw so much that was discouraging, that we determined not to take any definite or binding steps for some time, but go south, see how we liked the climate and other conditions of San Miguel, and then make our decision.

There is something of the same spirit of jealousy between San Francisco and San Miguel as there is (or used to be) between Manchester and Liverpool; we could therefore hear very little but the proverbial faint praise of San Miguel while in the North. All the same, we were resolved to try to find a better climate, after travelling six thousand miles in search of it.

(To be continued.)

Hampton Court Palace, which are highly-finished pieces of embroidery, were executed by the pupils in this school.

Few people knew how much good Queen Charlotte did in a quiet way.

One never thinks of Catherine II. of Russia as devoting any time to needlework, yet we find that she worked and presented to Voltaire a likeness of herself, which he placed in his chamber at Ferney. It is still in existence in Ferney, but very much faded, and instead of hanging on the wall as formerly in the place of honour, it is now placed in a dark corner of the room.

Once again needlework took a back place until our Queen Adelaide introduced it as a fashion, and required of all ladies who were invited guests at her Court that they should

be good needlewomen, otherwise she could not receive them.

It was a bold thing to do even for a queen, but it turned out well, causing ladies who took it up for convenience to become skilled workers and to like the occupation. Queen Adelaide herself was a beautiful needlewoman, and set an example to all her people.

Thus we have seen how our queens have kept alive the useful and ornamental art of needlework—an art invented by woman and kept going by her for the necessities, comfort, and ornament of the whole peoples of the world.

Dr. Johnson says: "Women have a great advantage, viz., that they may take up with little things without disgracing themselves; a man cannot except by fiddling." I suppose he refers to needlework.

It is an occupation that allows the thoughts and tongue of the worker full liberty; indeed, it is woman's pretty excuse for thought.

We have noted its power in the lives of the highest of the land—how it soothes sorrow, calms the troubled mind, and causes solitary hours to pass more pleasantly, and, as asserted by some rude man, it keeps us women out of mischief. But whatever it does or does not do, it is without doubt a gentle, graceful, elegant, and feminine occupation.

These papers would not be complete without mentioning the work of our dear Queen Victoria, who in her moments of leisure knits warm garments for the poor. These may be seen in many a cottage round about Balmoral.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### THE JOURNEY DOWN SOUTH. HOUSEKEEPING. CHINAMEN.

THE journey from San Francisco to San Miguel, some six hundred miles, we took by steamer, and it was the most delightful episode of all our Californian experiences. It was the month of April, and with exquisite weather; the sea was like a pond, so calm and still; the sun was not too hot, and there were numberless interesting living things to watch as we moved along the summer sea. Several enormous whales went past, generally in couples, their great fat backs rising out of the water side by side, and passing our boat swiftly and with the greatest ease, when we would see them in a few moments, far in the distance, spouting up big fountains of spray. Not far off from the whales were generally flocks of the tiny whale birds, which seemed to use these monsters as their jackals, feeding greedily on the shoals of fish they drive before them, so greedily indeed, that many of them were too gorged and heavy to rise out of the water and our way, but, after a helpless attempt, would duck under only just in time. The flying fish were more alert, and would rise away out of the water, going many yards through the air before dropping again into the sea, and glittering with every rainbow colour in the sunshine.

The coast scenery is not beautiful; it is too bare and dry-looking, especially after passing Santa Barbara, but the glamour of the southern sun is over everything, and gives all a caressing smile, at any rate, from a distance. It was a delight to see these wonderful effects again, and we felt glad to be once more in the warm sunshine.

When we arrived at the bay of San Miguel late in the afternoon of the fourth day, it looked so radiantly beautiful in the soft glow of the setting sun, as if it might indeed be the gate into a real land of promise; a land flowing with milk and honey.

It is a splendid bay, and the position of the town is quite ideal, and though the most has not been made of its possibilities, many improvements are going on steadily. Given money and taste, it should be one of the most lovely places in the world.

We found comfortable rooms in a boarding-house, and settled down to rest awhile from searching and questioning. The boys went to school as in San Francisco. These free State schools are exceedingly good. The teachers are among the most charming ladies we have met, and the plan of using the same books, and the same system of teaching all over the State, saves much loss of time, since a child coming to a new school can at once be

placed in exactly the same position where he left off, in his former school, some three hundred miles away.

But in spite of our determination to let ourselves drift for a time, we were very soon drawn into the same old probing and exploring, more especially as we were delighted with the climate of San Miguel. On the strength of this, and because our English hearts were hungering for some place more homelike than any boarding-house can ever be, we took a little house, hired the necessary furniture, and began our first experiences of Chinamen as general servants.

We had the most wonderful procession of Celestials through the little kitchen before we left that wee house. There was no room convenient for the Chinaman's bedroom, without giving him one close to our own, which was not to be thought of, so the arrangement was, that when supper was over, and the work done, he should retire to Chinatown, coming back in good time in the morning to get breakfast and do his other duties. He seemed quite pleased with this plan, and we got along swimmingly for a fortnight. Then he dropped the news casually to me that he was going to Los Angeles the next day. When I exclaimed at the shortness of the notice, he beamed all over, and said, "Me bling other boy, him allie lightie, him stay."

Before I had quite made up my mind what to do, I heard breathless jabbering in the kitchen, and on going in there, was introduced by Sing Lee to Quong Wong, our new cook. Both of them were very friendly and smiling. No. 1 was showing No. 2 where everything was kept, and giving him what sounded like most eloquent instructions about his duties, both of them being very grave and business-like over this. I did not seem to be needed, and so quietly went back to the sitting-room. Supper was prepared and cooked by the two together to an unending accompaniment of Chinese chatter.

This was the beginning of the procession. Some men stayed a week, others three weeks or a month, and each brought and carefully installed his successor, I taking no part whatever, except to learn a new Chinese name. We had tall fat fellows, tall lean ones, little dumpy ones and spare wiry ones; all of them clever and quick beyond anything I had ever seen or known. They keep themselves exquisitely neat, in their white linen coats and aprons, which seem always to remain spotless. Their hands are perfectly fascinating; such delicate tapering fingers, and such a masterly way of touching everything. One member of the profession, I remember, who had the most dainty taper fingers, was very fond of music, and, seeing that I was interested, sat down

very simply at my Broadwood grand (the only piece of furniture which we had brought from Frisco) and played some hymns quite nicely. He used to sing, too, at his work—all day—in a curious high falsetto, of which he seemed very proud. He had learnt to play the piano at the mission schools, where many of them go, and are converted—so they say. But they find the free lessons in English, which are given there, so cheap and convenient, that their motives in being converted are rather mixed. When he left me, it was to go the very next day to San Francisco on most important business, so he said. That, of course, was only the usual way of giving notice, and did not prevent his greeting me smilingly whenever I chanced to meet him in the streets of San Miguel. He came to the rescue also, when, through some hitch, the chain of succession was broken, and I was left to struggle alone in my little kitchen, and he stayed with me till he could find another "boy." I began to be haunted by a story I had heard often repeated. A certain lady was much puzzled and distressed because she could never keep any Chinaman beyond a few days; they would arrive, smiling and seemingly much pleased with everything, but invariably on the third or fourth day they would insist upon leaving at once. At last, in despair, the poor mistress persuaded her Chinaman to explain the mystery to her, before he had carried himself and his bundle away.

He led her to a dark corner of the kitchen, and showed her some Chinese writing high up on the wall, which he interpreted, "too much talker here." That was all. But it had been enough to upset all the comfort of the household.

Probably after that she took the hint and let her Chinaman do the work in his own way, with as few words or instructions from her as possible. They are so marvellously clever in taking up the work of a new place the very moment they arrive, exactly as though they had been always in this one house only, that it is no wonder they resent any interference; and the sooner one learns to leave them entirely to themselves, the sooner one reaches some kind of peace.

However, I found to my relief, that no secret sign had gone out against myself or the house; the difficulty was the long daily walk to China-town. With their small feet and uncomfortable shoes, they are all bad walkers, and each in turn had tired of the effort, and handed the place over to a friend. This explanation, kindly given me by Mr. Kee Mane, who kept the Chinese stores, lifted a weight from my mind, and I resigned myself to continuing my lessons in fresh Chinese names.

(To be continued.)



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### CHAPTER IV.

OUR CHOICE OF LAND FOR LEMONS—THE PLANTING OF THE TREES—OUR REMOVAL TO THE BARN.

MEANWHILE we were furiously busy at the old search again. We were able to get more and fresh details about the whole business from a source which we knew to be perfectly reliable; and as these facts were encouraging, we picked up heart again. The whole surrounding neighbourhood was driven over, generally with a pick and shovel in the buggy with which to make careful examination of the depth and kind of soil.

There were plenty of ready-made ranches for sale, but they were never just what we wanted. So we resolved that if we bought anything, it should be untouched, uncleared land, on some of the foothills where we could get a broad and sweeping view of the splendid ranges of mountains. We would make our own ranch, planned after our own tastes, and, above all, we would build our own house.

We had determined to plant lemons. They seemed to us to have many advantages over other fruits. The land which will produce fine lemons must necessarily be limited in area; it must be high enough to escape the frost. Lemons do not need the great heat which is needed to ripen oranges. They are gathered all the year round and will keep. Deciduous fruit ripens all at one time, and has to be gathered and sold at once, which makes it necessary to engage outside labour. As all wages are very high, this is a heavy expense. Even if the fruit is dried, as in the case of peaches, pears, prunes, apples, etc., for winter use, considerable work is involved, and as far as we can learn, yields only a small profit for this extra trouble. Lemons too, in America, are a daily necessity, not a luxury. Everyone uses them, and the drinking saloons alone require a constant supply.

These were the principal reasons which decided our choice, and at last, after a whole year's uncertainty, we found land in a position that we liked—good rich land, lying high, and in a most beautiful position, with a splendid view of the distant mountains, the tops of five ranges standing up, one behind the other, and the different distances marked with exquisite softness of colouring.

It was situated about fourteen miles from San Miguel, not out of reach of the cool breeze which blows from the sea all day and every day during the summer.

We went many times to examine it, and finally the great decision was taken to buy thirty acres. At that time we found we could buy in this neighbourhood first-class citrus land, with water, at about one hundred dollars the acre. We knew there was no good land to be had for less. As a matter of fact, however, the first cost of land and water bears but a small proportion to the whole cost of the ranch up to the point of yielding returns.

After our long time of anxious indecision,

it was a relief to have something settled about the future, and to plan and work for the new home, although I must confess that, as long as no definite steps had been taken, I was conscious of a hope buried deep down out of sight, that it might be proved wisest for us to return to the dear old country. The homesickness was such a hunger and pain.

It was the month of June when we bought our land, and we were anxious to plant as many trees as possible without delay, for the later the summer, the drier the ground. Spring is, of course, the best time for planting, when the earth is in beautiful condition after the winter rains. But to wait till next spring seemed too great a loss of time. We were very proud of ourselves that we managed to get five hundred beautiful little lemon-trees planted before the end of July.

Considering that the ground had to be cleared of brush and sumac and sage, then ploughed, and the water-pipes laid from the main in such a manner as to reach all over the ranch, and the position of the trees carefully measured (this last all the more difficult in our case, because the ground is up and down hill)—considering all this hard work, we had a right to some self-satisfaction.

We were able to find a competent ranchman who lived quite conveniently near, for, until we had time to build, there was nowhere for him to sleep on the ranch, although, in some cases, the conveniences for these men are of the roughest. We heard from one man that, when he arrived at a new place and asked where he was to sleep, the "boss" stared at him a moment, then, giving a comprehensive glance round his enormous tract of land, said, "Well, if you can't find a place to suit you in seven thousand acres, I guess I can't help you!" However, I do not vouch for the truth of this, although sleeping out-of-doors in the summer months in this beautiful climate is no hardship.

During this busy time, my husband and eldest boy drove out constantly to the ranch for a stay of three or four days at a time, returning home for a short rest at the little house in San Miguel, then back again to the hard work of planting, etc. On these expeditions they started always very early in the morning, and took with them provisions and various odds and ends to give them some comfort in the tent in which they slept.

We were feeling the urgent necessity for carrying through some plan that would enable us to settle at the ranch altogether with as little delay as possible. So we decided to have our barn built first and to live in this till the house should be finished. This we carried out, and it saved us much loss of time and vexation, both in building the house and in working the ranch.

It was an exciting moment when the day arrived for us to move from our little house at San Miguel to the barn at the ranch. A removal is a very different matter in this far-away corner from the same thing in any more settled part of the world. Looking back to

the old life in the beloved old country, I find I have an almost sentimental regard for the strong, well-trained men who come and help so splendidly at such times. Here, where the rule of life is to help yourself in everything, one has to be thankful for the most casual, untrained assistance—very little of that too, and at a price that would make one open one's eyes at home.

We had two large waggons coupled together, the one behind being called a trailer, with six horses to pull the load; and our luggage, which included a large iron cooking-stove and a grand piano, was packed into these in a most casual fashion. They looked very top heavy when ready to start, and we knew the road to be terribly rough, full of "chuck holes" and sudden lumps. However, we waved the men a cheery farewell as they lumbered off, and then turned to gather up the numberless forgotten odds and ends and to pack them into the "Surrey," which stood waiting for us.

It looked like part of a gipsy procession when we had finished, and we rejoiced that our boys had gone with the waggons, for there seemed absolutely no room for anybody inside the "Surrey." Nevertheless, we wedged ourselves in somehow, my husband and I and the "coloured lady" whom I was taking out as cook, also two small dogs that had been added to the family. Then we also lumbered off, leaving with rather mixed feelings the little house where we had done our first housekeeping in California.

About a month before this, after many experiments with horses we had bought a pair of greys, and now drove them out to the ranch, where they were to plough and cultivate and to serve as carriage horses when needed.

The ordinary ranch horse is of a lighter build than his cousin the English farm horse, having a strong dash of broncho mixed with his peasant blood, which makes him rather lively and very tough.

Ours were called Dan and Joe. Joe was very gentle and willing, and Dan, who for some years had worked constantly with him, traded on his goodness and left always the greatest strain of everything to him. However, generally they ran along together at a good pace and gave no trouble.

This day we were obliged to go more slowly, as the "Surrey" was so heavily laden, and the rough country roads bumped and lurched us about so violently that it was difficult to keep ourselves and our bundles from being shot into the air. With all our care, a large and tempting piece of cheese, which had been added to the provisions as an afterthought, disappeared, and we spent some valuable time in turning back to hunt for it.

We were anxious to reach the ranch as long before sunset as possible, for we knew it would not be easy work to get our little family settled in the barn.

(To be continued.)

"Of course, it must be, but I think I see a way out of your difficulty. I shall be only too glad if you can manage to prepare three dinners twice a week for some poor old people whom I try to help. I will give you the names, and they shall call for the dishes. But I hope the dinners will be quite plain and simple but very nourishing."

Jane assured Mrs. Baddeley that she taught no dishes that were not plain and simple, and mentioned such items as Exeter stew, Irish stew, beef skirt pie, liver and bacon, and for puddings fruit in batter, milk puddings, baked ginger puddings, and so on.

And so the compact was made; Mrs. Baddeley's protégées came for their dinners punctually every other day at the appointed time, and the arrangement proved equally satisfactory to all concerned.

