

SAN FRANCISCO, SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 11, 1897.





## A BRIGHT AFTERNOON AT HARBOR VIEW.

Wicked-looking little waves chased each 1 far away. "It's the only time I ever have 1 breakers were better than a song-the other up against the land, showing their to rest. The children are so noisy.' white teeth and blending their little "And where are they now?" I asked.

maiden's girdle, kept the deep, pulsating me a little rest. blue from overflowing in its joyousness even to the sea.

efforts with the deep ocean roar. Cool and "Down there on the beach in their searching than a sermon. crisp and seaweedy was the ocean breeze bathing suits with their father," she \* \* \* \* coming straight in from the hazy far away. made answer. "I know they are safe, A band of white across the heavens, like a and they enjoy it with him, and it gives of the beach. There was something dif-

face and the drooping shoulders and the think the sands looked warmer and the Bakers Beach was apparently deserted. rough, thin hands, and then up into the rocks and ways were more beautiful than No-even from a distance I could distin- big hungry eyes. "It is beautiful?" I those I had seen, but-

mother's face more eloquent than a psalm -the words of the tired woman more \* \* \* \* \* \*

Harbow View had not the calm beauty ferent, although the sky was just as blue "Yes." I said, and I looked at the tired and the waves just as wickedly happy. I Different? Yes, it was different. There

hadn't made one mistake. There were tourists there, reveling in questions which seem so foolishly humorous to the one who knows all about them. There were those with thoughts of their own sittin: apart from the others and staring moodily out at the gleaming waters and the blue sky. There was a rustle of silks and the sound of laughter and the murmur of voices and a giance of bright eves that mingled well with the voices of the waves, excepting when the organ played its one strange selection.

One story lower down not rest of morning." and laughter and more, distinctly more, morning." "Yes," said another, leaning heavily "Yes," said another, leaning heavily popcorn on the floors, as well as on the faces of the children looking inquisitively ip into yours.

There were mothers-many of themgazing out at the seals and attending to he wants of their babes. There were fathers prowling about with anxious faces, and numerous children clinging to their clothing. Young girls and young men chewed gum and talked and laughed inoffensively, while the waiters hurrled about.

"Bring me a cup of tea," I said to one. I thought it might steady my nerves while I studied those about me for a little time. For these people are far from uninteresting with their unique ideas that require no thought and their attitudes toward each other and the world. He stared composedly a moment and

then-"I guess you can get that better upstairs, mum," he said, and hurried away to fill a more important order.

But, not caring particularly, I sat still. How well you can tell what they will do when the day of recreation is over and the workaday world is on its way again. How the babes will be fastened in the high chairs near the kitchen door and the older ones-those too young for schoolkept in sight in the yard, while the mother bends over the hot suds and rinses one by one the clothing of the man she married one sunny day when there

was laughter and flowers about. Complain? It was what her mother did before her. It was what her children will do after.

And the girls will throw their gum and laughter zway and go back behind the counters to earn another \$5 with which to pay their board and buy their clothing. And the young men-oh, they will go everywhere and do everything and benothing. And the next Sunday they will do the

Why not? They do not know what a

vacation is downstairs. Sunday is all

they have. And upstairs it is always

vacation for most, and they couldn't do

anything else. JEAN MORRIS. Across the bay at Tiburon-called by

those who visit it "the fishing resort"-the wind was blowing furiously. No

withstanding that, the little skiffs rounded

past the cliff and up toward California

City with their freight of bright-faced hu-

"No sport like fishing," declared an

elderly gentleman with a golfing cap on

the back of his gray head, and his jovial

face beaming with anticipation.

young people-the girls carrying the now main point is to get the plants to shoot at empty lunch baskets and the young men any time before Christmas, even in Sephelping to carry the girls. "Have a good time?" asked some one of

a number as they passed by. They nodded their tired heads and tell to what astonishing results this dissmiled faintly.

"Goin' up to the dance?"

"A little while," they said, and then a pretty color and great durability, as the woman added, as she hurried a weary- ether frees the plant of decomposable looking child along: "Got to have as much fun as I can to-

against her partner. "I hate the thought of work to-morrow." JEAN MORRIS.

## THE ROSES OF CASTILE AN IDYL OF SAN JOSE.

BY HOWARD SUTHERLAND.

To the Mission of San Jose, 'tis said, The rich Castilian roses, With their golden hearts and their petals red-Fit blooms for lovers' posies-Were brought in the days now dead and vain By the men who came from the land of Spain,

To preach and teach the gospel. On many a Spanish maiden's breast These roses have been carried, And many a lover, who lost his rest, Beside some rose bush tarried

The while he to:d of his quenchless love, And called the stars in the sky above To witness his devotion. And many a youth has gone to death

With naught but such a flower To speak to his soul of his loved one's breath, And soothe him in that hour When a man must forth on the untracked sea, Where never a woman's hand may be

To cheer with tender pressure So rich and red were the roses then

That the fathers being human, Did love them well, as behooves poor men Who love not lovely woman. And later on, when they sailed away,

They took to the mission in San Jose The red Castilian roses.

