

IN MEMORIAM
A Late Tribute to Alonzo E. Raynes

At the time of Mr. Raynes' passing out I had in my possession the following sketch of his journey to California. But though I searched diligently, I could not find it. Recently, in looking over some papers, it came to light.

This sketch was dictated orally verbatim to one of the nurses in the Mount Shasta Hospital and a copy given to me. I wanted to have it published at the time, but the author objected, saying, "No, not now; wait." I feel sure that all who knew Mr. Raynes as he was in his prime would enjoy reading this reminiscence of his youthful experience, especially when they remember his ever ready response to the many calls for aid, either for church work or local charity. Through his active genius and versatile ability in song, drama, and practical organizing capacity, many thousand dollars were raised for the general benefit, not only in Yreka but elsewhere.

All honor to the memory of his naturally kind and generous heart.

J. P. C.
Trip Around the Horn in 1849.
By A. E. Raynes (Jan. 1914).

By particular request, I will relate a few incidents that occurred during my long and perilous trip around Cape Horn in 1849.

That was a long time ago. I was then a boy and now I am an old man. How swiftly time flies. This life seems but a dream, so quickly we pass from the cradle to the grave. But what a life that all so dearly love, that kings will give their crowns for!

The miser will part with the hoards of many years but for one hour of life. The spruced beggar will singe through disease and poverty rather than part with one moment of his allotted span.

Life, then, art but an April day whose sunshine and storms are scarcely worth the working for.

When but a boy I sailed from Belfast, Maine, on the first vessel that left the state for California, after receiving news of the discovery of gold in this country. We had on board fifteen passengers besides the crew. The morning we sailed the ship was crowded with men, women and children, come to bid us goodbye and wish us a pleasant and safe voyage. With light hearts and buoyant spirits we sailed away amid the cheers of our friends on shore. We all expected in a short time to make our fortunes and return to our native homes.

The first thing that occurred after we sailed out into the ocean was the surprising discovery that we were short of drinking water. It seems that the owners of the vessel had employed men to cleanse old whale-oil casks with lime and water. This was done with a few of the casks, but the majority of them they put in the time and then filled the casks with water without rinsing or cleaning them. Consequently the water was unfit for use, and we were obliged either to return to the port from which we had sailed or go to some other port where we could secure fresh water. After a careful examination, the captain came to the conclusion that by placing the passengers and crew on an allowance of one pint of water each twenty-four hours we could reach Cape de Verde Island. With favorable winds and weather we arrived at the island before our supply was entirely exhausted. We remained there several days cleaning the casks and having them refilled with fresh and pure water. While there we purchased a supply of fruit—bananas, oranges and lemons, which were plentiful and cheap.

Our next stopping place was Rio de Janeiro, where we remained several days taking in the sights of the city, visiting the American consul and purchasing a supply of fruits, vegetables, etc.

Now comes the saddest part of our long journey. In rounding Cape Horn, we were overtaken by a severe storm and heavy gale of wind. We were obliged to place the vessel under close reefed sails and hold her in position so that she would ride the waves without having them dash over the deck. During this storm, the captain's son was lost overboard. This sad accident occurred just before dark one evening. The boy was standing aft on the quarter-deck near the wheel, when a heavy wave struck the vessel, knocking her over on her side. He slid down to the quarter rail, and, missing the main brace—a large cable running from the main mast, be plunged into the ocean and was drowned. This sad accident caused a feeling of grief throughout the vessel, as he was a favorite with both passengers and crew. This boy and myself were the two youngest on board. He was eighteen and I was seventeen years old. We were intimate and were together most of the time; consequently, I felt his loss more deeply than any one else on board, except his father, the captain. I am not much of a poet, but I composed a few verses expressing my feelings at that time of the loss of my dear friend and companion. In memory of that sad event, I have retained a copy of that little poem all these years. It reads as follows:

That youth, who, but an hour ago,
Now silent in the ocean sleep,
Where e'er Neptune's Son
He's bidden farewell to this vain world
His shining crown
His agonies cease to meet his God,
There all is sweet repose.

We never more shall hear that voice
Which once so glad we were,
"To still, 'tis silent on the grave,
"Twas brother 'mid those of years,
Oh, who can tell that father's grief
Who sees his only last day,
Whose arms could lend him no relief,
But now his sick and dead?

Once, only once, his voice was heard
From the burning side,
While struggling with the angry waves
Of the stormy sea.

That father heard but faintly, could he
To save his young son,
He listened to his wailing blast
That told him faintly on
"Tis sad that one so young as he
Should meet a watery grave,
While distant from his native home
Whose arms have power to save.

But like the morning dew that fades
Beneath the noon-day sky,
The brightest of our years
The latest drop and die.

After the storm was over we set sail for Valparaiso, where we arrived in due time without further accident. On arriving there we found, anchored in the harbor, two "man-of-war" ships, one English and one American, and two or three vessels with passengers, bound for coal. We had on board of our vessel a fine quartette club, and, as there was a theatrical troupe performing in the theater at Valparaiso, we thought we might make a few dollars by getting an engagement to sing between the acts. We hustled up the manager of the theater and told him we had a fine American Quartette Club, being brought on board of our vessel. We thought, if he engaged us to sing between the acts and sent our programs to the vessels in the harbor he would have a full house. He said: "You come up to the theater with me and I will have the leader of the orchestra hear you sing, and if satisfactory I will engage you." We did so, and after singing two songs the leader of the orchestra clapped his hands and said to Spanish: "Very good, those Americans." The manager then asked us how much we wanted to sing four songs between the acts. I told him we wanted fifty dollars. I thought it was a big price, but he said: "You are engaged." Many of the officers and men came on shore from the vessels to attend the theater, and when we stepped upon the stage we were greeted with hearty applause. After singing our first number we were invited to take seats in the manager's private box, which we did after each song.

When the performance was over we were escorted to the residence of the American consul, and, after receiving him, were invited to dine and treated royally to champagne, frosted cake and fine cigars. We remained there some time singing some of our favorite songs, which he seemed to enjoy very much. We then bid him goodbye and returned to our vessel.

Next morning we set sail for San Francisco, where we arrived on the 19th day of July, 1849, having been five months and nineteen days on the voyage. Here the passengers and crew separated, some going north, some south and some remaining in San Francisco.