It was now near the end of March. On looking through her dinner lists, which she kept by her to avoid a too frequent repetition of any one thing, Marion noticed that the time for pork would soon be at an end, for she believed in the old saying that pork is not wholesome in any month that has not an "r" in it. So as April was the last "r" month, she treated her household to a nice little piece of roast loin, which they appreciated very much. It was allowed plenty of time to cook; about half an hour longer than a piece of beef or mutton of the same weight would have been, and it was so well basted that the crackling was beautifully crisp and very unlike the tough leathery pieces that are occasionally served only to be left on the plates of those to whom they are given. On the following day she cut up the remains into dice, and, having purchased half a pound of chuck steak and cut it up small, made it into a curry to which she added the remains of the pork.

This is her list for the week—

|                   |                                                                                               |
|-------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <i>Sunday.</i>    | Roast Ptarmigan.<br>Artichokes.<br>Baked Potatoes.<br>Lemon Sponge.                           |
| <i>(Supper.)</i>  | Sardines. Brown Bread and Butter.<br>Cocoa.                                                   |
| <i>Monday.</i>    | Roast Pork. Apple Sauce.<br>Boiled Potatoes.<br>Stewed Prunes.<br>Rice Shape.                 |
| <i>Tuesday.</i>   | Curry and Rice.<br>Boiled Batter Pudding.                                                     |
| <i>Wednesday.</i> | <i>(High Tea.)</i> Sausages.<br>Oat Biscuits.                                                 |
| <i>Thursday.</i>  | Pea Soup.<br>Baked Whittings with Brown Sauce.<br>Sea-kale.<br>Cauliflower with Cheese Sauce. |

|                  |                                                                            |
|------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <i>Friday.</i>   | Stuffed Sheep's Heart with<br>Force-meat Balls.<br>Loch Lomond Pudding.    |
| <i>Saturday.</i> | Fried Liver and Bacon.<br>Cabbage.<br>Baked Potatoes.<br>Semolina Pudding. |

Lest my readers should be startled to see sea-kale on the list, and think that our house-keeper was forgetting her economy, I will explain at once that it was not the expensive sea-kale at eighteenpence the basket that one sees wrapped in blue paper in the green-grocers' shops. It was some sold at twopence the pound—a quite small kind—that Marion had discovered at some local "stores" which she occasionally frequented. It was not as delicate as the expensive kind, but it was very nice. The salesman told her that they were the siftings of the finer kind. The ptarmigan she bought on a day when they were for sale very cheap, as there had been a large supply in the market, and they hung for a day or two until they were wanted. They took so little time to cook—about twenty-five minutes, that it was hardly more trouble to cook them than to warm up a pie or stew as they often did on a Sunday. The oat biscuits and the Loch Lomond pudding were both made from recipes given some years before to Marion's mother by a Highland lady famous for her good things. Here they are:—

*Oat Biscuits*.—Mix a teaspoonful of baking powder with six ounces of flour; mix in four ounces of fine oatmeal with two ounces of brown sugar; mix with beaten egg to a dough. Roll out, stamp into rounds with a wineglass, lay on a greased tin and bake in a rather slow oven about twenty minutes.

*Loch Lomond Pudding*.—Beat a quarter of a pound of dripping to a cream, stir in two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls of raspberry jam, and half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda; add four ounces of flour, and lastly beat in two eggs one by one. Bake in a buttered pie-dish about three-quarters of an hour.

The food bill for the week was certainly economical. The breakfasts on the alternate mornings, when they did not take porridge, were dried haddocks, Monday and Wednesday, and bacon on Friday. The haddocks were left to soak in milk and water all night and then cooked in a frying-pan in the milk and water until quite tender, skimmed carefully, drained on a fish-slice, put on a hot dish that had first been rubbed with a little piece of butter, and another bit was put on the top of

the fish. Then they were peppered and brought quickly to table.

Food account:—

|                                                      | £ | s. | d.  |
|------------------------------------------------------|---|----|-----|
| Two ptarmigan . . . . .                              | 0 | 2  | 0   |
| Three and a half pounds of loin<br>of pork . . . . . | 0 | 2  | 11  |
| Half a pound of chuck steak . . . . .                | 0 | 0  | 5   |
| One pound of sausages . . . . .                      | 0 | 0  | 8   |
| Four sheep's hearts at 3½d. . . . .                  | 0 | 1  | 2   |
| One pound of liver . . . . .                         | 0 | 0  | 8   |
| One and a half pounds of bacon . . . . .             | 0 | 1  | 0   |
| Two haddocks . . . . .                               | 0 | 1  | 0   |
| Four small whittings . . . . .                       | 0 | 1  | 0   |
| One pound of artichokes . . . . .                    | 0 | 0  | 1½  |
| Celery (for flavouring) . . . . .                    | 0 | 0  | 1   |
| One pound of onions . . . . .                        | 0 | 0  | 2   |
| One pound of small sea-kale . . . . .                | 0 | 0  | 2   |
| Cauliflower . . . . .                                | 0 | 0  | 3   |
| Cabbage . . . . .                                    | 0 | 0  | 2   |
| Nine pounds of potatoes . . . . .                    | 0 | 0  | 7   |
| One pound of prunes . . . . .                        | 0 | 0  | 6½  |
| Tin of potted meat . . . . .                         | 0 | 0  | 4½  |
| Small tin of cocoa . . . . .                         | 0 | 0  | 6   |
| Half a pound of tea . . . . .                        | 0 | 0  | 10  |
| Eight loaves of bread . . . . .                      | 0 | 2  | 6   |
| Milk . . . . .                                       | 0 | 1  | 9   |
| Sundries (peaflour, jam, etc.) . . . . .             | 0 | 0  | 6   |
| Quaker oats . . . . .                                | 0 | 0  | 6   |
| Fat for rendering . . . . .                          | 0 | 0  | 2   |
| One and a half pounds of butter . . . . .            | 0 | 1  | 8   |
| Tin of sardines . . . . .                            | 0 | 0  | 10½ |
|                                                      | £ | 1  | 2 7 |

Towards the end of the month, as oranges were getting much sweeter, and were very cheap, they made some excellent marmalade. Jane, Marion and Abigail cut up the oranges one Saturday morning, put them in a large earthenware pan with the right quantity of water, covered the pan and let the contents soak all Sunday. On Monday Marion cooked it until it was sufficiently firm and put it in jars, which she tied down on the following day. This is her recipe:—

*Orange Marmalade*.—Shred finely sixteen Seville oranges, twelve sweet ones and four lemons, carefully removing the pips as you do so, and put them to soak in an earthenware pan with six quarts of water, cover the pan and let it soak for forty-eight hours. Put in a stewpan or fish-kettle with eight pounds of loaf sugar. As soon as the sugar has melted, boil the marmalade, quickly skimming all the while for twenty minutes, and then let it simmer until the marmalade jellies.

(To be continued.)

## CHRONICLES OF AN ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN RANCH.

By MARGARET INNES.

### CHAPTER V.

#### OUR FIRST DAYS IN THE BARN.

THE route we had chosen, a drive of about eighteen miles, was supposed to be the least steep in its ups and downs; an important consideration, with our heavy load. When we crept round the last turning and could see our hill, with its little patch of brown earth turned up, and the barn which looked like a small wooden box, we felt that our difficulties for the day were conquered. At that moment we were passing a ranch which was just being enclosed with a fence made of narrow laths wired together; these were lying in large bundles at intervals all along the road for a distance of about a quarter of a mile. To our dismay, when Dan reached the first of these bundles, he put back his ears and gave a

sudden and most violent shy, almost lurching the surrey over, and then stood trembling, his legs planted apart in an obstinate manner, and absolutely refused to move an inch further.

We tried coaxing, then whipping, till Dan showed us his heels in a series of most vicious kicks, higher and higher, till we feared he would break some part of the harness, or the surrey itself.

Eventually he did allow himself to be slowly coaxed past, I making myself as broad as possible to try and screen that side of the road, and leading him, and my husband checking his evident desire to bolt after each separate bundle was left behind. By this time it was grey twilight, and when we reached our haven, we had to be satisfied with the simplest arrangements possible for the night.

As we were occupying the rooms which by rights belonged to the horses, they had to be staked out on the open hillside, and during the night Joe managed to get loose and went careering off, up and down and round the barn, so that we were awakened by the clattering of his hoofs. It was a brilliant starlit night, perfectly still and mild, and all the family turned out in their night gear to help to catch him and fasten him up again. It was a curious sensation to be so absolutely alone, and free, with nothing but the great ranges of big bare mountains lying spread out into the far distance.

The absolute stillness was very weird; the smallest sound from miles around reached us in the calm quiet. The plaintive call of the little brown owls had a sad uneasy ring in it, and the coyote's mocking yelp seemed most uncomfortably near.

The mountain ranges looked so calm and stately and unreachable in the cold clear moonlight, and we felt horribly lonely.

There was one cañon some four miles away, across the Silvero Valley, called Mexican Cañon, and we wondered uneasily whether Indians and Mexicans lived there; for we seemed to be on the very borders of civilisation. When we got to know the neighbourhood better, we found nothing but peaceable ranches, and more ranches far back into the hills.

Returning to the barn we were rather glad to roll the big door to, and close it fast. We crept into our makeshift beds and were asleep before long. But we were awakened with a disagreeable start, hearing right inside the barn a strange cry, which, in our sleepiness and ignorance, might well have been the call of a Red Indian, straight from the Mexican Cañon, intent on securing the scalps of us "tenderfeet." The cry was repeated, as we sat up listening eagerly, and then we all laughed to see a little squatty figure sitting on one of the open windows, and recognised a harmless little brown owl.

In the morning we made some kind of order and comfort around us. The one large room in the barn (viz., the hayloft) we had divided into two with a temporary screen, one half for our bedroom, the other for sitting- and dining-room. A small shanty had been added outside for kitchen, and a shed which was to receive the cow, when we had one, served meanwhile as bedroom for our "coloured lady." There was a lower floor which was divided into stalls for the horses, and which was entered by a lower road, as the barn stood on a steep slope.

The fifty cases of furniture, which had been stored at San Francisco till we sent for them, were strewn all about the hill top on which the barn stood, and our first task was to open most of these, take a few things out, and pack away all the rest safely before the rains came.

For days and days we worked away busily at this, my husband and I, and our boys, standing out in that hot glaring Californian sun, with the dry dust of the soil getting into our shoes and stockings and soaking all our clothes. Our ranchman was busy with the trees, and the coloured lady looked on when she was not cooking; looked on with a disdainful air, showing by many signs a great contempt for people who could be so foolish as to carry about such quantities of "stuff," as she called it.

To English eyes many Californian houses look very empty, and no doubt our possessions did seem ridiculously unnecessary to this

darky, who thought only of the bother they would be to keep clean.

As we packed away case after case into every available corner, stringing up chairs and sofas, and all manner of things on to the rafters, we began to wonder where we ourselves were to be housed. We have always since considered that it was a proof positive of great sweetness of temper that we got through a time of such terribly close quarters without doing any violence to each other.

But with all our contriving there were a number of cases for which we could find no room, and these we covered with bits of oil-cloth, and left them out of doors. They led us a dreadful life, those seven cases; our ranchman was for ever predicting rain, which did not come, but kept us anxiously on the watch. Finally, when it did come, it was unexpected, and we had to rush out one night to see if the high wind, which had risen with the rain, had dislodged the oil-cloth. That was a lively night, for the rain came running down the inside walls of our barn in little streams on the windward side, and pictures and other things hung there for safety had to be hurriedly removed.

It was the first night, too, that a large, handsome kangaroo rat paid us a visit, running about like an acrobat among the chairs on the rafters, and when I carried a candle quite near to him, to see what he was like, he looked down at me with the greatest coolness and impudence, with his brilliant black eyes. The place seemed to suit him, for he became a constant visitor. Another intimate guest was a particularly large lizard, who darted in and out under the big door.

We were a little uneasy lest some less harmless visitors should invite themselves. We knew that there were scorpions and tarantulas; the men who had built our barn had unwittingly pitched their tent the first night just over a nest of tarantulas, and had discovered them in the early evening, and spent the rest of the night in searching for and killing them with their hammers.

Ugly, wicked-looking things they are, with their enormous hairy legs and body and cruel nippers; they are very aggressive, too, and would much rather fight than run away.

But most of all we dreaded the rattlesnakes. Our ranchman had killed thirty on the adjoining land, and several had already been found on ours. Everyone told us they were very easy to kill, but that did not reassure us.

Our first introduction to snakes was more alarming than dangerous. We had put all our umbrellas and sticks into a corner of the barn behind a large corner seat. One day whilst we were quietly resting after dinner,

our youngest boy, Gip, asleep on his couch, my husband chanced to be looking at these umbrellas, thinking sleepily that he did not recognise one of the handles, which seemed to stand out from the rest, when he was suddenly made wide awake by seeing it move quietly round, first to one side then to the other, and knew that it was a snake. He reached out his hand quietly for something to strike it with, but it darted out of sight at once behind the couch, and though we searched long for it, we did not find it. We found, however, a large notch hole through which it had probably crept in, and we lost no time in closing this securely. It was not a rattlesnake, however, and was probably quite harmless, as numbers of the snakes are, some of them being considered valuable as destroyers of vermin.

Some of these try to pass themselves off as rattlers, however, and we often wondered how they knew that the faint sound of the rattle is so strangely horrible and frightening, that they should try to imitate it as a means of defence.

Another fright which we had, while still in the barn, was very thrilling. It was in the night, and we had been fast asleep, when all at once we became wide awake, straining our ears for the repetition of a horrible sound that we seemed to have heard in our sleep. It is impossible to describe the cold horror and fear which that curious dry rattle gives one.

Here was the thing we had so dreaded—a rattlesnake in the room. As we sat up in the dark the sound was repeated, seemingly from the middle of the room. Someone whispered, "Do you hear," and we answered, "Do not move." We reached cautiously for matches and candle, and of course these poor, wretched Californian matches—the worst surely in the world—did nothing but break off or go out. For some minutes the sound continued with an angry crescendo, till we began to wonder if the dreadful thing had got itself wedged in somewhere between the piles of furniture.

At last a feeble, uncertain light and four pairs of strained eyes searched the dim room. And there, sitting nicely balanced on his hind legs, with his sharp black eyes shining brightly, was a small field mouse with a long rattle between his teeth, shaking it about vigorously every few minutes, then running a few paces and rattling it again.

We had cut of a number of rattles from the snakes killed on our ranch to keep them as curiosities, and this was one of them which the mouse had got hold of and seemed to find such a good plaything.

(To be continued.)

## VARIETIES.

### HOW HE GREW RICH.

A man who had by his own unaided exertions become rich, was asked by a friend the secret of his success.

"I accumulated," said he, "about one-half of my property by attending to my own business and the other half by letting other people's entirely alone."

TOIL ON.—If you want knowledge you must toil for it; if food you must toil for it; if pleasure you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil, and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When a girl gets to love work her life is a happy one.

I DON'T CARE!—When you say "I don't care!" see that your tone of voice doesn't indicate that you do.

### NO, NOT HEAVY.

A little girl was wandering in an Edinburgh street, dragging about a great baby boy almost as big as herself.

A clergyman who was passing stopped and said, "Why, my little lass, can you carry that boy? He must be heavy."

The child looked up in his face and gasped, "No, sir, he's no heavy. He's my brither." Surely a whole sermon in itself!

### WITH HIS FRIEND.

In a London mission school near a "settlement," the teacher asked, "Where does Jesus live?"

A small boy spoke up: "Some of His friends have come to live in our alley, and I think He lives with them."

### A POET'S MARRIAGE.

Robert Browning, the famous poet, and Elizabeth Browning, one of the sweetest and truest of our poetesses, were married on the 12th of September, 1846, in the parish church of St. Marylebone.

