

office, and was always ready for such desperate service. He never paused until he had his prisoner safely locked in jail at Sonora.

The mob dispersed slowly and sullenly, and, as the sequel proved, still bent on mischief.

The next morning the early risers in Sonora were thrilled with horror to find the poor boy hanging by the neck from a branch of an oak on the hillside above the City Hotel. The Algerine mob had reorganized, marched into town at dead of night, overpowered the jailer, taken out their victim, and hung him. By sunrise thousands, drawn by the fascination of horror, had gathered to the spot. And now that the poor lad was hanging there dead, there was only pity felt for his fate, and detestation of the crime committed by his cruel murderers. The body was cut down and tenderly buried, women's hands placing flowers upon his coffin, and women's tears falling upon the cold face.

A singular fact must be added to this narrative. The tree on which the boy was hanged was a healthy, vigorous young oak, in full leaf. *In a few days its every leaf had withered!* This statement is made on the testimony of respectable living witnesses, whose reputation for veracity is unquestioned. The next year the tree put forth its buds and leaves as usual. This fact is left to the incredulity, superstition, or scientific inquiry of the reader. The tree may be still standing, as a memento of a horrible crime.

THE BLUE LAKES.

IT is not strange that the Indians think the Blue Lakes are haunted, and that even the white man's superstition is not proof against the weird and solemn influence that broods over this spot of almost unearthly beauty. They are about ten miles from Lakeport, the beautiful county seat of Lake County, which nestles among the oaks on the margin of Clear Lake, a body of water about thirty miles long and eight miles wide, surrounded by scenery so lovely as to make the visitor forget for the time that there is any ugliness in the world. The first sight of Clear Lake, from the highest point of the great range of hills shutting it in on the south, will never be forgotten by any one who has a soul. After winding slowly up, up, up the mountain road, a sharp turn is made, and you are on the summit. The driver stops his panting team, you spring out of the "thorough-brace," and look and look. Immediately below you is a sea of hills, stretching away to where they break against the lofty rampart of the coast range on your left, and in front sinking gradually down into the valley below. The lake lies beneath you, flashing like a mirror in the sunlight, its northern shore marked by rugged brown acclivities, the nearer side dotted with towns, villages, and farms, while "Uncle Sam," the monarch peak of all the region, lifts his awful head into the clouds, the sparkling waters kissing his feet. I once saw "Uncle Sam" transfigured. It was a day of storm. The wind howled among the gorges of the

hills, and the dark clouds swept above them in mighty masses, the rain falling in fitful and violent showers. Pausing at the summit to rest the horse, and to get a glance at the scene in its wintry aspect, I drew my gray shawl closer, and leaned forward and gazed. It was about the middle of the afternoon. Suddenly a rift in the clouds westward let the sunshine through, and, falling on "Uncle Sam," lo, a miracle! The whole mountain, from base to summit, softened, blushed, and blazed with the prismatic colors. It was a transfiguration. The scene is symbolic. Behind me and about me are cloud and tempest, typing the humanity of the past and the present with its conflicts and trials and dangers; before me the glorified mountain, typing the humanity of the future, enveloped in the rainbow of peace, showing that the storms are all over. This was my interpretation to my friend who sat by my side, but I do not insist upon it as canonical.

The Blue Lakes lie among the hills above Clear Lake, and the road leads through dense forests, of which the gigantic white oaks are the most striking feature. It passes through Scott's Valley, a little body of rich land, the terraced hills behind, and the lake before. Winding upward, the ascent is so gradual that you do not realize, until you are told, that the Blue Lakes are six hundred feet above the level of Clear Lake. The lakes are three in number, and in very high water they are connected. They are each, perhaps, a mile in length, and only a few hundred yards in width. Their depth is immense. Their waters are a particularly bright blue color, and so clear that objects are plainly seen many fathoms below the surface. They are hemmed in by the mountains, the road being cut in the side of the overhanging bluff,

while on the opposite side bold, rugged, brown cliffs rise in almost perpendicular walls from the water's edge. A growth of oaks shades the narrow vale between the lakes, and the mountain pine and oak, madrona and manzanita, clothe the heights.