Many and varied are the scenes I have passed in sixty days when riding express through the mines. I carried the first express ever brought through to the mines from Trinidad up the Klamath river, and over the mountains to Yreka. Many times my life was in danger from tribes of savages located along the route, and from ferocious swift and swollen streams, as there were no bridges in those days.

I have passed many happy years with my friends in this Golden State, and, as I look back to those happy days, I can truly say with the poet:

Let fate do her worst, there are retros
Bright scenes of the past she cannot destroy.

That come in the night-time of sorrow
And may such the features that joy used to wear.

Long, long be my heart with each memory
Lingered there, in whom time have
Now been distilled.

You may break, but may shatter the
You if you will,
But the peace of the rears will hang
Round it still.

That line of boys, as complete as
ever, wreath, tinker toys, building
blocks, disks, dolls, wagons, huffy
horses, baggies, etc. Churchly
Drug Store.

The severity of Hillsborough, haven
of antiquaries, was visited for the
first time a few days ago when the
Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Com-
pany was granted permission to erect a
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That this time set a single business
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Tris Assand the Hawk in 1914. A. P. C. By A. E. Raynes (Jan. 1914)

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The miser will part with the hoardings of many years but for one hour of life. The spurned beggar will linger through disease and poverty rather than part with one moment of his allotted span.

Life, thou art but an April day whose sunshine and storms are secretly worth the working far.

When but a boy I sailed from Belfast, Maine, on the first vessel that left the state for California, after receiving news of the discovery of gold in this country. We had on board fifteen passengers besides the crew. The morning we sailed the wharf was crowded with men, women and children, come to bid us good-bye and wish us a pleasant and safe voyage. With light hearts and buoyant spirits we sailed away amidst the cheers of our friends on shore. We all expected in a short time to make our fortunes and return to our native homes.

The next change that occurred about we sailed out into the ocean was the surprising discovery that we were short of drinking water. It seems that the owners of the vessel had employed men to cleanse old whale-oil casks with lime and water. This was done with a few of the casks, but in the majority of them they put in the lime and then filled the casks with water without rinsing or cleaning them. Consequently the water was unfit to use and we were obliged either to return to the port from which we had sailed or go to some other port where we could secure fresh water. After a careful examination, the captain came to the conclusion that by placing the passengers and crew on an allowance of one pint of water each twenty-four hours we would have sufficient to last until we could reach Cape de Verde Islands. With favorable winds and weather we arrived at the Islands before our supply was entirely exhausted. We remained there several days cleaning the casks and having them refilled with fresh and pure water. While there we purchased a supply of fruit—bananas, oranges and lemons, which were plentiful and cheap.

Our next stopping place was Rio de Janeiro, where we remained several days taking in the sights of the city, visiting the American consul and purchasing a supply of fruits, vegetables, etc.

Now comes the saddest part of our long journey. In rounding Cape Horn, we were overtaken by a severe storm and heavy gale of wind. We were obliged to place the vessel under close reefed sails and haul her in position so that she would ride the waves without having them dash over the deck. During the storm, the captain's son was laid overboard. This sad accident occurred just before standing off on the quarter deck next the wheel, when a heavy wave struck him, he fell over on her rail, and, missing the main brace—a large cable running from the mainmast to the rigging into the ocean and was drowned. This sad accident caused a feeling of grief throughout the vessel, as he was a favorite with both passengers and crew. This boy and myself were the two youngest on board. He was eighteen and I was nineteen years old. We were intimate and were together most of the time; consequently I felt his loss more deeply than any one else on board, except his father, the captain. I am not much of a poet, but I composed a few verses expressing my feelings at that time of the loss of my dear friend and companion. In memory of that sad event, I have retained a copy of that little poem all these years. It reads as follows:

That youth, who but an hour ago
"We feel of his and mine,
"Who fell of the sea,
Where rolls Magellan's line,
His father forward to this vain world,
The discovery and the wreck,
There all is sweet repast.

My father said that that while
Which used to greet our ears,
The earth, the water on the shore,
"Twas hushed and hushed of years,
Who said that father's grief
"Who heard his son's last cry,
"Where are you now, my dear friend,
Did you him seek and die?

From the morning till
From the morning till,
While describing with the weary waves
He to his father cried,
"That father heard but must not doubt
"To save his dying son,
"The losses of the weary boat,
That bore him swiftly on.

"To all that care as you are as
Should meet a weary grave,
While distant from the native home,
Where none have power to save.

That the morning breeze that
"Twas hushed and hushed of years,
"The father drop not sin.

After the storm was over we set sail for Valparaiso, where we arrived in due time without further accident. On arriving there we found, anchored in the harbor, the "Main-of-war" ships, one English and one American, and two of three vessels with passengers, bound for coal. We had on board of our vessel a fine quartette club, and, as there was a theatrical troupe performing in the theater at Valparaiso, we thought we might make a few dollars by getting an engagement to sing between the acts. We talked by the manager of the theater and told him we had a quartette on board of our vessel. We thought, if he engaged us to sing between the acts and sent out a program to the venue in the harbor, he would have a full house. He said: "You come up to the theater with me and I will have the leader of the quartette hear you sing, and if satisfactory I will engage you. We did so, and after singing two songs the leader of the orchestra, a young man, stepped forward and said in Spanish, "Very good, those Americans. The manager then asked us how much we wanted to sing four songs between the acts. I told him we wanted fifty dollars. I thought it was a big price, he said: "You are engaged." Many of the officers and men came on shore from the vessel to attend the quartette, and when we stepped upon the stage we were greeted with hearty applause. After singing our first number we were invited to take seats in the manager's private box, which we did after each song.

When the performance was over we were escorted to the residence of the American consul, and, after overhauling him, were invited in and treated royally to champagne, frosted cake and fine cigars. We remained there some time dining some of our favorite songs, which he seemed to enjoy very much. We then bid him good-bye and returned to our vessel. Next morning we set sail for San Francisco, where we arrived on the 29th day of July, 1849, having been five months and nineteen days on the voyage. Here the passengers and crew separated, some going north, some south and some remaining in San Francisco.

Many and varied are the scenes I have passed in early days when riding express through the mines. I carried the first express ever brought through to the mines from Trinidad up the Klamath river and over the mountains to Yreka. Many times my life was in danger from tribes of savages located along the route, and from falling swift and swollen streams, as there were no bridges in those days.

I have passed many happy years with my friends in this Golden State and, as I look back to those happy days, I can truly say with the poet:

Let joy be her worst, there are rarer
"The pleasure of the most the content
"Money,
"That comes in the night-time of sorrow
"And bring back the features that joy
"To me.