The poet proved a model husband, intensely devoted to his wife, proud of her genius, and watchful over her happiness. In his "Life" we read that in 1851, and indeed "on each succeeding visit paid to London with his wife, he commemorated his marriage in a manner all his own. He went to the church in which it had been solemnised and kissed the paving-stones in front of the door."

TIME FOR EVERYTHING.—There is time enough for everything in the day if you do but one thing at once.

## CHRONICLES OF AN ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN RANCH.

By MARGARET INNES.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE BUILDING OF THE HOUSE—THE WORKMEN—  
THE COLOURED LADY—  
AN ILLNESS IN THE BARN.



HE plans for our house were finished. We had been very fortunate in the choice of our architect, and he had delighted us by working into them, with great taste, all the peculiarly English features, which we had set our hearts upon having, in this far-away Californian home.

There was to be a roomy ingle-nook, and large open fire-places, latticed windows with green shutters, and deep window seats, and great overhanging eaves to the roof. On the gables outside we were to have black beams in white plaster, to look like an old farm. To make the housework easier, and also because we liked it, all the rooms were to be on one floor, the whole second storey being one large attic.

Finally after many negotiations, the contract was signed, and we began to look daily for the coming of the men. We had learnt to dread the desert wind, which according to tradition, comes along in spells of three, or at most four days, but which we found had a nasty habit of staying longer, leaving one painfully parched, inside and out, body and spirit. At such times we watched anxiously for the great bank of white sea fog, rising up behind the mountains on the west, and always a sign that the fresh sea breeze was coming back to us.

It was on a Sunday evening, during a specially diabolical dose of desert wind, when there were bush fires on nearly all the mountains round us, and the air seemed filled with smoke and the pungent smell of burning sage, that our men arrived, bringing with them two wagon loads of materials for putting up the various sheds and tents needed for their comfort, during the eighty days, which was the contracted time for building the house.

They had had a breakdown on the way out from town, and what with this and the scorching heat of the day, had been much tried. However, they were very good tempered, and seemed to consider the whole business as a kind of picnic—a holiday in the country. The contractor, Mr. Scott, who was also the principal carpenter, was a huge man, very capable, as we soon found, and a splendid workman. He had brought his wife with him, to serve the two-fold purpose of a change of air for her, and a satisfactory cook for himself and his men! They had also their two little children with them and Mr. Scott's dog. Four more carpenters arrived with them; the plumbers, plasterers, and painters, were to follow later, when their work would be wanted.

The whole first day was spent in putting up the temporary houses needed for the little settlement. They were going to make themselves quite comfortable, though it was all done with extraordinary quickness. There was a "cookhouse" as they called it, which was the most ambitious building of all the

settlement, and we thought it showed Mr. Scott's good sense, and promised well for the undertaking, that he provided so royally for the men's comfort in this particular. The cookhouse had one good-sized dining-room, with a long table down the middle, and a bench on each side; out of this was the kitchen, with two beautiful gasoline cooking stoves, containing large ovens and all the newest American contrivances. A nice cool cupboard or larder opened out of the kitchen, and was made with walls of wire gauze to let the air in freely and keep out the flies. The tent put up for Mr. Scott and his family was quite a work of art; nicely floored and with walls of wood about four feet high, to keep out draughts, the rest of the walls and roof being of canvas. They had it comfortably furnished, and seemed at once quite at home there.

The tents for the men were simpler, but satisfactory. By evening all their preparations were made, and when the lights were lit all over the little settlement, we were strongly reminded of the "Buffalo Bill" shows we had been to at home.

By early morning the men were hard at work, laying the mud sills of the house; and now began an exciting time for us, for these wooden houses are built so quickly, and American carpenters are such clever workmen, that it is most interesting to watch them. They were all good humouredly amused at the plans of our house, and said they had never put down such an irregular and unexpected outline of a house. Now, too, we proved the very great advantage it was to us to be at hand during the building; in this way several mistakes, which would have caused loss of time and vexation, were corrected at once, and some very decided improvements on the original plan were carried out.

Meanwhile our life in the barn was very dusty and hot. The coloured lady had unfortunately taken a great dislike to me, and though she did her work, she was so brutal in her manner, and scowled at me so savagely, that, half in earnest and half in jest, I made an arrangement with my husband and the boys that I should never be left alone with her after dark. In appearance she might have been first cousin to the gorilla, with his large, protruding mouth and big teeth. On Sundays, she would go off hunting for wild bees' nests, an occupation which seemed to be an absorbing passion with her. At such times, she would wear a very dilapidated print gown, her feet were thrust into men's boots, her head was covered with a red cotton sun bonnet, and she carried in her hand a tall, heavy stick; and as she came striding along, over the rough hill-side, with a peculiar movement of the hips, like a wild animal, and waving her great club, she looked like some man-eating aboriginal! One day, when her manner had become quite unbearable, I arranged with my husband that I would speak to her before him, for I did not dare tackle her alone. I hoped at least to find out what provoked her specially aggressive manner to me; for she made some slight attempt at friendliness to my husband and the boys. We got no satisfaction however; all she would say, standing meanwhile outside the open barn door, and shouting in her deep bass voice, was, "What does the woman want? I didn't insult the woman!" We felt it was hopeless, and as the quarters were so rough that few good servants would have put up with them, we decided to bear with our gorilla and

her angry mutterings till the house was built. But I was quite determined that whatever happened, she should not set foot in the house, even if I failed to find anyone else.

She much preferred to work with the ranch man, at any outdoor labour, however heavy, rather than do so-called woman's work. Especially she loved managing the horses, and we could hear her big guffaw out on the ranch, where she would try with the rest to trick or compel Dan, who was giving more and more trouble, into doing his work. All the workmen had some never-failing plan to coerce him, but each in turn was beaten by Dan's obstinacy, and his readiness to spend all day fighting out the question as to his way or theirs. Poor Dan! before long we discovered what was really amiss with him: he was going blind, and was in a constant state of irritation and excitement at not being able to see. No doubt the two young men who sold him to us, had known that this was coming on (though his eyes betrayed no sign of it), and were glad to be rid of him. Eventually we gave him away, and got a pair of young greys, giving the other horse Joe in part payment for them. Dan has been our only dead loss; all the other animals have turned out particularly well.

"Poll," the little Indian pony for Tip, the younger boy, is quite a character. She finds a trail through the most hopeless-looking bush, without a moment's hesitation, is as sure-footed as a goat on the steep rocky hill-sides, and has no vice about her. So that Tip, who was far from strong when first we came here, has become a very good rider, without accidents or trouble of any kind. He gallops her, bare-backed, up and down the steep hills around us at full speed, sitting on the reins and playing an accordion, waving it about over his head, and making her fly with excitement. Then there is Jennie, a pretty mare belonging to Larry, the elder boy. She is very nervous and high strung, fond of polo, and racing, and good at both, but never quite satisfied to go along on any quiet, everyday business. Ben is a strong, heavy ranch horse, dutiful and hardworking; Rex and Dick, the greys, are general favourites. They were only four years old when we bought them, and they needed always close watching, for they were full of spirits; but now they are more sober, and do their part bravely. Dickie is "the gentleman," and rarely does much ranch work, but trots the buggy for miles and miles about the country.

By this time, all was going forward wonderfully quickly with the building of the house. The carpenters and workmen enjoyed their trip in the country, and indeed Mrs. Scott prepared such comfortable meals for them in the cookhouse, that I fancy these alone would have reconciled them to a much worse lot. She was very proud of her cooking, and used often to show me her pies, and roasts, and biscuits, etc., as I passed to and fro.

She was rather a grand lady too, and felt very virtuous about working so hard at this job for her husband, but she told me privately that, though he made no show of praising her for doing so well, he always "came down handsome" after any such time, and that this one would probably mean a silk dress for her! So though she grumbled in an ostentatious way at times to me, when he was within hearing, she was really very cheerful and helpful.

Nowadays, when I see our Chinaman, in his clean white jacket, wandering about, carrying a basket in his hand, and returning presently with it full of beautiful tomatoes,

we think gratefully of Mrs. Scott and the cookhouse; for the odd bits she threw from her door in those days, came up very shortly in fruitful vines, and by this time they have distributed themselves all over the ranch.

The barn was not a nice place to be ill in, nor was Liza, the darkey, a nurse any invalid would willingly choose, and during a sharp attack of influenza I had while we were there, I wondered sometimes if she worked evil charms over the poultries, before she brought them to me, with such an angry face. To be ill at all was, I think, in her opinion a piece of fine ladyism, to which I had no right whatever. Fortunately I did not depend upon her nursing, but had my three tenderhearted, helpful menfolk. I lay very ill indeed, the influenza bringing on a bad attack of congestion of the lungs, which nearly killed me, and of course

in addition to the illness, there was the hopeless discomfort of the surroundings, the heat and dust, and when I was at my worst, a spell of desert wind, and oh! the horror of it all. The barn seemed no protection whatsoever. It was swept through and through by that parched, scorching air, like a draught from a red-hot furnace. The cracking and groaning of every wooden thing was like the wrenching and straining of a ship in a storm; the barn and everything inside the barn protested loudly. Fortunately our furniture was not to be housed for long in a building one plank thick, or there would have been but very little use in bringing it so far; soon it would have been lying about us, in disconnected bits, all sprung apart during desert wind spells.

Once we were in the house, by shutting all doors and windows we could keep the fiend

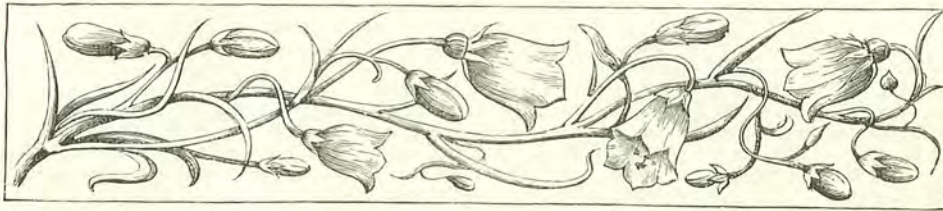
out, sufficiently at least to prevent mischief; though no one can boast of much comfort till our blessed friend the sea breeze returns to us.

However, notwithstanding the desert wind, Liza's illwill, and the influenza, I recovered a little strength and crept out again before long to see how the house was progressing.

I found the plasterers and brickbuilders hard at work, and their different encampments added to the rest. Each man brought at least one horse, often two, with his "rig," and a dog and a gun. The horses were tethered all about the land, and we seemed more "Buffalo Bill" like than ever.

The building of the house went forward splendidly, and it promised to be both very pretty and very convenient.

(To be continued.)



## THINGS IN SEASON, IN MARKET AND KITCHEN.

MARCH.

By LA MÉNAGÈRE.

### MENU FOR MARCH.

Julienne Soup.  
Boiled Cod; Sauce Maître d'Hôtel, and Potatoes.  
Roast Guinea-fowl; Chicory Salad.  
Savoury Omelette.  
Stewed Pears and Rice.

*Julienne Soup.*—The foundation of this must be strong clear stock, and preferably that which is made from a knuckle of veal, using a little Liebig's Essence to make it a deeper colour at the last. This should be strained and left to keep hot in a lined saucepan, while the vegetables are stewing in a separate pan. There is an art in shredding the vegetables for julienne soup, and they are best done with one of the little tools sold for the purpose, as the beauty of the soup depends on their being cut exactly alike. A fair quantity of vegetables will be required, enough to give the soup a pronounced character. When quite tender, these may be put into the tureen with the seasoning and flavouring, and the hot stock poured over.

*Maître d'Hôtel Butter* is made by melting about a quarter of a pound of salt butter in a saucepan and adding to it two tablespoonfuls of minced parsley, chervil and tarragon, with a shallot to give flavour. Simmer these well together, and before using add a few drops of vinegar, and some pepper and more salt if required.

Steam the potatoes if possible and garnish the cod with them.

When we speak of boiled fish by the way, we mean simmered fish, for it should never be allowed to actually boil, or it will be tough and flavourless. Very great care is needed in cooking all boiled articles of food.

*Chicory Salad*, which is, of course, made from the chicory that comes to us from abroad, requires a cream dressing. This should be made by mixing the yolk of an egg with oil and cream, a spoonful of made mustard, and a few drops of tarragon vinegar. Beat these ingredients together until they resemble a thick cream, and pour over the

chicory (which should be cut into convenient lengths) at the last moment.

A guinea-fowl takes about the same time to roast as an ordinary fowl, and requires to be well basted. Serve fried crumbs with it.

*Savoury Omelette.*—When the art of making a plain omelette has been acquired, it is easy to ring the changes of variety. The additions that transform it into a savoury are, minced chives (or shallots), chervil, tarragon and parsley; in France this is called an *omelette aux fines herbes*. Four eggs would be needed to make one of a sufficient size for a dinner. Beat these on a plate with a knife and add the salt and pepper to them, also a very little milk. Pour into the omelette pan when the butter is beginning to turn colour, as the right point of heat has much to do with the ultimate success. Slip the knife under it a time or two, but as soon as the mixture shows signs of "setting," it should be left alone for a minute longer, then the pan should be put into a very hot oven for another minute, to raise the surface, then folded over and slipped out of the pan on to a very hot dish. The savoury herbs should be added to the eggs at the beginning. Lose not a moment of time in bringing an omelette to table once it is cooked.

To boil rice successfully is not the easiest thing in the world. The water, of which there should be a large pan three parts full, must be boiling to begin with; then, while this is getting ready, the rice, after washing, should be soaking in cold water. Put plenty of salt in the pan. Boil the rice until it is tender enough to crush the grains between the thumb and finger, then pour off into a colander; pour more water through this until every grain is well separated, then return the rice to the saucepan, cover it tightly, and let it steam gently for half an hour. It ought then to be perfectly soft, yet every grain free from the other.

All rice, macaroni, and foods of this kind need to be extremely well cooked, otherwise they are anything but digestible.



ITH March we are in Lent. Now although we may not approve of any restriction being placed on our dietary with regard to Lent, all the same as spring is approaching we shall find that those restrictions have their founda-

tion laid in sound common sense. We do not now need such substantial faring as we did a month or two earlier; we shall be all the better for occasionally substituting fish for meat, for more eggs, and for fewer cakes and puddings.

March does not bring us much that is new in the way of provisions, but imported fruits and vegetables are not quite so dear as they were, and in our gardens we should be beginning to have mustard and cress and radishes. The first shoots of young sorrel—and how good they are—will be coming above ground, and forced rhubarb is plentiful and cheap.

We are now the worst off for the where-withal to make our tables pretty, just before the spring flowers come in. We can supply the deficit by having some of the pretty little green ferns in fancy pottery—pteris, ivy, hart's tongues, and so forth, and few things look nicer. Try, too, for special occasions, the effect of crossed ribbons on the white tablecloth. A table that is well-set with regard to its minor points, namely, salt-cellars, mustard pots, bright knives and forks, clear sparkling glass, and a clean tablecloth, can hardly ever fail to look attractive, even if it has to go without other decoration; just as the most elaborate decoration will never make up for deficiencies in these respects.

At this time of the year we may make plentiful use of such things as rice, macaroni, polenta, and other farinaceous foods; remembering, too, that eggs are at their best as well and fairly reasonable in price.

## CHRONICLES OF AN ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN RANCH.

By MARGARET INNES.

## CHAPTER VII.

WE MOVE INTO OUR HOME.