There are the Blue Lakes. A solemnity and awe steal over you. Speech seems almost profane. The very birds seem to hush their singing as they flit in silence among the trees. The chatter of a gray squirrel has an audacious sound as the bushy-tailed little hoodlum dashes across the grade, and rushes up a tree. The coo of a turtledove away off in a distant canyon falls on the ear like the echo of a human sorrow that had found soothing, but not healing. The sky overhead is as blue as the drapery of Guido's Madonna, and there is just a hint of a breeze sighing over the still waters, like the respiration of a peaceful sleeper. The cliffs above the lake duplicate themselves in the water beneath with startling lifelikeness, and with the spell of the place upon you it would scarcely surprise you to see unearthly shapes emerge from the crystal depths.

The feeling of superstitious awe is perhaps increased by the knowledge of the fact that no Indian will go near these lakes. They say a monster inhabits the upper lake, and has subterranean communication with the two lower ones, and of this monster they have a mortal terror. This terror is explained by the following legend:

Many, many moons ago, when the Ukiah Indians were a great and strong people, a fair-haired white man of great stature came from the seashore alone, and took up his abode with them. He knew many things, and was stronger than any warrior of the tribe. The chief took him to his own cam-

poody, and, giving him his daughter for his wife, made him his son. She loved the white man, and never tired in looking upon his fair face, and into his bright blue eyes. But by and by the white man, tiring of his Indian bride, and longing to see his own people, turned his face again toward the sea, and fled. She followed him swiftly and, overtaking him at the Blue Lakes, gently reproached him for his desertion of her, and entreated him to return. They were standing on the rock overhanging the lake on its northern side. He took her hand, smiling, and spoke deceitful words; and then, suddenly seizing her, hurled her with all his strength headlong into the lake. She sunk to the bottom, while the white man resumed his flight, and was seen no more. His murdered bride was transformed into an evil genius of the lake. The long and sinuous outline of a serpentine form would be seen on the surface of the water, out of which would be lifted at intervals the head of a woman, with long, bright hair and sad, filmy, blue eyes, into which whosoever looked would die before another twelve moons had passed.

The Indians would go miles out of their way to avoid the haunted spot, and more than one white man affirmed that they had seen the monster of Clear Lake.

One stormy day in the winter of eighteen hundred and sixty-something I was with a friend on my way from Ukiah to Lakeport, by way of the Blue Lakes. After swimming Russian River, always a bold and rapid stream, but then swollen and angry from recent heavy rains, urging our trusty span of horses through the storm, at length we reached the grade winding along above the lakes. The darkened heavens hung pall-like over the waters, the clouds weeping, and the wind

moaning. Dense clouds boiled up along the mountain peaks, veiling their heads in white folds. No sign of life was visible. We drove slowly, and were silent, feeling the spell of the place.

"There's the monster!" I suddenly exclaimed.

"Where?" asked my companion, starting, and straining his gaze upon the lake below.

There it was—a long, dark mass, with serpent-like movement, winding its way across the lake. It suddenly vanished, without lifting above the water the woman's head with the bright hair and filmy eyes. My companion expressed the prosaic idea that it was a school of fish swimming near the surface, but I am sure we saw all there was of the monster of the Blue Lakes.

OLD TUOLUMNE.*

THE bearded men in rude attire,
With nerves of steel and hearts of fire;
The women few, but fair and sweet,
Like shadowy visions dim and fleet—

Again their voices fill my ear,
As through the past I faintly hear
And muse o'er buried joy and pain,
And tread the hills of youth again.

As speed the torrents, strong and wild,
Adown the mountains roughly piled
To find the plain, and there must sink
In thirsty sands that eager drink—

So tides of life that early rolled
Through old Tuolumne's hills of gold,
Are spread and lost in other lands,
Or swallowed in the desert sands.