Long, long by my heart with each mem-
"Like the man, in which roses have
"Once been distilled
"You may think, you may shatter the
"We'll try with
"T'was it said.

That line of boys, as complete as
"ever, water, tank tops, building
"blocks, disks, shells, wagons, city
"horses, buggies, etc. Churchill's
"Drive Bars.

The assembly of Hillsborough, leaves
of attendance, one visited for the
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The first thing that occurred after we sailed out into the ocean was the surprising discovery that we were short of drinking water. It seems that the owners of the vessel had employed men to cleanse old whale-oil casks with lime and water. This was done with a few of the casks, but in the majority of them they put in the lime and then filled the casks with water without rinsing or cleaning them. Consequently the water was unfit for use, and we were obliged either to return to the port from which we had sailed or go to

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The next thing that occurred after we sailed out into the ocean was the surprising discovery that we were short of drinking water. It seems that the crewers of the vessel had employed men to cleanse old whale-oil casks with lime and water. This was done with a few of the casks, but in the majority of them they put in the lime and then filled the casks with water without rinsing or cleaning them. Consequently the water was unfit for use, and we were obliged either to return to the port from which we had sailed or go to some other port where we could secure fresh water. After a careful examination, the captain came to the conclusion that, by placing the passengers and crew on an allowance of one pint of water each twenty-four hours we would have sufficient to last until we could reach Cape de Verde Islands. With favorable winds and weather we arrived at the islands before our supply was entirely exhausted. We remained there several days cleaning the casks and having them refilled with fresh and pure water. While there we purchased a supply of fruit—bananas, oranges and lemons, which were plentiful and cheap.

Our next stopping place was Rio De Janeiro, where we remained several days taking in the sights of the city, visiting the American consul and purchasing a supply of fruits, vegetables, etc.

Now comes the saddest part of our long journey. In rounding Cape Horn, we were overtaken by a severe storm and heavy gale of wind. We were obliged to place the vessel under close reefed sails and hold her in position so that she would ride the waves without having them dash over the deck. During this storm, the captain's son was lost overboard. This sad accident occurred just before dark one evening. The log was trailing aft on the quarter-deck near the wheel, when a heavy wave struck the vessel, keeling her over on her side. He slid down to the quarter rail, and, missing the main brace—a large cable running from the main mast, he plunged into the ocean and was drowned. This sad accident caused a feeling of grief throughout the vessel, as he was a favorite with both passengers and crew. This boy and myself were the two youngest on board. He was eighteen and I was thirteen years old. We were intimate and were together most of the time; consequently I felt his loss more deeply than any one else on board, except his father, the captain. I am not much of a poet, but I composed a few verses expressing my feelings at that time of the loss of my dear friend and companion. In memory of that sad event, I have retained a copy of that little poem all these years. It reads as follows:

That youth, who, but an hour ago,
Was full of life and joy,
Now silent in the ocean deep,
Where e'er his father's Son,
Here hidden farwell to this vain world,
His government no more,
His spirit's gone to meet its God,
There all its sweet repose.

We never more shall hear that voice
Which used to cheer our ears,
'Tis still, 'tis silent as the grave,
'Twas but a brief and stormy years.

Oh, who can tell that father's grief,
Who heard but once that cry,
Whose arm could lend him no relief,
But now his life and dear?

Once, only once, his voice was heard
From off the surging tide,
While struggling with the angry waves
He to his father cried.

That father heard but naught could do
To save his dying son,
He listens to the merry blast
That wafts him swiftly on.

'Tis sad that one so young as he
Should meet a watery grave,
While distant from his native home
Whose arms have power to save.

But like the morning flower that fades
Through the sweetest day,
So in the brightness of thy years
Thou hast the dews of age.

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The manager then asked us how much we wanted to sing four songs between the acts. I told him we wanted fifty dollars. I thought it was a big price, but he said, "You are engaged!" Many of the officers and men came on shore from the vessels to attend the theater, and when we stepped upon the stage we were greeted with hearty applause. After singing our first number we were invited to take seats in the manager's private box, which we did after each song.

When the performance was over we were escorted to the residence of the American consul, and, after recommending him, were invited in and treated royally to champagne, frosted cake and fine cigars. We remained there some time singing some of our favorite songs, which he seemed to enjoy very much. We then bid him goodbye and returned to our vessel.

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Let pain no more wound, there are no more
Pain's dews of the past and the future
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The miser will part with the hoards of many years but for one hour of life. The spurned beggar will linger through disease and poverty rather than part with one moment of his allotted span.

Life, then art but an April day whose sunshine and storms are secretly worth the working far.

When but a boy I sailed from Belfast, Maine, on the first vessel that left the state for California, after receiving news of the discovery of gold in this country. We had on board fifteen passengers besides the crew. The morning we sailed the wharf was crowded with men, women and children, come to bid us good-bye and wish us a pleasant and safe voyage. With light hearts and boyish spirits we sailed away beside the cheers of our friends on shore. We all expected in a short time to make our fortune and return to our native homes.

The next thing that occurred about we sailed out into the ocean was the surprising discovery that we were short of drinking water. It seems that the covers of the vessel had employed men to cleanse old whale-oil casks with lime and water. This was done with a few of the casks, but in the majority of them they put in lime and then filled the casks with water without rinsing or cleaning them. Consequently the water was unfit for use and we were obliged either to return to the port from which we had sailed or go to some other port where we could secure fresh water. After a careful examination, the captain came to the conclusion that by placing the passengers and crew on an allowance of one pint of water each twenty-four hours we would have sufficient to last until we could reach Cape de Verde Islands. With favorable winds and weather we arrived at the islands before our supply was entirely exhausted. We remained there several days cleaning the casks and having them refilled with fresh and pure water. While there we purchased a supply of fruit—bananas, oranges and lemons, which were plentiful and cheap.

Our next stopping place was Rio de Janeiro, where we remained several days taking in the sights of the city, visiting the American consul and purchasing a supply of fruits, vegetables, etc.