It was delightful to feel that we would soon be once more in comfortable quarters, with room for order and cleanliness. The Californian dust is perfectly impossible to deal with in such conditions as the barn afforded, or as would be involved in camping.

While we were still living in our little

house in San Miguel, I had seen one or two camping parties returning after an absence of ten days or a fortnight in the mountains, and had wondered, with dismay, what could have happened to the women and men of the party, that they should look as though their persons and clothes had been rolled, and soaked, and stewed in the grey dust. Now I understood only too well. Soon, all the plastering was finished, and we were looking for the painters, who arrived, unfortunately, in the midst of another desert wind.

The head painter was a Norwegian, and though a very good workman, he was absolutely dense about colour. All day, in the midst of that howling hot wind, we struggled with him to get the tones we wanted, he becoming more and more depressed and obstinate, and we more feverish and anxious. The carpenters looked on with amused interest, expecting, so they said afterwards, "that someone would have to be pulled off somebody!" However, before the twilight came down on us, we had evolved some delicate shades that would pass, and were thankful to creep into the barn and rest if we could, knowing that we must be up betimes tomorrow, to see that the Norwegian did not make any mistake.

On Sundays, when the men were free, they generally went off hunting for honey. They were very clever at finding the nests of the wild bees, and were very much in earnest on these expeditions, having fashioned for themselves extraordinary headgear and gauntlets, like armour in a comic opera, as a protection against stings. They made, too, quite an ingenious contrivance for running the clear honey out of the comb, and sold this and the wax for a nice little sum. Liza used to look after them with longing, envious eyes; they were so much more successful than she in their hunting. But then they used dynamite when the nest was behind some great rock, and she with all her savage strength could not remove the stones unaided. But though they were kind, friendly fellows, and almost all men in this wild West are particularly nice to women, they never asked her to join them.

The architect who came out regularly from town, during the building of the house, and closely superintended every detail, was a more welcome comrade to them. He joined them

in their expeditions, and lent us too a helping hand.

Our ranchman was absent on some business connected with his land, and we were very much puzzled as to who was to milk the cow; we ourselves had not yet learned, and none of the carpenters could help us, though they would have been very willing. When our friend the architect heard of our difficulty, he at once exclaimed that he would milk the cow. And so he did in the most business-like and thorough manner.

The carpenters were very like boys when working hours were over, and I remember one evening, when the building of the house was almost finished, and they were to return to town in a few days, we were all startled by hearing a terrific report, somewhere quite close at hand. Everyone rushed out into the beautiful starlight to know what disaster had happened, and then we found Mr. Scott gravely remonstrating with the men, who were looking very sheepish. It seems that finding they had quite a store of dynamite over from their bee-hunting, they determined to set it all off together for their own amusement. They had not expected quite so much noise, and were apologetic. Mr. Scott turned to my husband and said with a disgusted air, "Some of them carpenters has more powder than brains!"

The day had come at last, when we were to move into our house. I sent my darkey back to town, and was delighted to see the last of her, even though I had failed to find anyone to replace her. I had, however, the help of a young Englishman, who had left a clerkship in the Corporation offices at Liverpool, and come out to rough it in California, glad of the open air life, and glad too of the change of work, though it happened, as at present, to include such jobs as digging out a rain water cistern, and acting as temporary scullery maid.

However inexperienced he was at this last work, he was willing and pleasant, which was a delightful change from the "gorilla."

The carpenters helped us to move in the heaviest pieces of furniture, and I think I shall never forget the luxury of that first night when we slept in the house—it was so airy, and fresh, and cool.

We were very busy for many days after, putting all in order, but it was delightful work to us, however tiring, for the house was lovely and comfortable beyond all our expectations, and now that all the old furniture was standing about us, dusted and polished, and almost smiling, it felt so homelike and friendly that we seemed no longer like strangers in a strange land.

Now occurs an opportunity to tell some of our "domestic help" experiences. We feared that our place would be too lonely for a Chinaman; the nearest Celestial within reach was at a ranch some five miles away, and though there was quite an active centre of Chinese life and light at the laundry gentleman's shanty at the village of El Barco, still that was six miles away, and Chinamen are bad walkers, and few of them can drive. Also, their wages are very high, thirty dollars to thirty-five dollars a month being the lowest; some of them get as much as fifty dollars and sixty dollars a month. So we thought we would try our luck with a woman servant; we could talk our own language to her and lend her books, which would overcome, to some extent, the loneliness of the life for her, and we

would only have to pay her twenty to twenty-five dollars a month.

Our first was an American girl; her manners were new to us, but not refreshing. We did not keep her long, for she proved to have something wrong with her heart, and could neither stoop nor carry any slight weight without turning blue in the face. The boys did not take to her. She would saunter into the dining-room when it was time to lay the cloth, and if I were not there, she would take up one of the papers on the table, and either stand very much at her ease reading it, or sit down to it, often at the same time using a toothpick. Or she would slap my sons on the shoulder, saying, "Now then, boys, clear out!"

I was not able to go into town this time, so I telegraphed to my friend at the agency office, a nice helpful Irishman, who always did his best for me.

Though the little village of El Barco has but a scattered population of about two hundred, they have had a telephone into San Miguel for many a year. So I sent a message asking for a servant of some kind at twenty-five dollars a month. In answer, my Irish friend asked, would I be willing to try a nigger, adding that he was not very black! He knew my feelings about the "gorilla." When I heard further that he was a willing, pleasant-spoken fellow, with a very good character for honesty, I agreed to try him. So he was sent out by the evening train. We became quite fond of him, and though he knew very little about cooking, he was exceedingly quick at learning, and was very capable in other ways, and so obliging that much could be forgiven him. He had great pride in all he learnt, and liked to know the proper orthodox names of the different dishes, though he could never conquer the word *rissole*, but always called it "free soul!" He had left his wife and family in Tennessee, where he had formerly kept a dairy farm, but his health had failed, and he was threatened with lung trouble; so he came to this sunny climate, and hoped to be able to send for them to join him before very long.

As he could not read or write, I was his secretary, and had often great difficulty in keeping a grave face when reading his home letters. They were a jumble of revival meetings, the arrival of families of young pigs, names of different neighbours who had "got religion," and advice as to how he was to make the bread for us, finishing up with "howdies" from everyone. It often took me quite a long time to puzzle them out. However we soon began to teach him to write and read, and he was so quick in learning that before he left us he was quite independent of my help in his correspondence. His worst drawback was the colour of his hands, which being a kind of neutral grey brown, never let him know clearly whether they were dirty or clean, and I soon found his finger marks on many treasures. However, such things are trifles in this life, and I should have kept him till this day, I believe, but that, in an evil moment, we again made the experiment of getting a woman servant from the old country.

The woman we had heard of was willing to pay her own passage out, for the sake of the £70 wage which she could never hope to get at home; so we engaged her and let our little nigger go.

(To be continued.)

## JULY.

By ERIC BROAD.

Now is the noon of summer's sweet content  
 O'er field and hedgerow, valley and high hill;  
 And hushed the music of the laughing rill  
 Whose strength is stolen and whose song is spent!  
 With anxious twitter all the birds lament  
 The sudden gloom; the air grows strangely still.  
 Vague murmurs all the valley seem to fill;  
 The sun is blotted from the firmament.

Hark! 'tis the diapason of God's organ rolled  
 Through all the field of stars; chord follows chord  
 The march triumphant of our Blessed Lord,  
 Who rides the sky in chariot of gold;  
 And then the gloom is rent; with swift accord  
 The beams, with golden arms, our forms enfold!



## CHRONICLES OF AN ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN RANCH.

By MARGARET INNES.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE LADY-HELP FROM HOME — THE JAP — THE  
 AMERICAN GIRL — THE GERMAN WOMAN — THE  
 CHINAMAN WING LONG — OTHER CHINAMEN.

I THINK I could write volumes on the miseries and discomforts inflicted by the ignorant and pretentious lady-help. Not for a moment would I say one word to wound the real honest workers, who can, however, be recognised at once, and I ought certainly to know, having been most devotedly helped and nursed through long years of ill-health by one of the best. But I speak of those women who have reached the age of maturity, and yet have never put enough earnestness into anything to learn to do even one single trifle well, and who tell you with an air, as though it were something to be proud of, that they have never done any work, but are quite willing to learn.

It was unfortunately one of this helpless class that was sent out to me, and though she had undertaken to cook and bake in good style for her £70, she had not troubled herself to learn the rudiments of either cooking or baking. She told me, with a ladylike smile, that she had thought she would soon be able to pick it up from me! She had had some time before leaving England, when she might have taken lessons; but as far as I could learn, she spent the time in making a round of farewell visits.

She considered herself eminently respectable and superior, and, I believe, thought that these virtues alone were worth her pay to any family. Before long, too, the ideas of equality, which she absorbed in a perfectly undigested state, went to her head, and made her take all kinds of liberties, which Americans born and bred would not dream of.

It is certainly a fact that ignorant aliens, taking up these new ideas, have a most offensive way, quite their own, of interpreting them.

We bore with muddle and confusion and fatigue for some seven months, longing to be able to dismiss her, but uneasy at the notion of her being adrift so far from home. We might have spared ourselves, as it so often happens, for she came one day to tell me, with a proud toss of the head, that she had

found another place that would suit her better.

So she went, leaving us thankful to escape from her on any terms.

Then we tried a Jap, who was also unsuccessful, and we returned to an American girl. This time we were more fortunate; she was a middle-aged woman, capable and willing, and fortunately also fond of reading; so that we were able, by lending her plenty of books, to keep the effects of the loneliness at bay for some time.

She thoroughly enjoyed all the most up-to-date books, and we often laughed among ourselves at the comicalness of Sarah Grand, Grant Allen, Ibsen, and even Mrs. Humphry Ward in the kitchen. She had decided views about all she read, and had, indeed, the intention, so she told us, of writing something for the public herself when she could get leisure. However, this peaceful time came also to an end. In eight months or so she wearied of the loneliness and wanted to return to town and her friends.

Our next fate was a German woman. I believe she was a little out of her mind; she certainly nearly drove us out of ours. She was an enormous, coarse-looking woman, and often told us how she had been a keeper in one of the large State asylums for many years; and, oh, how we pitied those poor lunatics at her mercy!

My husband was ill with an abscess in the throat while she was with us, and for some wicked reason of her own, whenever anything was put on the stove, such as beef tea or hot water for poultices, she regularly took it off again as soon as we left the kitchen.

Finally we telephoned our distress to our friend in town, and he advised a Chinaman. We agreed, and by the evening train out came a bright, smiling little man called Wing Long, and we found at once comfort and peace.

He was a beautiful cook, careful and economical, and very proud of making all his dainty cakes and sweets for much less than we could have bought them in town.

In the evenings, when we were all quietly reading, he would come in suddenly, carrying two big dishes piled up with different dainties, saying, "Coss one dollar in San Miguel,

make him fifty cents here," and plump them down in the middle of the table for us to admire. If friends were coming to supper, he he would work so hard, and would make innumerable dishes and dainties that I had not dreamt of ordering, and when the evening arrived, would come bustling in with all these grand "plats" till we could hardly keep from smiling at the grand show. His idea was not so much hospitality, I fear, as a great desire to make an impression upon strangers of the grand way in which we lived. He would say privately afterwards, "Dey no see notings likie dat, dey no eatie such our dinner; oh, no!"

One drawback to all his virtues there had to be, of course. He had told me, as the months passed and he still remained with us, that his friends in Chinatown were much surprised; for, he said, looking intently at me, he was called "Clazey Jim," and had never stayed long anywhere. This made us a little uneasy, though nothing could have been more reassuring and sane than his usual cheery, diligent ways. But once or twice he did alarm me slightly, when he would launch out about his hopes of some day becoming a Buddhist priest, when he should have saved enough money to take as an offering to the priesthood. In speaking of this he became quite excited, joining his hands together as though in prayer and raising them above his head, turning up his eyes, and telling me all kinds of wonderful legends about miracles that had happened to believers in Buddha.

He was quite embarrassingly generous. When he went into town for a holiday, he would return in high spirits. He was always in a perfect fever to get his bundle of purchases undone and to show us all he had bought. He would drag out a small pair of embroidered shoes for himself and show them to us; then perhaps a silk jacket or a tasselled girdle, such as they wear round the waist. Always, too, there were boxes and bottles of uncanny-looking medicine, of which he generally took several doses indiscriminately on the spot to prove to us how strong was his faith in their virtue; then, with a flourish, he would bring out a dainty parcel and hand it to me with a kind little word, and some

curiosity for the boys, or often a piece of pretty porcelain for the house.

It was too much, but we did not know how to stop it. His delight over all this was quite pathetic. So far in our experiences he is the only lovable Chinaman we have come across, and he proved to be out of his mind! For seven months all went well, however, and we felt that the five dollars a month extra in wage was money well spent for such comfort and order; then the friendly, kindly spirit of our little Wing Long seemed to cloud over, and we determined to send him away for a rest and a holiday. We still did not understand what was amiss.

He was to leave us the following morning, and had installed Chong Woh as *locum tenens*, when that night a violent opium frenzy seized him, giving us all a good fright, and keeping us awake and on the watch most of the night, lest he should set fire to the house or carry out some other mad freak.

In the morning he seemed quite sane, and painfully humble and broken-spirited. There was nothing for it, however, but that he must go. We had heard too much about the opium habit among Chinamen to dream of trying to overcome it. We heard, too, from Chong Woh that Wing had been in the asylum several times; so it seemed a hopeless business.

We none of us liked the *locum tenens* Wing had provided, and hearing of a Chinaman who was leaving a neighbouring ranch where the family had gone East, we engaged him. He was a tall, fat man, with a very stately way of carrying himself, and from his

airs most evidently considered himself a "beau." It was in the month of January when he was with us, and in the early mornings it was rather too cold to be comfortable with his thin white cotton jacket only, so he wore over this a wadded sleeveless jacket made of soft Chinese silk of a most lovely golden bronze colour, which made him look very grand indeed.

Like Wing, too, he seemed very generous, and had not been with us long when he produced from somewhere a large jar of very good Chinese preserved ginger, which he brought in upon a tray, together with a little Chinese box of "welly fine tea."

It was given with a gracious, lordly air, and I accepted it with the finest manner and the best compliments I could muster. Again in a few days he brought a sweet-scented Chinese lily, growing in a bowl, which I knew he had been tending in his bedroom till it should bloom; and a packet of his quaint writing-paper, which I had admired one day when I chanced to see him writing letters, he brought with the same grave courtesy.

But he had already been some months in the country, and soon wearied of the quiet or our place. He came one day and told me that he had urgent business to attend to in China, and must leave us and sail very shortly for his Celestial fatherland. So he went, and every time I go to the little Chinese store now I see him there, and we smile in a most friendly fashion to each other, while he serves me and asks if we are all well, and neither of us is so ill-bred as to refer to that "business in China"!

During the winter months the town of San Miguel is quite crowded with Eastern visitors; all the hotels and boarding-houses are full, and every Chinaman who is worth his salt, is engaged, at a good wage too. The only men who are at liberty are the blacklegs, the gamblers, and opium fiends. So, though our friend at the agency bureau did his very best for us, he could not save us from such a time of worry and annoyance as I can hardly bear to look back upon. We were all over-worked, tired out, and had illness in the house as well.

For three months we had such a succession of Chinese blackguards as makes my flesh creep to remember. Some of them stayed one day, some two or three, some a week; but we became positively ashamed of driving into El Barco station, taking in and bringing out different Chinamen.