O days of youth, O days of power,
Again ye come for one glad hour,
To let us taste once more the joy
That time may dim, but not destroy.

Ye are not lost! Our pulses thrill
To hear sweet voices long since still;
Again hope's air-built castles bright
Float full before the enchanted sight.

And as the streams that sink from sight
In desert sands, and leave the light,
To the far seas make silent way,
To swell their tides some distant day—

So lives that sink and fade from view,
Like scattered drops of rain and dew,
Shall gather with the deathless souls
Where the eternal ocean rolls.

*Tuolumne County—fondly called "Old Tuolumne" by former residents—was in the early days one of the richest and most populous of the mining regions of California. Here the author lived in the fifties.

BEN.

BEN was a black man. His African blood was unmixed. His black skin was true ebony, his lips were as thick as the thickest, his nose was as flat as the flattest, his head as woolly as the woolliest. His immense lips were red, and their redness was not a mark of beauty, only giving a grotesque effect to a physiognomy no part of which presented the least element of the æsthetic. He had neither feet nor legs, but was quite a lively pedestrian, shuffling his way on his stumps, which were protected by thick leather coverings.

Ben, when I first knew him, kept a bootblack stand near the post office in San Francisco. He also kept postage stamps on sale. He was talkative, and all his talk was about religion. His patrons listened with wonder or amusement. A bootblack that talked religion in the very vortex of the seething sea of San Francisco mammonism was a new thing. And then Ben's quaint way of speaking lent a special interest to his words, and his enjoyment of his one theme was catching. He was more given to the relation of experience than to polemics. When he touched upon some point that moved him he would unconsciously pause in his work, his exulting voice arresting the attention of many a hurried passer-by, as he spoke of the love of Jesus and of the peace of God.

He slept at night in the little cage of a place in which he polished boots and shoes by day. Many

a time when I have passed the spot at early dawn, on my way to take the first boat for Sacramento, I have heard his voice singing a hymn inside. A lark's matin song could not be freer or more joyful. It seemed to be the literal bubbling over of a soul full of love and joy. The melody of Ben's morning song has followed me many and many a mile, by steamboat and by rail. It was the melody of a soul that had learned the sublime secret which the millionaires of the metropolis might well give their millions to buy.

Ben had been a slave in Missouri in the old days *ante bellum*. He spoke kindly of his former owners, who had treated him well. Being liberated, he emigrated to California, and found his way to San Francisco—a waif that had floated into a new world.

“How came you to be so crippled, Ben?” I asked him one day as he was lingering on the final touches on my second boot, being in one of his happiest and most voluble moods.

“My feet and legs got froze in Mizzoory, sir, an’ dey had to be cut off.”

“That was a hard trial for you, wasn’t it?”

“No, sir; it didn’t hurt me as much as I ’spected it would; an’ I know’d it was all for de bes’, else ’twouldn’t have happened ter me. De loss o’ dem legs don’t keep me from gittin’ about, an’ my health’s as good as anybody’s. De Lord treats me kin’, an’ mos’ everybody has a kin’ word for Ben. Bless God, he makes me happy widout legs!”

The plantation patois clave to Ben, and among the sounds of the many-tongued multitude of San Francisco it had a charm to ears to which it was familiar in early days. It was like the song of a land bird at sea.

Ben had a great joy when his people bought and moved into their house of worship. He gave a hundred dollars, which he had laid by for that object a dime at a time. It made him happier to give that money than to have been remembered in Vanderbilt's will.

“I wanted to give a hundred dollars to help buy de house, an’ I know de Lord wanted me to do it, too, ’cause de customers poured in an’ kep’ me busy all day long. Once in awhile a gentleman would han’ me a quarter, or half a dollar, an’ wouldn’t wait for change. I knowed what dat meant—it was for dat hundred dollars.”