Now comes the saddest part of our long journey. In rounding Cape Horn, we were overtaken by a severe storm and heavy gale of wind. We were obliged to place the vessel under close reefed sails and ball her in position so that she would ride the waves without having them dash over the deck. During this storm, the captain's son was laid overboard. This sad accident occurred just before standing off on the quarter deck near the wheel, when a heavy wave struck him. He fell down to the quarter rail, and, missing the main brace—a large cable running from the mainmast to the rigging into the ocean and was drowned. This sad accident caused a feeling of grief throughout the vessel, as he was a favorite with both passengers and crew. This boy and myself were the two youngest on board. He was eighteen and I was nineteen years old. We were intimate and were together most of the time; consequently I felt his loss more deeply than any one else on board, except his father, the captain.

I am not much of a poet, but I composed a few verses expressing my feelings at that time of the loss of my dear friend and companion. In memory of that sad event, I have retained a copy of that little poem all these years. It reads as follows:

That youth, who, but an hour ago
Was full of life and glee,
Where rolls Megellan's Sea,
He's bidden farewell to this vain world,
The grave and its woe,
There all is sweet repose.

We never more shall hear that voice
Which used to greet our ears,
'Tis still, 'tis silent as a grave,
'Thus hushed 'mid bloom of years.

Oh, who can tell that father's grief
Who heard his son's last cry,
Whose arm could lend him no relief,
But saw him sink and die?

Once, only once, his voice was heard
From off the bursting tide,
While describing with the stary waves
He to his father cried.

That father heard but must not doubt
He to his dying son,
The losses of that weary day,
That bore him swiftly on.

The old man once again as he
Should meet a watery grave,
While distant from his native home,
Where none have power to save.

But this the morning dawned that I told
Through the moon-shy sky,
In the language of their tears
The fathers drop and die.

After the storm was over we set sail for Valparaiso, where we arrived in due time without further accident. On arriving there we found, anchored in the harbor, the "man-of-war" ships, one English and one American, and two of three vessels with passengers, bound for coal. We had on board of our vessel a fine taste club, and, as there was a theatrical troupe performing in the theater at Valparaiso, we thought we might make a few dollars by getting an engagement to sing between the acts.

We talked by the manager of the theater and told him we had a troupe on board of our vessel. We thought, if he engaged us to sing between the acts and sent out program to the venue in the harbor, he would have a full house. He said: "You come up to the theater with me and I will have the leader of the orchestra hear you sing, and if satisfactory I will engage you."

We did so, and after singing two songs the leader of the orchestra stepped his hands and said in Spanish: "Very good, those Americans." The manager then asked us how much we wanted to sing four songs between the acts. I told him we wanted fifty dollars. I thought it was a big price, but he said: "You are engaged."

Many of the officers and men came on shore from the vessels to attend the theater, and when we stepped upon the stage we were greeted with hearty applause. After singing our first number we were invited to take seats in the manager's private box, which we did after each song.

When the performance was over we were escorted to the residence of the American consul, and, after overhauling him, were invited in and treated royally to champagne, frosted cake and fine cigars. We remained there some time sipping some of our favorite wines, which he seemed to enjoy very much. We then bid him good-bye and returned to our vessel.

Next morning we set sail for San Francisco, where we arrived on the 19th day of July, 1849, having been five months and nineteen days on the voyage. Here the passengers and crew separated, some going north, some south and some remaining in San Francisco.

Mary and I visited the scenes I have passed in early days when riding express through the mines. I carried the first express ever brought through by the mines from Trinidad up the Klamath river and over the mountains to Yuba. Many times my life was in danger from tribes of savages located along the route, and from falling swift and swollen streams, as there were no bridges in those days.

I have passed many happy years with my friends in this Golden State and, as I look back to those happy days, I can truly say with the poet:

Let joy be her wont, there are pains and sorrows of the next and next moment.

That comes in the night-time of sorrow
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.

Long, long by my heart with each memory that I see,
Like the man, in which none have ever been divided.
You may think, you may shatter the world if you will,
'Tis still 'mid the roses will hang 'round it still!

That line of boys, so complete as ever, creates, takes toys, building blocks, dials, dolls, wagons, toy horses, buggies, etc. Churchill's Drive Stars.

The necessity of Hillsborough, because of its distance, was visited for the first time a few days ago when the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company was granted permission to erect a building at the intersection of First Street and the State Highway.

On this time set a night business house or commercial institution of any kind was allowed in its erected position. The telephone company agreed to erect an artistic structure that would not detract the rural beauty of the surrounding.

[Continued from previous page] was drowned. This sad accident caused a feeling of grief throughout the vessel, as he was a favorite with both passengers and crew. This boy and myself were the two youngest on board. He was eighteen and I was nineteen years old. We were intimate and were together most of the time; consequently I felt his loss more deeply than any one else on board, except his father, the captain.

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Where rolls Megellan's Sea.

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His spirit's gone to meet its God.
There all is sweet repose.

We never more shall hear that voice
Which used to greet our ears.
'Tis still, 'tis silent as a grave,
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Oh, who can tell that father's grief
Who heard his son's last cry,
Whose arm could lend him no relief,
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Once, only once, his voice was heard
From off the bursting tide.

[Continued on next page]

IN MEMORIAM
A Late Tribute to Alonzo E. Raynes

At the time of Mr. Raynes' passing I had in my possession the following sketch of his journey to California. But though I mentioned diligently, I could not find it. Recently, in looking over some papers, it came to light.

This sketch was dictated orally verbatim to one of the nurses in the Mount Shasta Hospital and a copy given to me. I wanted to have it published at the time, but the author objected, saying, "No, not now, wait." I feel sure that all who knew Mr. Raynes as he was in his prime would enjoy reading this reminiscence of his youthful experiences, especially when they remember his ever ready response to the many calls for aid, either for church work or local charity. Through his active genius and versatile ability in song, drama, and practical organizing capacity, many thousand dollars were raised for the general benefit, not only in Yreka but elsewhere.

All honors in the memory of his naturally kind and generous heart.

T. P. C.
Telp Around the Horn in 1849.

By A. E. Raynes (Jan. 1914)

By particular request, I will relate a few incidents that occurred during my long and perilous trip around Cape Horn in 1849.

That was a long time ago. I was then a boy and now I am an old man. How swiftly time flies. This life seems but a dream, so quickly we pass from the cradle to the grave. But what a life that all so dearly love that kings will give their crowns for!

The mine will part with the hoards of many years but for one hour of life. The spruced beggar will linger through disease and poverty rather than part with one moment of his allotted span.