It is a drive of ten miles too, there and back, and added no small bother and waste of time to the rest of the discomforts. Then there were gaps between, when the expected Chinaman did not arrive, and the buggy came home empty; and we would turn from the verandah where we had been anxiously watching, with an opera-glass, to see if there were one figure or two in the buggy, turn into the house with the knowledge that we must cook and bake and sweep for ourselves as best we could until better times dawned.

Alas, then, for a charwoman within call, however inefficient! It would be something, at least, to get the sweeping and washing-up done.

(To be continued.)



## "OUR HERO."

A TALE OF THE FRANCO-ENGLISH WAR NINETY YEARS AGO.

By AGNES GIBERNE, Author of "Sun, Moon and Stars," "The Girl at the Dower House," etc.

### CHAPTER XXXV.

#### THE RELEASE OF ONE.

JACK'S uneasiness grew as days went by. Denham was certainly in a condition by no means satisfactory. This last heavy blow—the death of his adored Chief, of the man who had been to him as a guiding star from boyhood—seemed to have shaken his hold on life, and the old courage and energy were gone. Though he struggled on, it was in a listless fashion.

Even the assurance as to Polly's constancy could not arouse him. The lassitude which oppressed him was unconquerable.

"It is so much the worse for her," he said dejectedly to Jack. "If she could forget me, she at least might be happy. She is wasting the best years of her life in this miserable waiting. I may be out here another ten years. Or I may never go home."

"You don't wish her to forget you, my dear fellow."

"For her sake I could be glad. Not for my own."

"Fact is, there's no manner of use in expecting you to take reasonable views of things, while your head is in this state," said Jack.

But he became so troubled that he confided his cares to Lucille. He could not worry the Colonel or Mrs. Baron, who were anxious enough already.

"I'm not at all happy about him, and that's the solemn truth," Jack declared confidentially a fortnight or so after his arrival. "I don't like the look in his eyes, or here," drawing a finger across his brow. "And as for strength, just see him this afternoon. He's utterly floored by that stroll on the ramparts. Why, in old days he'd do his twenty or thirty miles at a stretch, and get back as fresh as he started. He didn't know what it was to be done up."

Lucille had not the least idea why, at this point, she should find herself to be confiding to Jack a secret which she had told to nobody else. She and he were becoming extremely good friends. Jack had taken to Lucille on the spot, when they were first introduced, and the feeling was returned. Still Lucille had

not meant to let anybody know what she had done. Somehow it slipped out.

She had long wondered whether it might not be possible to obtain leave for Denham to return home. Some few among the *détenus* had been permitted by the Emperor to do so, under exceptional circumstances. And Captain Ivor was a soldier. It was well known that, if Napoleon were chivalrous to anybody, he would be so first of all to a soldier. He was always harder upon civilians.

At the Emperor's Court an old friend of hers moved—one who had been formerly a Royalist, and who now for some years had attached himself to the fortunes of Buonaparte. Lucille had found it hard to pardon this change of front in her old friend—more strictly her parents' friend—and intercourse between the two had been almost dropped. Yet Lucille had heard of him from time to time, and she knew that he was not one to forget the past, the more so in her case since that past included a heavy debt of gratitude from him to Lucille's father.

arrivals, but the cheerfulness of the scene and the healthy appetite generally pacified even these unamiable folks.

What friendships were made, and who does not remember some pleasant act of kindness connected with the old inn? One of the earliest recollections of my life is of such an act.

I was a child, and was being taken down to Norfolk to be put to school. We sat down to dinner, my father on one side of me and a strange, but very gentle, married lady on the other. My father got very interested in a conversation with another clergyman on "dangers threatening the Church." I felt miserable, frightened, and ready to cry when a sweet voice whispered in my ear, "What is the matter, my little man? Ah, I see your hands are cold and you cannot cut up your dinner." So she took my hands and warmed them in her own fair palms. After a minute she addressed me again. "Why, my dear child, you don't seem to be at your ease even now." I was too silly or shy to tell her what was the matter (and perhaps a little bit ashamed), but her quick woman's wit soon found out what was wrong. I saw her whisper to one of the girls who were waiting, and very quickly a *child's* knife and fork were placed before me. I had never before handled

a large knife and fork. How grateful I felt to that kind and thoughtful lady. I never saw her again; and although it is more than half a century since this act of kindness was done, I shall never forget either her or it.

Now, recollections of this kind seem to cling around old-fashioned inns. And what quaint-looking buildings they were, with their projecting bow windows, long low rooms, and great beams supporting the front externally and the ceiling internally.

Few indeed of these old village inns now remain, but we give two, one from Alfriston in Sussex, and the other from Wingham in Kent. The former is an excellent example of Tudor work, half timbered construction, with wooden mullions, bow windows, and doorways, with a most curious fragment of a sign representing a dragon preserved at one corner. Since we made this sketch the building has, we believe, been restored, but we trust the old dragon has survived. The roof is covered with thin slabs of stone called "shingles," not an uncommon kind of roofing in neighbourhoods where stone is cheap and plentiful.

The other inn, which we have sketched at Wingham, Kent, is a very remarkable building, portions of which certainly date

from the fourteenth century. The great roof, which is visible from the upper rooms, is very interesting, and seems at one time to have formed a kind of hall undivided from end to end (the porch with its bow windows above it is a charming feature). Possibly it may have been a primitive *concert room*, and resounded with those sweet old English madrigals of Bird, Dowland, and Orlando Gibbons.

There is a fine old Gothic inn at Glastonbury with a front of entirely cut stone, and the picturesque old "King's Head" at Chigwell, the original of Dickens's "Maypole" in *Barnaby Rudge*, is a good example of the Stuart period.

The bishops and clergy of various denominations who have started "The People's Refreshment House Association, Limited," have no doubt the idea of replacing the ordinary village "public-house" by something more nearly resembling the old "hostellerie," in fact, of replacing the mere drinking-shop by an establishment where rational refreshment can be obtained by those who require it, and should they succeed in their enterprise they will earn the thanks of all thinking people and be doing a good work in the cause of temperance.

H. W. BREWER.

(To be continued.)

## CHRONICLES OF AN ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN RANCH.

By MARGARET INNES.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### MORE ABOUT THE CHINAMEN.

ONE man I remember especially among these, who led us a fine dance! He was a tall, thin, intellectual-looking fellow, with a handsome but most cruel face. Some friends from a distance had sent us word that they were coming over for the day, and I had provided a turkey for dinner. All that I could prepare beforehand had been done. Dinner was to be at one o'clock, and I began to be uneasy as the time passed, and I knew the turkey to be lying white and cold and unstuffed upon the kitchen table. It was dangerous ground to seem to interfere, or advise much, and I had already twice said, and the last time with emphasis, that the dinner must be punctual and the turkey well done. After anxious and secret family consultations, however, as the time grew very late, and I knew the great white thing to be still lying on the kitchen table, I went in and told him that he must get the turkey into the oven at once. He made no reply, and went on perfectly quietly with some unimportant job; I waited a moment, and still getting no reply, I repeated my order, adding, "Do you hear, Wong?"

Then he looked round at me, with a leer on his handsome face, and still gave no answer. "Dinner is at one," I said, trying to keep quiet. "When will that turkey be ready?"

After a moment of silent laughter, when I could see his back shaking, he said, "Turkey leady allie lightie to-morrow, not cookie him to-day—no time!" Then his back shook again, as he bent over his bit of work.

I confess I did not know how to deal with this. Nowadays, in such a plight, I should storm and get very angry, and try to frighten him, for they are all cowards. But I was too uncertain then, and our friends were due directly, and I did not dare risk anything.

However, the end of it was, dinner was just a little late, but to our amazement everything was beautifully cooked and served, and there

was no sign of that alarming mood in the grave alert man who waited on us.

I had not then realised how marvellously quick they are; what seeming impossibilities they can accomplish without effort, slipping about in their loose, heelless little shoes with apparently tireless steps. They are very methodical and orderly, and no doubt this is the secret of their quickness. They certainly get through a great deal of work, and with ease too, and have plenty of leisure besides.

One man we had always spent his leisure in sleep. He disappeared regularly after the washing-up of the midday dinner. It was only by chance that we discovered where he took his siesta. One of us went to fetch something from the "cool" cellar we had dug for ourselves, and of which we were very proud, and were startled to find a white figure lying prostrate, stretched across three empty lemon boxes, in the middle of the floor.

So that was where Quong disappeared to, and that was why at times the cellar was locked and the key gone, as we had noticed once or twice. I did not tell the rest of the family so, but I believe he also made his Chinese toilet there, combing his pigtail, and generally setting himself in order all among the milk-pans, and the butter, and the tarts!

He explained, smiling and unmoved, that it was "welly cool, welly nice for rest there." However, we said he must not sleep there any more.

Most Chinamen are wonderfully clever gardeners, especially delighting in growing vegetables; and when once that nimble white figure is seen busy at work in the kitchen garden, one may pick up some hope that the new cook will quietly settle down in his new place, for some months at least, and that the charms of the gambling houses and opium dens of Chinatown will fade from his mind for a little while. Our present man, who is a capital servant, has rejoiced our hearts lately by making himself very busy in the kitchen garden. Knowing what contrary creatures

they are, always doing the opposite of what one expects, we try to "rejoice with moderation," as an old friend used to advise; but, after all, why not enjoy one's pleasure with a free heart, and to the full, while it lasts?

We have never done admiring and wondering at the way our present cook, Yung, does his gardening, accomplishing so much, and in such a curiously casual way, popping out between-whiles in his little embroidered velvet shoes, and finishing each time some fresh piece of work in a masterly fashion.

Then besides the hope in one's mind that this interest will bind him to his place for a time, there is the thrilling expectation of some day eating these same vegetables. One has to live on a ranch, out of reach of Chinese vegetable carts, to know how pleasant that prospect seems.

The first years of a ranch demand so much work for the trees, and all the business connected with the ranch itself is so pressing, that even if a kitchen garden is made at once, as in our case, the vegetables get such poor attention that they are of very little use. Nothing grows here without the closest tending; but with constant care the growth is like a fairy tale. However, very few ranchers find time for vegetables in the first years, at any rate.

Some Chinamen, too, are great readers, and bring with them quite a library of small paper-backed Chinese books. I asked one of these studious ones if they were the books of Confucius that he was reading so diligently, at which he seemed much amused, grinning and shaking his head.

After our fatiguing time of domestic troubles, when the winter season was over, and San Miguel was once more the half empty, easy-going little town, and good Chinamen were ready to take even a place in the country, we got quite a passable cook, bad tempered, however, and very rough in his ways at such times. But we were thankful to have the work done fairly well, on any terms, and we pretended not to notice his almost brutal manner.

I had been warned again and again by friends who had long experience in dealing with Chinamen, not to interfere at all, but to leave things *entirely* to them. So long as the work is fairly well done and things are clean, what does the rest matter? Most of them are by no means extravagant or wasteful, as servants go; but if such a one should fall to your lot, you may as well dismiss him at once, for you will never persuade him to make the least change. They are so exceedingly stubborn that interference, if it does no harm, is little likely to do any good. In most cases where a change is demanded, they will say "allie lightie," and go on doing their own way.

As I myself do the choosing and buying of the meat, I also go through the form of ordering how it shall be cooked and prepared for each meal. If my orders accord with his *Celestial ideas*, they are carried out, and if not, they are not. And that is the end of it. He always serves up something nice, and does not waste, which is surely good enough for any reasonable being.

I confess I do resent a little the half covert smile with which I am received in the morning when I go into the kitchen to give these bogus orders; but I brazen it out, and struggle through the form with the best dignity I can.

One lady friend, when advising me never to interfere about the work, told me of a striking experience she had before she learnt her lesson.

She kept a large boarding-school for girls, and employed a number of Chinamen. The cook, being a very capable and respectable fellow, was the acknowledged head over the others, engaging them and dismissing them on his own responsibility. That was the plan which she had found the best, and as long as he was satisfied, all worked as smoothly as a machine, for he belonged, as most of them do,

to some secret society, and whether he was a "high binder," as seemed likely, or not, they feared and obeyed him as they would never have feared or obeyed her.

One unlucky day, however, she took it into her head to go into the kitchen and prepare some small thing which he had cooked once or twice in a manner that did not please her. She had told him that she did not like it so, but next time it was served in just the same fashion, and she was annoyed. She went bravely into her own kitchen, and prepared it as she liked, leaving him in quiet possession as soon as this was finished.

A large school is a busy place, and no one had time to notice anything unusual or strange till the hour for dinner drew near. Then suddenly it struck all the little community that the house was very still; there was no smell of dinner, and in the dining-room, when the door was hastily flung open, there were no preparations for the meal.

Our friend, startled and uneasy, hurried to the kitchen, to find everything in perfect order, but no sign of Chinese activity, and the fires of the range all grey and cold. A quick search convinced her that they were alone in the house, and in a great state of wonder and excitement she and her friends got together a cold, picnic sort of meal, and ate it up, discussing meanwhile what they should do. As the Chinese *chef* had been exceedingly well treated, and had also been some years with them, they felt very indignant that he should have played them such a trick for so slight an offence, for my friend recognised that she had committed an offence.

They determined in their wrath that they would have no more Chinamen; they would employ nice, decent women, with whom they could reason, and who would understand one's point of view. They telephoned at once to an employment agency in the nearest town, asking for the best girls that could be had, at

such short notice, to be sent out to them at once.

Soon they arrived, and were spreading confusion and discomfort all over the house—a wretchedly incompetent set. They were all dismissed, and a fresh batch sent out—but, alas! no better than the first.

Then the girls and their teachers, in desperation, determined to do their own work until they had time to make some better plans. All this had taken up three or four days, and one morning our friend was hard at work sweeping her own drawing-room carpet, and making a great noise over it, when the brush was taken out of her hands by a quiet firm grasp, and glancing up, she saw her Chinese *chef*, looking particularly neat and business-like, after all the tawdry finery of the women servants. He said quietly, "Me do lis; you no do such sing," and went on with the sweeping as though there had been no break whatsoever in his regular work. Being both breathless with her sweeping, and very glad to hand it over to someone else, naturally also a good deal taken aback, she murmured something or other and went quietly out of the room, and then discovered that all about the house were quiet, quick-moving figures, clad in the familiar white jackets, busy about their separate duties, just as though they had been there all the time. The lesson was very effectual in her case, for never again did she attempt the least interference.

This seems to be an exceedingly long account of domestic affairs, but being so unlike our English edition of such troubles, it may be of interest, or, at least, it may serve to enhance the feelings of comfort and luxury of those at home who can command a well-trained cook, and housemaid, and parlour-maid, not to mention the useful charwoman, and all for less money than we pay our one Chinaman.

(To be continued.)

## SOCIAL INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF AN EAST END GIRL.

By LA PETITE.

### PART IV.

#### CHAIRS!

It so chanced that I did not see Belinda Ann for some long time after the launch.

Illness and a trip to Switzerland came between us, and when I returned to England the Club had not yet resumed its winter meetings.

The moment it did so, however, I took an early opportunity of visiting it, and to my joy Belinda Ann arrived shortly after me.

I pounced on her at once and drew her into a secluded corner, where we could talk unobserved.

"Belinda," I began eagerly, "I want you to take me to your Feather Club one day. Will you?"

She put her head on one side and glanced at me sideways, as was her way when in doubt, and remarked—

"There ain't nothink ter see, yer know. We just pys in our money every week, an' the one who draws the winnin' number gits the feather that week, an' then we begins all over agyne, but I've left that an' jined a furniture club now," and she gave me another sidelong look.