Ben's big, dull, white eyes were not capable of much expression, but his broad, black face beamed with grateful satisfaction as he gave me this little bit of personal history. A trustee of his Church told me that they were not willing at first to take the money from Ben, but that they saw plainly it would not do to refuse. It was the fulfillment of a cherished object that he had carried so long in his simple, trusting heart that to have rejected his gift would have been cruelty.

The last time I saw Ben he was working his way along a crowded thoroughfare, dragging his heavy leathers, his head reaching to the waist of the average man. “How are you, Ben?” I said, as we met.

“Bless God, I’m first-rate!” he said, grasping my hand warmly, his face brightening, and every tooth visible. It was clear he had not lost the secret.

Ben was not a Methodist; he was what is popularly called a Campbellite.

A YOUTHFUL DESPERADO.

THERE'S a young chap in the jail over there you ought to go and see. It's the one who killed the two Chinamen on Wood's Creek a few weeks ago. He goes by the name of Tom Ellis. He is scarcely more than a boy, but he is a hard one. Maybe you can do him some good."

This was said to me by one of the sheriff's deputies, a kind-hearted fellow, but brave as a lion—one of those quiet, low-voiced men who do the most daring things in a matter-of-course way—a man who never made threats and never showed a weapon except when he was about to use it with deadly effect.

The next day I went over to see the young murderer. I was startled at his youthful appearance, and struck with his beauty. His features were feminine in their delicacy, and his skin was almost as soft and fair as a child's. He had dark hair, bright blue eyes, and white teeth. He was of medium size, and was faultless in *physique*. Though heavily ironed, his step was vigorous and springy, indicating unusual strength and agility.

This fair-faced, almost girlish, youth had committed one of the most atrocious double murders ever known. Approaching two Chinamen who were working an abandoned mining claim on the creek, he demanded their gold dust, exhibiting at the same time a Bowie knife. The Chinamen, terrified, dropped their mining tools and fled, pursued by the young devil, who, fleet of foot, soon

overtook the poor creatures, and with repeated stabs in the back cut them down. A passer-by found him engaged in rifling their pockets of the gold dust, to the value of about twenty dollars, which had tempted him to commit the horrid crime.

These were the facts in the case, as brought out in the trial. It was also shown that he had borne a very bad name, associating with the worst characters, and being suspected strongly of other crimes against life and property. He was convicted and sentenced to death.

This was the man I had come to see. He received me politely, but I made little progress in my attempt to turn his thoughts to the subject of preparation for death. He allowed me to read the Bible in his cell and pray for him, but I could see plainly enough that he took no interest in it. I left a Bible with him, with the leaves turned down to mark such portions of the word of God as would be most likely to do him good, and he promised to read it, but it was evident he did not do it. For weeks I tried in every possible way to reach his conscience and sensibilities, but in vain. I asked him one day: "Have you a mother living?"

"Yes; she lives in Ohio, and is a member of the Baptist Church."

"Does she know where you are?"

"No; she thinks I'm dead, and she will never know any better. It's just as well—it would do the old lady no good. The name I go by here is not my real name—no man in California knows my true name."

Even this chord did not respond. He was as cold and hard as ice. I kept up my visits to him, and continued my efforts to win him to thoughts suitable to his condition, but he never showed the

least sign of penitence or feeling of any kind. He was the only human being I have ever met who did not have a tender spot somewhere in his nature. If he had any such spot, my poor skill failed to discover it.

One day, after I had spent an hour or more with him, he said to me: "You mean well in coming here to see me, and I'm always glad to see you, as I get very lonesome, but there's no use in keeping up any deception about the matter. I don't care anything about religion, and all your talk on that subject is wasted. But if you could help me to get out of this jail, so that I could kill the man whose evidence convicted me, I would thank you. Damn him! I would be willing to die if I could kill him first!"

As he spoke his eye glittered like a serpent's, and I felt that I was in the presence of a fiend. From this time on there was no disguise on his part; he thirsted for blood, and hated to die chiefly because it cut him off from his revenge. He did not deny the commission of the murders, and cared no more for it than he would for the shooting of a rabbit. As a psychological study he profoundly interested me, and I sought to learn more of his history, that I might know how much of his fiendishness was due to organic tendency, and how much to evil association. But he would tell nothing of his former life, and I was left to conjecture as to what were the influences that had so completely blasted every bud and blossom of good in one so young. And he was so handsome!