Life, that art but an April day whose sunshin and storms are scarcely worth the working for. When but a boy I sailed from Belfast, Maine, on the first vessel that left the state for California, after receiving news of the discovery of gold in this country. We had on board fifteen passengers besides the crew. The morning we sailed the wharf was crowded with men, women and children, come to bid us goodbye and wish us a pleasant and safe voyage. With light hearts and buoyant spirits we sailed away amidst the cheers of our friends on shore. We all expected in a short time to make our fortunes and return to our native homes.

The next thing that occurred after we sailed out into the ocean was the surprising discovery that we were short of drinking water. It seems that the crewers of the vessel had employed men to cleanse old whale-oil casks with lime and water. This was done with a few of the casks, but in the majority of them they put in the lime and then filled the casks with water without rinsing or cleaning them. Consequently the water was unfit for use, and we were obliged either to return to the port from which we had sailed or go to some other port where we could secure fresh water. After a careful examination, the captain came to the conclusion that by placing the passengers and crew on an allowance of one pint of water each twenty-four hours we would have sufficient to last until we could reach Cape de Verde Islands. With favorable winds and weather we arrived at the islands before our supply was entirely exhausted. We remained there several days cleaning the casks and having them refilled with fresh and pure water. While there we purchased a supply of fruit—bananas, oranges and lemons, which were plentiful and cheap.

Our next stopping place was Rio de Janeiro, where we remained several days taking in the sights of the city, visiting the American consul and purchasing a supply of fruits, vegetables, etc.

Now comes the saddest part of our long journey. In rounding Cape Horn, we were overtaken by a severe storm and heavy gale of wind. We were obliged to place the vessel under close reefed sails and had her in position so that she would ride the waves without having them dash over the deck. During this storm, the captain's son was lost overboard. This sad accident occurred just before dawn one evening. The log was floating left on the quarter-deck near the wheel, when a heavy wave struck the vessel, forcing her over on her side. He slid down to the quarter rail, and, missing the main brace—a large cable running from the main mast, be placed into the ocean and was drowned. This sad accident caused a feeling of grief throughout the vessel, as he was a favorite with both passengers and crew. This boy and myself were the two youngest on board. He was eighteen and I was thirteen years old. We were intimate and were together most of the time; consequently I felt his loss more deeply than any one else on board, except his father, the captain. I am not much of a poet, but I composed a few verses expressing my feelings at that time of the loss of my dear friend and companion. In memory of that sad event, I have retained a copy of that little poem all these years. It reads as follows:

That youth, who, but an hour ago,
Was full of life and joy,
Now silent in the ocean deep,
Where e'er his father's Son,
Here hidden farewell to this vain world,
His presence not be want,
His spirit's gone to meet its God,
There all its sweet repose.

We never more shall hear that voice
Which used to cheer our ears,
'Tis still 'tis silent as the grave,
'Twas but a brief span of years,
Oh, who can tell that father's grief,
Who heard but only that cry,
Whose arm could lend him no relief,
But now his form and dear

Once, only once, his voice was heard
From off the morning tide,
While struggling with the angry waves
He in his father cried.

That father heard but naught could do
To save his dying son,
He listened to the angry blast
That bears him swiftly on.

'Tis said that one so young as he
Should meet a watery grave,
While distant from his native home
Where none have power to save.

But like the morning flower that fades
Through the sunny day,
So in the brightest of their years
The fairest droop and die.

After the storm was over we set sail for Valparaiso, where we arrived in due time without further accidents. On arriving there we found, anchored in the harbor, two "man-of-war" ships, one English and one American, and two or three vessels with passengers, bound for coal. We had on board of our vessel a fine quartette club, and, as there was a theatrical troupe performing in the theater at Valparaiso, we thought we might make a few dollars by getting an engagement to sing between the acts. We hunted up the manager of the theater and told him we had a fine American Quartette Club belonging on board of our vessel. We thought, if he engaged us to sing between the acts and sent out programs to the vessels in the harbor he would have a full house. He said: "You come up to the theater with me and I will have the leader of the orchestra hear you sing, and if satisfactory I will engage you." We did so, and after singing two songs the leader of the orchestra clapped his hands and said in Spanish: "Very good, those Americans." The manager then asked us how much we wanted to sing four songs between the acts. I told him we wanted fifty dollars. I thought it was a big price, but he said: "You are engaged!" Many of the officers and men came on shore from the vessels to attend the theater, and when we stepped upon the stage we were greeted with hearty applause. After singing our first number we were invited to take seats in the manager's private box, which we did after each song.

When the performance was over we were escorted to the residence of the American consul, and, after surrounding him, were invited in and treated royally to champagne, frosted cake and fine cigars. We remained there some time singing some of our favorite songs, which he seemed to enjoy very much. We then bid him goodbye and returned to our vessel.

Next morning we set sail for San Francisco, where we arrived on the 15th day of July 1849, having been five months and thirteen days on the voyage. Here the passengers and crew departed, some going south, some south and some remaining in San Francisco.

Many and varied are the scenes I have passed in early days when riding express through the mountains, carried the first express ever brought through to the mines from Crinalid up the Klamath river and over the mountains to Yreka. Many times my life was in danger from tribes of savages located along the route, and from falling swift and swollen streams, as there were no bridges in those days.

I have passed many happy years with my friends in this Golden State and, as I look back to those happy days, I can truly say with the poet:

Let pain no more wound, there are roses
Left of 20,
Pearly dewdrops of the past are scattered
Memory,
That comes in the night-time of sorrow
And bring back the features that joy
Used to wear.

Long, long be my heart with each mem-
ory filled,
Like the wine, in which roses have
Once been distilled,
You may wean, you may shatter the
Vessels of time will,
But the stem of the roses will hang
Round it still.

That line of boys, as complete as
ever, erectors, tinker boys, building
blocks, dunks, dolls, wagons, baby
brows, huggies, etc. Churchill's
Drug Store.

The assembly of Hillsborough, haven
of millineries, was organized for the
first time a few days ago when the
Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Com-
pany was granted permission to erect a
building at the intersection of Third
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From this time on a single business
house or commercial institution of any
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troy the rural beauty of the surround-
ings.

[Continued from previous page]
While struggling with the angry waves
He to his father cried.

That father heard but naught could do
To save his dying son.
He listened to the angry blast
That bears him swiftly on.

'Tis said that one so young as he
Should meet a watery grave,
While distant from his native home
Where none have power to save.

But like the morning flower that fades
Beneath the noon-day sky,
So in the brightest of their years
The fairest droop and die.