I was so full of my own ideas that I did not particularly notice her evident desire to be asked why, but exclaimed—

"I did not know you had other sorts of clubs."

"Bless yer, yuss!" retorted Belinda Ann, with all her old contempt for my lamentable ignorance. "There's furniture clubs, an' crockery clubs, an' photergraph clubs, an' draperies an' boot clubs, an' I dun know what all!"

"And how much do you pay?" I asked. "Well, it depends," she replied cautiously. "It runs from anythink from thruppence to five bob, accordin' ter succumstances, but I'll tyke yer ter one ef yer like, though there ain't nothink whatever ter see."

I closed with the offer at once, and then asked what she had been doing all this time.

"Eaps!" she answered laconically; and then remarked in a would-be off-hand manner, "I'm a-walkin' hout with a young feller down our court."

"Oh!" I replied, not specially impressed, as this was a very everyday affair.

"An' 'e's sed 'Chairs' ter me!" she added, with an elaborate assumption of indifference and an unsuccessful attempt not to look triumphant.

"Oh, Belinda!" I exclaimed, grasping at once what this meant, "I am glad. That is why you joined the furniture club?"

She nodded, pleased at my intelligence, and added complacently—

"An' I've jined the sewin' class, so's I ken myke my own trossax."

I fully approved of this, and inquired as to when the marriage was to take place.

She pursed up her lips and shook her head solemnly, as she replied—

"Not yet awhile. I've no fancy fer startin' too soon an' bein' brought up with a jerk, an' I wants ter myke sure of a comferble plyce ter begin with," which showed me what I had always known, namely, that Belinda Ann was in many ways above her class.

"I means ter 'ave a room ter myself any'ow," she went on. "Why, ef you'll berlieve me"—warming with her subject—"down Spitalfields wy there was once four families as 'ad one room atween 'em. They each 'ad one corner, an' one man lived in the middle, but dear, they didn't mind, an' got on well enough till the man in the middle took in a lodger, an' then there was a row 'cos they sed that was jest a little too much."

I heartily agreed, though the story was not new to me any more than it will be to you.

We parted, having made an appointment for the following week, so a few days afterwards found me under her guidance, trying to find out something about the clubs.

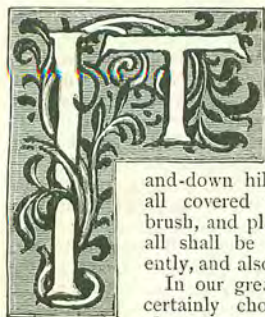
As we walked she showed me notices in various shop-windows of "Clubs held here," but the one we finally entered was of a very humble description, and the proprietress, a wizened little hunchback, looked suspiciously at me and was most reluctant, even at Belinda Ann's request, to explain the mode of procedure.

## CHRONICLES OF AN ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN RANCH.

BY MARGARET INNES.

## CHAPTER X.

ON THE RANCH—THE ANIMALS.



would be difficult for anyone who has never had the work to do, to realise how puzzling it is to take an up-

and-down hilly piece of land, all covered with shrub and brush, and plan it out so that all shall be placed conveniently, and also look at its best.

In our great hurry, we had certainly chosen the wrong place for our barn, and, moreover, it was much too small. We saw now perfectly well which was the right place. So as soon as the last piece of furniture had been lifted into the house, the carpenters set to work to take the barn to pieces, and carry it down the hill to the new site upon which we had settled.

It is a wonderful and rather a fearful thing to see how they can move large and small buildings about in this land of ingenuity. One feels quite embarrassed the first time one meets a house walking down the middle of a street. No doubt it is a great convenience to be able to keep your own house, and yet change your neighbourhood!

An acquaintance of ours, having some money to invest, put up a neat row of small detached houses on a piece of land which he had bought during a boom in those parts. The boom, alas! departed, leaving, as usual, disaster and emptiness behind, and these poor little houses stood all by themselves, never a single tenant or purchaser offering for them. Finally, however, someone of enterprise was found, who chose one for himself, and having a "lot" in an attractive part of San Miguel, had his new cottage driven over and rearranged in its new setting.

This answered so well, that it seemed to break the spell of ill-luck for the others also, and soon we were much amused to meet another and yet another of Jim Baxter's houses driving with stately slowness up and down the different streets of San Miguel, till the desolate little row, planted quite four miles away in an empty waste, had all been absorbed into friendly comfortable corners of the town.

Our present barn has very little resemblance to the original one, which was, however, all absorbed into it. With all the additions which have grown as they were felt to be needed, it is now about four times the size of the little wooden box we lived in during those four hot, dusty months.

There is a large, cool, lemon-curing room in the centre, over which is the hay-loft, holding twenty-five tons. At one side is a convenient workshop, with joiner's bench, and all necessary arrangements for the many different

kinds of jobs one has to do for oneself here, such as harness mending, soldering, etc. A nice little room for the ranchman is built over this. At the other side is a waggon-shed, and good-sized buggy-house, large enough to hold four vehicles. There are stalls for six horses and the cow, with one loose box, and a shed extending over one part of the corral, to give shade from the fierce sun. This, with hen-houses, etc., is quite a little settlement.

We have a comfortable bench down there, where I often sit in the evening, during "chore" time, while the animals are being made comfortable for the night; the cow milked, with the barn cat in close attendance, waiting for her accustomed share; the horses each in turn brought to the trough for a drink; the hens, too, after much fuss and hysterical chatter, fed and shut up, lest the coyotes, whose mocking yelp sounds often so very near in the night, should "carry off one to his den, oh!"

We soon realised in our ranch life how very much the animals added to our pleasure and interest. They are so very happy on a ranch, both dogs and horses, that one catches many a wave of the infection from them. They are so interested in each other and in us, showing such friendliness and affection, and also so much individuality. When the horses are not needed on the ranch, they are put into the corral, where they go through an impromptu circus performance of their own. After a good roll over in a spot carefully selected by much snuffing and pawing, they will stand on their hind legs in front of each other, pawing the air, and looking huge, then chase each other round and round the corral at such a speed, that one wonders they escape hurting themselves against the enclosing fence.

Poe, who is very exclusive, and resents the slightest intrusion on the part of any of the horses, lady or gentleman, has a stall close to the corral. As there is a window in her box, it is one of their mischievous pleasures to go softly up to it and look in, so as to hear Poe's angry shrill squeal, followed by a few hard kicks, when they scamper off, just as pleased as any wicked schoolboy who brings out an angry servant in answer to a runaway ring at the bell.

Jennie, the only other lady among them, though very nervous and high-strung, is much more amiable; in fact, she is quite ready to flirt and coquette with Rex. Like other flirts, she has more than one string to her bow, and though she does not really approve of Ben, she will tempt him to pay her attentions, which she receives with a virtuous and indignant squeal. They are all accustomed to being talked to, and look for occasional mouthfuls of something dainty from friends.

The dogs take a more intimate part still in our lives, and, indeed, we miss them greatly if for any reason they have to be left out of any expedition or undertaking. Whatever the spirit of the moment, they understand, and take the cue. If it is a pleasure drive, off for

the day, with baskets of eatables and drinkables, then there is such excitement among them that they can hardly wait till we are ready, but make little false starts by themselves, to rush back, jumping up at the horses' noses again and again, bumping up against each other, and smiling at us. Or, if the business in hand is serious, like any work on the ranch, or hauling firewood from the Silvero Valley, they take part with quite a different air; every line of head and tail shows grave responsibility, and I am sure they are convinced that things could not be carried on without their help.

It is quite pathetic to see old Sport doing his ranch duties. He is a brown setter, and was getting well on in years when given to Larry, and is now showing many signs of real old age; but when the little grey team are being hitched up to the cultivation, or Ben is waiting, staid and obedient, to be harnessed to the plough, Sport will lift himself rather stiffly from his favourite seat, which is on the top of the rain-water cistern, from which high perch he can keep a ready look-out all over the ranch, and after a grave shake he trudges down the hill, and stands waiting quietly till all is ready, and will follow the plough up and down the ranch till his tired old legs can do no more, when he limps up to the house, and rests in a cosy corner with the air of one who has done his duty, and can look any man, or any dog, in the face.

Between him and Bullie there is an undying rivalry, kept in abeyance generally by the truly gentlemanly spirit of both dogs, but breaking out now and again into a savage fight, when everyone flies to the rescue, lest poor old Sport should have his little remnant of pleasant life shaken out of him.

Bullie is a very "low down" dog, mongrel to the tips of his big, clumsy toes; but he is Tip's dearly-loved friend, and, indeed, we all take part in him.

Skibi, the bull terrier, is a perfect darling. She is so bright, and loving, and quick, so anxious to please, so brave, that she would fain fly at all the dogs three times her own size, bristling her whole back, and looking terribly dangerous. It is no wonder that Bullie and Sport look hatred and murder at each other for her sake. Both Skibi and Bullie adore the horses. Bullie will stand perfectly rigid in front of Dick and Rex, waiting anxiously for a little notice. If they lean down and sniff at him, he seems to hold his very breath, and when they lay hold of him, by his thick, loose skin, and lift him off his legs, as they do sometimes (though he weighs sixty pounds), then the very height of his pride and ambition is reached.

The greetings which the dogs give one, either in the mornings, or when one returns after any absence, is so full of true love and friendship, that we would feel quite bereft without our faithful comrades in this lonely life.

(To be continued.)

## VARIETIES.

**DRIFTING.**—No waste of time is so lavish as that which is the result of drifting, and there is no way in which people squander it more. Thousands of good intentions are daily swamped and destroyed, simply by allowing the time to slip away unconsciously until it is too late.

**USEFULNESS.**—Our duty is to be useful, not according to our desires, but according to our powers.

**THE DEEPEST SECRET.**—We shall have read the deepest secret of nature when we have read our own hearts.

"THE object of education is the carrying out of God's will for the individual; but the purpose of His will is hidden from us. The direction, only, in which we are to work is pointed out by the peculiar endowments of temper and of intellect in the child."—*Mrs. Sewell.*

## CHRONICLES OF AN ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN RANCH.

By MARGARET INNES.

## CHAPTER XI.

HARD WORK FOR THE MEN—HARDER WORK STILL FOR THE WOMEN—THE CISTERN—RATTLESNAKES—THE GARDEN—HOMESICKNESS—PIPE-LAYING.

THE ordinary business man at home in England would think it rather a mad suggestion if his friend were to prophesy that some day he would have to set to and make his own roads, the drive up to his house, lay his own water-pipes from the main, build his own rain-water cistern and cesspool, dig and plant his own garden, and fence that in too.

I think he would be equally surprised if he could realise how quickly and easily he would adapt himself to such unaccustomed work, and how well he could accomplish it.

To the man who loves an outdoor life, and is clever with his hands, and has ingenuity, too, and some skill in creating something out of nothing, "making history," there is much zest and enjoyment in all this. But, of course, it is very hard work; and when the sun is fierce (which it usually is), the glare and heat are most trying, out on the perfectly shadeless stretches of land.

The body does not accustom itself easily to these new labours, and the new burden must not be laid upon it too heavily; all the health-giving power of ranch life depends largely upon this precaution. Therefore the question of being able to pay for necessary help is a very important one. It is pitiful to see the weary, broken struggles of men untrained and unaccustomed to the heavy physical work of a ranch, and unable to pay for help. A breakdown, more or less serious, is almost certain, when the work all falls behind, and things become more and more hopeless. It is a great mistake for a delicate man, who has broken down at his office work at home in England, to come out here to ranch, thinking to recover his health in the open-air life, but not having at the same time the means to pay for help, nor the capital to be able to wait the necessary years till his ranch can yield an income.

Of course, I am not speaking of the man born and bred to such work at home; he will find a true land of promise here; the pay he can command (one dollar a day and his board), will soon enable him, if he is a thrifty fellow, to buy a bit of land and build a home of his own, such as he could not dream of in the old country; and the work is what he has always been accustomed to, and for which his body has been trained for generations.

But for the man of gentle birth and breeding it is a very different story. He would be better shut up in an office at home.

The life is splendidly healthy so long as one is not overdriven; the physical exercise of the different occupations, and all in the open air, is like the training of an athlete. Hoeing round the lemon trees is as good for the chest and arms of the labourer as for the roots of the lemon trees; but only always if the worker be not overtaxed. Indeed, from our experience it is only by carrying on sure regular active work in the open air that one gets the real benefit from this climate.

With thirty-one acres planted, we have found the help of one ranchman with Larry, our eldest son, and his father to be sufficient; so all our digging and piping and road-making went forward without too heavy a strain. The accepted theory is that one man can manage ten acres of planted land, and do justice to it; and a ranchman costs from twenty to thirty dollars a month, and his keep.

If the rough work and life are hard for men to accustom themselves to, it is much harder still for the women, especially, of course, for

delicate women, who are supposed to have been brought out "for their health." And here is the place to point out what a farce it is to suppose that any frail woman could possibly get any benefit out of the finest climate in the world if, in addition to the burden of her illness, she has to take upon herself the onerous duties of cook and housemaid and charwoman, and everything combined. Again the important question is whether the rancher has money enough to pay the very high wage demanded for even the simplest household help during at least five years, while he is waiting for his ranch to yield an income. Even then the wife must be prepared to work much harder than she was ever accustomed to at home, since one pair of hands, even if they are the most talented Chinese hands, necessarily leave a very great deal to be done. In our case, for instance, the Chinaman never touches the bedrooms or drawing-room, except to turn them out once a fortnight, when he leaves them fairly clean, but all topsy-turvy.

But this is as nothing, when one sees so many ranchers' wives doing without any help at all. That is a cruel life for any man to bring his wife to, unless he has absolutely no other choice; it is to my mind quite unforgivable. Let such men come without womenfolk.

We had a wearisome long piece of work—building the rain-water cistern and the cesspool, for they had to be dug out of the hard granite. The cistern was finished, however, in time to catch part of the winter's rain, and though we feared it would become stagnant, this danger was quite overcome by the simple little pump used, which is made almost exactly after the pattern of the old Egyptian pumps, and consists of a chain of small buckets, which revolves, and as one half come up and empty themselves through the pump spout, the other half go down into the water full of air; and thus the contents of the cistern are in this way constantly revitalised.

We have never done congratulating ourselves on possessing this cistern, for the water is always cool and sweet, and as our roof is very large, it soon fills the cistern, which holds three hundred barrels, and lasts all the year. The flume water, which we use in irrigation, and which is also laid on in the house for the boiler, etc., comes from the mountains in an open aqueduct or flume. It is at times full of moss and impurities, and is besides quite tepid in the summer.

We had many discussions, standing on our front verandah, and looking down the rough hill slope, as to how the drive should be laid out. We meant to have an avenue of pepper trees on each side, and once these were planted, the road could not well be altered. Meanwhile, sixteen more acres had been cleared of roots and brush, ploughed and harrowed for more lemon trees. In the spring we planted seven hundred young trees, which made in all one thousand five hundred.

The kitchen garden was set in order, and fenced in to keep out the squirrels and rabbits. They were a great nuisance that first year, but have now retired to their own wild part of the land, which certainly is roomy enough. The rattlesnakes, too, though we were constantly coming across them in the beginning, have now quietly withdrawn to the stony mountain tops.

That first year I was haunted with the fear of those hideous creatures, and the dread of an accident to one of my dear ranchers.

But all the same, it was a thrilling excitement when each one was caught and brought down to the barn to be gloated over; and though it was dead, it would still wriggle its

ugly body, and snap its terrible jaws at anything that might touch it, and with the power still of deadly effect.