He made several desperate attempts to break jail, and was loaded down with extra irons and put under special guard. The night before his execution he slept soundly, and ate a hearty breakfast next morning. At the gallows he showed no fear

or emotion of any kind. He was brooding on his revenge to the last moment. "It is well for Short that I didn't get out of this—I would like to live long enough to kill him!" were about the last words he uttered, in a sort of soliloquizing way. The black cap was drawn over his fair face, and without a quiver of the nerves or the least tremor of the pulse he was launched into the world of spirits, the rabble looking on with mingled curiosity, awe, and pity.

NORTH BEACH, SAN FRANCISCO.

NORTH BEACH, in its gentle mood, is as quiet as a Quaker maiden, and as lovely; but when fretted by the rude sea wind it is like a virago in her tantrums. I have looked upon it at the close of a bright, clear day, fascinated by the changing glories of a gorgeous sunset. The still ships seemed asleep upon the placid waters. Above the Golden Gate hung a drapery of burning clouds, almost too bright for the naked eye. Tamalpais,* towering above the Marin hills, wrapped in his evening robe of royal purple, sat like a king on his throne. The islands in sight, sunlit and calm, seemed to be dreaming in the soft embrace of the blue waters. Above the golden glow of the breezy Contra Costa hills the sky blushed rosy red, as if conscious of its own charms. As the sun sunk into the Pacific in a blaze of splendor, the bugle of Fort Alcatraz, pealing over the waters, told that the day was done. And then the scene gradually changed. The cloud fires that blazed above the Gate of Gold died out, the purple of Tamalpais deepened into blackness, in the thickening twilight the sunlit islands faded from sight, the rose-tinted sky turned into sober gray, the stars came out one by one, and a night of beauty followed a day of bright-

*A lofty peak of the coast range that shoots its bare summit high into the sky north of the bay, and within a few miles of the Golden Gate, from which the view is one of marvelous scope and surpassing beauty.

ness. Many a time from my bay window, on such evenings as this, have I seen young men and maidens walking side by side, or hand in hand, along the beach, whispering words that only the sea might hear, and uttering vows that only the stars might witness. Here I have seen the weary man of business linger as if he were loath to leave a scene so quiet and go back to the din and rush and worry of the city. And pale, sad-faced women in black have come alone to weep by the seaside, and have gone back with the traces of fresh tears upon their cheeks and the light of renewed hope in their eyes. On bright mornings, new-married couples, climbing the hill whose western declivity overlooks the Golden Gate and the vast Pacific, have felt that the immensity and calm of the ocean were emblematic of the serene and immeasurable happiness they had in each other. They might have remembered that even that Pacific sea is swept by storms, and that beneath its quiet waters lies many a noble ship, wrecked on its way to port. But they felt no fear, for there is no shipwreck of true love, human or divine; it always survives the storm.

North Beach, in its stormy mood, had also its fascination for the storm-tossed and the desolate and the despairing. It was hither that Ralston hurried on that fatal day when the crash came. His death was like his life. He was a strong swimmer, but he ventured too far. The wind sweeping in through the Golden Gate chill and angry, the white-capped waters of the bay in wild unrest, the gathering fog darkening the sky—were all symbolic of the days of struggle and the nights of anguish that preceded the final tragedy. He died struggling. If he had come out of that wrestle with the sea alive, he would have been on his feet

to-day; for he embodied in himself the energy, the dash, the invincible courage of the true Californian. Ralston did not commit suicide. He was not a man of that type.