And there they grew 'neath the gentle sun, Tilt the mission became a city, And many a priest, when the day was done

Would kneel and ask God's pity Beside the roses whose petals told Their love for the land of green and gold-The virgin California.

And many a fair one plucked at night A flower for her lover,



"It can be said that some progress has undoubtedly been made, but no one can covery may lead. Tulips, lilacs, etc., can be developed much earlier and have a matter. To etherize the plants they are

the right ear is generally higher than the have not set in with the early morning and continued till weary nature had de-manded rest? We have ever with us conclusive evidences that all-yes, all-of us contain some unknown possibilities, and all have their weight and influence. The Riding the Park Donkeys. placed in an air-tight receptacle and ex-

posed from twenty four to ninety-six hours (generally forty eight hours) to the influence of the ether. Cylindrical glasses are used for small plants and for large plants an oil-painted box, the interior of which is lined with tinfoil 4 feet high and long and 21% feet broad. In the lid a small hole is made, which is closed with a cork, and the ether is conducted through this hole. As ether is very inflammable, great care must be taken not to bring candles or matches near it. The ether is dissolved at from 15 to 20 degrees centigrade."-St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A German doctor says that the two sides of a face are never alike; in two



Returning From El Campo.

cases out of five the eyes are out of lip :

one eye is stronger than the other in

seven persons out of ten; and finally that

Everyday Heroism.

How many homes are there in our midst

these brave ones are

in which instances of everyday heroism

known only to Him who has said, "Yea,

I am with thee," and if he is with them

'tis easy to understand why at times their

very countenances seem illumined. I know myself of a sister soul whose life is

one succession of evidences of everyday

heroism, but whose cheerful, sunny na-

ture only evinces that inborn reliance on

a foundation not of this world, but of a

higher one. The little ones, when the

hour seems the darkest, cling to their

mother with feelings of security, the very

act giving her renewed energy and

stronger trusting power in the arm that

heart-throbs of

We have these evidences ever before us. Not long ago our papers told of a mother waking up in the weary night hours to find her home in flames. The first thought was for her children. The struggle to grasp the sleeping forms seemed to give reagth and as th precious one was hastily placed in safety she inwardly breathed a fervent "Thank God! we're all together yet," and then turned to snatch up some belongings of the little ones. The dense smoke from some unseen quarter seemed to overcome her. That was all-only one more evidence of our everyday heroism. The father, miles away at night work, teturned to find his home gone, his wife, found by sorrowing hearts with the remnants of the children's effects held close o her bosom, yet lying there with a countenance not of fear or despair, but peaceful resignation. We too well know that her last thought was of the dear tones whom she commended to Him whose promises are sure. The everyday life of those who wait and murmur not is marvelous and beyond our conception, and we cannot be in companionship long without a higher appreciation of the capacities of the soul when at times it illuminates as though the spirit of God shone through.



tember and October.

guish one or two moving figures on the ventured. smooth, gleaming sands.

'Wait until you get there," some one suggested, "then look behind the rocks." Behind the rocks? That is where one usually finds sand-fleas, and clams, and Sunday night until the next Sunday look. worms, and crabs, and-and things.

But I looked behind the rocks afterreaching the resort and I found- now we come here, and my husband the sands openly boisterous. There were why, queer-looking little tents, from needs the change, too, and the bathing mothers there, too, and their children which would emerge a head and a collarwhile anxious lips said "Don't come in" and wide-open eyes looked beseeching.

Not having any intention of venturing, their remarks seemed absurdly irrelevant, but I sat down at a distance in the warm sand and let its shining bits run through my hand as I watched the pleasure-seekers.

Here and there sat the inevitable bebloomered lady cyclist with her shorttrousered and golf-stockinged accomplice and their wheels. One or two pairs of lovers coced softly to each other, oblivious alike of sea and sky and earth and curiously staring humanity. Now and then from the curtains of queer-looking tents would emerge a form in scant bathing attire, which would saunter down to the water's edge and stand shivering and contemplating, to the infinite amusement and edification of the cyclists and small boys gathered about.

"Yes, there are lots of people about here on Sundays," vouchsafed the lady who sat near by with a book resting idly in hor lap and her tired eyes fixed on the hills



were crowds of men and women and boys She leaned back against the rock and and girls, and they laughed and should sighed.

child in her arms.

be well again!"

it so!"

of tears on her face.