One of the boys brought down from the hill a particularly large fellow, hanging on a forked stick, its frightful mouth gaping so wide open that the whole head seemed split in two, and big amber-coloured drops of the terrible poison hanging to its fangs.

One certainly gets accustomed to anything; and here even the little children think nothing of killing a rattlesnake on their way to school. It is true they are easily killed, and are always in a hurry to get away. The danger is, of course, that one may tread on them unawares, for their skin is so like the colour of the ground. But on the road they are easily seen, and in walking through the brush one keeps a sharp look-out.

The house looked terribly bare, perched on the hill-top, without a touch of green about it and no single patch of shade far or near, so we were in a great hurry to make the garden, which was to surround the house, but was only to be a small one, as when once we had made it, we should, of course, have to keep it in order ourselves. When it was finished, we could not but laugh at our cypress hedge of baby trees about ten inches high, standing round so valiantly, and through which the smallest chicken walked with *easy dignity*. However, now it is a thick green wall, six or eight feet high, and there is a fence as well to keep out barn-yard intruders.

Shade trees were planted, perhaps too profusely, in our eagerness for the shade and the dear green for which our eyes so hungered.

Among the many different pangs of homesickness, a longing for the trees, and the beautiful green of England, is almost as painful as the *sehnsucht* that pinches one so surely at times, for the sight of an old friend's face.

We are unusually fortunate in having within reach exceptionally charming cultivated people; and their kindness to the newcomers, has made all the difference to us in the happiness of our social life.

But old friends grow ever dearer to the exiled ones, and I often think that if those at home who have friends in "foreign parts" knew with what joy and gratitude each simple sign is received, which proves that still they are remembered, then, indeed, many an odd paper, or little book, would be dropped into the post, when time or inclination for letter-writing failed. The paper has tenfold its value, because of the unwritten message it conveys from friend to friend.

After the garden was finished, we cleared a piece of land on the hilltop, at the back of the ranch, about one acre in size, and made a small plantation there of eucalyptus, for firewood; it grows very fast and needs little attention. Also six acres on the hill-slopes, that lay too high for irrigation, and therefore would not do for lemons, we cleared, and planted with peaches.

In April we worked hard, laying more piping. Pipe-laying is the pain and crucifixion of a rancher's life. No part of the work is so detested; it is very back-breaking work to begin with, and there are frantic half hours spent over screws that will not screw, where the thread of the pipe has been broken or injured in the transit, or faultily made; and there are the bends in the land, which the pipe has to be coaxed round, and there are "elbows," and "tees," and "unions," and "crosses," and "hydrants," each of which has its own separate way of being exasperating.

(To be continued.)

almost as wealthy as if your father had never failed."

"Oh, stop a minute," Ada cried, "till I can really understand it. Am I the milliner's girl that was mentioned in the papers? Oh, I'm quite, quite certain you have made some mistake. Do have pity on me, sir; I have suffered so much," and she put up her hand to her head and swayed a little backwards and forwards.

"Oh, please don't faint, my dear young lady. I am no ladies' man, and I don't know what to do."

"No, I will not faint," replied Ada. "It is really wonderful what a girl can bear. But I hope you are not deceiving me."

"I am quite sure I am not, if you are not deceiving me, and personating Ada Nicoli. I wish I could have broken it to you more gently; but I am no ladies' man."

"You have done it very kindly," the girl said, with a great sob of joy in her throat, "only I wish the old man was alive, that I could thank him, and love him a little. He was very lonely, I think."

"Yes, he was very lonely," the lawyer said, "and it is strange what an impression you made upon him."

"I don't see how I could," Ada replied simply. "I never did anything."

"I think I can understand," the lawyer said with a touch of gallantry which showed that he was not such a poor ladies' man as he had asserted, *bringing a pretty flush to her cheek.*

After they had talked a few minutes, Ada said—

"May I call the children down to tell them?"

"Certainly," the lawyer replied. "The affair is no secret."

When Ada told the children that they were no longer poor, and that they need not live in the top attic-room in a boarding-house, they took the news more complacently than their sister had done.

"I'm glad we can go to a decent school," Marjory said, little knowing how her words hurt Ada, who had worked her fingers to the bone to pay for her middle-class schooling.

"I wish we had been left a new poppa, instead of some money," Sadie said regretfully. "If we're rich again, you'll drive about with mummy, I suppose, and we won't have any fun. I like being poor."

"And living in a hen-roost?" Ada asked laughingly.

Sadie had always called their low-roofed attic a hen-roost.

"Yes, 'cause I like sleeping with you better than with a cross nurse."

The old lawyer got up. He had to take his spectacles off and rub them before he could see his way across the room.

"My dear young lady," he said, "you have made their poverty so attractive that the old gentleman's fortune is scarcely appreciated."

"I must spend it very wisely," the girl said, "as it was so carefully hoarded together. It is all so wonderful that I cannot believe it is true."

"I should like the old man to have had the pleasure that has been mine in bringing you the good news," the lawyer said, bowing himself out. "We shall have many business

matters to discuss later on, but I will leave you now to enjoy the new good fortune with your sisters." He came back and said rather nervously, "Remember, my dear, that you can draw on me for any ready money you may require. I will leave you a hundred dollars now just to pay for immediate expenses, and to-morrow you can have ten hundred more if you like."

When Ada Nicoli was going upstairs, as if floating on wings rather than walking, she met the fat lady boarder coming down.

"Well, I declare, Ada Nicoli, you look as if the world wasn't good enough for you to-night. There's enough happiness in your eyes to light a whole street. Has your strange visitor brought you good news?"

"Yes," Ada replied, "wonderful news. He has just told me that I am the little milliner's girl whom the eccentric old gentleman thought deserved some money."

"Sakes alive!" the fat boarder exclaimed. "Let me look at you,"—and she took the girl by her shoulders and scanned her face.

"Are you the girl he left all the money to?"

"Yes," answered Ada; "isn't it extraordinary? I can't quite believe it is true! It's just like a fairy story."

In another moment the girl was clasped in the arms of the good-natured woman, and was so cried over and petted that all the boarders came out to hear the news, which Ada could not tell them for the fulness of her heart, and the fat boarder did it but badly, for she was laughing and crying at one and the same time.

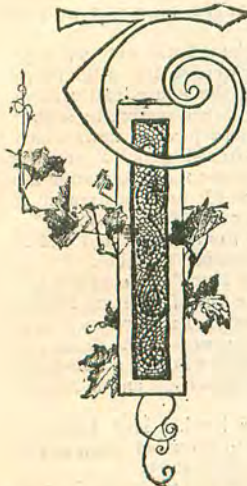
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## CHRONICLES OF AN ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN RANCH.

By MARGARET INNES.

### CHAPTER XII.

THE RESERVOIR—CHINESE MEDICINES—DUST—ADVANTAGES OF THE LIFE—THE RAINS—FLOODS.



**T**HAT summer, our first on the ranch, we made a large reservoir to hold 200,000 gallons. There was a convenient gulch or dip, which drained a fair stretch of hill slope, and which lent itself well for the purpose. We meant also to run our share of the flume water into this reservoir whenever it was not being used on the ranch.

Many waggon loads of sand from the Silvero Valley had to be hauled up by the little grey team, and endless barrels of cement from the station at El Barco five miles away. It was a long tiresome job. There was plenty of rock, with which to build the dam, lying about on the hills, but to lift these pieces on to the sledge, improvised for this purpose, and bring them over hill and dale to the reservoir site and there unload them, was both very hard work and at times a little dangerous, for the rocks were often so large

that they were not easily controlled, and were always threatening to roll over on to the feet or hands of the "master builder" and his men.

There were some bad bruises before all the names of the workers were written on the cement top of the wall as an artistic finish to the dam.

That was a very dry year, the summer extending till December 5th, and after a dry winter too. For this reason the breaking up of the ground was all the harder, especially that part which had been trodden hard by cattle grazing for many years.

Again the ranchers went to work to manufacture some implement that would help in this difficulty, and a "clod masher" was made out of some of the furniture cases, and it did very good work.

We planted cypress trees too, all along the windswept side of the ranch, as these grow very fast, and we wanted to break the face of the wind.

The rabbits, squirrels, and gophers gave us some anxiety that first year by nibbling at the bark of the young lemon trees. This had to be stopped at once, for if the bark is badly peeled off right round the stem of a young tree, the tree will probably die. The approved remedy is to paint the bark with blood, a most disagreeable job, especially in glaring hot weather. However, the trees were not touched after that, for the rabbits are dainty people.

A good store of firewood had to be hauled from the Silvero Valley before the rains should come, and some months earlier we had stored away our winter supply of hay in the barn. In the winter we also planted an

orchard of all varieties of fruit for our own use—pears, apples, prunes, figs, apricots, peaches, vines, strawberries, and raspberries. Altogether we were very busy and worked very hard, though we took our pleasures too, sandwiched in between. We did a great deal of driving and riding about among the different mountain paths, and we still enjoy this distraction as much as ever.

To take our lunch with us and stay away all day, the boys riding ahead, with the dogs following them, darting in among the brush, wildly happy over every pretence of a scent, leaping high over every obstacle, and adding so much to our enjoyment by their evident delight, is a pleasure without flaw. I must not forget also a gun or two, stowed away in the bottom of the carriage, for something worth killing may cross our path. Jack-rabbits are not good eating but are good sport, and as they injure the trees, every rancher shoots them when he gets the chance. The dainty elegant road-runner must never be hurt, and woe be to the "tenderfoot" who is tempted to shoot that pretty, impudent-looking little fellow, the skunk, who flourishes his handsome black and white tail in your very face. If you were a Chinaman, you would secure him on any terms, even his own. All Celestial medicines and cordials seem to be compounded of the most offensive abominations that can be discovered; it follows, of course, that the skunk is a highly-prized treasure in their pharmacopeia. What deceits we have practised and what lies we have told during Wing's reign in the kitchen! He was for ever wanting to doctor us, and had always just the right remedy by him for whatever complaint was to the fore. We soon became

very wary indeed of showing any sign of physical trouble before him, for we were at once pounced upon with hot drinks of villainous compounds and rank smell, and we had to be very diplomatic so as to escape drinking them there and then, and thus get the chance of pouring them down the bath sink when his back was turned.

We always felt this to be a very dangerous business, for the smell threatened to betray us.

For rheumatic pains he eagerly recommended a sort of rattlesnake jam, which is made with *chunks* of that attractive reptile cooked in whisky, and potted for seven years, when it is ready for use, and, according to Wing, is an infallible cure.

But though these various animals are spared for different reasons on our little excursions, the Californian quail are very delicate food, and a most welcome addition to the ranch larder, where variety is a little difficult to get. They also are very good sport. Wild pigeons, too, are not to be despised.

These driving expeditions are best, however, in the winter, spring, and early summer, when the sun is not so hot, and when the roads have been rained upon, and the terrible dust is laid. Is there any dust like the Californian dust after a dry season, I wonder? My husband insists that in Australia and the Cape, and other places where he and I have never been, the dust is infinitely worse than in California; he also reminds me of the dust in railway travelling at home, and insists that this was quite as disagreeable and much more dirty. We do not agree on this point. But as I said before, one accustoms oneself to almost anything, and though we certainly take fewer pleasure drives at the end of the summer, waiting rather always for the first rains, yet when I remember my first horror at San Sebastian, on driving through waves, and clouds, and curtains of dust, then I know by comparison that I have reached a very philosophical state of mind about this, one of the necessary and undeniable evils.

What one enjoys most in this life is, I think, the absolute freedom; that and the great stretches of space around one are a constantly increasing delight. To look across these great sweeps of mountains, range after range, and see in the distance the silver line of the Pacific, and to feel the clean, pure wind in one's face, is like a baptism of new life.

At first the strange bareness of these mountains almost wounds one's eyes, and their true beauty is not recognised. But as one learns to know them better, their charm grows more and more striking, and I almost doubt if after a few years one would wish for any change in their bold bare lines. In the full midday sun they are not lovely, and in some moods one would call them almost ugly, so uncompromising are they in their grimness and bareness: but their time of triumph is when the changing lights of sunset begin, when they are flooded with such matchless colouring, so delicate and rich, that they seem positively unreal.

During the winter rains all the odd jobs of

repairing are done: soldering, harness-cleaning and mending, painting of waggons or carts, and carpentering.

Most Americans are clever-handed, and can turn from one job to another with unusual facility. To see a man, who earns his living by driving a delivery waggon, turn to in his spare time and build a neat and comfortable addition to his house, an extra bedroom, and perhaps an enlargement of the sitting-room, with a nice bit of verandah out of this, and all well planned and well finished, is apt to knock the conceit out of the young fellow from home, who prides himself on being so "clever with his tools."

Our first winter was a very dry one, to our great regret. The rainfall was much below the average and much below what was needed for the land. Less than seven inches fell during the whole season, and an average good fall is about fourteen inches. So the land was never thoroughly soaked, and what was a more anxious matter still, the storage of water "way back" in the mountains was too scant, and pretty certain to run short before the long dry season should be over. So, indeed, it proved, and we were greatly harassed, when the water company began to cut down our rations, leaving us barely enough to keep our young trees going; and certainly not enough to give them a chance of doing their best, however diligently the "cultivator" might be kept at work.

All that summer we were busy, tending the trees and adding further improvements to the ranch. When the second winter came, we were hopeful then all our anxieties about water would be set at rest by a good generous rainfall.

The dry season had extended unusually far into the winter months, no rain having fallen till December 5th, when we had a few small showers. Within three weeks of this, it seemed as though we were to get our desires to the full, for the rain came down in torrents.

The Silvero river, which was supposed to flow in the pretty valley below us, of which we got such a charming glimpse from our verandahs, had hitherto appeared to be a dry sandy stretch more like a rough country road than a river, and we had laughed at the very notion of a bridge being ever needed to cross its dangerous waters.

Wonderful tales of the miraculous possibilities of the land are of course told here to the credulous tenderfoot, and we did not feel inclined to believe our friends' accounts of that very river's deep and dangerous waters during some rainy winters.

We had to make an apology that second winter. For nine days the waters poured down in an almost solid sheet; and with hardly any cessation night or day. We were all anxious and excited over this storm; and constantly on the watch to see what would happen. At the end of the first twenty-four hours, we had rather a scare over our reservoir. The sudden inrush of water from the hill slopes around had filled it so quickly that

when my husband went up in the driving rain to see what state it was in, he found, to his dismay, that the water had reached the very tops of the dam, and was just beginning to sweep over, making at once a deep and widening cut all along the lemon trees below.

The new wooden floodgate was so swollen with the rain that it was as though riveted into its place, and refused to open. In a few moments my husband had darted down to the barn, and returning with an axe, broke the floodgate in pieces, when the danger was over, and the water rushing away in a great heavy mass found its way into a gully where it could do no mischief. We saw, from the deep cutting made in those few moments by the water when it swept over the dam, what terrible damage might be worked by these rains. But we could hardly believe our eyes or ears however, when we saw in the valley the glistening of the water in the broad river-bed, and heard the roar as though of a cataract.

During the first lull that occurred we all hurried down to the valley to examine more closely what was going on. We found such a turbulent, dangerous-looking river tearing down the valley, that we were perfectly fascinated, and would fain have stayed and watched it for hours.

The river had already cut a great deep bed for itself out of the wheat-sown meadows of the valley, and every moment a great slice of the bank would give way and silently slide down into the water, which swallowed it up relentlessly as it rushed past.