Sitting in my bay window above the beach one stormy evening about sunset, my attention was arrested by the movements of a man sitting on the rocks in the edge of the water, where the spray drenched his person every time a wave broke against the shore. Suddenly he took a pistol from his pocket, placed the muzzle against his head, and fired. I sprang to my feet as he tumbled forward into the water, and rushed down the long steps, and reached the spot just as an incoming wave bore him back to the beach. Dragging him out of the water, it was found that he was still breathing and had a faint pulse. The blood was oozing from an ugly bullet wound back of his right ear—the ball had struck the bone and slightly glanced. Brandy was brought, which he swallowed in large quantities; his pulse grew quicker and stronger, and, looking around upon the curious and pitying group that had gathered about him, he seemed suddenly to comprehend the whole situation. With a desperate effort he rose to his feet, exclaiming: "Why didn't you let me alone? If you had, it would all have been over now. Am I doomed to live against my will? The very sea refuses me a grave!"

I made some remark, with the view to calm and encourage him.

"You mean well, and I ought to thank you, sir; but you have done me an ill turn. I want to die and get out of it all."

"What is the trouble, my friend?" I inquired, the question prompted by pity and curiosity.

He turned suddenly, stared at me a moment, and said fiercely: "Never mind what my trouble

is. It is what death only can relieve. Why didn't you let me die?"

He was a heavy-set man of fifty, with iron-gray whiskers, a good, open, intelligent face, and neatly dressed in a suit of gray cloth.

He reeled as he spoke, and would have fallen had he not been supported by kind hands. He was taken to the hospital, where the bullet was extracted from his head, and he got well. Who he was, and what was his story, were never found out. He kept his secret.

About sunrise one morning, looking out of my window, I saw a crowd huddled around some object on the beach. Their subdued behavior suggested a tragedy. The North Beach rabble, in its ordinary mood, is rather noisy and demonstrative. The hoodlum reaches his perfection here. The hoodlum is a young Californian in the intermediate stage between a wharf rat and a desperado, combining all the bad qualities of both. He is dishonest, lewd, insolent, and unspeakably vulgar. He glories in his viciousness, and his swagger is inimitable. There is but one thing about him that has the semblance of a virtue, and that is his courageous fidelity to his fellow-hoodlums. He will defend one of his kind to the death in a street fight, or swear to anything to help him in a court of justice. This element is usually largely represented in any popular gathering at North Beach, but they were not numerous at that early hour. They run late at night, and are not early risers. But the women that sold beer on the flat, the men that drove dirt carts, the fishermen who fished in the bay, and the crowd of fellows that lived nobody knew where or how, that appear as by magic when an exciting event calls them forth, were all there as I made my way through the throng

and reached the object that had drawn them to the spot.

It was a man hanging by his neck from the highest tier of a lot of damaged hay bales that had been unloaded on the beach. He had come out there in the night, taken a piece of hay rope, adjusted it to his neck with great skill, fastened it to a topmost bale of hay, and then leaped into eternity. It was a horrid spectacle. The man was a Frenchman, who had slept two nights in a recess of the hay pile. The popular verdict was insanity or starvation. From a look at the ghastly face and poor, thin frame, with its tattered garments fluttering in the breeze, you might think it was both. The previous night had been colder than usual; perhaps hanging was to his mind a shorter and easier death than freezing. Nobody knows. He too kept his secret.

Almost opposite my bay window was a large rock, which was nearly covered by the tide at high water, and over which the surf broke with great violence when a north wind drove the waters upon the beach. The North Beach breakers sometimes run so high as to send their spray over the high embankment of Bay Street, and their thunder makes sublime music on a stormy night. One day when the bay was lashed into anger by a strong wind from the northwest, and the surf was rolling in heavily, a slender young girl was seen hurrying along the beach with downcast look and a veil over her face. Without pausing she waded through the surf and climbed the rock, and, lifting her veil for a moment and disclosing a pale, beautiful face as she cast a look at the sky, she threw herself into the sea, her veil floating away as she sunk. A rush of the waves dashed her body back against the rock, and, as it swayed to and fro, fragments

of her dress were visible. A passing cartman, who had witnessed her wild leap, plunged into the water, and with some difficulty caught the body and brought it to the shore.