"Yes," she replied. "It is the only and sang until the voice of the ocean beautiful thing I know of. I wait from came faintly and the sands had a tawdry There were lovers here, too, and they morning for this quiet rest out here. We sent the children to Sunday-school, but sat in arbors drinking or walked along

fought and screamed and ran about at does him good. He can't afford to leave less neck, while a suspiciously bare-look- his work and go away. He would not go will while they sat and talked together ing hand and arm heid; tight the curtain, and leave us and we would not go and and the men puffed clouds of smoke up into the erstwhile blue and the boys leave him, and so we try this place. played at ninepins with balls and sundry Over near the shelter of another rock.

black bottles. yet where she could catch the warmth of And yet they seemed happy. Perhaps the sun, sat a woman with a sleeping it was the keenest joy they had in lifeas keen a joy to them as our joys are to She looked up, startled, and I saw traces

us. Who can say? "The baby is not well," she answered, Hosts of people lined the beach beyond smoothing the little coat and the stray the tall house on the cliff. A quiet crowd, curls that had escaped from the confines wading with feet and ankles bare and of the pretty white bonnet. "She--'' the gleaming white against the brown sands woman's voice changed, "she will never and the foamy waters. Little tots, screaming with delight and just a touch of fear And the pain in her face was pitiful. as the waters rushed back to the sea and

"I work all week," she said, "and my mother keeps the baby for me-its father the sands were shifted a bit beneath their is dead. Sundays is the only time I have bare, dimpled feet. And the passers-by smiled on their play away from the store and so I bring her as they wandered up to the Cliff, where with me for the fresh air. She loves they can sit idly and watch the seals and the passing ships and the great wealth of

The little one stirred with a plaintive cry and the woman held her close and all waters and listen to the patent organ that the pain the child could have felt was plays the same selection every five minpictured on the mother's face.

AT THE CLIFF HOUSE.

"Ten cents to go in," shouts the gray-How many reasons one finds for things if they care to search for them. The whiskered, nervous-mannered man at the were all happier there, these people entrance. "Then this ship entitles you to with their needs and their tired hearts 10 cents' worth of retreshments-a cup of and their loves and sorrows, there by the tea or--'

What a student of character he is!-a side of the sea with nature around about them-"the world forgetting, by the world forget." The merry voices of the "tea" to every one. I watched him for bathers, mingling with the roar of the ten minutes and then I passed in and



man beings.

same.

man near by. "It's a nasty day and I'll wager they don't get a bite." I shivered involuntarily at the tone and the manner and the expression of his face. It was like the appearance of a cloud-a disagreeable black cloud no larger than a man's hand in front of the face of the

sun. It cast a gloom over most things. I went on up the road and watched for a little while as the fishers pulled one after another of the wiggling, shiny things out of the water and dropped them upon the pile of unfortunates.

"What a number there are over here to-day," I ventured to remark to a young girl who, in our grand mother's day, would have screamed at the sight of a mouse, but who now, without the evidence of a pang of conscience or a wry face, baited the hooks with worms and fish and other unhandleable things.

"There are not nearly as many as usual," she said "Last year they used to come over in great big crowds-sometimes over 500 on a Sunday from San Francisco, besides lots of people from Belvedere and around there. Fishing is wonderfully good-just haul them in if you know

how." But Tiburon isn't particularly lively, and it isn't attractive except as a place to start from and to land again. It is too barren, and Belvedere with its sheltered beauty is too near. And yet-

"Don't you think Sausalito is much pleasanter to spend a day in," I suggested to one who was the proud possessor of a good-sized string of fish.

He looked at me in an injured way and nade answer:

"Fishing is not good there. I'd rather stay at home. You might suggest going up the mountain for sport."

I looked up at Tamalpais and rememhered how all the country had looked from there-how clear the high altitude was

and how it had all looked so wonderfully infinite and yet so small, and I thought that I would mention it. But he had gone on down the road to the boat.

"Do you suppose we'll meet them?" "Plenty of time. The people don't get in from El Campo until 8 o'clock." "Oh, I wish we could 'a' gone," moaned

the first speaker, resting her thin, little face in her bare hand and looking far away with her weak, blue eyes. "We'd 's' had such fun !"

Whose eyes grew dim as the morning light Did threaten to discover His presence to those who kept apart A man and a maid who had one heart, Yet might not be united.

Yet the roses heard, as in days of old, The dear familiar story— The tale of love by a lover told In the heyday of his glory. And oh! they nestled as quickly down On a breast of snow as a breast all brown. 'Tis a way they have, those roses.

The lovers have gone to their dreamless sleep, Where no one is to love them; Beside their couches the roses weep

And nod their heads above them. And others will come, and some day go, And over their graves the wind will blow The roses' crimson petals.

O fragrant flowers of San Jose, About whose presence lingers The mystic air of a long past day, The touch of a sweetheart's fingers. 'Tis ye alone who shall lend your grace

To lighten the gloom of the world's sad face Throughout the deathless ages. -The Wasp.

## Anesthetics for Plants.

United States Consul Kirk of Copenhagen has forwarded to the State Department the following translation of a lecture delivered by Mr. Johannsen at the Agricultural High School recently on the results obtained by the etherizing method, which consists in developing plants earlier than is their nature by exposing them to the influence of ether fumes. The lectures savs:

"By exposing sleeping plants to the influence of ether and chloroform the result is obtained that each plant, after the treatment with ether, begins to shoot. They have thus probably been awakened from their previous condition of sleep or inactivity. Lilacs grow splendidly when placed in an air-tight compartment and exposed forty-eight hours to the effect of 500 or 600 cubic centimeters of ether and then put in a hothouse. Just before Christmas the plants had developed splen-



IN THE SURF.