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RATES

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| One square, one insertion | \$1.00 |
| One square, two insertions | 1.50 |
| One square, one month | 2.50 |

For larger advertisements liberal concessions will be made.

ADVERTISING

One square, one insertion \$1.00
One square, two insertions 1.50
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Winter Evening.
Tonight the very hours springing by
To soft, frost-whitened nostrils. In a
dream
The streets that narrow to the westward
glow.
Like rows of golden palaces; and high
From all the crowded chimneys tower and
die.
A thousand churches, down in the west
The trimming palms beneath the snow
rest.
One burning sea of gold; noon, soon shall
By
The glorious vision, and the hours shall go
A mighty storm soon from height to
height.
With silence and the sharp emptying
stars.
Stem creeping frost and winds that touch
like steel.
Out of the depths beyond the eastern
horizon,
Gathering and still, shall come the awful
night.
(A. Chapman, in "Fisher's Magazine."

ON A MOUNTAIN.

Deer know how picturesque he looks!" Garcia wondered. She was inclined to give a man credit for vanity, or any other little bit of energy he might possess. Joe Maxwell did not know that he might have posed successfully for a chancing lot of south country life. He knew, of course, that he was handsome, and that this water he drinks from Juan Sepulveda's well was cool and clear. The water, perching in a huge pipe, and the foliage, drooping with its leafy economy, dropped slowly to the ground, framing itself in a green arbor, through which the sun gilded the leaves. It was a snowy white, and the vivid scarlet and yellow hawkmoths knotted loosely around the blossoms, hovering occasionally to look back over the Rio Gabriel valley away to the distant ocean, showing themselves in the hills.

And by Garcia felt a strange and unpleasant qualm as her heart crept gingerly around the unusually steep precipice. The distant tent looked more than ever like a bird ready to take wing, and she, so far away.

The widow, glancing backward, exclaimed at her pale face:

"Are you going to faint, Miss Waldo?"

"I think I am going to die," Garcia whimpers.

There was a great commotion among men and beasts, and the wilds were aped and hooted; were unbroken, and Garcia opened her eyes to find herself upon terra firma, sheltered by a big mesquite bush. No provision could induce her to remain, but her earnest request, the rest of the party continued their upward journey, leaving her in her present retreat for the few hours that would intervene before their return home. Garcia gave a sigh of relief as a hand in the trail led them from view, and she was left alone. The day was past, and it was night in her independence, and the glorious view before her. Far down the ravine she heard the music of a hidden stream. Tadpoles, with their noses of snowy foam, might stand for white robed spectres wading dead mountain streams, while their black tails swayed and splashed and wet her to the skin. Her hat was lost, and her dress was in tatters.

"I shall die of consumption," she thought, after all this exposure. Oh, how sick I feel! I believe I am dying now."

She opened her eyes, however, and saw up very straight for a living woman, as she heard her name called in an agonizing tone.

"Garcia, Garcia, my darling Garcia!"

"Woe! Steppe! Steppe!" she cried. "It is really you! Where did you come from?" she asked, as he seized her, dropping out of the stream. "I cannot believe it is you!"

"It is surely I!" he assured her, as he lifted her with tender strength and held her closely in his arms. "I'll never let you go again, for you are all I have in this world." Up the trail he went, his heart full of love, and she was left alone. The day was past, and it was night in her independence, and the glorious view before her.

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The air grew hotter and hotter. The mocking-birds left his song and flew away. Quer little birds, with their halting hearts, darted into the bushes. More rabbits, with long primped paws and ears, appeared over the mountain. She wondered daily at this strange procession of beasts and reptiles, but the moment passed a dripping chicken. Sheck with a dove's home was in the carpet above, the other side of the meadow, and that sometimes took this trail as a short cut to the town below. What if he should come this morning? How surprised he would be to see her in the unexpected place. Who would be glad? The trip had been tiresome, and her present quarters so comfortable that her day dreamt me to away and she dashed into sleep. Suddenly she awoke with the thought that this day had become surprisingly hot. She drew a little further into her impromptu bower and resumed her early bunting. By and by a clamorous rascal, with his ridiculous eyes drooping forward, lumbered across the path. A timid little cotton-tail followed, with a strange disregard of Garcia.

"How you written to Stephen today?" she demanded, and Garcia came out from the ruins of Almendra, where she had been wandering aimlessly, and her mother had died of consumption. This cut of the little girl failed on her father's eldest sister, who was a constant worry, lest Garcia should suffer the same fate.

Years ago, before Miss Waldo's disappearance, Garcia had very no troubles, either, both her parents had died of consumption. This cut of the little girl failed on her father's eldest sister, who was a constant worry, lest Garcia should suffer the same fate.

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"How you written to Stephen today?" she demanded, and Garcia came out from the ruins of Almendra, where she had been wandering aimlessly, and her mother had died of consumption, and recognized the hostile gleam of her sister's spectacles.

Garcia departed with slowness, and Garcia prepared unwillingly to enter the house.

"When an unpleasant fact is three thousand miles away," she grumbled, "it is very disagreeable to be reminded of it." She fell to weeping, how Stephen would look in a somber and a red mohair. She shuddered at the thought.

"Give him a bolt right with a guitar string, with red and yellow ribbons. Oh, dear! why is his hair such a pale brown and his moustache so techie. What a very repulsive height six feet is for a man!"

At any rate she was glad she had a pretty promise to carry him. How could a girl stay within her cage! She took a last look at the mountains. How Garcia loved those mountains! When their highest peaks caught the first smile of the morning; when sun and shade flashed at noonday over their brown sides; when the sun set and night fell; and hit them in a soft purple light; when the "yellow moon" down sank, and shrouded them in a green mist; ever changing, yet always the same, Garcia loved them, and had dreamed dreams of the happy time

when she should explore those hidden canyons.

At hotel down the street, a lively widow and her sister boarded. Garcia considered them charming acquaintances, but her hand held them in cold displeasure, mostly on account of what she termed the widow's "flirty" ways; but she had been beguiled into promising, in a moment of weakness, that some time Garcia might accompany the objectionable widow on a mountain excursion. The aunt never intended to keep this promise, recalling it with her conscience that "some time" was so vague that it might be indefinitely postponed, and the journey never accomplished. Mysterious business took her to Los Angeles one day. This was the widow's opportunity. She swooped down upon Garcia, and, before the bewildered girl realized the situation, she was mounted on a horse, in company with two really cavaliers and the widow and her sister. Their destination was a steamer on the mountain side, occupied by the employees of an irrigating company, who were banishing the insects of water.

Garcia had often looked longingly up to the sky above, which she had liked to a great white bird perched upon the mountain side. They wound slowly upward through sage brush and chaparral, pausing occasionally to look back over the Rio Gabriel valley away to the distant ocean, showing through a break in the hills.

By and by Garcia felt a strange and unpleasant qualm as her heart crept gingerly around the unusually steep precipice. The distant tent looked more than ever like a bird ready to take wing, and she, so far away.

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CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

An Unwelcome Guest.

Jack Frost came to the window-pane

And softly tapped with his frozen cane.

"Excuse me, I said, There comes night And I'd rather you wouldn't come in to-night."

So he scolded his names across the glass

And the baby sneezed—he heard him pass.

[Young's Computer.]

A Well-devised Refuge.

A friend of ours, a widow, and

a group of about the same age,

Are growing up together, were away

From their old friends.

The poor widow grew

Very fond of the young girls.

Her husband had been a

Very good man.

He had been a

Very good man.

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