"Poor thing! She's only a child," said a red-faced, stout woman, who was the mistress of a notorious beer house on the flat, but whose coarse features were softened into a pitying expression as she looked upon the fair, girlish face and slender form lying at her feet, the blood running from two or three gashes cut upon her temple and forehead by the sharp rocks.

"God pity the child! She's still alive," said another woman of the same class, as she stooped down and put her hand upon the girl's heart.

Lifting her tenderly in their strong arms, she was carried into a house close at hand, and by the use of proper means brought back to consciousness. What were her thoughts when she opened her eyes and in the half-darkened room looked around upon the rough denizens of the flat, I know not. Her first thought may have been that she had awaked in the world so awfully pictured by the grand and gloomy Florentine. Hiding her face with her hands, she gave way to an agony of grief. Her secret was the old story. Though but a schoolgirl, she had loved, sinned, and despaired, her weakness and folly culminating in attempted self-murder. Beyond this no more will be told. I will keep her secret, having reason to hope that the young life which she tried to throw away at North Beach is not wholly blighted. She is scarcely out of her teens now.

Here a famous gambler, Tom H—, came in the early part of an afternoon, and lying down at the foot of the huge sand hill above the beach, shot himself through the breast. A boatman found

him lying on his back, the blood streaming from the wound and crimsoning the white sand. It was a woman that caused him thus to throw up the game of life. He was a handsome fellow, muscular, clean-limbed, and full-chested, but it was a sad spectacle as they drove him away in an open wagon, the blood dripping along the street, the poor fellow gasping and moaning so piteously. Recovering consciousness that night, he tore away the bandages with which his wound had been stanching, declaring he would die, for "the game was up." Before daybreak next morning he had his wish, and died.

Above us, on the hillside, lived a family consisting of the mother and father and three children. One of the children was a bright, active little fellow, five or six years old, who had the quickest foot and merriest laugh of all the little people that were in the habit of gathering on the beach to pick up shells, or play in the moist sand, or toy with the waves as they ended in a fringe of foam at their feet. On a windy day the little fellow had gone down to the beach, and amused himself by watching the waves as they broke upon the embankment of the new street that was rising out of the sea. At one point there was a break in the embankment, leaving a passage for the waters that ebbed and flowed with the tide. A narrow plank was thrown across the place for foot passengers. The little boy started to cross it just as a huge wave rolled in from the sea, and was struck by it and carried by its force into the deep water beyond. His little playmates, paralyzed with terror, instead of giving the alarm at once, stood watching the spot where he went down. But at last the alarm was given, and a score of men plunged into the water and began to search for the child's body.

A crowd gathered on the bank, looking on with the fascination that so singularly attracts men and women to the tragic and the horrible. At length a strong swimmer and good diver found the little body, and brought it to the shore. It was cold and stark, the eyes staring, the sunny curls matted over the marble brow, and his little jacket stained with the mud. One of the men took him in his arms, and, followed by the crowd, slowly ascended the hill. The mother was standing at the gate, wondering what such a procession meant, no one having had the presence of mind to prepare her for the blow. When she caught sight of the little face resting on the shoulder of the rough but kind-hearted man who carried the dead child, she shrieked, as she fell to the earth: "O God! My child! my child!"

The fatal spot was where the poor mother could see it every time she looked from her door or window, and I was glad when the place was filled up.

There is yet another aspect of North Beach that lingers in memory. I have lain awake during many a long night of bodily pain and mental anguish, listening to the splash of the waves as they broke gently upon the beach just below, and the music of the billows soothed my tortured nerves, and the voice of the mighty sea spoke to my troubled soul, as the voice of Him whose footsteps are upon the great waters, and whose paths are in the seas. And it was from our cottage at North Beach that we bore to the grave our child of suffering, our Paul, whose twenty summers were all clouded by affliction, but beautiful in goodness, and whose resting place beside another little grave near San José makes us turn many a wistful look toward the sunset.