Great trees were lying in the river, in some places all across it, making *rough dams* where the water fought and leapt even more fiercely; and as we stood there, we were horrified to see one of the dear trees, so highly prized in this bare land, go trembling down into the flood. The sound of their roots straining and cracking as the rushing floods tried to sweep them away from their last bit of anchorage, was most painful; it seemed almost like a human struggle. All the ground was more or less like quicksand, and we had to be careful where we stepped, lest we should be "mired." As the rain came on again heavily, we were forced to return home, though very unwillingly; it was a scene of such wonderful excitement.

We were very anxious, too, about friends whose ranches were some miles further up the valley, and whose land lay mostly rather low down and near the river-bed. We found afterwards that both had suffered considerable loss, besides great anxiety. On one ranch the river had in one night swept away eight acres of beautiful olive-trees that were in full bearing. This was a very cruel blow, over which the whole neighbourhood, I think, mourned, but which the young rancher and his wife bore with the brave cheery spirit which is, I think, a noticeable charm in most Americans. The young wife gallantly carried the heavier share of the blow, by dismissing her servant, and herself doing the housework and cooking.

(To be concluded.)



## CHRONICLES OF AN ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN RANCH.

By MARGARET INNES.

## CHAPTER XIII.

AFTER THE FLOODS—WILL THE LEMONS PAY?—THE  
BEST CONDITIONS—A SUMMING-UP—WORDS OF  
WARNING.



It was some days after these heavy rains were over before we felt it was safe to drive about again, for the roads were quite impassable in places, with deep, dangerous-looking cuts, made by the water; and still worse, there were unexpected patches which carried no danger signal that we could see, where one ran great risk of being "mired;" that is, being engulfed in soft mud,

horses sometimes sinking up to their tails, and the wheels disappearing up to the hub.

By the time when we were able to drive about freely and see our friends, the wild flowers were already scenting the air, and the hill slopes and valleys were verdant with the exquisite young green that springs up in California almost in one night after the rains. One family living on the other side of the river had gone through experiences not unlike a siege; for with those broad rapids rushing between them and the outer world, it was impossible to replenish their larder.

The butcher, who visits us all regularly three times a week, could not have reached them, even in a boat. The bridge which should have carried him and his cart over, stood helpless and useless in the midst of the surging mass of water, the road on each side being cut away many yards where the river had spread far out across the valley. In the summer we had laughed rather scornfully at the needless labour of building this bridge, when it was so much simpler to drive over the river-bed, where there was a firm road. And now we might have laughed again, for when it was most needed, it stood far out of everyone's reach!

However, this flooding of the land was a very unusual occurrence. Ranchers who have been settled here over twenty years have never seen anything like it. We are now in our fourth winter on the ranch, and the rains are falling in most ideal fashion, short spells of about half an inch at a time sinking into the ground everywhere, without waste, and doing infinite good; and the trees in consequence are looking in beautiful condition.

Our ranch is too young as yet for us to be able to say what financial return there will be on our investment and work. There is no doubt whatever that our trees are going to yield bountifully, and there are many figures given by those who should know, as to the numbers of boxes of lemons a six-year-old tree will yield. But the success really depends upon the rancher's skill in producing the largest number of perfect lemons. It will never pay to produce so-called "culls," i.e., lemons more or less disfigured with thorn scratches, etc., or stunted in size. But it will pay to produce perfect lemons in large quantities, and to accomplish this we must be able to give the trees every advantage; deep

soil, in a locality untouched by frost, for they are more sensitive to cold than the orange; enough water, and constant watchful care, with unsparing work.

The large number of lemons planted in California during the last five years or so is a circumstance a little alarming at first, lest the fruit should become a drug in the market, when the many thousands of trees all begin to yield at the same time. On the other hand, when one sees the hopeless condition of so many of these ranches, planted in stony, barren-looking soil, in cold plains or valleys subject to frost, and left in charge of some caretaker, who is but little interested in the success of the ranch, one is reassured again. Perfect lemons cannot be produced in such hap-hazard fashion, and one has but to compare the trees planted under such disadvantages with those getting all proper care, to realise the immense difference that can be made by having the right conditions.

However, even at its best, as a business, it is not one which gives large returns; it cannot be weighed in the balance with mining, or railways, or company promoting, as a means of growing rich rapidly. But it has this immense advantage, that it is a life men delight in, growing strong and light-hearted over the work in the open air in this beautiful climate. For the women it is much less attractive; but it is a free, independent business life, with no need in it to curry favour from anybody, and no temptation even to rise by stepping on your neighbour.

The living, too, is cheap, giving much more ease and comfort on a small income than would be possible at home. One has one's own house, built at small cost compared to the more solid buildings of colder climates. There are the usual farm products to help out the larder, and there is plenty of fruit during a large part of the year.

Many pleasures only in the power of the rich at home belong to the rancher by right; the pleasure of seeing his own land about his own house; plenty of horses, and the enjoyment of constant riding, driving and shooting, and if he likes to settle among an English colony, the opportunity of racing and polo also. All these enjoyments are infinitely enhanced by the beautiful climate, which cheers even the gloomiest heart, makes life easier for the frail ones, and acts like the very wine of life on those who are strong and active.

Even to be able to have doors and windows wide open all the year round is a real delight, and to be able to wander in and out of the house at all times with perfect freedom and ease is a luxury one would miss, almost as a bird its wings, after one has once become accustomed to it.

As to the daily gift of sunshine, which we count upon as surely as night follows day, during the greater part of the year, those who have lived for any length of time within reach of its warmth and brightness are rarely able to resist the longing to return to it, so much does it comfort body and spirit. The absolute certainty of warm sunshine day after day is very delightful; no need, when planning picnics and drives, to give a single thought to the weather. When the heat is too great for comfort, as it is most certainly many days, then we call to mind a well-beloved climate where "the rain it raineth every day," and where the sunless days are very frequent, and so we try to reason ourselves into a thankful state of mind. But I am not sure that we are

always successful. At this distance even the rain and grey sunless days of little England are lovely.

However, this climate has wonderfully few flaws. Of these, the desert wind is the gravest; we are chiefly liable to it during the months of October, November, and December, when the summer sea-breeze has dropped. Those who are frail suffer considerable discomfort during these spells, but strong people pay little attention to them, beyond the expenditure of much strong language. While we were in the barn we had unusually severe doses of them, more frequent and of longer duration than anything we have experienced since.

One great compensation we have; however hot it may be in the daytime, the nights are always cool. Sometimes we carry our mattresses on to the verandah and sleep there, to feel more freely the fanning of the cool, fresh night air.

We have built a cosy little cottage by the sea at a very lovely place on the coast, but we use it oftener in the spring, winter, and autumn, than in the summer. We are too fond of the ranch to leave it much or for long, but a week occasionally by the sea is a healthy change; moreover, the sea is so perfectly beautiful in this little rocky corner of the coast that it gives one fresh delight each time.

Another advantage of this life to people of small means is that being comparatively poor here is of very little consequence, given always enough money to tide over the time till the ranch yields, and to pay all necessary help. As a rule the nicest people here are far from rich.

The accepted law of life being to help oneself, one can do as one likes in all matters pertaining to one's own economic arrangements without losing caste. To cook the family dinner, or sweep the front steps, or clean the windows, if you are strong and capable enough to do these things, does not in the least alter your position among the little social circle. There is far less snobbishness in such things, and a broader, kinder humanity and sympathy; and though, alas, the *parvenu*, with his breathless fussy hunt after prominence of any kind, flourishes like the green bay-tree in this sunshiny mild air and is a most marked and accentuated variety, still he does not generally live on a ranch.

There is plenty of social life of a simple kind for the young folks, which everyone can enjoy without too much fatigue. And though our boys are growing up in such a far-away part of the world, they will be perfectly well able to take their part in the old life again if need be, that is, if they can ever bear the many restrictions of a more formal, conventional existence.

If anyone reading this should chance to be at some such crossing of the roads as we had reached when we decided to try this new life, and should be planning also such a step, there are certain things which must be well weighed and clearly looked in the face before venturing.

This life, if taken in the right way and with strong and good home influences, certainly develops a fine manliness and self-reliance in boys as well as a strong healthy body. But to send troublesome lads out here all alone, to sink or swim, is an experiment I should be sorry to see tried by any friend of mine. The home atmosphere is particularly needful here,

for where there are a dozen refining uplifting influences brought to bear on our sons and daughters at home from the outside life, here there is nothing of the kind, and one has to make a distinct struggle and effort in order that this loss may be felt as little as possible. Let no one try to close his eyes to all he loses in coming to such a new and necessarily crude country. The life feels very bare often,

bereft as it is of so much that one took for granted in the old life and which belongs only to the old world.

Books fortunately are plentiful, and neighbours are always kindly in lending these; also there is a good free library in every town in California.

But music and pictures and all artistic influences are entirely absent, and one looks

back at times with the saddest longing for all the beautiful and helpful things belonging to more mellowed surroundings. But then we turn and see our boys already grown strong, hearty, big fellows, full of life and energy, such as they could never have become in the old circumstances, and we feel that the price we have paid for this is not too great.

[THE END.]

## THE WAY TO ARCADY.

By NORA HOPPER

"OH, what's the way to Arcady?"  
Is all the song I have to sing,  
I've hung my harp upon a tree  
And walk the world a-wondering.  
I've gleaned along the fields with Ruth,  
Castles in Spain I've builded me,  
I've seen, and passed, the well of Truth;  
But what's the way to Arcady?

There leaves are merry all the day,  
There the white blackbird sings in sooth;  
Rose-attar's in the very clay.  
There one may find the fount of youth,  
And watch the dancing waters play,  
And listen to the singing tree,  
Nor turn uncomfited away;  
But what's the way to Arcady?

My harp hangs on a willow-bough  
What time I walk, a-wondering,  
In paths all blind and lonely now,  
Known once of every vagrant thing—  
Of Aucassin and Nicolette,  
Of Helen and white Iope,  
Paths wherein Eve and Adam met—  
But what's the way to Arcady?

They knew the way, be sure, of old—  
Cophetua and his beggar-may—  
But never one of them has told  
The riddle of the secret way.  
I wait until, on shining wing,  
Some bird that flits from tree to tree,  
Midmost its idle musicking  
May tell the way to Arcady.

## OUR ANAGRAMIC PUZZLE POEM—AWARD AND REPORT.

### SOLUTION.

#### ANAGRAMIC PUZZLE POEM.

Like microscopic spore of plant  
Lies hid herein the word you want.  
Now, were this prose, you might declare  
It, truthfully, a poser rare:  
But (since a strict convention curbs  
And ropes me in), my nouns and verbs  
To her who pores with care and zeal  
Will rapidly themselves reveal.

### PRIZE WINNERS.

#### FIRST CLASS.

##### *Twelve Shillings Each.*

Wm. Shaw Leest, 11, Broad Green Avenue,  
Croydon.  
Charlotte E. Pidcock, Easton Rectory, Win-  
chester.  
H. F. Richards, Woodlands Lodge, Isleworth.  
S. Southall, South Bank, Worcester.

##### *Seven Shillings and Sixpence Each.*

Edith Ashworth, The Mount, Knutsford.  
Mrs. G. H. B. Cumming, 1, Elvan Terrace,  
Ibrox, Glasgow.  
Arthur Wm. Howse, Swiss Cottage, Ash-  
wick, King's Lynn.  
Mrs. A. Paulin, Ivy House, New Romney,  
Kent.  
Nina Eleanor Purvey, Penrhyn, Hayward's  
Heath.

#### SECOND CLASS (*without the anagram*).

##### *Three Shillings and Sixpence Each.*

Clara Cox, 115, Clifton Hill, St. John's Wood.

L. A. E. Hartshorn, Friars Farm, Tickhill,  
Rotherham.  
Florence Hayward, 2, Queen Street, Worthing.  
Grace E. Hodgson, 1, Regent Road, Leicester.  
Anna and Jeanie Walker, 14, Esk Terrace,  
Whitby.  
Alice Woodhead, Tickhill, Rotherham.

#### *Most Highly Commended.*

Elsie Bayley, Rev. S. Bell, Amy Briand,  
Elsie O. Cudlipp, L. Duncan, Edith E.  
Grundy, Lily Horn, Eva H. Laurence, F.  
Miller, J. Rodway, Ellen R. Smith, Norah  
M. Sullivan, E. M. Watherston.

#### *Very Highly Commended.*

Maud Abbott, Mrs. Acheson, Eliza Acworth,  
Rev. C. F. Archer, Mary S. Arnold, Annie  
A. Arnott, Jessie Baker, Lily Belling, Elsie  
Benians, Nanette Bewley, Isabel Borrow,  
Ethel C. Burlingham, E. Burrell, Renee  
Button, Annie J. Cather, Rev. J. Chambers,  
M. J. Champneys, Maud G. Collins, Ruth  
Cook, Helen M. Coulthard, M. A. C. Crabb,  
Mrs. Crossman, E. G. Crossman, Ethel M.  
A. Darbyshire, E. Vivian Davies, Rose D.  
Davis, Agnes Dewhurst, Mrs. F. Dickson,  
William Dunford-Smith, Constance Finch,  
Wm. Fraser, Mary Garner, Annie M. Gooden,  
Mrs. W. H. Gotch, Lilian Grundy, Marie E.  
Hancock, Ellie Hanlon, Mrs. A. D. Harris,  
E. S. Hatt, C. H. Hedgman, Violet Hewett,  
Edith M. Higgs, E. St. G. Hodson, Muriel  
Howie, J. Hunt, Annie M. Hutchens, Geo.  
L. Ingram, K. H. Ingram, L. F. Kemp, D.  
Laurence, Mrs. Leach, Wm. Corney Lee,  
Carolina Leggett, Ethel C. McMaster, Louise  
M. McCready, Annie Manderson, Mrs. Mason,  
E. Mastin, M. Kathleen Meech, Nellie Meikle,

Jessie Middlemiss, F. M. Morgan, M. Theo-  
dore Moxon, Hon. Eva Mulholland, Mrs.  
Nicholls, Annie B. Ormond, St. Clair Conway  
Poole, Ellen M. Price, Therese Riedel, I.  
Sedgwick, A. C. Sharp, Violet Shoberl, Mil-  
dred M. Skrine, Gertrude Smith, Isabel Snell,  
Lilian M. Snow, A. M. Somersgale, Fred. W.  
Southey, Annie E. Starritt, Mrs. Stretton,  
Ellen C. Tarrant, C. E. Thurger, Ellen Thur-  
tell, Violet C. Todd, M. Tolson, Ethel Tom-  
linson, C. F. Walker, Mrs. Warren, Frances  
H. Webb-Gillman, W. Fitzjames White, H.  
Addams Williams, D. C. Wilson-Ewer, Mary  
E. Wood, Emily C. Woodward, Adelaide  
Wright, S. Wright, Elizabeth Yarwood,  
Helen B. Younger.

### EXAMINERS' REPORT.

Not many words of explanation are needed. A large number of the solutions were perfectly correct and no others have been mentioned at all. It was impossible to divide five guineas among so many, and for the prizes we selected those solutions which referred to certain errors.

The first prizes went to those solvers who called attention to the superfluous *p* in line 1, the mysterious minus sign in line 4, and the superfluous *e* in line 7. The second prizes went to those who called attention to two of the mistakes. Those who mentioned only one mistake will find their names in the Most Highly Commended list. The final list contains the names of the authors of merely perfect solutions. Several solutions contained no title heading, and therefore repose in the bundle of "not mentioned."

So much for the Anagrammatic puzzle.

And now, puzzle-lovers, do not miss the new Puzzle poem to be found on our prospectus!