After the storm was over we set
sail for Valparaiso, where we arrived
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On arriving there we found, anchored
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[Continued on next page]

IN MEMORIAM

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All honor to the memory of his naturally kind and generous heart.

Tris Assand the Hawk in 1893.
A. P. C.
By A. E. Raynes (Jan. 1914)

By particular request, I will relate a few incidents that occurred during my long and perilous trip around Cape Horn in 1849.

That was a long time ago. I was then a boy and now I am an old man. How swiftly time flies. This life seems but a dream, so quickly we pass from the cradle to the grave. But what is life, that all so dearly love; that kings will give their crowns for?

The miser will part with the hoards of many years but for one hour of life. The spoiled beggar will linger through disease and poverty rather than part with one moment of his allotted span.

Life, then art but an April day whose sunshine and storms are secretly worth the working year.

When but a boy I sailed from Belfast, Maine, on the first vessel that left the state for California, after receiving news of the discovery of gold in this country. We had on board fifteen passengers besides the crew. The morning we sailed the wharf was crowded with men, women and children, come to bid us good-bye and wish us a pleasant and safe voyage. With light hearts and boyish spirits we sailed away beside the cheers of our friends on shore. We all expected in a short time to make our fortune and return to our native homes.

The next thing that occurred about we sailed out into the ocean was the surprising discovery that we were short of drinking water. It seems that the covers of the vessel had employed men to cleanse old whale-oil casks with lime and water. This was done with a few of the casks, but in the majority of them they put in the lime and then filled the casks with water without rinsing or cleaning them. Consequently the water was unfit to use and we were obliged either to return to the port from which we had sailed or go to some other port where we could secure fresh water. After a careful examination, the captain came to the conclusion that by placing the passengers and crew on an allowance of one pint of water each twenty-four hours we would have sufficient to last until we could reach Cape de Verde Islands. With favorable winds and weather we arrived at the islands before our supply was entirely exhausted. We remained there several days cleaning the casks and having them refilled with fresh pure water. While there we purchased a supply of fruit—bananas, oranges and lemons, which were plentiful and cheap.

Our next stopping place was Rio de Janeiro, where we remained several days taking in the sights of the city, visiting the American consul and purchasing a supply of fruits, vegetables, etc.

Now comes the saddest part of our long journey. In rounding Cape Horn, we were overtaken by a severe storm and heavy gale of wind. We were obliged to place the vessel under close reefed sails and ball her in position so that she would ride the waves without having them dash over the deck. During this storm, the captain's son was laid overboard. This sad accident occurred just before standing off on the quarter deck next the wheel, when a heavy wave struck him. He fell down to the quarter rail, and, missing the main brace—a large cable running from the mainmast to the rigging into the ocean and was drowned. This sad accident caused a feeling of grief throughout the vessel, as he was a favorite with both passengers and crew. This boy and myself were the two youngest on board. He was eighteen and I was nineteen years old. We were intimate and were together most of the time; consequently I felt his loss more deeply than any one else on board, except his father, the captain. I am not much of a poet, but I composed a few verses expressing my feelings at that time of the loss of my dear friend and companion. In memory of that sad event, I have retained a copy of that little poem all these years. It reads as follows:

That youth, who had no hair—
"We feel of thy sad fate,
"Who's fallen from the mast,
Where rolls Magellan's fate.
His father forward to this win while
The government and the crew,
There all is sweet repast.

My father once said that that youth
Who had no hair—
"We feel of thy sad fate,
"Who's fallen from the mast,
Where rolls Magellan's fate.
His father forward to this win while
The government and the crew,
There all is sweet repast.

From of the hearing list,
While describing with the story never
He to his father cried.

That father heard but must't could do
To save his dying son,
He looked to the weary boat
That bore him swiftly on.

That girl that came so young as he
Should meet a wistful gaze,
While distant from the active scene
Where none have power to save.

That the morning dawn that I told
Through the morning sky,
In the brightness of their years
The future drop not sin.

After the storm was over we set sail for Valparaiso, where we arrived in due time without further accident. On arriving there we found, anchored in the harbor, the "man-of-war" ships, one English and one American, and two of three vessels with passengers, bound for coal. We had on board of our vessel a fine quartette club, and, as there was a theatrical troupe performing in the theater at Valparaiso, we thought we might make a few dollars by getting an engagement to sing between the acts. We hinted by the manager of the theater and told him we had a quartette on board of our vessel. We thought, if he engaged us to sing between the acts and sent out programs to the vessels in the harbor, we would have a full house. He said: "You come up to the theater with me and I will have the leader of the orchestra hear you sing, and if satisfactory I will engage you." We did so, and after singing two songs the leader of the orchestra tapped his hands and said in Spanish: "Very good, those Americans." The manager then asked us how much we wanted to sing four songs between the acts. I told him we wanted fifty dollars. I thought it was a big price, he said: "You are engaged." Many of the officers and men come on shore from the vessels to attend the theater, and when we stepped upon the stage we were greeted with hearty applause. After singing our first number we were invited to take seats in the manager's private box, which we did after each song.

When the performance was over we were escorted to the residence of the American consul, and, after serenading him, were invited in and treated royally to champagne, frosted cake and fine cigars. We remained there some time singing some of our favorite songs, which he seemed to enjoy very much. We then bid him good-bye and returned to our vessel. Next morning we set sail for San Francisco, where we arrived on the 19th day of July, 1849, having been five months and nineteen days on the voyage. Here the passengers and crew separated, some going north, some south and some remaining in San Francisco.

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Let days no longer waste, there are no more
"The days of the past are no more."
That comes in the right-time of sorrow
And bring back the features that joy
O'er its face.

Long, long by my heart with each mem-
"Like the rain, in which roses have
Once been distilled."
You may think, you may shatter the
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"Round it still."

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T. P. C.
Trib Around the Horn in 1849.

By A. E. Raynes (Jan. 1914)

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Life, that art but an April day whose sunshin and storms are scarcely worth the working for.

When but a boy I sailed from Belfast, Maine, on the first vessel that left the state for California, after receiving news of the discovery of gold in this country. We had on board fifteen passengers besides the crew. The morning we sailed the wharf was crowded with men, women and children, come to bid us goodbye and wish us a pleasant and safe voyage. With light hearts and buoyant spirits we sailed away amidst the cheers of our friends on shore. We all expected in a short time to make our fortunes and return to our native homes.

The next thing that occurred after we sailed out into the ocean was the surprising discovery that we were short of drinking water. It seems that the owners of the vessel had employed men to cleanse old whale-oil casks with lime and water. This was done with a few feet of cable, but in the majority of them they put in the lime and then filled the casks with water without rinsing or cleaning them. Consequently the water was unfit for use, and we were obliged either to return to the port from which we had sailed or go to some other port where we could secure fresh water. After a careful examination, the captain came to the conclusion that, by picking the passengers and crew on an allowance of one pint of water each twenty-four hours we would have sufficient to last until we could reach Cape de Verde Islands. With favorable winds and weather we arrived at the islands before our supply was entirely exhausted. We remained there several days cleaning the casks and having them refilled with fresh pure water. While there we purchased a supply of fruit—bananas, oranges and lemons, which were plentiful and cheap.

Our next stopping place was Rio de Janeiro, where we remained several days taking in the sights of the city, visiting the American consul and purchasing a supply of fruits, vegetables, etc.

Now comes the saddest part of our long journey. In rounding Cape Horn, we were overtaken by a severe storm and heavy gale of wind. We were obliged to place the vessel under close reefed sails and hold her in position so that she would ride the waves without having them dash over the deck. During this storm, the captain's son was lost overboard. This sad accident occurred just before dark on an evening. The log was floating left on the quarter-deck near the wheel, when a heavy wave struck the vessel, knocking her over on her side. He slid down to the quarter rail, and, missing the main brace—a large cable running from the main mast, he plunged into the ocean and was drowned. This sad accident caused a feeling of grief throughout the vessel, as he was a favorite with both passengers and crew. This boy and myself were the two youngest on board. He was eighteen and I was thirteen years old. We were intimate and were together most of the time; consequently I felt his loss more deeply than any one else on board, except his father, the captain. I am not much of a poet, but I composed a few verses expressing my feelings at that time of the loss of my dear friend and companion. In memory of that sad event, I have retained a copy of that little poem all these years. It reads as follows:

That youth, who, but an hour ago,
Was full of life and joy,
Now silent in the ocean deep,
Where ebb'd his mortal day,
Here hidden farewell to this vain world,
His garments wet by waves,
His agonizing pain to meet his God,
There all his sweet repose.

We never more shall hear that voice
Which used to cheer our ears,
'Tis still 'tis silent as the grave,
'Twas but a brief and stormy years.

Oh, who can tell that father's grief,
Who heard but only that cry,
Whose arm could lend him no relief,
But now his sick and dead?

Once, only once, his voice was heard
From off the morning tide,
While struggling with the angry waves
He in his father cried.

That father heard but naught could do
To save his dying son,
He listens to the merry blast
That bears him swiftly on.

'Tis sad that one so young as he
Should meet a watery grave,
While distant from his native home
Whose arms have power to save.

But like the morning flower that fades
Through the sweet sunny day,
So in the brightness of thy years
The curtain drops and dies.

After the storm was over we set sail for Valparaiso, where we arrived in due time without further accidents. On arriving there we found, anchored in the harbor, two "man-of-war" ships, one English and one American, and two or three vessels with passengers, bound for coal. We had better luck, and, as there was a fine afternoon breeze performing in the theater at Valparaiso, we thought we might make a few dollars by getting an engagement to sing between the acts. We hunted up the manager of the theater and told him we had a fine American Quartette, Club, belonging on board of our vessel. We thought, if he engaged us to sing between the acts and sent out programs to the vessels in the harbor we should have a full house. He said: "You come up to the theater with me and I will have the leader of the orchestra hear you sing, and if satisfactory I will engage you." We did so, and after singing two songs the leader of the orchestra clapped his hands and said in Spanish: "Very good, those Americans." The manager then asked us how much we wanted to sing four songs between the acts. I told him we wanted fifty dollars. I thought it was a big price, but he said: "You are engaged." Many of the officers and men came on shore from the vessels to attend the theater, and when we stepped upon the stage we were greeted with hearty applause. After singing our first number we were invited to take seats in the manager's private box, which we did after each song.

When the performance was over we were escorted to the residence of the American consul, and, after receiving him, were invited in and treated royally to champagne, frosted cake and fine cigars. We remained there some time singing some of our favorite songs, which he seemed to enjoy very much. We then bid him goodbye and returned to our vessel.

Next morning we set sail for San Francisco, where we arrived on the 19th day of July, 1849, having been five months and thirteen days on the voyage. Here the passengers and crew separated, some going south, some south and some remaining in San Francisco.

Many and varied are the scenes I have passed in early days when riding across through the misty ridges carried the first express ever brought through to the mines from Crinalid up the Klamath river and over the mountains to Yreka. Many times my life was in danger from tribes of savages located along the route, and from fording swift and swollen streams, as there were no bridges in those days.

I have passed many happy years with my friends in this Golden State and, as I look back to those happy days, I can truly say with the poet:

Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past she cannot destroy,
That come in the night-time of sorrow and car
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.

Long, long be my heart with such memories filled,
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distilled,
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang 'round it still.

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Long, long be my heart with such memories filled,
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But the scent of the roses will hang 'round it still.

That line of boys, as complete as ever, erectors, tinker toys, building blocks, danks, dolls, wagons, baby horses, huggies, etc. Churchill's Drug Store.

The vicinity of Hillsborough, haven of millmades, was visited for the first time a few days ago when the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company was granted permission to erect a building at the intersection of Third and Avenue and the State Highway.

That this time set a single business house or commercial institution of any kind was allowed in its sacred precincts. The telephone company agreed to erect an artistic structure that would not detract the rural beauty of the surrounding.

[Continued from previous page] up the Klamath river and over the mountains to Yreka. Many times my life was in danger from tribes of savages located along the route, and from fording swift and swollen streams, as there were no bridges in those days.

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[Continued on next page]

IN MEMORIAM

A Late Tribute to Alonzo E. Raynes

At the time of Mr. Raynes' passing I had in my possession the following sketch of his journey to California. But though I searched diligently, I could not find it. Recently, in looking over some papers, it came to light.

This sketch was dictated orally verbatim to one of the nurses in the Mount Shasta Hospital and a copy given to me. I wanted to have it published at the time, but the author objected, saying, "No, not now; wait." I feel sure that all who know Mr. Raynes as he was in his prime would enjoy reading this reminiscence of his youthful experiences, especially when they remember his ever ready response to the many calls for aid, either for church work or local charity. Through his active genius and versatile ability in song, drama, and practical organizing capacity many thousand dollars were raised for the general benefit, not only in Yuba but elsewhere.

All honor to the memory of his naturally kind and generous heart.

Tris Assand the Hawk in 1888.
A. P. C.
By A. E. Raynes (Jan. 1914)

By particular request, I will relate a few incidents that occurred during my long and perilous trip around Cape Horn in 1848.

That was a long time ago. I was then a boy and now I am an old man. How swiftly time flies. This life seems but a dream, as quickly we pass from the cradle to the grave. But what is life, that all so dearly love; that kings will give their crowns for?

The miser will part with the hoards of many years but for one hour of life. The spurned beggar will linger through disease and poverty rather than part with one moment of his allotted span.

Life, thou art but an April day whose sunshine and storms are secretly worth the working year.

When but a boy I sailed from Boston, Maine, on the first vessel that left the state for California, after receiving news of the discovery of gold in this country. We had on board fifteen passengers besides the crew. The morning we sailed the wharf was crowded with men, women and children, come to bid us good-bye and wish us a pleasant and safe voyage.

With light hearts and boyish spirits we sailed away beside the cheers of our friends on shore. We all expected in a short time to make our fortune and return to our native home.

The next thing that occurred about we sailed out into the ocean was the surprising discovery that we were short of drinking water. It seems that the crews of the vessel had employed men to cleanse old whale-oil casks with lime and water. This was done with a few of the casks, but in the majority of them they put in lime and then filled the casks with water without rinsing or cleaning them. Consequently the water was unfit to use and we were obliged either to return to the port from which we had sailed or go to some other port where we could secure fresh water. After a careful examination, the captain came to the conclusion that by placing the passengers and crew on an allowance of one pint of water each twenty-four hours we would have sufficient to last until we could reach Cape de Verde Islands. With favorable winds and weather we arrived at the islands before our supply was entirely exhausted. We remained there several days cleaning the casks and having them refilled with fresh and pure water. While there we purchased a supply of fruit—bananas, oranges and lemons, which were plentiful and cheap.

Our next stopping place was Rio de Janeiro, where we remained several days taking in the sights of the city, visiting the American consul and purchasing a supply of fruits, vegetables, etc.

Now comes the saddest part of our long journey. In rounding Cape Horn, we were overtaken by a severe storm and heavy gale of wind. We were obliged to place the vessel under close reefed sails and haul her in position so that she would ride the waves without having them dash over the deck. During the storm, the captain's son was laid overboard. This sad accident occurred just before standing off on the quarter deck next the wheel, when a heavy wave struck the vessel, heeling her over on her rail, and missing the main beam—a large cabin running from the mainmast, he plunged into the ocean and was drowned. This sad accident caused a feeling of grief throughout the vessel, as he was a favorite with both passengers and crew. This boy and myself were the two youngest on board. He was eighteen and I was nineteen years old. We were full-time and were together most of the time; consequently I felt his loss more deeply than any one else on board, except his father, the captain. I am not much of a poet, but I composed a few verses expressing my feelings at that time of the loss of my dear friend and companion. In memory of that sad event, I have retained a copy of that little poem all these years. It reads as follows:

That youth, who, but an hour ago,
Was full of life and cheer,
Whom thou didst love so dearly,
Where rolls Magnolia's dew,
There all is sweet regret.

My father once said that while
Which used to greet our ears,
The earth, the water and the sky,
"Twas hushed and hushed of years,
"Twas hushed and hushed of years,
Who said that father's grief
Who heard his son's last cry—
Where are you now, my dear,
Didst thou not sink and die?

And now, my son, who once was heard
From the bounding tide,
While drifting with the weary waves
He to his father cried,
"To save his dying son,
Be lifted to the very shore,
That bears him swiftly on."

And that time as you are as he
Should meet a watery grave,
While distant from his native home,
Where none have power to save,
Then the morning dew that falls
Through the morning sky,
In the fragrance of their hair,
The fairest drop not sea.

After the storm was over we set sail for Valparaiso, where we arrived in due time without further accident. On arriving there we found, anchored in the harbor, the "man-of-war" ships, one English and one American, and two of three vessels with passengers, bound for coal. We had on board of our vessel a fine quartette club, and, as there was a theatrical troupe performing in the theater at Valparaiso, we thought we might make a few dollars by getting an engagement to sing between the acts.

We talked by the manager of the theater and told him we had a troupe on board of our vessel. We thought, if he engaged us to sing between the acts and sent out a program to the venue in the harbor, we would have a full house. He thought, if he engaged us to sing between the acts and sent out a program to the venue in the harbor, we would have a full house. He thought, if he engaged us to sing between the acts and sent out a program to the venue in the harbor, we would have a full house.

"To come up to the theater with me and I will have the leader of the orchestra hear you sing, and if satisfactory I will engage you. We did so, and after singing two songs the leader of the orchestra caught his hands and said in Spanish, "Very good, those Americans! The manager then asked us how much we wanted to sing four songs between the acts. I told him we wanted fifty dollars. I thought it was a big price, but he said: "You are engaged."

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Many and varied are the scenes I have passed in early days when riding express through the mines. I carried the first express ever brought through to the mines from Trinidad up the Klamath river and over the mountains to Yuba. Many times my life was in danger from tribes of savages located along the route, and from falling swift and swollen streams, as there were no bridges in those days.

I have passed many happy years with my friends in this Golden State and, as I look back to those happy days, I can truly say with the poet:

Let joy be her wont, there are rales
In the bosom of the most the content
Money,
That comes in the night-time of sorrow
And bring back the features that joy
Owe to me.

Long, long be my heart with each mem-
Like the man, in which roses have
Once been distilled
You may break, you may shatter the
We'll not let
"Twas it said!" the roses will hang

That line of toys, as complete as
ever, erectors, tinker toys, building
blocks, dishes, dolls, wagons, hoby
horses, buggies, etc. Churchill's
Drug Store.

The sactity of Hillsborough, haven
of millionaires, was violated for the
first time a few days ago when the
Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Com-
pany was granted permission to erect a
building at the intersection of Flori-
bunda avenue and the State Highway.
Until this time not a single business
houe or commercial institution of any
kind was allowed in its sacred precincts.
The telephone company agreed to erect
an artistic structure that would not de-
stroy the rural beauty of the surround-
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[Continued from previous page]

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